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NEW SERIES. No. XXI.

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THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1826.

JOURNAL OF A TRAVELLER ON THE CONTINENT.

No. VII.

Wednesday, Oct. 12th.—I effected a junction with an Englishman whom I found at Domo d'Ossola ; we mounted a char with one horse, and passed through a pleasant country, amongst fields of Indian corn and millet, and vines on trellises, by a most excellent road. The growth of the vines, the belfries and the low roofs, and some other particulars, showed us that we were in Italy. We followed the course of the river Toce, which we crossed twice, the valley widening by degrees ; we passed some fine quarries of white marble, and came suddenly on the Lago Maggiore, at Fariolo. We did not stop there, but went on a little further to Baveno, where we put up. After dinner we walked by the margin of the lovely lake : it was a most delicious evening ; there was a calm softness in the air, a transparency and purity in the light and colours, which I had not experienced on the lakes of Switzerland, or in any place which I had hitherto visited. I slept for the first time on a rustling bed, made of the thick husks in which the ears of the Indian corn are swathed. Some insect which I have never seen, nor ever heard before or since, kept up during the night a ceaseless ticking.

Thursday, Oct. 13th.—We took a boat to the Borromean islands. The outward appearance of the palace on the Isola Bella is unfavourable ; but on entering it we found many good rooms floored with a beautiful stucco, and many good pictures. The basement story is in the rustic or grotesque style ; the effect is excellent ; in the heats of summer it must be a cool and agreeable retreat : in the quiet lake under the window the quiet fish (many of them are of a large size) glide to and fro. The family were all at prayers in the chapel. The gardens of Babylon, of Alcina, and of Armida, are here realized ; ten terraces, rising one above the other, built on arches and founded on piles, are a great work, and of a happy effect ; it is thus characterized in the inscription—

Vitalianus Comes Borromæus,
&c. &c. &c.
Informibus scopulis substruens et extruens
Dignitatem otii, majestatem deliciis
comparabat. 1671.

SEPT. 1826.

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walls, on the one side in the original Latin, on the other in an Italian translation. His reasons for the phenomena are amusing, because they differ from the style and tone which the wise men of the present day assume, when they would impose upon the public.—“Fons oritur in monte, per saxa decurrit, excipitur cœnatiunculâ manu factâ: ibi paulum retentus in Larium lacum decedit. Hujus mira natura: ter in die, statis auctibus ac diminutionibus crescit decrescitque. Cernitur id palam, et cum summâ voluptate deprehenditur. Juxta recumbis et vesceris; atque etiam ex ipso fonte (nam est frigidissimus) potas: interim ille certis dimensisque momentis vel subtrahitur vel assurgit. Annulum, seu quid aliud, ponis in sicco: alluitur sensim, ac novissimè operitur: detegitur rursus, paulatimque deseritur: si diutius observes, utrumque iterum ac tertio videas.” The description of the situation of the fountain is correct; we drank of the water, but time would not suffer us to judge of the correctness of Pliny’s report, by placing a ring on the dry margin, by watching the gradual wetting, the final covering, the uncovering, and slow desertion of it by the water; still less by a longer observation of the reiteration of the subtraction and adurrection of the cool liquor at certain measured intervals. We are disposed to smile at the solutions which are proposed by Pliny, but it would be difficult to account in a satisfactory manner for phenomena that still raise a question, “altissimâ eruditione dignissimam;” his illustration of the narrow-necked bottle, ampulla, is at least ingenious.

The old woman who showed the villa (she must be nearly as old as Pliny the elder) told us that the place was on sale. An old man of 103, who was rowed by his son, a youth of 75, had stationed himself at the landing-place, as a good post for halfpence, in which respect at least it seemed that old age had not impaired his judgment; he repeated incessantly, “I have many years! I have many years!”

The villa Tanzi is a good house with pleasant gardens, but they are injured by plaster castles and batteries, painted to resemble brick, and bristling thickly with quakers, or wooden cannons; in England we leave these dread-inspiring playthings to yellow admirals.

I observed this morning, for the first time, the olive; I plucked a small branch, and wore it at my button-hole all day, like Noah’s dove. It was not possible to see this sacred tree for the first time without emotion; by dint of often repeated daily journies to discover at last this offspring of the earth, the hoary olive with its berries,

Prodere cum baccis fætum canentis olivæ,

was a real triumph; it brought before my eyes Athens and its tutelary virgin goddess, and recalled many bright passages of the Greek and Roman classics: to-day at least I have not lost a day. I regretted exceedingly that, because of the lateness of the season, and still more on account of the shortness of the time which remained, and in which I had to accomplish so many important objects, I could catch such an imperfect glimpse only of these beauteous lakes; I had been compelled to omit altogether the pretty little lake of Lugano; I had seen much less of the Lago Maggiore than I wished, and of this lake I had viewed only the right leg: the Lago di Como is justly said to resemble the figure of a man, at Belaggio the body and both the legs may be

seen at once, and I lament that I did not seize upon a day to visit that point of land at all risks, and in defiance of all consequences.

Our driver entertained us on our way to Milan by reading to himself a book of poems—such is the custom of the country; a voluntary or involuntary ignorance of which might declare, that we were strangely familiar with our post-boy, and assert of a lady in the like situation, that if he were not her lover, he would not venture to use such a gross and extraordinary freedom. We had a good and cheap dinner at Burlassina, and entered Milan in the dark, full of great expectations; as we rolled smoothly along the streets, we experienced the advantage of the peculiar pavement; large smooth stones, like our curb stones, are introduced at a convenient distance for the wheels to run upon. The soldiers at the gates took our passports, and eyed us with as much suspicion as if we had come to take the city from them; the Austrians seem to consider Italy as stolen goods.

I remember that I used to see sometimes, when I was a boy, a long white greyhound that had stolen a shoulder of mutton, and buried it in the garden; I was struck by the slinking look of the animal; and I also remember that the wife of a respectable linen-draper, who knew of his crime, and chanced to be in a moralizing mood, once said to me, "See there, that is guilt; what a guilty look he has." The dog certainly seemed to look upon all mankind as having a special mission to punish him, and to regard the cook, not as a nice tidy girl, who, when her labours were over, washed and cleaned herself against tea, and who dressed plainly and saved her money, that she might send a one-pound note, now and then, to her old mother—not as a useful servant, who skilfully prepared meat for the enjoyment of others—not as a Christian having a soul to be saved—not as a British subject, whose life could not be taken away without the intervention of two juries—not as a citizeness, possessing a sacred and indefeasable right to a full, fair, and free representation, whether actual or virtual, and to be taxed thereby to the utmost—not as a portly person, the crumby object in which all the soft wishes of the coachman were centered—but as the abstract enemy of his loins, whose only end in life was to stave in his ribs with the handle of a brush, or to transfix him with one of the largest spits. In like manner the white Austrian regards the curious traveller as a person who will, some day or other, have a hand in turning him out of Italy, if not in hanging the puritanical-looking emperor.

Saturday, Oct. 16th.—The duomo, or cathedral, strikes forcibly at first sight, because it is built of white marble, and because of the consequent sharpness of the sculptures. I was disappointed with the full view of the west front; the Roman doors and windows are blots upon its Gothic face; but when it is seen from the proper point, (the archway to the south-west, where a sentinel stands,) the effect is magical; but from a distance it is not great, and cannot be compared with the cathedral of Strasburg. The interior is rich with paintings, statues, altars, and tombs: workmen were employed upon the roof, which was painted so artfully, that it was difficult to believe that it was not in reality carved and fretted, and in completing the party coloured pavement. Cathedrals are never finished, for which, as far as respects the Italian priests, Burnet gives an uncharitable reason in his travels:—

“The work will not be quite finished yet for some ages, that being one of the crafts of the Italian priests never to finish a great design, that so, by keeping it still in an unfinished state, they may be always drawing great donations to it from the superstition of the people.” These remarks are of course only applicable to the Catholics, and by no means to the priests of reformed religions; the ministers of dissenters, as we well know, have an abhorrence for gifts.

The cathedral was soon crowded with a large congregation, and the service commenced; there were more men present than I had seen hitherto, and I even observed one man at confession, a religious exercise which is usually confined to the softer and more repenting sex. We descended to the subterranean chapel of St. Charles Borromeo, which has been lately completed at a vast expense, and is composed entirely of embossed silver and brocade, and is like the boudoir of a living beauty, rather than the chapel of a dead saint. The priest, who officiated on this occasion as our guide, was the sleekest person I ever beheld. Oh! the butter, the eggs, the jelly, the cream, the chocolate; oh, all ye soft and nourishing things, that this man must daily and hourly consume!

We visited the public walk, where was a military band and a considerable assemblage of Milanese. Some females wore hair-powder; I saw many women with fine expressive faces, but their complexion and skin were so coarse that, like the fresco paintings, they looked well only at a distance: my companion, who had not yet recovered the fright which the ogresses at Varese gave him, attributed this defect to excess at supper.

We walked round the walls, and complained that the view of Milan from thence was poor, being deficient in towers and steeples, which give a noble appearance to a city: we came to the church of our lady of the passion, S. M. della Passione, a handsome building, painted with good effect, and reposed ourselves there for some time with pleasure. The great theatre Alla Scala being shut for repairs, we went in the evening to the theatre Cannobliano; we found a full house, an opera, some skilful singers, especially a female, whose voice however was not very pleasing; and although a ballet-master of high renown had died about six months before, the ballet was well danced.

Monday, Oct. 17th.—We ascended the duomo; the staircase is good and easy, and conducts to long and remarkable perspectives of pinnacles, buttresses, and statues. The roof of a handsome building usually reminds us of human infirmity: it is constructed of paltry slates, or of ugly lead; but this is formed of large slabs of white marble, accurately joined, and is in keeping with the rest of the noble structure, of which it is the ornament rather than the disgrace. Napoleon did much to complete the great design, which even at this time has not been perfected. The view from the tower, except the distant Alps, extends over a country as flat and as fertile as the plains which are seen from the top of York Minster. The buildings are flat, the tiles ugly, and there are no buildings spiring up, so that the aspect of Milan is not majestic.

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Guercino; in a picture by the father of Raphael something of the peculiar manner of the son may be discovered; to write down the bare names of all the works of merit in this collection would be a considerable task, to describe them were to write a history of painting. The saloons for the gallery of antiquities in this palace are handsome. The botanical garden is pretty good. The design and execution of the Circus, built by Napoleon, are remarkable; it brings to mind the ancient amphitheatres, but it is somewhat shallow, and from this deficiency in depth or height, the effect of the seats rising, row above row, for a vast distance, which, when they were covered with crowds of spectators, must have been very sublime, is in a great degree wanting.

The triumphal arch, commenced by Napoleon, at the beginning of the road over the Semplon, is built of white marble, and covered with reliefs; it is therefore beautiful, but in other respects I did not find much to admire; it is in an unfinished state; whether it will ever be completed is at least doubtful. Why should a man, who could do great things, erect triumphal arches to himself? he might have safely entrusted his glory to the care of others; it would have been more secure with them than in his own keeping; but of this, and of many other truths equally evident, the uneducated soldier was ignorant.

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I met with a tall gaunt cicerone in the duomo, who explained every stone in the building, and told me the subjects of all the large pictures of the life and exploits of St. Charles Borromeo, many of which would have been perfectly unintelligible without the assistance of my long-backed friend; the festival of this saint is to be celebrated at the beginning of the next month; these paintings are suspended in regular order between the pillars for that solemnity; we were so fortunate as to visit Milan at a time when we could profit by whatever edification is to be derived from contemplating them.

The life of a saint is a strange one, and some of his feats were very whimsical; I did not find a representation of the mental reservation of St. Charles, for which the Jesuits panegyrize him, and which is thus

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The life of a saint is a strange one, and some of his feats were very whimsical; I did not find a representation of the mental reservation of St. Charles, for which the Jesuits panegyrize him, and which is thus

related:—" 'This saint expressed great charity towards two famous robbers on the highway, who were pursued by some officers of justice; they asked the saint whether he had seen these two criminals passing that way? No, quoth he, they did not pass this way: he had at that time his finger in his sleeve, through which, his meaning was, that the robbers had not passed; and the officers giving credit to his words, ceased from pursuing them, by which means they had the opportunity to make their escape."

Several old cardinals' hats are hung up in the church: that must be a carnal mind which can contemplate the twelve tassels on each side of a cardinal's hat without thinking of the twelve apostles. I was induced to see the sacristy, where three priests showed me many embroidered garments, silver statues, much plate, and real or artificial jewels; some reliques of the Apostles, of which they were weak enough to be ashamed, for they did not tell me of what they consisted, and some reliques of the dresses of the Blessed Virgin, of which they appeared to be proud; there were six or seven pieces of brocade and satin enclosed in crystal cases at the end of the branches of a silver stand, like a candlestick; the patterns of handsome old-fashioned holiday gowns, except the one at the top, which must have been a morning dress, for pickling and preserving, and household works, for it was of a most economical kind; it was a gingham that had been bought in a cheap shop in Holborn for fourpence or sixpence a yard.

We visited a church, which is said to have been a temple of Hercules, and near it in the street we viewed a range of ancient columns. We visited also the old cathedral, which is interesting for many antiquities, and more especially as it is said to be the Basilica, in which the celebrated bishop and father of the church, St. Ambrose, officiated in the fourth century; a person less disreputable than many of the fathers of the church, being a lawyer, a gentleman, and a person of some learning and eloquence: he was a great champion of the church, and maintained successfully against a very distinguished man, Q. Aurelius Symmachus, the prefect of Rome, the famous contest about repairing the altar of victory, which was in fact a mode of trying the great question, whether the heathen religion should be restored. He gained for the church on this spot a glorious triumph, by refusing admittance to the Emperor Theodosius, and fairly excluding him from this very cathedral, and shutting this very door, as it is said, in his face, when he attempted to enter for the purpose of receiving the sacrament. Taking advantage very artfully of the emperor's unpopularity in consequence of a massacre which had occurred, in rashly endeavouring to put a stop to an insurrection in Thessalonica, he stoutly insisted upon repentance; the lordly saint having satisfied himself that the contrition was sincere, or having sated his appetite for secular power, about a year after admitted his imperial penitent to a participation in the mysterious rites, for which he still longed.

The ladies of Milan have lately fitted up in an expensive style, by subscription, the chapel of the sister of St. Ambrose, St. Marcellina; I sincerely hope that the fair saint will repay them soon in such a manner as will be most agreeable to all.

Wednesday, Oct. 19th.—We were detained at the gate about our

passports; in going out of the city on foot, we took occasion to scold the fellows. At nine we got on board a good boat on the fine canal which leads from the Lago Maggiore to Milan, and from thence to Pavia; it is wide and good; but between Milan and Pavia there are eight locks, and most of them have a great fall of water. Our party consisted of an old lady, who was reading the *Donna Desterrada*, a romance, which she said was as old as Rome; and a family returning to Pavia from a visit to an aunt at Milan. The father and mother read their breviaries pretty steadily, the two daughters were employed in knitting; they justified in one respect at least the reserve, the *contegno riservato*, which the guide-books attribute to the ladies at Pavia, as their distinguishing characteristic; the mother scolded her daughters for having walked with their father the preceding evening in the streets of Milan in the twilight; they excused themselves by saying, that they were so much wrapped up that they could not be known: but this did not pacify the old lady.

However extensive the knowledge of the father might be on other subjects, it was not great in geography; amongst many absurdities about England, he remarked, that it must be a high gratification to walk down to the sea-shore, and to look across the sea at Gibraltar, and to reflect that it belongs to the English.

We arrived at three, and were detained some minutes at the gate for our passports; the people were scolded, and deservedly, for they had our passports again from the inn; and in quitting Pavia, I was again detained by a dunce who could neither read nor write, but who required me to write my name and description in a book myself.

The museum of anatomy is most admirable; whilst we were considering the various objects, an Italian lady and gentleman entered; I expected certainly to see her withdraw, when she found that the collection was more excellent than select; she was a calm, grave, good-looking woman of thirty-five, and examined every thing minutely; when the keeper of the museum pointed out to her, as to a scientific person, the most secret of nature's mysteries, she drew near, and contemplated them with a quiet and profound attention.

The unfinished cathedral is large and handsome; its belfry, or tower, stands at a distance, and there is a house between them to keep the peace: I like this independence in a tower; the devil take the church, it seems to say, here stand I! The aspect of this crazy old city, the ancient capital of the Lombards, is interesting; and the vestiges of this Scandinavian nation, called, from the extreme length of their beards, *longobardi*, as their historian, Paulus Diaconus, himself a Lombard, and doubtless bearded like a billy-goat, informs us; a people who, as the same hairy writer tells us, governed with so much equity and moderation, that most other nations envied the happiness of those who lived under them: the names Luitprand and Hildebrand, Clodisvinta and Helmichild, are a little out of the common way, to say nothing of Gaitelyrima, which is said to have been "*nomen foeminæ apud Langobardos*;" it would be charming to find amongst the reserved females of the Langobardic metropolis, a lovely nymph of the latter name, and tenderly to address her—my dearest Gaitelyrima.

Thursday, Oct. 20th.—We drove in an open carriage to the Certosa, a church and convent of the Carthusians, near Pavia; the

country on all sides is sandy, and quite flat, but fertile and well-wooded, so fertile indeed, that it is called the garden of the Milanese. The outside has the appearance of a mosque rather than of a church: the west front is carved in a surprising manner, its excessive richness astonishes; the inside surpasses all that one can dream or imagine of costly decoration. The roof is painted with various patterns, the walls with fine frescos; there are oil-paintings in all the side-chapels, and the altars are inlaid with precious stones set in white marble, or richly carved in relief; the transept, choir, and especially the high altar, are adorned in like manner, and statues and monuments abound. If any thing is unworthy the edifice it is the pavement; if it were well tessellated it would be perfect. This church is also interesting historically, for Francis I. of France, after his defeat at the battle of Pavia, came here to surrender himself. It rained a little as we returned; I had not experienced the inconvenience of a shower since I quitted Geneva.

The university of Pavia is a spacious and noble building; the museum of natural history is very good. As it was the vacation, we could not find the other keepers to show us the remaining collections: we stumbled by chance upon the hospital—there are one thousand eight hundred beds; every thing seemed clean and well arranged. There are many tall brick towers, in which the ancient nobility were besieged by one another in the good old feudal times; they must be of considerable antiquity, yet the holes of the scaffolding still remain. The church of St. Michael, in which the Lombard kings were crowned, is, both within and without, a specimen of pure Saxon architecture, which is the rudest and most clumsy mode of ornamenting a building; the relief is so small, the profile so flat, that it produces an appearance of meanness; there is nevertheless something handsome in the general effect.

In the south transept, in a glass case, there is a metal image of the Saviour on the cross: the inscription on the wall records, that when a neighbouring monastery was suppressed the image was removed hither, and that an inscription on the image relates that it was made by Agbarus, king of Assyria the year in which Christ was crucified. Agbarus, alias Abgarus, alias Abugarus, was a king, or topach, of Edessa, a small city of Arabia: he is called indifferently by any of the four names, but Agbarus is usually preferred, because, it is said, that word, or one nearly similar, signifies in Arabic *potentissimus*, and was a common title of the kings of Edessa. Eusebius, in his Ecclesiastical History, relates that this prince, labouring under a grievous distemper, incurable by human skill, having heard of the miraculous cures performed by Jesus in Judea, sent him a letter, entreating him to come to him and cure his disease, and promising him in his small city a secure asylum from his enemies; and that Jesus in return vouchsafed to write him a letter, in which, though he refused to visit him, he promised to send one of his disciples, which should heal his distemper and bring him salvation. Eusebius inserts the letters, and adds, that after the ascension of Jesus, Thomas, one of the twelve apostles, sent Thaddeas, one of Christ's seventy disciples, to Edessa, who, having converted Agbarus to the Christian faith, miraculously cured him, and performed many other similar wonders. This story Eusebius gives on

the evidence of the public records of the city of Edessa, in which those transactions were preserved from that time to this day; the letters he assures us were taken from the archives, and were translated word for word from the Syriac.

Is the inscription on the image in Latin, Greek, or any other language, and how would its credit be varied by the language? I presume that a nearer inspection would not be permitted, a proof that, in the opinion of those who have the cure of it, it will not bear examination. My companion, who made some inquiries on the subject, informed me that it was stated to be made of silver; he bravely took a copy of the writing on the wall, in defiance of all inquisitive observers, and kindly supplied me with it:—

Agabarus Assiriorum Rex
Hanc prodigiosam imaginem fecit
Anno quo X P S. mortuus est.
Sic hoc sacrum inscribatur simulacrum
Cum in Sanctæ Mariæ Theodotæ delubro colebatur
Anno autem M D. C C J C Soluta annexo Monasterio
Ad hanc insignem Basilicam translatum fuit.

To digest such a story as this respecting the image, the assistance of a most courageous faith is necessary; it is extraordinary, or, in the language of the office, præterordinary:—

Quod non capis, quod non vides,
Animosa firmat fides,
Præter rerum ordinem.

The bridge over the Ticino is a good bridge for all purposes but to look at; it is exceedingly ugly. The Ticino here is a goodly river, and apt to increase in floods to a size that must be inconvenient to his neighbours: I looked at him with the interest of a father, or of a nurse, for I had seen him rise a tiny stream from a little lake on the St. Gotthard; he has the great merit of bringing the chief supply of water to the lovely Lago Maggiore, through which he flows, and having passed under the ugly bridge, he goes to swell the Po. From the opposite side of the river the ancient capital of the Lombards is fully seen, but it appears to be but a shabby place.

The unjust and cruel fate of a learned and excellent man, at a period when learning and virtue were rare, is one of the sources of interest in Pavia: we inquired after the tower in which the Consul Boethius was put to death at the beginning of the sixth century, but the persons to whom we applied were not able to direct us; and we would have visited his tomb in the church of St. Augustine, but we were informed, that that church and a great many others had been suppressed.

Few works have attained to greater popularity than the five books of this man of consular dignity on the consolation of philosophy; it is a production of extraordinary excellence and elegance; it was the great classic of the middle ages, and has been justly styled “a golden volume, not unworthy of the leisure of Plato or Tully, but which claims incomparable merit from the barbarism of the times, and the situation of the author.” The patriot and scholar laments in prose and verse alternately his imprisonment and misfortunes, when suddenly a female appears to him; “visa est mulier,” says Boethius, “reverendi admodum vultus, oculis ardentibus et ultra communem hominum valentiam perspicacibus;”

walls, on the one side in the original Latin, on the other in an Italian translation. His reasons for the phenomena are amusing, because they differ from the style and tone which the wise men of the present day assume, when they would impose upon the public.—“Fons oritur in monte, per saxa decurrit, excipitur cænatiunculâ manu factâ: ibi paulum retentus in Larium lacum decedit. Hujus mira natura: ter in die, statis auctibus ac diminutionibus crescit decrescitque. Cernitur id palam, et cum summâ voluptate deprehenditur. Juxta recumbis et vesceris; atque etiam ex ipso fonte (nam est frigidissimus) potas: interim ille certis dimensisque momentis vel subtrahitur vel assurgit. Annulum, seu quid aliud, ponis in sicco: alluitur sensim, ac novissimè operitur: detegitur rursus, paulatimque deseritur: si diutius observes, utrumque iterum ac tertio videas.” The description of the situation of the fountain is correct; we drank of the water, but time would not suffer us to judge of the correctness of Pliny’s report, by placing a ring on the dry margin, by watching the gradual wetting, the final covering, the uncovering, and slow desertion of it by the water; still less by a longer observation of the reiteration of the subtraction and adsurrection of the cool liquor at certain measured intervals. We are disposed to smile at the solutions which are proposed by Pliny, but it would be difficult to account in a satisfactory manner for phenomena that still raise a question, “altissimâ eruditione dignissimam;” his illustration of the narrow-necked bottle, ampulla, is at least ingenious.

The old woman who showed the villa (she must be nearly as old as Pliny the elder) told us that the place was on sale. An old man of 103, who was rowed by his son, a youth of 75, had stationed himself at the landing-place, as a good post for halfpence, in which respect at least it seemed that old age had not impaired his judgment; he repeated incessantly, “I have many years! I have many years!”

The villa Tanzi is a good house with pleasant gardens, but they are injured by plaster castles and batteries, painted to resemble brick, and bristling thickly with quakers, or wooden cannons; in England we leave these dread-inspiring playthings to yellow admirals.

I observed this morning, for the first time, the olive; I plucked a small branch, and wore it at my button-hole all day, like Noah’s dove. It was not possible to see this sacred tree for the first time without emotion; by dint of often repeated daily journies to discover at last this offspring of the earth, the hoary olive with its berries,

Prodere cum baccis fætum canentis olivæ,

was a real triumph; it brought before my eyes Athens and its tutelary virgin goddess, and recalled many bright passages of the Greek and Roman classics: to-day at least I have not lost a day. I regretted exceedingly that, because of the lateness of the season, and still more on account of the shortness of the time which remained, and in which I had to accomplish so many important objects, I could catch such an imperfect glimpse only of these beauteous lakes; I had been compelled to omit altogether the pretty little lake of Lugano; I had seen much less of the Lago Maggiore than I wished, and of this lake I had viewed only the right leg: the Lago di Como is justly said to resemble the figure of a man, at Belaggio the body and both the legs may be

seen at once, and I lament that I did not seize upon a day to visit that point of land at all risks, and in defiance of all consequences.

Our driver entertained us on our way to Milan by reading to himself a book of poems—such is the custom of the country; a voluntary or involuntary ignorance of which might declare, that we were strangely familiar with our post-boy, and assert of a lady in the like situation, that if he were not her lover, he would not venture to use such a gross and extraordinary freedom. We had a good and cheap dinner at Burlassina, and entered Milan in the dark, full of great expectations; as we rolled smoothly along the streets, we experienced the advantage of the peculiar pavement; large smooth stones, like our curb stones, are introduced at a convenient distance for the wheels to run upon. The soldiers at the gates took our passports, and eyed us with as much suspicion as if we had come to take the city from them; the Austrians seem to consider Italy as stolen goods.

I remember that I used to see sometimes, when I was a boy, a long white greyhound that had stolen a shoulder of mutton, and buried it in the garden; I was struck by the slinking look of the animal; and I also remember that the wife of a respectable linen-draper, who knew of his crime, and chanced to be in a moralizing mood, once said to me, "See there, that is guilt; what a guilty look he has." The dog certainly seemed to look upon all mankind as having a special mission to punish him, and to regard the cook, not as a nice tidy girl, who, when her labours were over, washed and cleaned herself against tea, and who dressed plainly and saved her money, that she might send a one-pound note, now and then, to her old mother—not as a useful servant, who skilfully prepared meat for the enjoyment of others—not as a Christian having a soul to be saved—not as a British subject, whose life could not be taken away without the intervention of two juries—not as a citizeness, possessing a sacred and indefeasable right to a full, fair, and free representation, whether actual or virtual, and to be taxed thereby to the utmost—not as a portly person, the crumby object in which all the soft wishes of the coachman were centered—but as the abstract enemy of his loins, whose only end in life was to stave in his ribs with the handle of a brush, or to transfix him with one of the largest spits. In like manner the white Austrian regards the curious traveller as a person who will, some day or other, have a hand in turning him out of Italy, if not in hanging the puritanical-looking emperor.

Saturday, Oct. 16th.—The duomo, or cathedral, strikes forcibly at first sight, because it is built of white marble, and because of the consequent sharpness of the sculptures. I was disappointed with the full view of the west front; the Roman doors and windows are blots upon its Gothic face; but when it is seen from the proper point, (the archway to the south-west, where a sentinel stands,) the effect is magical; but from a distance it is not great, and cannot be compared with the cathedral of Strasburg. The interior is rich with paintings, statues, altars, and tombs: workmen were employed upon the roof, which was painted so artfully, that it was difficult to believe that it was not in reality carved and fretted, and in completing the party coloured pavement. Cathedrals are never finished, for which, as far as respects the Italian priests, Burnet gives an uncharitable reason in his travels:—

“The work will not be quite finished yet for some ages, that being one of the crafts of the Italian priests never to finish a great design, that so, by keeping it still in an unfinished state, they may be always drawing great donations to it from the superstition of the people.” These remarks are of course only applicable to the Catholics, and by no means to the priests of reformed religions; the ministers of dissenters, as we well know, have an abhorrence for gifts.

The cathedral was soon crowded with a large congregation, and the service commenced; there were more men present than I had seen hitherto, and I even observed one man at confession, a religious exercise which is usually confined to the softer and more repenting sex. We descended to the subterranean chapel of St. Charles Borromeo, which has been lately completed at a vast expense, and is composed entirely of embossed silver and brocade, and is like the boudoir of a living beauty, rather than the chapel of a dead saint. The priest, who officiated on this occasion as our guide, was the sleekest person I ever beheld. Oh! the butter, the eggs, the jelly, the cream, the chocolate; oh, all ye soft and nourishing things, that this man must daily and hourly consume!

We visited the public walk, where was a military band and a considerable assemblage of Milanese. Some females wore hair-powder; I saw many women with fine expressive faces, but their complexion and skin were so coarse that, like the fresco paintings, they looked well only at a distance: my companion, who had not yet recovered the fright which the ogresses at Varese gave him, attributed this defect to excess at supper.

We walked round the walls, and complained that the view of Milan from thence was poor, being deficient in towers and steeples, which give a noble appearance to a city: we came to the church of our lady of the passion, S. M. della Passione, a handsome building, painted with good effect, and reposed ourselves there for some time with pleasure. The great theatre Alla Scala being shut for repairs, we went in the evening to the theatre Cannobiano; we found a full house, an opera, some skilful singers, especially a female, whose voice however was not very pleasing; and although a ballet-master of high renown had died about six months before, the ballet was well danced.

Monday, Oct. 17th.—We ascended the duomo; the staircase is good and easy, and conducts to long and remarkable perspectives of pinnacles, buttresses, and statues. The roof of a handsome building usually reminds us of human infirmity: it is constructed of paltry slates, or of ugly lead; but this is formed of large slabs of white marble, accurately joined, and is in keeping with the rest of the noble structure, of which it is the ornament rather than the disgrace. Napoleon did much to complete the great design, which even at this time has not been perfected. The view from the tower, except the distant Alps, extends over a country as flat and as fertile as the plains which are seen from the top of York Minster. The buildings are flat, the tiles ugly, and there are no buildings spiring up, so that the aspect of Milan is not majestic.

The gallery of paintings at the Brera, formerly a college of Jesuits, contains many treasures; St. Peter and St. Paul, by Guido, is justly renowned; Abraham dismissing Hagar is esteemed the masterpiece of

Guercino; in a picture by the father of Raphael something of the peculiar manner of the son may be discovered; to write down the bare names of all the works of merit in this collection would be a considerable task, to describe them were to write a history of painting. The saloons for the gallery of antiquities in this palace are handsome. The botanical garden is pretty good. The design and execution of the Circus, built by Napoleon, are remarkable; it brings to mind the ancient amphitheatres, but it is somewhat shallow, and from this deficiency in depth or height, the effect of the seats rising, row above row, for a vast distance, which, when they were covered with crowds of spectators, must have been very sublime, is in a great degree wanting.

The triumphal arch, commenced by Napoleon, at the beginning of the road over the Semplon, is built of white marble, and covered with reliefs; it is therefore beautiful, but in other respects I did not find much to admire; it is in an unfinished state; whether it will ever be completed is at least doubtful. Why should a man, who could do great things, erect triumphal arches to himself? he might have safely entrusted his glory to the care of others; it would have been more secure with them than in his own keeping; but of this, and of many other truths equally evident, the uneducated soldier was ignorant.

The Ambrosian Library does not seem to have a vast number of books, but it is rich in MSS.; they showed us a Virgil, transcribed by Petrarch with his own hand, on vellum; the writing is neat, but it resembles too much that of an engrossing clerk. There are some fine paintings, many drawings of Leonardo da Vinci, and other masters, and the original cartoon of the school of Athens, in black and white chalk; it is in good preservation.

Tuesday, Oct. 18th.—We visited the famous fresco of Leonardo da Vinci, the Cenacolo, or last Supper, painted on the wall at the top of the refectory of the suppressed convent of our Lady of Graces; it is much injured, and as it were utterly destroyed, yet we could see fine heads, and a fine dramatic effect. The cupola of the church of S. M. delle Grazie is from the design of Bramante, and is therefore worthy of study. The church of St. Alexander is rich and beautiful, that of the Madonna presso S. Celso is perhaps still more so, and of higher celebrity. We wasted half an hour in going to see an ugly picture by the worst of human painters, David, of Napoleon crossing the Alps, and some other ostentatious trumpery, got up in praise of himself by that spoilt child of blind fortune, the Corsican Imperial Artilleryman.

I met with a tall gaunt cicerone in the duomo, who explained every stone in the building, and told me the subjects of all the large pictures of the life and exploits of St. Charles Borromeo, many of which would have been perfectly unintelligible without the assistance of my long-backed friend; the festival of this saint is to be celebrated at the beginning of the next month; these paintings are suspended in regular order between the pillars for that solemnity; we were so fortunate as to visit Milan at a time when we could profit by whatever edification is to be derived from contemplating them.

The life of a saint is a strange one, and some of his feats were very whimsical; I did not find a representation of the mental reservation of St. Charles, for which the Jesuits panegyrize him, and which is thus

related:—"This saint expressed great charity towards two famous robbers on the highway, who were pursued by some officers of justice; they asked the saint whether he had seen these two criminals passing that way? No, quoth he, they did not pass this way: he had at that time his finger in his sleeve, through which, his meaning was, that the robbers had not passed; and the officers giving credit to his words, ceased from pursuing them, by which means they had the opportunity to make their escape."

Several old cardinals' hats are hung up in the church: that must be a carnal mind which can contemplate the twelve tassels on each side of a cardinal's hat without thinking of the twelve apostles. I was induced to see the sacristy, where three priests showed me many embroidered garments, silver statues, much plate, and real or artificial jewels; some reliques of the Apostles, of which they were weak enough to be ashamed, for they did not tell me of what they consisted, and some reliques of the dresses of the Blessed Virgin, of which they appeared to be proud; there were six or seven pieces of brocade and satin enclosed in crystal cases at the end of the branches of a silver stand, like a candlestick; the patterns of handsome old-fashioned holiday gowns, except the one at the top, which must have been a morning dress, for pickling and preserving, and household works, for it was of a most economical kind; it was a gingham that had been bought in a cheap shop in Holborn for fourpence or sixpence a yard.

We visited a church, which is said to have been a temple of Hercules, and near it in the street we viewed a range of ancient columns. We visited also the old cathedral, which is interesting for many antiquities, and more especially as it is said to be the Basilica, in which the celebrated bishop and father of the church, St. Ambrose, officiated in the fourth century; a person less disreputable than many of the fathers of the church, being a lawyer, a gentleman, and a person of some learning and eloquence: he was a great champion of the church, and maintained successfully against a very distinguished man, Q. Aurelius Symmachus, the prefect of Rome, the famous contest about repairing the altar of victory, which was in fact a mode of trying the great question, whether the heathen religion should be restored. He gained for the church on this spot a glorious triumph, by refusing admittance to the Emperor Theodosius, and fairly excluding him from this very cathedral, and shutting this very door, as it is said, in his face, when he attempted to enter for the purpose of receiving the sacrament. Taking advantage very artfully of the emperor's unpopularity in consequence of a massacre which had occurred, in rashly endeavouring to put a stop to an insurrection in Thessalonica, he stoutly insisted upon repentance; the lordly saint having satisfied himself that the contrition was sincere, or having sated his appetite for secular power, about a year after admitted his imperial penitent to a participation in the mysterious rites, for which he still longed.

The ladies of Milan have lately fitted up in an expensive style, by subscription, the chapel of the sister of St. Ambrose, St. Marcellina; I sincerely hope that the fair saint will repay them soon in such a manner as will be most agreeable to all.

Wednesday, Oct. 19th.—We were detained at the gate about our

passports; in going out of the city on foot, we took occasion to scold the fellows. At nine we got on board a good boat on the fine canal which leads from the Lago Maggiore to Milan, and from thence to Pavia; it is wide and good; but between Milan and Pavia there are eight locks, and most of them have a great fall of water. Our party consisted of an old lady, who was reading the *Donna Desterrada*, a romance, which she said was as old as Rome; and a family returning to Pavia from a visit to an aunt at Milan. The father and mother read their breviaries pretty steadily, the two daughters were employed in knitting; they justified in one respect at least the reserve, the *contegno riservato*, which the guide-books attribute to the ladies at Pavia, as their distinguishing characteristic; the mother scolded her daughters for having walked with their father the preceding evening in the streets of Milan in the twilight; they excused themselves by saying, that they were so much wrapped up that they could not be known: but this did not pacify the old lady.

However extensive the knowledge of the father might be on other subjects, it was not great in geography; amongst many absurdities about England, he remarked, that it must be a high gratification to walk down to the sea-shore, and to look across the sea at Gibraltar, and to reflect that it belongs to the English.

We arrived at three, and were detained some minutes at the gate for our passports; the people were scolded, and deservedly, for they had our passports again from the inn; and in quitting Pavia, I was again detained by a dunce who could neither read nor write, but who required me to write my name and description in a book myself.

The museum of anatomy is most admirable; whilst we were considering the various objects, an Italian lady and gentleman entered; I expected certainly to see her withdraw, when she found that the collection was more excellent than select; she was a calm, grave, good-looking woman of thirty-five, and examined every thing minutely; when the keeper of the museum pointed out to her, as to a scientific person, the most secret of nature's mysteries, she drew near, and contemplated them with a quiet and profound attention.

The unfinished cathedral is large and handsome; its belfry, or tower, stands at a distance, and there is a house between them to keep the peace: I like this independence in a tower; the devil take the church, it seems to say, here stand I! The aspect of this crazy old city, the ancient capital of the Lombards, is interesting; and the vestiges of this Scandinavian nation, called, from the extreme length of their beards, *longobardi*, as their historian, Paulus Diaconus, himself a Lombard, and doubtless bearded like a billy-goat, informs us; a people who, as the same hairy writer tells us, governed with so much equity and moderation, that most other nations envied the happiness of those who lived under them: the names Luitprand and Hildebrand, Clodisvinta and Helmichild, are a little out of the common way, to say nothing of *Gaitelyrima*, which is said to have been "*nomen fœminæ apud Langobardos*;" it would be charming to find amongst the reserved females of the Langobardic metropolis, a lovely nymph of the latter name, and tenderly to address her—my dearest *Gaitelyrima*.

Thursday, Oct. 20th.—We drove in an open carriage to the Certosa, a church and convent of the Carthusians, near Pavia; the

related:—" 'This saint expressed great charity towards two famous robbers on the highway, who were pursued by some officers of justice; they asked the saint whether he had seen these two criminals passing that way? No, quoth he, they did not pass this way: he had at that time his finger in his sleeve, through which, his meaning was, that the robbers had not passed; and the officers giving credit to his words, ceased from pursuing them, by which means they had the opportunity to make their escape.'"

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country on all sides is sandy, and quite flat, but fertile and well-wooded, so fertile indeed, that it is called the garden of the Milanese. The outside has the appearance of a mosque rather than of a church: the west front is carved in a surprising manner, its excessive richness astonishes; the inside surpasses all that one can dream or imagine of costly decoration. The roof is painted with various patterns, the walls with fine frescos; there are oil-paintings in all the side-chapels, and the altars are inlaid with precious stones set in white marble, or richly carved in relief; the transept, choir, and especially the high altar, are adorned in like manner, and statues and monuments abound. If any thing is unworthy the edifice it is the pavement; if it were well tessellated it would be perfect. This church is also interesting historically, for Francis I. of France, after his defeat at the battle of Pavia, came here to surrender himself. It rained a little as we returned; I had not experienced the inconvenience of a shower since I quitted Geneva.

The university of Pavia is a spacious and noble building; the museum of natural history is very good. As it was the vacation, we could not find the other keepers to show us the remaining collections: we stumbled by chance upon the hospital—there are one thousand eight hundred beds; every thing seemed clean and well arranged. There are many tall brick towers, in which the ancient nobility were besieged by one another in the good old feudal times; they must be of considerable antiquity, yet the holes of the scaffolding still remain. The church of St. Michael, in which the Lombard kings were crowned, is, both within and without, a specimen of pure Saxon architecture, which is the rudest and most clumsy mode of ornamenting a building; the relief is so small, the profile so flat, that it produces an appearance of meanness; there is nevertheless something handsome in the general effect.

In the south transept, in a glass case, there is a metal image of the Saviour on the cross: the inscription on the wall records, that when a neighbouring monastery was suppressed the image was removed hither, and that an inscription on the image relates that it was made by Agbarus, king of Assyria the year in which Christ was crucified. Agbarus, alias Abgarus, alias Abugarus, was a king, or topach, of Edessa, a small city of Arabia: he is called indifferently by any of the four names, but Agbarus is usually preferred, because, it is said, that word, or one nearly similar, signifies in Arabic *potentissimus*, and was a common title of the kings of Edessa. Eusebius, in his Ecclesiastical History, relates that this prince, labouring under a grievous distemper, incurable by human skill, having heard of the miraculous cures performed by Jesus in Judea, sent him a letter, entreating him to come to him and cure his disease, and promising him in his small city a secure asylum from his enemies; and that Jesus in return vouchsafed to write him a letter, in which, though he refused to visit him, he promised to send one of his disciples, which should heal his distemper and bring him salvation. Eusebius inserts the letters, and adds, that after the ascension of Jesus, Thomas, one of the twelve apostles, sent Thaddeas, one of Christ's seventy disciples, to Edessa, who, having converted Agbarus to the Christian faith, miraculously cured him, and performed many other similar wonders. This story Eusebius gives on

the evidence of the public records of the city of Edessa, in which those transactions were preserved from that time to this day; the letters he assures us were taken from the archives, and were translated word for word from the Syriac.

Is the inscription on the image in Latin, Greek, or any other language, and how would its credit be varied by the language? I presume that a nearer inspection would not be permitted, a proof that, in the opinion of those who have the cure of it, it will not bear examination. My companion, who made some inquiries on the subject, informed me that it was stated to be made of silver; he bravely took a copy of the writing on the wall, in defiance of all inquisitive observers, and kindly supplied me with it:—

Agabarus Assiriorum Rex
Hanc prodigiosam imaginem fecit
Anno quo X P S. mortuus est.
Sic hoc sacrum inscribatur simulacrum
Cum in Sanctæ Mariæ Theodotæ delubro colebatur
Anno autem M D. C C J C Soluta annexo Monasterio
Ad hanc insignem Basilicam translatum fuit.

To digest such a story as this respecting the image, the assistance of a most courageous faith is necessary; it is extraordinary, or, in the language of the office, præterordinary:—

Quod non capis, quod non vides,
Animosa firmat fides,
Præter rerum ordinem.

The bridge over the Ticino is a good bridge for all purposes but to look at; it is exceedingly ugly. The Ticino here is a goodly river, and apt to increase in floods to a size that must be inconvenient to his neighbours: I looked at him with the interest of a father, or of a nurse, for I had seen him rise a tiny stream from a little lake on the St. Gotthard; he has the great merit of bringing the chief supply of water to the lovely Lago Maggiore, through which he flows, and having passed under the ugly bridge, he goes to swell the Po. From the opposite side of the river the ancient capital of the Lombards is fully seen, but it appears to be but a shabby place.

The unjust and cruel fate of a learned and excellent man, at a period when learning and virtue were rare, is one of the sources of interest in Pavia: we inquired after the tower in which the Consul Boethius was put to death at the beginning of the sixth century, but the persons to whom we applied were not able to direct us; and we would have visited his tomb in the church of St. Augustine, but we were informed, that that church and a great many others had been suppressed.

Few works have attained to greater popularity than the five books of this man of consular dignity on the consolation of philosophy; it is a production of extraordinary excellence and elegance; it was the great classic of the middle ages, and has been justly styled “a golden volume, not unworthy of the leisure of Plato or Tully, but which claims incomparable merit from the barbarism of the times, and the situation of the author.” The patriot and scholar laments in prose and verse alternately his imprisonment and misfortunes, when suddenly a female appears to him; “visa est mulier,” says Boethius, “reverendi admodum vultus, oculis ardentibus et ultra communem hominum valentiam perspicacibus;”

her ardent and perspicacious eyes remind us of Dante's Beatrice, the expression "reverendi admodum vultus," as we have unfortunately polluted and misapplied the epithet very reverend, denotes only with a face like a dean, of a rubicundity "ultra communem hominum valentiam." The female is Philosophy, and she tries to soothe and console the unhappy captive by argument and confutation; she uses prose and verse equally, and the latter she sings; "Hæc cum Philosophia, dignitate vultus et oris gravitate servatâ, leniter suaviterque cecinisset." The consul, like any other man who presumes to dispute with a lady, of course has the worst of it; he is not hen-pecked like some, or chicken-pecked like others, but fairly philosophy-pecked; and he is at last duly confuted and comforted. Such is the catastrophe of the work; the judicious Le Clerc, who has criticised it, wonders that the author does not answer the question he had proposed, Si quidem Deus est, unde mala? Other, and even theological writings are attributed to Boethius; I have not examined the evidence upon which he is charged with the latter; but without strong proof it is exceedingly difficult to believe, that a mind capable of producing a volume not unworthy of the leisure of Plato, could also discuss the mystery of the trinity, or condescend to moot the question, "Quomodo substantiæ, in eo quod sint, bonæ sint, cum non sint substantialia bona?"

His book *De Consolatione Philosophiæ* has had the singular fortune to be translated by two English monarchs, and in both instances under circumstances somewhat similar to those under which the author composed his work: our Alfred, at a time when his distresses compelled him to seek retirement, made a complete translation of it into the Saxon language; and Camden relates, that Queen Elizabeth, during the time she was imprisoned by her sister Mary, translated it also into English.

Friday, Oct. 21st.—I set out alone in a little open carriage at six, on a fine but cold morning, and crossed the Ticino, and soon afterwards the Po by a bridge of boats: I was glad to salute this classical river. The country is sandy and quite flat, but very fertile; the distant Alps have a pleasing effect. At ten I came to Voghera. The market in this small city was crowded with country people and their mules. The unfinished cathedral is large, modern, and handsome. I saw many fine women for so small a place. After two hours rest we started our steed again; the country was still flat, fertile, and pleasant: in most of the white mulberry trees that skirted the road, was a man, woman, or boy, gathering the leaves and putting them into a sack or basket.

We passed Tortona, but did not enter the city. At five we came to Novi: it has churches and a market-place; the pleasant hills in the vicinity give it an agreeable appearance. I was informed that a person who is not an admirer of fortifications, is not repaid for making a circuit to take in the fortress of Alessandria della Paglia, or Alexander of the Straw, which is thus nick-named, because, through scarcity of wood, the inhabitants heat their ovens with straw.

Saturday, Oct. 22d.—I rose at the unnatural hour of four, and got into a good roomy carriage drawn by three horses, with four other persons, the servants of a nobleman of Turin, and a boy three years and a half old; and thus commenced travelling in true Italian

fashion, by vetturino. The road was hilly and extremely dusty, the land bad, and producing a great quantity of chesnuts: as we approached Genoa we found handsome country-houses—but for the absence of green fields and the presence of dry rivers, which in summer are large tracts of bare shingles, it would be a fine country. From the top of a hill I first saw and saluted the much-sung Mediterranean with pleasure, although I have too much reason to be dissatisfied with that sea. It is said that the Italians are temperate, and by no means great eaters—there are surely some exceptions; I have seen Italian women devour most frightful suppers. I remember once observing in a coffee-house in London, an Italian singer of great comic powers, dealing drastically with a loin of pork, in a manner peculiar, energetic, and almost miraculous.

As soon as it was light this morning, the boy of three years and a half old, who was called a delicate child, ate cakes and sweetmeats for an hour; he then took to bread and cheese and the legs of cold fowls, and afterwards to hard pears, and washed them down with a good glass of wine: so far from being fatigued, he kept asking for bread, and pointing to the chesnuts on the trees, said that they were good to eat. At ten we had a breakfast à la fourchette; as it was a meagre day, some of the party abstained from flesh—the boy served on both sides with credit: he eat meat with the feasters and fish and eggs with the fasters; and after this meal, he found out two Spaniards who were busy with a fowl and sausages, and partook of their fare. During our afternoon's ride he did not refuse comfits and fruit; and when I asked him if he was hungry, if he would like a slice of cold meat, some cheese, and a hard boiled egg, he always answered yes, and seemed disappointed that it was only a question of idle curiosity.

The view of Genoa from the light-house is striking. I was pleased with the joyful meeting of our Italians with the relations, especially of two sisters; one had walked out of the city above a mile to meet the other, and she ran by the side of the carriage till it stopped; they kept kissing hands to each other heartily, and seemed beside themselves with joy. Are we not guilty of stifling too much these good feelings?

I put up at the hotel of the Four Nations—this sign is common on the Continent, as well as the Three Kings: I have not met with either of them in England. The Three Kings are undoubtedly the three magi, or wise men of the East; and the Three Crowns, which is also a sign, are the crowns of the magi: as every thing is Scriptural, the Four Nations are the Assyrians, the Persians, the Greeks, and the Romans—the four great monarchies, or kingdoms, of the prophet Daniel, who was perhaps greater as a prophet than as an historian. There was a violent rain and furious storm during the night.

Sunday, Oct. 23d.—I slept for the first time under a mosquito net—I felt like the lion, in the fable of the lion and the mouse, and I longed for some friendly mouse to gnaw the net and set me at liberty.

I set out at nine with a guide to see the city; I had great difficulty in making my guide speak Italian—the innkeepers and their servants prefer French, either that they may show their learning, or because they think that the traveller who speaks Italian, means to pay in the

Italian style. On entering Italy I made a vow, or resolution, never to speak a word of French, rather to go without what I wanted, and I adhered to it most rigorously.

The Strada Balbi, with its three fine palaces, is very noble, as well as the Strada Novissima and the Strada Nova; they join together and form one handsome street. The view from the terrace in the gardens of the Doria palace is charming; on a summer's evening it must be an inconceivably delightful spot. The palace is interesting from the historical recollections of Andrew Doria, the father of his country and the restorer of its liberty—the Washington of 1528, who, if he did not refuse a proffered crown, was at least too magnanimous to yield to the vulgar ambition of making himself a king. The church of the Annunciation is handsome within, and is adorned with good frescos; there was a great crowd to hear the military mass; the martial music had a fine effect: the soldiers are neat and clean; I was told that they had learned of the English troops to keep themselves clean. I visited a large palace with a noble collection of pictures, and another with a fine saloon of gilded marble, which delights the French, and therefore cannot be in a good taste—but it is certainly excessively rich and handsome. The Garden di Negri has a charming view, and all the terraces, grottoes, bowers, and belvederes of an Italian garden. The cathedral is ancient and ugly, built in black and white stripes, like a magpie. An elegant church has two good pictures, one by Rubens, the other by Guido; another church has some remarkable reliefs, and many have excellent frescoes.

The church Carignani is large and plain; white stucco appears cold and bare to eyes that have been just gazing on the warm paintings of the other churches: there are some good pictures and large statues; one of St. Sebastian, by Puget, is much admired, but he is neither standing nor hanging; I do not like misplaced idealism; if a god has feet he should stand upon them—I cannot admire a saint, hero, or god, who walks through the streets on his hands, and picks his teeth with his toes.

From the promenade on the old walls, and from the pier, and from the top of the church Carignani, we obtained excellent views of the city and of the port. Many olive-trees grow around the city, and immense fig-trees are found in the courts of many houses and palaces: I saw the beautiful fruit of the arbutus exposed for sale on the stalls; it is said to be unwholesome, that only a few can be eaten with safety. The women are not handsome—but the white veil which they wear on their heads is becoming. The houses are extremely high and the streets surprisingly narrow; they are paved with large stones, with a narrow path of clinkers in the middle for the horses. The roofs of the houses are of an agreeable hue, being all covered with a light-coloured slate, which adds much to the beauty of this superb city. The figs are excellent; when opened they are of a bright pink, which I take to be the sign of a good fig. I found the fish good and fresh; small John-Dorées, and a little white fish, which but for its tiny black eyes would pass for pipe-macaroni. Fish ought to be scarce here, if we may believe the proverb, which gives such an unfavourable character of Genoa:—Mountains without wood, a sea

without fish, a people without faith, and women without modesty.—“Monti senza legno, mare senza pesce, gente senza fede, e donne senza vergogna.”

Monday, Oct. 24th.—Of all the troublesome places for a passport, this is one of the most troublesome: they made me go in person to the police—then to the governor, and pay the fellow five francs—then to the English consul, which was unnecessary—then to a wretch of a Tuscan consul, who lived on the second floor in a little back street; and in imitation of his betters, the garreteer made me pay two francs more—it was then necessary to send my passport to the governor again, and finally to the police: the whole affair took up much time, and was a great nuisance. If the worthless animal who at present is styled King of Sardinia, Cyprus, and Jerusalem, were, as is much to be wished, only and actually monarch of Jerusalem alone, he could not treat travellers with a greater, or more stupid, illiberality.

Having at last obtained my passport, I visited a palace, which contains some excellent pictures; four admirable Guidos in one room, especially the Cleopatra. In another palace newly and handsomely furnished and highly perfumed with frankincense, were some exquisite paintings in good repair; two long narrow landscapes by Titian are considered great curiosities. In the royal palace is a superb production of Paul Veronese—Mary Magdalene anointing the feet of Christ. The arsenal contains as usual some muskets; something that might be the work of an English blacksmith, but is said to be an ancient rostrum; it was found in the sea in cleaning out the harbour; it has been fixed in the wall; and an inscription says, that the Genoese have dedicated it to the naval glory of their ancestors. It is not above a foot long, and, as has justly been observed, it would perhaps never have been thought the beak of a ship, had it not been found in so probable a place as the haven. The garden of the house where some English consul or minister had lived, is steep and pleasant—the view from the summer-house at the top of the garden is delightful; the day was very fine; that it was agreeable to sit in the open air on a marble bench, is a good criterion of the climate.

The poor-house is an immense building; in the chapel is a round basso-relievo in marble of the Madonna supporting a dead Christ; the heads only and the hands of the Virgin are given, but it is simple, natural, and affecting, and the skill with which the hair of Christ is expressed, is creditable even to Michael Angelo. We met a sedan-chair coming from the poor-house with a girl in it, who had a most doleful face, and a woman was following her on foot; we asked the matron, an ungracious person, what the girl had been doing? she answered generally, that she had been standing naughty, *stava cattiva*; in what posture she had been standing we could not learn, or what they were going to do with her. In the kitchen they were ladling out soup, thick with cabbage and vegetables, into basons of the colour and texture of flower-pots, and they put into each a little morsel of paste, which a woman was preparing in a mortar. I approached the mortar to see what it was, when a middle-aged woman in a religious habit, like a nun, came to me, and said that the paste was to flavour the soup, and that it consisted of cheese and garlic pounded together. She then

began an encomium on garlic, and said that it was a wholesome and indeed a wonderful thing, for if there was any wind upon the stomach it enabled it to come up ; of which, with more simplicity than grace, she gave a practical illustration,

In notes with many a winding bout,
Of linked sweetness long drawn out ;

adding triumphantly “ There, I could not do so, if I did not eat garlic.” She then led me to a sort of cloister, where a number of young women were sitting, and told me that they belonged to the house, but that it was not like a convent, for I might marry any of them I chose. I asked how many of them I might have ; she said only one at once, but if she died I might have another. I observed that I could do as much as that in my own country, and retired. I confess I did not feel tempted to take either a wife or a cook from that establishment.

There are but few public institutions at Genoa ; most of the lions are private property. There is a certain shyness, the attendant upon dishonesty, in the Italians ; although they are cheerful and good-tempered, they are far less chatty and sociable than the English ; but I cannot believe that they are such great rogues as they seem to think themselves ; why then this shy reserve ?

Tuesday, Oct. 25th.—At the early hour of half-past four I was roused for the purpose of executing within the day a journey of some thirty miles. I went to seek my vetturino, and when we were just on the point of departure, three young Germans, who were to occupy the inside of the carriage with myself, unluckily raised the question whether the price was to be paid in *lire* or francs ; it would make a difference of one-seventh part, and it led to a long dispute. At last all parties were unanimous in referring to the master of the carriage, with whom the bargain had been made ; the simple Germans believed that he would decide against himself and for them, if the interests of justice required it : I have often observed that this is one of the ways in which men are most easily duped, in agreeing to refer to the decision of an unjust and partial tribunal. At last the silly suitors returned, and praised my penetration, for the decree of the Lord Chancellor was as I had predicted, in favour of francs ; they were however satisfied with the determination, because he had agreed to take a certain sum for the present, or *buono mano* ; in this also they were tricked, because as that is entirely voluntary, they had the game in their own hands, and if they thought that they were imposed upon as to the price, they might have indemnified themselves amply out of this fund, and have avoided all dispute and loss of time.

We did not set off until half-past eight ; a Spaniard, who was to occupy the cabriolet, had the never-failing resource of his cegars—he smoked away the four hours with perfect composure ; I am unhappily no smoker, and as I happen to know exactly the value of time which is spent in judicial inquiries and decisions, and how usefully it is employed ; that in the few cases where every thing is not predetermined and arranged beforehand, it is much better to take a pair of dice, or a halfpenny, and to settle the point in dispute in a moment, upon principles equally rational and more satisfactory ; I was, I confess, somewhat impatient, and wished sincerely that the golden simplicity of the

Germans had been fairly exhausted in the proper period of the world, the golden age, for in this age of iron, in Italy and Genoa, it appeared to be exceedingly out of place.

Whilst I was waiting I was told that the wind was fair and the day was fine, which was perfectly true, and that we should soon be blown along to Leghorn—this was less certain; and as I am not fond of trusting myself to the sea, I was especially unwilling to “wander in that perilous flood” at this season, and in a felucca. We crossed a dry river, and followed a fine road close upon the sea-shore; the country was very beautiful—olive trees in profusion, and in the gardens orange and lemon-trees covered with fruit. We took a slight repast in the middle of the day at a poor inn, and slept at Sestri. I found the temperature warm and comfortable; but the little Spaniard, who had been accustomed to the climate of Seville, complained bitterly of the cold; he anticipated with horror the thoughts of passing a winter in Rome, and declared that the inclemency of the climate would kill him; an Italian sky is proverbial amongst us northern nations as breathing nothing but the soft gales of Paradise.

My German companions treated me all day with extraordinary respect, in consequence of a ludicrous mistake; they had asked the vetturino of what rank their companion was to be; he said a high lord, *un alto signore*, he did not exactly know what, he believed an *abate*. How the man took this notion into his head I cannot comprehend, unless it was that he saw me when I was at dinner, after a walk of nine hours, and he judged of my quality from my appetite, which in his opinion could only be found in such unsophisticated purity in the jolly abbot of a rich monastery. However the notion originated, the good Germans believed it all day, and it was not until I chanced to say that I was an Englishman, and one of them asked if we had still abbots in England, that the matter was explained, to the great diversion of all the party, both lay and ecclesiastical.

Wednesday, Oct. 26th.—We rose at an unnatural hour, and slowly proceeded to Borghetto, or, as it is nick-named, Porchetto, the little pig, a filthy and piggish place, where we dined. After dinner I set off to walk to Spezia; the distance is twelve Italian or geographical, therefore nearly fourteen English, miles; I had advanced within half a mile of Spezia before the carriage overtook me; the vetturine travel a little faster than it is convenient to walk, but not much; a little law enables the pedestrian to keep a long time in advance. The new road goes to the left, and consequently leaves the sea and passes inland, through a solitary country covered with woods of low chestnut-trees; it is laid out on scientific principles, executed in a handsome and expensive style, and when completed will be an excellent road. For a long time Genoa has been, for so large, so rich, and so important a place, the most inaccessible spot in the world; this road will facilitate the intercourse with Florence, Leghorn, and the south; on the north the new road over the Bocchetta connects it with Milan and Turin and the northern nations. On turning the corner by an old olive-tree at the top of the hill, I came suddenly upon a noble view of the fatal gulph of Spezia, and of “the remorseless deep:” the day had been wild, but the evening was calm and fine; the country is beautiful; the Appenines on the left were white with snow like Alps. It was dusk

when we arrived in Spezia, at a clean comfortable inn, the Two Moors.

Thursday, Oct. 27th.—We commenced our journey at four; the moon and stars shone so bright that it was light as day; for a short distance we passed by the very edge of the treacherous sea, which was smooth as a mirror. When day-light came we found the ground quite white with the hoar frost; it was extremely cold. We crossed the Magra, and soon afterwards entered Sarzana, where we breakfasted on coffee, figs, and eggs, fried in oil—the Italian version of eggs and bacon, which, if the materials be good, is an excellent dish. We met some peasant girls with extremely minute hats. We walked about the city, which is neat; the cathedral is a handsome building; the marble altars in the transepts are well carved. Our appearance excited some curiosity, and even disturbed the gravity of a funeral in the cathedral. The Spaniard wore a laced jacket, fastened with points instead of buttons, and his head was smartly tied up in a coloured handkerchief, like a French woman. Of the three Germans, two had blue shirts, the other a brown one, with red leather girdles about their loins; of one, the flowing locks were surmounted by a small skull-cap of red velvet: I wore what perhaps seemed the most outlandish garment of all, an English drab great-coat and a travelling-cap, like the other two Germans. The people of the city stared and followed us; at last a tobacconist came out of his shop, and said to me with a civil but somewhat pompous air, “Pray, sir, are you not Greeks?” I answered, “Yes, we are; and I am Homer, the father of poetry.” He did not appear to comprehend my reply, but bowed and retired.

We stopped to look at some object, when a woman of a certain age, but still handsome, whose eyes must have made sad ravages amongst the hearts of the shopkeepers of the place, said to me, for I was lagging behind, “It is a fine day,” or something of the kind, and immediately afterwards, “My dear sir, caro signore, pray tell me what you are?” I inquired, “Do you really wish to know?” She answered, “I am already dead with anxiety.” “Then, cara signora,” I said, “know, that the little man with the embroidered coat is a Spanish apothecary, a good man, and, I believe, clever in his profession; the other three are Germans, for in Germany the students, and in England the butchers, wear those shirts; and I am an unfortunate Englishman.” “A thousand thanks! a thousand thanks!” she hastily said, and ran away to swell the triumph of beauty, and to tell all over the city a secret, which all the dignity and all the authority of the tobacconist could not draw forth, but which had been instantly yielded up to the irresistible power of her charms.

We passed Mussa, a neat little town, most agreeably situated; the neighbouring quarries of white marble at Carrara are said to be worth a visit, which we could not afford them: we observed fine pieces of white marble applied to the most ordinary purposes. We arrived in good time at Pietra Santa; we explored the neat town, which contains, besides many pretty women, a handsome cathedral and baptistery: after supper we took a cup of coffee in the Café di Dante, an imposing title, and a stern patron for a place of amusement.

In a double-bedded room the little Spaniard occupied the other bed;

I was amused by the singular manner in which the stranger from the banks of the Guadalquivir disposed himself for rest—having carefully put his hair in papers like a woman, he lighted a cegar, and getting into his nest, quietly smoked himself to sleep, and thus wafted his fancy in a cloud back to his native Andalusia.

Friday, Oct. 28th.—I had been told by many travellers, that in Italy it would be imprudent on entering an inn to order whatever I wished for, and to trust to the honesty of the innkeeper; that the bill would not be extravagantly unreasonable, but that it was necessary to make a previous bargain for such accommodation as I might desire. The great pleasure of human life is to trust and to be trusted; and this practice was so odious in my eyes, that I was determined to use the course that I had hitherto followed, and not to make a special contract until I was once grossly imposed upon.

This morning at four o'clock I thought that my hour was come, and that I must henceforth be a regular higgler, and agree beforehand for the price of my bed and of every morsel I was to put into my mouth. When I asked my landlady what I was to pay for my entertainment, she named a sum that was nearly double the rate at which a traveller, who wished to be well treated, ought to pay: I said to myself, Now I must begin to make bargains,—and laid the money quietly on the table; she took it up and went away.

There was some delay in harnessing the horses; I remained at the table sipping my coffee until I was called: in about twenty minutes the woman returned, and laying down some money before me, was going away; I said to her, "What is the matter—what is this money?" With the air of a penitent making restitution, she answered, "The account will stand better thus," and went down stairs. I found that she had returned about half the sum I had paid her: I thought that this should go for nothing, and that I was absolved once more at least from the unpleasant necessity of driving a bargain. I related this adventure to many persons who had travelled much in Italy; they said it was very remarkable, that they had never met with any thing of the kind, and that they never saw again a piece of money, great or small, that they had once parted with.

If any conduct will inspire honesty, it is the appearance of confidence, for persons will frequently cheat those who manifest distrust, and spare others who seem to confide in them; thus men, who venture boldly into the lion's den, generally come out unhurt. If I were asked whether I would therefore advise any one to pay the lion a familiar visit, I would say, "No, because too much would be staked;" but when the question is, whether five or ten shillings is to be paid, the traveller, who desires to see men and manners, must elect either to make sure of his five shillings, or to risk them occasionally for the sake of a moral experiment; as for our amusement we play at cards for small sums.

The morning was cold, the ground white with the hoar frost. When the horses stopped at a small public-house to bait, we walked over a considerable hill, from the top of which we had a good view of the coast, and what was at that time a novelty, some pastures and marshes near Viareggio; the sides of the hill were darkened by the flax. We sat upon a wall until the carriage came up, and soon

after we had mounted it, we crossed the Serchio by a bridge at a short distance from Lucca.

We found many large canes growing on the banks of this pretty little river, which the Italians use for many purposes; the women often spin with a distaff of the most simple construction possible; the ancient distaff, from which the fates have eternally drawn the varied thread of human life, cannot be less artificial—it is in fact a piece of one of these canes, about two feet in length, rudely broken off, with the flax at the top.

Through cold, hunger, and fatigue, I fell asleep; when I awoke I saw Pisa before me. I was captivated with the calm beauty of Pisa, and I was treated there with so much real kindness, that I had only to regret that it was my lot to visit it once only, and for a very short time.

Saturday, Oct. 29th.—The Lung'Arno is fine, but the Arno is muddy; in the Italian landscape grass and large trees are wanting, and the rivers are either quite dry or muddy. The custom-houses are exceedingly annoying in this little state; for fiscal purposes they shut the *Posta della Spiaggia* at five o'clock in the evening; and having locked, bolted, and barred the gate, they leave it, so that all access to the city from the country on that side is as completely precluded as if the city were invested by a besieging army, which is an enormous inconvenience; and this most monstrous piece of tyranny is perpetrated because the person, to whom the stupid Tuscans passively submit themselves, does not choose to hire a gate keeper, to prevent his being cheated in the toll of a turnip or carrot. All day long the soldiers are employed at the gates in stopping the market-carts and counting the cabbages, or in thrusting iron skewers through the baskets of manure, which boys or asses carry out of the city; when I passed the gates in a calèche they made me stand up, and peeped under the seat.

I entered several quiet churches in this pleasant still city. I looked for Ugolino's tower, the Tower of Hunger it is called, but I was told it had been pulled down. The leaning or falling tower, the cathedral, the baptistery, and the Campo Santo, stand together on a grass plot, and have a fine effect; it would be difficult in any other city to find another constellation of four such handsome buildings without any eye-sore.

I like the tower; whether it be in good or in bad taste, I like the tower; it is circular; seven stories of arcades are surmounted by a belfry, and all of white marble; the four lower stories lean more than the three upper, which adds to the deception, as there is a bend in the middle, as if it were breaking in the fall: whether the inclination of the tower is to be ascribed to art or to the sinking of the foundation has always been disputed; it is easy to find argument in support of either supposition. It is of comfortable ascent by one hundred and fifty-three steps, and commands a delightful view; it is a hollow cylinder, and the appearance of the interior is perhaps even more extraordinary than of the exterior; it resembles a well, or the bent shaft of a pit cut through a fine stratum of white marble. It was mentioned as a ludicrous act, that an architectural amateur had come from America for the sole purpose of seeing this famous campanile, but I confess that it did not strike me in the same light; if this

beautiful building took his fancy, as much as it captivated me, I do not think that it would repent him of his voyage.

The cathedral boasts of bronze doors, curiously wrought in relief with the history of the Old and New Testament, by Bouanno, an ancient statuary; paintings, marbles, mosaics, bronzes, a large silver altar, a finely carved marble pulpit, and in short every object of devotional luxury or magnificence. The performances of St. Rainerius, the patron of the church and city, are depicted; many of them would be ridiculous in any but a saint—in him they are full of unction and edification.

The baptistery is a circular building, remarkable for riches similar to those of the cathedral, and for a very extraordinary echo.

The burial ground, or Campo Santo, is a noble rectangular cloister of marble, which not only surrounds some earth brought from the Holy Land, a most comfortable bed for a dead body, but has its walls painted in fresco, with various subjects of Biblical and Pisan history, by Giotto, Andrea Orgagna, Memmi, and other great masters; and a vast assemblage of statues, busts, sarcophagi, reliefs, inscriptions, antique, modern, and of the middle ages, many of them of distinguished merit. It is at once a burial ground, a picture gallery, and a museum of antiquities; if it be ever freely open to the public, it must be an instructive and agreeable lounge; if it can only be visited in company with a guide it loses much of its value and interest.

One fresco is remarkable, because a figure in it has supplied a proverb, a rare merit in a painting: the subject is the well-known passage in the history of Noah, which has given rise to the slave-trade, to all the discussions on the subject, and to the renown of Mr. Wilberforce, when the Patriarch, to prevent any ill effects from the dampness of the earth, treated himself to a glass of wine, and, unfortunately for the sable posterity of Ham, filled his glass too often: the three sons are conducting themselves in the manner that history relates, and a pretty young woman, I suppose the wife of one of the sons, is covering her face with her hand, but evidently peeping through her fingers; hence the proverb "*la vergognosa del Campo Santo*," the modest woman of the Campo Santo, is applied to ridicule mock modesty. I should conjecture that the painter was friendly to the slave-trade; and in order to give the unhappy Africans the finest possible title in both lines to a black skin, he ingeniously means to show, that the wife of Ham was equally guilty, although in a more feminine manner, with her husband.

The botanical garden, or Garden of Simples, as it is called, is pretty good; I saw there a small cedar, the only specimen of that noble and singular tree that I remember to have seen in Italy.

Sunday, Oct. 30th.—I saw in progress the engravings of Mascagni's anatomical plates; they are on a large scale, minute and elaborate, and, as I was informed by a distinguished anatomist, extremely accurate; when complete, they will be a great acquisition to the student. The ingenious person who superintends the execution of them seemed deeply impressed and penetrated by the notion of their importance; he ran on into long discussions and explanations with a volubility which would have been more intolerable if it had been less tiresome, for it was surprising as a specimen of the relentless in boring; he had gotten

however one joke, whether he had accidentally invented it himself, or some one in pity had given it him, I could not determine, but it appeared to make him very happy, for he wrapped himself up in it, and hugged himself in the conceit of its exceeding facetiousness; it was this—that the great anatomist had represented all the various parts without the skin except two, one I remember was the eye in the male subject, the other was some part, I forget what, in the female.

I took a walk in the country, and saw in a vineyard a snake, at least a yard in length, with a green back; he lifted up its head and looked at me; but as an Englishman is now no curiosity, he lowered it immediately, and calmly continued his rustling course.

At the instance of a friend, who has studied much, and practised a little the agriculture of the country, I was induced to look at one of the ploughs, and to hear it explained by a countryman; the plough is clumsy, but I believe not heavy, and I am informed it is efficient; it is doubtless very simple, it consists of three pieces of wood only, and in their names I was told that I should recognize Virgil's plough: the countryman called one piece something like *buris*; another *dentale*; the *dentalia* of Virgil, my friend triumphantly said, and found in it the *duplex dorsum*, which has puzzled the commentators; the third part he called *stegola*, which may be a diminutive of *stiva*. Here follows the much agitated passage descriptive of the plough:

Continuo in sylvis magnâ vi flexa domatur
In burim, et curvi formam accipit ulmus aratri;
Huic a stirpe pedes temo protentus in octo;
Binæ aures, duplici aptantur dentalia dorso.
Cæditur et tilia ante jugo levis, altaque fagus,
Stivaque, quæ currus a tergo torqueat imos.—*Georg.* l. i. v. 169.

Monday, Oct. 31st.—I was driven quickly in a calèche, drawn by one horse, along a good, level, uninteresting road, to the emporium of salt fish, Leghorn. I found the town better than I had expected; the square is large and well built, as are also some of the streets. In the cathedral they were singing, burning incense, and ringing a bell as usual, but there was nothing attractive. Elba may be seen at a distance from the shore, and some other islands. There is an English burial ground full of cypresses and marble monuments. Men were employed on the walls in making ropes; they did not carry the tow in their aprons as in England, but at the end of poles, one of which resembled a distaff with flax upon it magnified; it requires a much greater familiarity with ropes than I can pretend to, to be a competent judge of the advantages or disadvantages of this method.

The number of Jews was so great, the smell of salt fish so strong, and the coachmen and boatmen so much more troublesome than they commonly are, even in Italy, that I left the place with real pleasure. Leghorn appeared to me to be one of those cities where the only enjoyment of the traveller is the reflection that he will most probably never enter it again; but I confess that I am strongly prejudiced against disagreeable persons and places. Yet I have heard of English, and of a superior caste too, who have resided long there, and have become attached to the spot; but perhaps it would be difficult to find on the surface of the globe a situation of which men would not in general grow fond by a long residence; this Tuscan seaport and its vicinity may have advantages which gradually disclose themselves; it would

be extremely unfair, from the cursory visit of a few hours, to decide positively on the subject, which can only be fully ascertained by a longer experiment, and that I confess I should be exceedingly unwilling to make. I was glad to return to Pisa; it had fresh beauties in my eyes; the Lung'Arno was a charming contrast to Leghorn.

National and local peculiarities are most striking in trifling matters. I went in the dark to put a letter into the post, and I felt not an unseemly wooden slit, but a comely marble hole. There were great crowds before the confectioners' shops, and cakes were exhibited in the windows exactly similar to the twelfth-cakes in London; it was the eve of All-Souls or All-Saints day; it is as well to eat a good cake for the sake of all the saints and of all their souls, and because the dead are not alive, as on account of the epiphany; they are both very good reasons for eating good cake; on such a subject a much worse reason ought to satisfy a much more scrupulous person than I profess to be. In England we celebrate all-hallows eve, or nutcrack night, as this vigil is called, by eating apples and cracking nuts; we disclaim and reject all worship of saints; but as they never did us any harm, if the apples are good and the nuts sound, and we feel inclined to eat them, we indulge our taste, and kindly suffer the departed worthies to take whatever credit they may think redounds to them from the due performances of these ceremonies.

The climate of Pisa is uniformly mild and warm, in the summer perhaps hot and stifling; but sickness steals in every where; I think I heard more of consumptions in Italy than in England: my landlord at the Ussero told me that he had lost his wife by that disease, and had been afflicted by it himself; but by adhering rightly to the rule of eating once only in twenty-four hours, and by some other precautions, he had got the better of it. The climate appears to be unfavourable to the constitutions of English children; I was informed, that amongst other inconveniences, they are liable to the discomfort and risk of having the measles several times.

Tuesday, Nov. 1st.—It was a beautiful morning; I set out at seven in a calèche, and passed through the pleasant village of Pugnano: it is agreeable to see on the walls of the houses lemon trees instead of our pears. What is gained in one way is lost in another; it had struck me what fine gardens might be had here, but I was told that it is hardly possible to water them enough: that excellent vegetable the red beet cannot be produced; the white can be grown, but it is very indifferent. From the number of ditches made for the purpose of irrigation, it seems that there is as much trouble to get the water on the land here as there is to get it off in other countries. The vines are trained on polled poplars; it would be good to poll a poplar, and train a vine in its head in a garden in England, as a memorial of Italy; if the vine would not bear grapes it would at least have a pretty appearance.

We came suddenly upon the famous Lucca, a stately walled city in a plain watered by the Serchio, and surrounded by mountains; a city famous for its oil, and for Castruccio Castracani, who is known to many, because his life was described by Macchiavelli, and to all as the hero of Valperga; all previous knowledge whets the appetite and sharpens the curiosity; and as I had read this novel, I had an additional

motive to survey the city; I took an hour for that purpose, which proved to be two or three.

The churches were hung within and without with black cloth, charged with white skulls and marrow bones, and there were many people in them singing and praying for the dead. There are many handsome churches; the western fronts are of white marble, and formed of several stories of arcades. There were good paintings, and altars rich with silver plate; some churches were hung with Genoa velvet; instead of a door, a large, thick, heavy mat was suspended at the entrance. I walked round the city upon the walls; the walk is wide and planted with trees; the view on all sides is fine. I saw many pretty women here; at Pisa it is difficult to find one.

Little states will always be extremely stately; in going out of the city, a man at the gate handed me a pen and ink, and as white paper is dear, and a book dearer, a bit of blue paper, such as that in which a grocer wraps half a pound of brown sugar, that I might write my own account of myself in my own way; I suppose the government cannot afford to pay the salary of more than one man, who is able to write, and he was employed in his duties as chancellor. "By her snow may we be made white!" is an inscription in one church on an altar of the Blessed Virgin; it is a conceit, but perhaps a pretty one: "Ut ejus nive dealbemur!"

I passed through a pleasant country to Pistoia, and I met many pretty country girls on the road; as they generally wore a black beaver hat like men, I was reminded of Wales. I reached Pistoia at five, and was immediately led through handsome wide streets to several churches; in one the host was elevated just as we entered; my guide dropped down on his knees as if he had been shot, and the fine organ struck up a triumphant strain. I had not eaten since six in the morning; it was now almost dark; I was tired and faint, but I was led hastily from one scene to another; it was like a dream: it never rains but it pours: at some other time these sights would have been a great treat, now I only sought food and repose.

I was taken into an hospital for women; there was room after room, and bed after bed on both sides of the rooms; they were generally occupied. The air was good, and things were cleaner than they probably would have been at the homes of the patients, but not so clean as an hospital should be. A fine little girl, who was running about the wards, was amused to see a stranger there; she laughed aloud, and, following me, tried to draw my umbrella from my arm, whilst I passed a bed, at the foot of which were placed a scapulary, and a vessel of holy water; an old woman had received the extreme unction, and was waiting for death; they said she was dead, but I heard her cough under the clothes. Such the one had been, such the other would be; how much is done and suffered between the two extremes.

After seeing some more churches, as there was nothing to eat at my hotel, I was conducted to a *traiteur's*, a cook's shop; the fire was out, and there was no one but a youth in black, like a lawyer's clerk—it seemed as hopeless to apply to him, as to go to chambers in the Temple and call for a dinner. He placed on the table some wine, more drinkable than usual, and bread, for which the place is famous. I supposed that I must wait a long time—I therefore took out a book to

pass an hour—before I had opened it, the common soup appeared—three cold roast sparrows followed, slender fare, but they were savoury, and helped the good bread down—then came—then came the quarter of a boiled capon, so large, so juicy, so white, so tender, that it was quite an event; the very liver was in itself a blessing—then some fried pigs feet; but in eating these, I can never forget that they stood all their lives in a sty: they offered some other dishes, which I declined: I paid a small sum for an unexpectedly good dinner.

When I returned to the inn, I found all the people on their knees with some priests praying for the dead; I afterwards had some conversation with one of the party; his discourse was such as I should have anticipated from the attitude and society in which I had seen him—it forcibly reminded me of the writings of some of the dead. In walking hastily through the streets of Pistoia, I had been much struck by the beauty of the women; I heard from others, especially from a person who had resided there some time, and upon whose judgment I can rely, that many females of a surprising loveliness are to be met with in that city.

CONFESSIONS OF A THEORIST.

I NEVER was at school, consequently was never whipped into the humanities; nor ever contracted there that early knowledge of the world, which is worth all the precepts of Tully and Seneca. I was taken in hand at my birth by a philosopher, who determined to fashion me after a system of his own, to play my part among men. I am not sure, that his care did not extend back before the moment of my birth, to adapt me to his notion of human perfectibility; for he was a very keen speculatist, who made many researches into the state of the soul in the womb, the first moment of thought, the organization of the sensorium, hereditary propensities, and all that: it is not, therefore, to be supposed, that he would overlook such important matters in generating me, whom he designed for a living demonstration of his theory of the human mind. To cut short long descriptions, I was reared on a plan compounded of those of Locke, Rousseau, Helvetius, and Gall. I was as ignorant as a savage, that is, of civilized knowledge; my head was full of crude visions; and I may safely say, that I felt all the intoxication of happiness, without once tasting of the fruit of the forbidden tree. Whether my soul's manufacturer duly handled, according to the instructions of those great theorists, the raw material which God had put into his hands, I will not say; but certain it is, that when I merged from pupillage by his death, I found as great difficulty in conducting myself, as any other stripling would have done, who had no more knowledge of the world than what he could glean from the Offices of Tully, or the Table of Cebes, or the Apophthegms of Epictetus.

We had our special characteristic of philosophy, that was poverty. From my earliest youth, we both, like the Emilius and his master,

wrought at a trade, which was no more nor less than making sabots, or wooden shoes, and trenchers. This provided us with the means of supplying all the wants which two such philosophers permitted themselves to have; and allowed us ample time besides, to devote to intellectual pursuits. I never dreamt of more: but the deuce was in our mental activity; we discovered by a refined course of reasoning, that shoes, and particularly wooden shoes, were an incumbrance to free-born men; that the induration of the foot, which takes place by exposure, fully supplies the wants of wood or leather. Our opinion was corroborated by Locke and Rousseau, who recommend that boys should be accustomed to go without these luxuries; and it was but an easy inference, which we wondered those great men had missed, that *à fortiori* adults might lay them aside. In fine, we supported our reasonings with such plausible arguments, that the little commune among whom we lived, gave over wearing clogs and sabots, to the mortal deterioration of our trade. However, we carried on the trencher-business, though our own trenchers were considerably lightened by the success of our discovery, and our feet much blistered by carrying it into effect; but then, our love of systems was greatly increased by the triumph of our opinions.

What can control the activity of mind, and above all, of mind once set hunting after systems! Our conceptions enlarged with our poverty, and want itself became the means of informing us. As wood grew daily more scarce, we parted, one by one, with our own trenchers to our customers; and then we found out, what indeed we had already faintly surmised, that trenchers themselves were superfluities. Pained as we were, to owe this grand discovery rather to casualty than to original thinking, we yet pursued it with all the zeal of inspired converts; and instantly set about making proselytes to our opinions.

But here the force of logic was of little avail. To forego shoes, where the meadows were moist, the uplands smooth, the villagers themselves active and hardy, was an easy matter, recommended too by economy—a pair of wooden shoes being worth a whole set of trenchers. But to part with the trenchers—that sacred area which circumscribes and appropriates each man's share of his provisions—that dear, invaluable monopoly, over which no toll, no excise, no execution can be maintained at law—to part with the chartered ware, and henceforth to have all eatable in common, at the mercy of the strongest and swiftest among bolters or masticulators—forbid it, justice and equity! Thus they all exclaimed, young and old, toothed and toothless. Our new theory was thus, for a time, at fault: true, we ceased to make wooden ware for them; and sorely we rued our devotions to principle, as we were not excited by the least prospect of gaining over a single conformist. The inhabitants only took the more care of their dishes; while we starved most gloriously in defence of their abjuration. Whether it was want, or zeal, that quickened our inventive faculties, we hit upon an expedient to promote our theory that merits the attention of all innovators. The measure, I own, partook of much artifice and injustice; but the arguments by which we reconciled it to ourselves, are well known to theorists; and we were such infatuated theorists, as to be prepared to go any lengths that could possibly come under the head of pious frauds. To it then

we went headlong. With tongues of deceit, we persuaded the villagers separately, that we repented us of our ways, and were inclined to resume our occupation—that we only waited for a fair opportunity of retracting in public, and soliciting the renewed patronage of our friends—that for this purpose we contemplated a village feast in the Bucolic style, in which Menalcas and Melibæus were to be personated by me and my Mentor, who should deliver an humble apology, and what not, in rhyme; but alas! we wanted both food and trenchers!

The poor peasantry, as delighted as if they had heard a Chancellor of the Exchequer promise them prosperity without bounds, immediately offered to supply our deficiencies, and that with a delicacy which would have shamed a refined people. In the dusk of the evening there came from every house, separately, as we had planned it, hampers of ware and provisions. Our little cabin never was so well furnished. We sat up all night, disposing the house for the morrow's festival, and preparing ourselves to act becomingly our parts. A burst of malicious laughter would now and then distort the features of the grave projector, as he contemplated the irremediable alternative to which the recusants would be driven, of embracing his system, by this master-stroke of policy and expediency. Well, the guests arrived, and soon filled the outer apartment of the cabin, where I was left to receive them, and to apologize for the absence of my tutor, who was performing the office of high-priest of the altar in the inner room, as might indeed be guessed from the savory steams of goose and bacon which transpired, along with powerful scents of burning woods. As I cast my eyes round upon the expecting visages of our guests, beaming on me with the satisfaction and consciousness of conferred obligation, I felt a pang like that of ingratitude, at my heart, which rebelled against the system in spite of me, incapacitating me from the ironical prologue that I was to have spoken. "The poor lad is fainting with the heat," exclaimed some one, at sight of my paleness; "open the doors." The doors were instantly opened, and oh, shame to philosophy! my poor master was discovered with tongs in hand, in the act of laying on the fire the last borrowed trencher of his benefactors!

Every guest stood aghast as he beheld the bare table, on which one or two roast joints were already tumbled, and as the dreadful truth flashed upon him, that he must henceforth dine untrenched. The suddenness of the irruption put to flight the presence of mind even of my cool stoical preceptor. The conned harangue, with which he meant to insult over his adversaries, was sunk amid the reproaches and the execrations that burst upon him from every side. Never shall I forget the intrepidity with which he stood the brunt of their curses; nor his sublime ejaculation when they were about to throw him on the pile of flaming dishes: "I die for science, and I glory in my death." A few of the elders, however, interfered, and saved him from the auto-da-fè. It was agreed to seek justice from the tribunals, to petition the legislature, or even to address the king in person, against such a public transgression. As an accomplice I was dragged before the high court of bailiffs, to an assize full one day's journey from the commune; and as this was the only trial for half a century that had proceeded from that district, it was determined to conduct it with

impressive solemnity. An avocat was appointed for each side. Twenty-four plate-owners were witnesses against us. This was shocking odds: our counsel, nevertheless, who was a practical man, engaged to make good an *alibi*, if we would only consent to his retaining twice as many deponents on our part; for it was a maxim of the law, that the evidence of two was stronger than that of one. But we disdained, in the most inflexible manner, to compromise principle. My philo-systematist was almost tempted to acquiesce in the indictment, it was so beautifully theatrical. There were no less than one hundred various counts for stealing, purloining, &c. &c. and otherwise feloniously procuring one hundred wooden trenchers, platters, plates, dishes, bowls, and so forth; "and the same did then and there, with malice prepense, wickedly, feloniously and diabolically burn, consume, and set fire, to the injury of our said lord the king, and one hundred of his subjects:" which, by the bye, was not far from the truth. But not to be too precise: the witnesses were adduced and examined separatim. I shall not detail the ingenious cross-questions of our avocat, as to whether the trenchers were beech, maple, holly, sycamore, or chesnut. Suffice it to say, that the charge was not proved to the satisfaction of the court, no evidence being given *de flagrante delicto*, further than of one trencher having been seen burning, and the inhabitants having neglected to identify that one, as the property of any of the individuals claimant; and being equally unable to assign it to the king, from having overlooked the quality of the timber. Thus we were acquitted, notwithstanding the ill-timed zeal of my master, who insisted on making his own defence, à la Socrates, by justifying. Certes it was well for us that his speech was so erudite; for had he used intelligible terms, no jury could have acquitted us *in foro conscientie*. When all was over, it was a pleasant thing to see our prosecutors file off, mutually accusing each other of the expense incurred; for we had not a doit, so the entire costs fell on them and the king; this was a bad look out, and a much greater loss than twice as many wooden dishes would have been. But it was well for us that our pleader was a practical man, and our jury theorists; or I conjecture we should have been sent to the galleys, to speculate upon the dip of the oar and the toughness of the cat-o'nine-tails. Be that as it may, the event of this trial gave me a high opinion of the science of the law, and convinced me, that a system which operated so miraculously in our favour, must contain a number of beautiful theories.

As our prosecutors had not wherewith to defray the jailor's fees, or wanted the honour to do so, we were conducted back to prison. Victory, however, supplied every absent comfort: besides, the jail-allowance was really a desirable portion for those who had starved rather than make trenchers. We had no need of them now, for brown bread could be munched very well without them. I could not, albeit, when lifting the pitcher of cold water to my mouth, help praying, that philosophy might not carry my beloved master so far, as to make him conclude it also a supernumerary contrivance. Poor man! he was absorbed in other contemplations. Our residence in prison had enabled him to ascertain the treatment and character of the prisoners. Instead of being daunted, or improved by chastisement, the rogues

seemed only to have sharpened their wits by associating. I will not enumerate the various tricks which they played upon my master, such as cutting off his buttons where they were most essential to the maintenance of philosophic decorum ; setting him upon a stool, one leg of which was at the mercy of a string, and when gathering round him to be lectured on prison-economics—then, with an adroit snip of the scissors, liberating him from a garment, which even he had not philosophic spirit enough to number among our superfluities ; and while he justified the necessity of indispensables, as contra-distinguished from luxuries, suddenly whisking the broken leg from under him, upsetting him and his arguments together. These and other tricks were generally followed by an outcry and the entry of the jailer, when we poor theorists received a second drubbing from that practical illustrator of discipline, while the wags escaped with threats and theoretic punishment only. Thus all things have a tendency to an equilibrium, as we inferred : for our doctrine we received cuffs and buffets, and it only remained to return their cuffs and buffets in doctrine : we shall see how admirably it was contrived. After finishing our frugal meal, my thoughtful tutor broke forth into one of his vast projects to reform the world, with the following proposition, for he dearly loved the synthetic method:—"Homo est animal rationale."—"Recte, domine." "A rational animal is an animal governed by reason."—"Right again." "Ergo?" returned he, interrogatively. "Cannot you draw the inference?" "The mode and figure are not known to me;" said I, in an exculpatory tone. "The mode is prison discipline; the *materia* is *necesse est*, or compulsory labour; and the consequence is, that the prisoner will be regenerated; so that the term rational may be predicated of him:—let me elucidate for your tender comprehension. Those knaves who untrussed me, by removing my points of suspension—and upset me, by altering the centre of gravity of my substratum—are men; ergo, should be governed by reason. Now it matters not whether it is my reason or their own which governs them, provided reason is made to govern: listen to the plan—they are to be taught to read, write, think, repent, and keep all the commandments, by regular, compulsory routine, two hours a day to each department, shifting from one ward to another, as regularly as the hour hand, by mere dint of reason." "How can that be," inquired I, "if they object." "Object indeed! is not the force of reason, directly as the force of gravity; and inversely, as the squares of the distances from the centre?—ergo, if a machine can be constructed which will revolve by the weight of rational animals at its circumference, and by which those who refuse to contribute their momentum, will have his legs crushed or broken—it is plain that reason will direct men to mount the machine, rather than undergo that alternative; so far then as working goes, rational animals may be forced by reason to labour." Thus did that great theorist, like the immortal Bacon, trace new arts and powers for human invention to extend in after ages; and I have lived to see that great moral machine, the tread-mill, which he so clearly designed, brought into play in our times, no doubt, for the purpose of giving habits of industry to the idle. How the culprits were to be taught to think and repent, I did not so fully understand: there was something of a

after we had mounted it, we crossed the Serchio by a bridge at a short distance from Lucca.

We found many large canes growing on the banks of this pretty little river, which the Italians use for many purposes; the women often spin with a distaff of the most simple construction possible; the ancient distaff, from which the fates have eternally drawn the varied thread of human life, cannot be less artificial—it is in fact a piece of one of these canes, about two feet in length, rudely broken off, with the flax at the top.

Through cold, hunger, and fatigue, I fell asleep; when I awoke I saw Pisa before me. I was captivated with the calm beauty of Pisa, and I was treated there with so much real kindness, that I had only to regret that it was my lot to visit it once only, and for a very short time.

Saturday, Oct. 29th.—The Lung'Arno is fine, but the Arno is muddy; in the Italian landscape grass and large trees are wanting, and the rivers are either quite dry or muddy. The custom-houses are exceedingly annoying in this little state; for fiscal purposes they shut the *Posta della Spiaggia* at five o'clock in the evening; and having locked, bolted, and barred the gate, they leave it, so that all access to the city from the country on that side is as completely precluded as if the city were invested by a besieging army, which is an enormous inconvenience; and this most monstrous piece of tyranny is perpetrated because the person, to whom the stupid Tuscans passively submit themselves, does not choose to hire a gate keeper, to prevent his being cheated in the toll of a turnip or carrot. All day long the soldiers are employed at the gates in stopping the market-carts and counting the cabbages, or in thrusting iron skewers through the baskets of manure, which boys or asses carry out of the city; when I passed the gates in a calèche they made me stand up, and peeped under the seat.

I entered several quiet churches in this pleasant still city. I looked for Ugolino's tower, the Tower of Hunger it is called, but I was told it had been pulled down. The leaning or falling tower, the cathedral, the baptistery, and the Campo Santo, stand together on a grass plot, and have a fine effect; it would be difficult in any other city to find another constellation of four such handsome buildings without any eye-sore.

I like the tower; whether it be in good or in bad taste, I like the tower; it is circular; seven stories of arcades are surmounted by a belfry, and all of white marble; the four lower stories lean more than the three upper, which adds to the deception, as there is a bend in the middle, as if it were breaking in the fall: whether the inclination of the tower is to be ascribed to art or to the sinking of the foundation has always been disputed; it is easy to find argument in support of either supposition. It is of comfortable ascent by one hundred and fifty-three steps, and commands a delightful view; it is a hollow cylinder, and the appearance of the interior is perhaps even more extraordinary than of the exterior; it resembles a well, or the bent shaft of a pit cut through a fine stratum of white marble. It was mentioned as a ludicrous act, that an architectural amateur had come from America for the sole purpose of seeing this famous campanile, but I confess that it did not strike me in the same light; if this

beautiful building took his fancy, as much as it captivated me, I do not think that it would repent him of his voyage.

The cathedral boasts of bronze doors, curiously wrought in relief with the history of the Old and New Testament, by Bouanno, an ancient statuary; paintings, marbles, mosaics, bronzes, a large silver altar, a finely carved marble pulpit, and in short every object of devotional luxury or magnificence. The performances of St. Rainerius, the patron of the church and city, are depicted; many of them would be ridiculous in any but a saint—in him they are full of unction and edification.

The baptistery is a circular building, remarkable for riches similar to those of the cathedral, and for a very extraordinary echo.

The burial ground, or Campo Santo, is a noble rectangular cloister of marble, which not only surrounds some earth brought from the Holy Land, a most comfortable bed for a dead body, but has its walls painted in fresco, with various subjects of Biblical and Pisan history, by Giotto, Andrea Orgagna, Memmi, and other great masters; and a vast assemblage of statues, busts, sarcophagi, reliefs, inscriptions, antique, modern, and of the middle ages, many of them of distinguished merit. It is at once a burial ground, a picture gallery, and a museum of antiquities; if it be ever freely open to the public, it must be an instructive and agreeable lounge; if it can only be visited in company with a guide it loses much of its value and interest.

One fresco is remarkable, because a figure in it has supplied a proverb, a rare merit in a painting: the subject is the well-known passage in the history of Noah, which has given rise to the slave-trade, to all the discussions on the subject, and to the renown of Mr. Wilberforce, when the Patriarch, to prevent any ill effects from the dampness of the earth, treated himself to a glass of wine, and, unfortunately for the sable posterity of Ham, filled his glass too often: the three sons are conducting themselves in the manner that history relates, and a pretty young woman, I suppose the wife of one of the sons, is covering her face with her hand, but evidently peeping through her fingers; hence the proverb "*la vergognosa del Campo Santo*," the modest woman of the Campo Santo, is applied to ridicule mock modesty. I should conjecture that the painter was friendly to the slave-trade; and in order to give the unhappy Africans the finest possible title in both lines to a black skin, he ingeniously means to show, that the wife of Ham was equally guilty, although in a more feminine manner, with her husband.

The botanical garden, or Garden of Simples, as it is called, is pretty good; I saw there a small cedar, the only specimen of that noble and singular tree that I remember to have seen in Italy.

Sunday, Oct. 30th.—I saw in progress the engravings of Mascagni's anatomical plates; they are on a large scale, minute and elaborate, and, as I was informed by a distinguished anatomist, extremely accurate; when complete, they will be a great acquisition to the student. The ingenious person who superintends the execution of them seemed deeply impressed and penetrated by the notion of their importance; he ran on into long discussions and explanations with a volubility which would have been more intolerable if it had been less tiresome, for it was surprising as a specimen of the relentless in boring; he had gotten

however one joke, whether he had accidentally invented it himself, or some one in pity had given it him, I could not determine, but it appeared to make him very happy, for he wrapped himself up in it, and hugged himself in the conceit of its exceeding facetiousness; it was this—that the great anatomist had represented all the various parts without the skin except two, one I remember was the eye in the male subject, the other was some part, I forget what, in the female.

I took a walk in the country, and saw in a vineyard a snake, at least a yard in length, with a green back; he lifted up its head and looked at me; but as an Englishman is now no curiosity, he lowered it immediately, and calmly continued his rustling course.

At the instance of a friend, who has studied much, and practised a little the agriculture of the country, I was induced to look at one of the ploughs, and to hear it explained by a countryman; the plough is clumsy, but I believe not heavy, and I am informed it is efficient; it is doubtless very simple, it consists of three pieces of wood only, and in their names I was told that I should recognize Virgil's plough: the countryman called one piece something like *buris*; another *dentale*; the *dentalia* of Virgil, my friend triumphantly said, and found in it the *duplex dorsum*, which has puzzled the commentators; the third part he called *stegola*, which may be a diminutive of *stiva*. Here follows the much agitated passage descriptive of the plough:

Continuo in sylvis magnâ vi flexa domatur
In burim, et curvi formam accipit ulmus aratri;
Huic a stirpe pedes temo protentus in octo;
Binæ aures, duplici aptantur dentalia dorso.
Cæditur et tilia ante jugo levis, altaque fagus,
Stivaque, quæ currus a tergo torqueat imos.—*Georg.* l. i. v. 169.

Monday, Oct. 31st.—I was driven quickly in a calèche, drawn by one horse, along a good, level, uninteresting road, to the emporium of salt fish, Leghorn. I found the town better than I had expected; the square is large and well built, as are also some of the streets. In the cathedral they were singing, burning incense, and ringing a bell as usual, but there was nothing attractive. Elba may be seen at a distance from the shore, and some other islands. There is an English burial ground full of cypresses and marble monuments. Men were employed on the walls in making ropes; they did not carry the tow in their aprons as in England, but at the end of poles, one of which resembled a distaff with flax upon it magnified; it requires a much greater familiarity with ropes than I can pretend to, to be a competent judge of the advantages or disadvantages of this method.

The number of Jews was so great, the smell of salt fish so strong, and the coachmen and boatmen so much more troublesome than they commonly are, even in Italy, that I left the place with real pleasure. Leghorn appeared to me to be one of those cities where the only enjoyment of the traveller is the reflection that he will most probably never enter it again; but I confess that I am strongly prejudiced against disagreeable persons and places. Yet I have heard of English, and of a superior caste too, who have resided long there, and have become attached to the spot; but perhaps it would be difficult to find on the surface of the globe a situation of which men would not in general grow fond by a long residence; this Tuscan seaport and its vicinity have advantages which gradually disclose themselves; it would

be extremely unfair, from the cursory visit of a few hours, to decide positively on the subject, which can only be fully ascertained by a longer experiment, and that I confess I should be exceedingly unwilling to make. I was glad to return to Pisa; it had fresh beauties in my eyes; the Lung'Arno was a charming contrast to Leghorn.

National and local peculiarities are most striking in trifling matters. I went in the dark to put a letter into the post, and I felt not an unseemly wooden slit, but a comely marble hole. There were great crowds before the confectioners' shops, and cakes were exhibited in the windows exactly similar to the twelfth-cakes in London; it was the eve of All-Souls or All-Saints day; it is as well to eat a good cake for the sake of all the saints and of all their souls, and because the dead are not alive, as on account of the epiphany; they are both very good reasons for eating good cake; on such a subject a much worse reason ought to satisfy a much more scrupulous person than I profess to be. In England we celebrate all-hallows eve, or nutcrack night, as this vigil is called, by eating apples and cracking nuts; we disclaim and reject all worship of saints; but as they never did us any harm, if the apples are good and the nuts sound, and we feel inclined to eat them, we indulge our taste, and kindly suffer the departed worthies to take whatever credit they may think redounds to them from the due performances of these ceremonies.

The climate of Pisa is uniformly mild and warm, in the summer perhaps hot and stifling; but sickness steals in every where; I think I heard more of consumptions in Italy than in England: my landlord at the Ussero told me that he had lost his wife by that disease, and had been afflicted by it himself; but by adhering rightly to the rule of eating once only in twenty-four hours, and by some other precautions, he had got the better of it. The climate appears to be unfavourable to the constitutions of English children; I was informed, that amongst other inconveniences, they are liable to the discomfort and risk of having the measles several times.

Tuesday, Nov. 1st.—It was a beautiful morning; I set out at seven in a calèche, and passed through the pleasant village of Pugnano: it is agreeable to see on the walls of the houses lemon trees instead of our pears. What is gained in one way is lost in another; it had struck me what fine gardens might be had here, but I was told that it is hardly possible to water them enough: that excellent vegetable the red beet cannot be produced; the white can be grown, but it is very indifferent. From the number of ditches made for the purpose of irrigation, it seems that there is as much trouble to get the water on the land here as there is to get it off in other countries. The vines are trained on polled poplars; it would be good to poll a poplar, and train a vine in its head in a garden in England, as a memorial of Italy; if the vine would not bear grapes it would at least have a pretty appearance.

We came suddenly upon the famous Lucca, a stately walled city in a plain watered by the Serchio, and surrounded by mountains; a city famous for its oil, and for Castruccio Castracani, who is known to many, because his life was described by Macchiavelli, and to all as the hero of Valperga; all previous knowledge whets the appetite and sharpens the curiosity; and as I had read this novel, I had an additional

motive to survey the city; I took an hour for that purpose, which proved to be two or three.

The churches were hung within and without with black cloth, charged with white skulls and marrow bones, and there were many people in them singing and praying for the dead. There are many handsome churches; the western fronts are of white marble, and formed of several stories of arcades. There were good paintings, and altars rich with silver plate; some churches were hung with Genoa velvet; instead of a door, a large, thick, heavy mat was suspended at the entrance. I walked round the city upon the walls; the walk is wide and planted with trees; the view on all sides is fine. I saw many pretty women here; at Pisa it is difficult to find one.

Little states will always be extremely stately; in going out of the city, a man at the gate handed me a pen and ink, and as white paper is dear, and a book dearer, a bit of blue paper, such as that in which a grocer wraps half a pound of brown sugar, that I might write my own account of myself in my own way; I suppose the government cannot afford to pay the salary of more than one man, who is able to write, and he was employed in his duties as chancellor. "By her snow may we be made white!" is an inscription in one church on an altar of the Blessed Virgin; it is a conceit, but perhaps a pretty one: "Ut ejus nive dealbemur!"

I passed through a pleasant country to Pistoia, and I met many pretty country girls on the road; as they generally wore a black beaver hat like men, I was reminded of Wales. I reached Pistoia at five, and was immediately led through handsome wide streets to several churches; in one the host was elevated just as we entered; my guide dropped down on his knees as if he had been shot, and the fine organ struck up a triumphant strain. I had not eaten since six in the morning; it was now almost dark; I was tired and faint, but I was led hastily from one scene to another; it was like a dream: it never rains but it pours: at some other time these sights would have been a great treat, now I only sought food and repose.

I was taken into an hospital for women; there was room after room, and bed after bed on both sides of the rooms; they were generally occupied. The air was good, and things were cleaner than they probably would have been at the homes of the patients, but not so clean as an hospital should be. A fine little girl, who was running about the wards, was amused to see a stranger there; she laughed aloud, and, following me, tried to draw my umbrella from my arm, whilst I passed a bed, at the foot of which were placed a scapulary, and a vessel of holy water; an old woman had received the extreme unction, and was waiting for death; they said she was dead, but I heard her cough under the clothes. Such the one had been, such the other would be; how much is done and suffered between the two extremes.

After seeing some more churches, as there was nothing to eat at my hotel, I was conducted to a *traiteur's*, a cook's shop; the fire was out, and there was no one but a youth in black, like a lawyer's clerk—it seemed as hopeless to apply to him, as to go to chambers in the Temple and call for a dinner. He placed on the table some wine, more drinkable than usual, and bread, for which the place is famous. I supposed that I must wait a long time—I therefore took out a book to

pass an hour—before I had opened it, the common soup appeared—three cold roast sparrows followed, slender fare, but they were savoury, and helped the good bread down—then came—then came the quarter of a boiled capon, so large, so juicy, so white, so tender, that it was quite an event; the very liver was in itself a blessing—then some fried pigs feet; but in eating these, I can never forget that they stood all their lives in a sty: they offered some other dishes, which I declined: I paid a small sum for an unexpectedly good dinner.

When I returned to the inn, I found all the people on their knees with some priests praying for the dead; I afterwards had some conversation with one of the party; his discourse was such as I should have anticipated from the attitude and society in which I had seen him—it forcibly reminded me of the writings of some of the dead. In walking hastily through the streets of Pistoia, I had been much struck by the beauty of the women; I heard from others, especially from a person who had resided there some time, and upon whose judgment I can rely, that many females of a surprising loveliness are to be met with in that city.

CONFESSIONS OF A THEORIST.

I NEVER was at school, consequently was never whipped into the humanities; nor ever contracted there that early knowledge of the world, which is worth all the precepts of Tully and Seneca. I was taken in hand at my birth by a philosopher, who determined to fashion me after a system of his own, to play my part among men. I am not sure, that his care did not extend back before the moment of my birth, to adapt me to his notion of human perfectibility; for he was a very keen speculatist, who made many researches into the state of the soul in the womb, the first moment of thought, the organization of the sensorium, hereditary propensities, and all that: it is not, therefore, to be supposed, that he would overlook such important matters in generating me, whom he designed for a living demonstration of his theory of the human mind. To cut short long descriptions, I was reared on a plan compounded of those of Locke, Rousseau, Helvetius, and Gall. I was as ignorant as a savage, that is, of civilized knowledge; my head was full of crude visions; and I may safely say, that I felt all the intoxication of happiness, without once tasting of the fruit of the forbidden tree. Whether my soul's manufacturer duly handled, according to the instructions of those great theorists, the raw material which God had put into his hands, I will not say; but certain it is, that when I merged from pupillage by his death, I found as great difficulty in conducting myself, as any other stripling would have done, who had no more knowledge of the world than what he could glean from the Offices of Tully, or the Table of Cebes, or the Apophthegms of Epictetus.

We had our special characteristic of philosophy, that was poverty. From my earliest youth, we both, like the Emilius and his master,

wrought at a trade, which was no more nor less than making sabots, or wooden shoes, and trenchers. This provided us with the means of supplying all the wants which two such philosophers permitted themselves to have; and allowed us ample time besides, to devote to intellectual pursuits. I never dreamt of more: but the deuce was in our mental activity; we discovered by a refined course of reasoning, that shoes, and particularly wooden shoes, were an incumbrance to free-born men; that the induration of the foot, which takes place by exposure, fully supplies the wants of wood or leather. Our opinion was corroborated by Locke and Rousseau, who recommend that boys should be accustomed to go without these luxuries; and it was but an easy inference, which we wondered those great men had missed, that *à fortiori* adults might lay them aside. In fine, we supported our reasonings with such plausible arguments, that the little commune among whom we lived, gave over wearing clogs and sabots, to the mortal deterioration of our trade. However, we carried on the trencher-business, though our own trenchers were considerably lightened by the success of our discovery, and our feet much blistered by carrying it into effect; but then, our love of systems was greatly increased by the triumph of our opinions.

What can control the activity of mind, and above all, of mind once set hunting after systems! Our conceptions enlarged with our poverty, and want itself became the means of informing us. As wood grew daily more scarce, we parted, one by one, with our own trenchers to our customers; and then we found out, what indeed we had already faintly surmised, that trenchers themselves were superfluities. Pained as we were, to owe this grand discovery rather to casualty than to original thinking, we yet pursued it with all the zeal of inspired converts; and instantly set about making proselytes to our opinions.

But here the force of logic was of little avail. To forego shoes, where the meadows were moist, the uplands smooth, the villagers themselves active and hardy, was an easy matter, recommended too by economy—a pair of wooden shoes being worth a whole set of trenchers. But to part with the trenchers—that sacred area which circumscribes and appropriates each man's share of his provisions—that dear, invaluable monopoly, over which no toll, no excise, no execution can be maintained at law—to part with the chartered ware, and henceforth to have all eatable in common, at the mercy of the strongest and swiftest among bolters or masticulators—forbid it, justice and equity! Thus they all exclaimed, young and old, toothed and toothless. Our new theory was thus, for a time, at fault: true, we ceased to make wooden ware for them; and sorely we rued our devotions to principle, as we were not excited by the least prospect of gaining over a single conformist. The inhabitants only took the more care of their dishes; while we starved most gloriously in defence of their abjuration. Whether it was want, or zeal, that quickened our inventive faculties, we hit upon an expedient to promote our theory that merits the attention of all innovators. The measure, I own, partook of much artifice and injustice; but the arguments by which we reconciled it to ourselves, are well known to theorists; and we were such infatuated theorists, as to be prepared to go any lengths that could possibly come under the head of pious frauds. To it then

we went headlong. With tongues of deceit, we persuaded the villagers separately, that we repented us of our ways, and were inclined to resume our occupation—that we only waited for a fair opportunity of retracting in public, and soliciting the renewed patronage of our friends—that for this purpose we contemplated a village feast in the Bacolic style, in which Menalcas and Melibæus were to be personated by me and my Mentor, who should deliver an humble apology, and what not, in rhyme; but alas! we wanted both food and trenchers!

The poor peasantry, as delighted as if they had heard a Chancellor of the Exchequer promise them prosperity without bounds, immediately offered to supply our deficiencies, and that with a delicacy which would have shamed a refined people. In the dusk of the evening there came from every house, separately, as we had planned it, hampers of ware and provisions. Our little cabin never was so well furnished. We sat up all night, disposing the house for the morrow's festival, and preparing ourselves to act becomingly our parts. A burst of malicious laughter would now and then distort the features of the grave projector, as he contemplated the irremediable alternative to which the recusants would be driven, of embracing his system, by this master-stroke of policy and expediency. Well, the guests arrived, and soon filled the outer apartment of the cabin, where I was left to receive them, and to apologize for the absence of my tutor, who was performing the office of high-priest of the altar in the inner room, as might indeed be guessed from the savory steams of goose and bacon which transpired, along with powerful scents of burning woods. As I cast my eyes round upon the expecting visages of our guests, beaming on me with the satisfaction and consciousness of conferred obligation, I felt a pang like that of ingratitude, at my heart, which rebelled against the system in spite of me, incapacitating me from the ironical prologue that I was to have spoken. "The poor lad is fainting with the heat," exclaimed some one, at sight of my paleness; "open the doors." The doors were instantly opened, and oh, shame to philosophy! my poor master was discovered with tongs in hand, in the act of laying on the fire the last borrowed trencher of his benefactors!

Every guest stood aghast as he beheld the bare table, on which one or two roast joints were already tumbled, and as the dreadful truth flashed upon him, that he must henceforth dine untrenched. The suddenness of the irruption put to flight the presence of mind even of my cool stoical preceptor. The conned harangue, with which he meant to insult over his adversaries, was sunk amid the reproaches and the execrations that burst upon him from every side. Never shall I forget the intrepidity with which he stood the brunt of their curses; nor his sublime ejaculation when they were about to throw him on the pile of flaming dishes: "I die for science, and I glory in my death." A few of the elders, however, interfered, and saved him from the auto-da-fè. It was agreed to seek justice from the tribunals, to petition the legislature, or even to address the king in person, against such a public transgression. As an accomplice I was dragged before the high court of bailiffs, to an assize full one day's journey from the commune; and as this was the only trial for half a century that had proceeded from that district, it was determined to conduct it with

impressive solemnity. An avocat was appointed for each side. Twenty-four plate-owners were witnesses against us. This was shocking odds: our counsel, nevertheless, who was a practical man, engaged to make good an *alibi*, if we would only consent to his retaining twice as many deponents on our part; for it was a maxim of the law, that the evidence of two was stronger than that of one. But we disdained, in the most inflexible manner, to compromise principle. My philo-systematist was almost tempted to acquiesce in the indictment, it was so beautifully theatrical. There were no less than one hundred various counts for stealing, purloining, &c. &c. and otherwise feloniously procuring one hundred wooden trenchers, platters, plates, dishes, bowls, and so forth; "and the same did then and there, with malice prepense, wickedly, feloniously and diabolically burn, consume, and set fire, to the injury of our said lord the king, and one hundred of his subjects:" which, by the bye, was not far from the truth. But not to be too precise: the witnesses were adduced and examined separatim. I shall not detail the ingenious cross-questions of our avocat, as to whether the trenchers were beech, maple, holly, sycamore, or chesnut. Suffice it to say, that the charge was not proved to the satisfaction of the court, no evidence being given *de flagrante delicto*, further than of one trencher having been seen burning, and the inhabitants having neglected to identify that one, as the property of any of the individuals claimant; and being equally unable to assign it to the king, from having overlooked the quality of the timber. Thus we were acquitted, notwithstanding the ill-timed zeal of my master, who insisted on making his own defence, à la Socrates, by justifying. Certes it was well for us that his speech was so erudite; for had he used intelligible terms, no jury could have acquitted us *in foro conscientiae*. When all was over, it was a pleasant thing to see our prosecutors file off, mutually accusing each other of the expense incurred; for we had not a doit, so the entire costs fell on them and the king; this was a bad look out, and a much greater loss than twice as many wooden dishes would have been. But it was well for us that our pleader was a practical man, and our jury theorists; or I conjecture we should have been sent to the galleys, to speculate upon the dip of the oar and the toughness of the cat-o'nine-tails. Be that as it may, the event of this trial gave me a high opinion of the science of the law, and convinced me, that a system which operated so miraculously in our favour, must contain a number of beautiful theories.

As our prosecutors had not wherewith to defray the jailor's fees, or wanted the honour to do so, we were conducted back to prison. Victory, however, supplied every absent comfort: besides, the jail-allowance was really a desirable portion for those who had starved rather than make trenchers. We had no need of them now, for brown bread could be munched very well without them. I could not, albeit, when lifting the pitcher of cold water to my mouth, help praying, that philosophy might not carry my beloved master so far, as to make him conclude it also a supernumerary contrivance. Poor man! he was absorbed in other contemplations. Our residence in prison had enabled him to ascertain the treatment and character of the prisoners. Instead of being daunted, or improved by chastisement, the rogues

seemed only to have sharpened their wits by associating. I will not enumerate the various tricks which they played upon my master, such as cutting off his buttons where they were most essential to the maintenance of philosophic decorum; setting him upon a stool, one leg of which was at the mercy of a string, and when gathering round him to be lectured on prison-economics—then, with an adroit snip of the scissors, liberating him from a garment, which even he had not philosophic spirit enough to number among our superfluities; and while he justified the necessity of indispensables, as contra-distinguished from luxuries, suddenly whisking the broken leg from under him, upsetting him and his arguments together. These and other tricks were generally followed by an outcry and the entry of the jailer, when we poor theorists received a second drubbing from that practical illustrator of discipline, while the wags escaped with threats and theoretic punishment only. Thus all things have a tendency to an equilibrium, as we inferred: for our doctrine we received cuffs and buffets, and it only remained to return their cuffs and buffets in doctrine: we shall see how admirably it was contrived. After finishing our frugal meal, my thoughtful tutor broke forth into one of his vast projects to reform the world, with the following proposition, for he dearly loved the synthetic method:—"Homo est animal rationale."—"Recte, domine." "A rational animal is an animal governed by reason."—"Right again." "Ergo?" returned he, interrogatively. "Cannot you draw the inference?" "The mode and figure are not known to me;" said I, in an exculpatory tone. "The mode is prison discipline; the *materia* is *necesse est*, or compulsory labour; and the consequence is, that the prisoner will be regenerated; so that the term rational may be predicated of him:—let me elucidate for your tender comprehension. Those knaves who untrussed me, by removing my points of suspension—and upset me, by altering the centre of gravity of my substratum—are men; ergo, should be governed by reason. Now it matters not whether it is my reason or their own which governs them, provided reason is made to govern: listen to the plan—they are to be taught to read, write, think, repent, and keep all the commandments, by regular, compulsory routine, two hours a day to each department, shifting from one ward to another, as regularly as the hour hand, by mere dint of reason." "How can that be," inquired I, "if they object." "Object indeed! is not the force of reason, directly as the force of gravity; and inversely, as the squares of the distances from the centre?—ergo, if a machine can be constructed which will revolve by the weight of rational animals at its circumference, and by which those who refuse to contribute their momentum, will have his legs crushed or broken—it is plain that reason will direct men to mount the machine, rather than undergo that alternative; so far then as working goes, rational animals may be forced by reason to labour." Thus did that great theorist, like the immortal Bacon, trace new arts and powers for human invention to extend in after ages; and I have lived to see that great moral machine, the tread-mill, which he so clearly designed, brought into play in our times, no doubt, for the purpose of giving habits of industry to the idle. How the culprits were to be taught to think and repent, I did not so fully understand: there was something of a

gentle process of starvation, and solitary confinement, to be introduced; and when all the pleasurable ideas resulting from eating and drinking, and feasting upon the light of heaven, and the charms of society, were obliterated, the vacuum in the mind was to be replenished gradually by certain old ladies, with a new aliment capable of destroying all relish for old habits and desires. The prisoner was then to come forth a new man, as if he had been ground young, and renovated by the united power of the tread-mill and prison discipline.

We were too ardent theorists to sleep much that night; the following morning we commenced carrying into effect the projected reformation. The first thing obviously necessary was to raise a rebellion among the prisoners, and to follow it up by a violent outcry for a radical reform in their government. The bare-footed reformist, getting upon a table, spoke for hours, holding up his breeches, alternately with the right and left hand, and switching the air most furiously with the disengaged member. He soon convinced his auditory that they were not fairly represented by the turnkeys and jailer—that the wards were no better than rotten boroughs—that liberty, the precious liberty of convicts, was endangered. The effect of this magic word was astounding. They shouted till the prison rang again, and raising the successful orator on a broomstick, bore him in triumph round the courts. The mob was so unanimous that no keeper durst interfere until they were divided. This incontestible sign of their physical force was hailed with the smashing of windows and the banging of doors. But the excitement could not last long; a languor soon crept over the miserable slaves, as dull and lethargic as their violence had been brisk and fierce; they slunk into holes and corners, in search of the fragments of yesterday's hiding, each determined in his heart to exonerate himself, by impeaching the ring-leaders. It was pretty evident, therefore, who would pay the reckoning. Indeed my poor master had already paid a considerable share in suffering, under the ferocious honours conferred on him by the populace. He was so galled and jolted by his chairing, that he lay panting and moaning in a corner of the dungeon, where his ephemeral popularity had deserted him; more than ever determined to curb the licentiousness of the prisoners, by the tread-mill, fasting, prayer, and solitary confinement; but Machiavel had taught him to hide his ultimate object from the people—Hobbes, that every man is born an enemy to his fellow-man—Chesterfield, that dissimulation is the most lawful thing imaginable—the modern politicians, that all means are allowable to accomplish party views.

The tumult had scarce subsided when an order came from the judge for our discharge; after that, the jailer could not plausibly detain us, however well disposed to wreak his vengeance, by loading us with irons; so stripping us of our coats, in part payment of his fees, he was about to thrust us forth, when the philosopher entered a *caveat*, which changed his intention. "I claim the liberty of a free subject," exclaimed he; "liberty consists in obeying the will. I am free to quit the gaol, but if you force me, I am no longer free; therefore I choose to exercise my will by staying, and being free." The jailer hesitated a moment, and then desired the remonstrant to state his case

in the form of a memorial to the Home Secretary. This was done ; at the same time the whole plan of prison-coercion was minutely detailed, and in a few days an order came down for our being transferred to the Lunatic Asylum, to superintend the improvement of that place. We were of course very much exhilarated that our theory had been adopted ; and after giving very elaborate directions to the turnkeys, which I must do them the justice to say were heard with profound gravity, we were packed off to Bedlam.

I will not succinctly report the result of our speculations in that place ; suffice it to say, that we invented a new system of treatment, founded upon phrenology, which we confided to the director of the institution, and I have every reason to think it was adopted, for in a very short time all the lunatics were as sane as ourselves. It consisted of spunging with hot water the diseased organ, compressing, rubbing, tickling, and exciting. Severe study in this engaging science soon overpowered the health of my master, and he was sent to the Infirmary in a high state of brain-fever. This could not interrupt his studies for the good of mankind ; he continued as energetic a theorist as ever, merely transferring his attention to the *materia medica*, in which he made many valuable discoveries. As his attending physician was too jealous to permit experiments upon his fellow-patients, I was engaged to procure him living animals, on which to experimentalize. Accordingly I stole a beautiful lap-dog, belonging to the head keeper's daughter, and secured a trap full of rats. On these he tried those operations which have since immortalized Majendie and Spallanzani. He almost discovered the principle of life itself, by searching for it with the probe and scalpel ; and ascertained for a certainty, how far it could consist with mutilation, hæmorrhage, and inanition. But why claim the glory of these useful discoveries for my master, who acquired sufficient reputation, God knows, by abolishing trenchers ? It is only that I am drawing near the close of his vast labours, and the dying hours of a philosopher should be gleaned with precious accuracy. That same night he unfolded to me his beautiful system of replenishing the veins of an exhausted frame, by injecting the warm blood of a sanguine person. It was impossible to discover a flaw in his reasoning ; the one wanted to have blood—the other to lose blood. He was in the first predicament, and I was in the last—*constat* our bodies were predisposed towards this achievement. An enormous syringe was taken from my arm, and forced into his. By some unlucky *contretemps* I fainted before the experiment was finally concluded ; and my poor master himself had not the satisfaction to live long enough to witness the success which must have indubitably attended his discovery, as it since has, twice out of every three cases. He died a martyr to science ; peace be to his ashes !

I have dwelt with such undivided attention upon his finale, that my own history has sunk into comparative insignificance ; yet this was the most momentous period of my life. I was never so near becoming a practical man as at that time, however it may detract from my glory to have wavered. Be it owned then, that I was a mere adscript to science, not an original professor, as my master was. I obtained entrance at Bedlam-college, rather by charitable indulgence than by any prescriptive right of graduating *ad eundem* there. Wherefore the

provost, considering me as undignified with any diploma, insisted upon my manipulating, and otherwise practically assisting, under pain of expulsion. I accordingly worked at the pestle and spatula, and became an adroit valet, at suddenly pinning the arms, and lacing the waistcoats of the senior fellows; among others I performed that office with much zeal and gratitude for my honoured tutor. All this compliance could not prevent the provost from dreading my abilities; he contemplated in me a precocious tyro, who sought to steal into the chair without undergoing the proper formulæ. The terms that he used most invidiously to apply to me—such as fool, imbecile, idiot, and the like—prove how far he looked upon me as an adept. I often confounded him in argument, and the ignoramus, when he could not reply, would explode in a long horse-laugh, utterly unbecoming the provost of such a college; but it would have been better for him had he been a little more of a theorist, to foresee what was likely to happen in his own family.

This same practical director had a young and beautiful daughter, the fit prototype of an Ariadne, whose eyes lubricated like the glossy coils of the snake amid the moisture of the meadow, whose animation beamed through every motion of her person, till her very shadow seemed to speak and smile. Never shall I forget its effect upon me, when I first started at the sight of loveliness; nor that laughing glance, with which she eyed my confusion from the closing door, behind which she had taken refuge. Often afterwards I returned to the same spot, for as I was a kind of tame savage, with just sufficient knowledge of good and evil to form a useful slave, I was frequently sent back and forwards from the hospital to the laboratory. There often was I blest with a glimpse of the peeping beauty. Why repeat the efforts which I made to dispel her fears, or the enraptured speeches which I made to this new Thisbe through the keyhole? Nature's untutored eloquence favoured this first passion of my heart. But it was long in vain; she was prejudiced by her father to treat me as a candidate for his monastic institution; and my appearance countenanced her conclusions. Imagine a tall lazzaroni-figure, with no vestment on that bears to be mentioned, who yet moved with the dignity of a hero, and threw graceful expression into all his gestures. Well might she apply the name by which she thought to humour a love-sick delusion, calling me her Orlando. "Poor Orlando!" she would exclaim, "I am thy lost mistress Angelica, never more fated to meet thee till my enchantment is dissolved;" then she would touch her guitar, and sing some sweet lay of romaunt. It was thus that her cajoleries killed, while they delighted me. In vain I protested that I had no identity with Orlando; she remained undeceived. Herself at last lent the feather to the shaft that pierced her bosom. Under the plea of humanity, she supplied me from her own and her father's wardrobe; and, O backsliding of philosophy! at her persuasion I consented to wear shoes (of leather, mind, not wood); besides shirts, stockings, surtouts, and other aristocratic superfluities, which I retain to this day in memory of her.

The puppet that she had dressed soon became an agreeable object to the sight of Angelica; she eyed me with the softest look imaginable, and feigned herself no longer in the gardens of Morgiana;

another more powerful enchantment prevailed over her. Her songs were now the gentle strains of the troubadours. She was less guarded too in securing a retreat, and seemed to rely upon my obedience to her imperious order not to advance. I obeyed with the submission of a young lover. She still wavered however in her opinion of my freedom to contract the vows of love, but it was too late—I saw my advantages, and pressed them at every interview. To secure these opportunities, love taught me to appear in the eyes of the father a more matured probationer of his convent, and he reported to his daughter what he termed my paroxysms; while she suppressed from him what she deemed my lucid intervals. This contest in her bosom undermined her health; from the blooming sportive nymph, she became the pale and woe-worn statue. For a long time I could obtain no sight of her, though I was incessantly in the laboratory. One day her father ran forth from the inner room, calling for help, and directing me to bring salts and smelling bottles. I rushed after him into those hallowed precincts, and stood in the chamber of my mistress. She had swooned under the operation of blood-letting, and the frightened professor directed me, as if I were a sexagenary dame, or bloodless minister of the harem, or unfeeling practitioner of midwifery, to support that pallid form, and to chafe her temples, while he excited animation in her yet unbeating heart. As soon as she returned to sense, she fixed her eyes upon her Orlando, whose own streamed with tears; a moment after the conscious blood rushed over her face and bosom: she drew around her what concealment she could, ordering me away; and I went, but the picture of that scene was for ever before me, and will remain indelibly in my memory. The father construed the emotions of his daughter into mere apprehensions of danger, and permitted me still to occupy the laboratory. A few days after this event the door once more opened, and my Angelica stood on the threshold in a delightful hesitation, whether to advance or retreat. I supplicated hard for leave to approach, but she only blushed and withdrew, leaving the door unclosed. The temptation was irresistible. I again transgressed the limits prescribed to me. She was seated with a handkerchief to her face, in which she buried her laughing eyes, at the sight of my presumptuous entrance: that instant I was at her feet, covering the other hand with my caresses, in a very unphilosophic manner. I pass over the long, inebriating draughts of joy that we drained together, and shall merely record, that from that day my intrusion was not unfavoured by the fair one. She had made up her mind as to my intellects, for better or worse, and joined me in imposing upon the provost. It was in these hours of bliss that my venerable master fell so ill that nothing would content him but a final experiment upon the vitality of animals. I became enamoured of the project, and committed that heinous conspiracy against the life of my mistress's lap-dog, without once surmising its consequence. This relapse into theory renewed the alarms of Angelica; she all but shuddered at the sight of me. In vain I pronounced the warmest professions of love, she but looked upon me with a gaze of despair, and trusted herself no longer in my presence. This separation I could not endure. One day, forgetting all respect for her authority, I darted into the room, and seized the trembling fugitive in

my arms. I left no argument untried to justify myself; I implored, vowed, wept, and became frantic to such a degree, that she was convinced of my rationality. Her love began to renew itself again in unequivocal expressions, when—all of a sudden, her father, who thought he had heard enough, burst from his concealment upon us, with a countenance inflamed by wrath. It was no time to stickle for mere honours. I avowed myself an apostate; renounced the statute, and proposed myself as a husband for his daughter. She joined me like any ally of my heart; but he pretended to be but the more convinced of my fitness for the professorship. At the sound of a cat-call, in rushed two or three of his myrmidons, who disrobed me in a trice, and laced upon me that same strait garment which I had so often laced upon others. A monkish cell was assigned me, and the discipline regularly enforced; but nothing could reclaim me; the sight of my mistress, as she lay in my arms, was ever present to my view, and her last sweet confession sounded continually in my ears. The provost began to despair of my embracing his orders, and fearing a visit from the chancellor, he used other means to effect a lasting separation between his daughter and me. What they were may be collected from the following note, put into my hand some six months after, on my liberation; when my clothes, together with a good round sum of money, were delivered to me.

“Go, unhappy! I can endure your cries and groans no longer. Receive this small pittance from me, and forget Angelica, who has purchased your freedom by becoming the wife of another.”

* * * * *

Thenceforth the future was all to be every-day incident, without hope and without romance. I had no system to demonstrate, no order to uphold, no sweet contract to fulfil. I became, as Campbell has emphatically expressed it, “a man without a plan.” This was not the sole effect of one great disappointment, for there were other passions, besides love, to propel me, even had that one been extinct; but it was the consequence of those early hallucinations which a false system of education had developed; a kind of treacherous suggestions, which persuade man, that by the force of intellect he can surmount all obstacles, remodel society, and perfectionize the world—they desert him at the first trial, leaving him to unconquerable regret, at having trusted for a moment in the smooth seductive fallacy, which, like a cunning harlot, obtained such empire over his mind. Such has been the fate of an—

EX-THEORIST.

GASTON DE BLONDEVILLE;

WITH AN ESSAY ON THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF MRS. RADCLIFFE.

IN the publication of this book, Mr. Colburn has not shown his accustomed tact. Though the taste for romance is gone by, a posthumous work of Mrs. Radcliffe, considered as a literary curiosity, had every prospect of success; but the publisher has most injudiciously, as it strikes us, prefixed to Gaston de Blondville a still greater literary curiosity in the shape of an essay on the life and

writings of its author. The reader finds the romance in this preliminary matter, and all that astonishment which should have been reserved for the adventures and incidents of the main work is exhausted by the superhuman flights of the introductory treatise in question. Having read this performance we are no longer in a condition to wonder at any thing, and go to the tale of the author of *Udolpho*, familiarized with outrages against reason, and surfeited with mysteries of the most perplexing and inexplicable kind. In thus throwing the principal object into shade, by the lavish magnificence of the porch through which we are ushered to it, Mr. Colburn has discovered a want of skill rarely ascribable to him. It is as if a cook were to give us a foretaste of the coming dinner at our luncheon, and that too with dishes of a superior savouriness—our appetite is thus too early satisfied, and we proceed to the main repast already satiated with its dainties. A judicious *cuisinier* like Colburn should have given us something plain and simple before the rich meal promised to us, and not a mass of green fat for lunch when we were to dine on turtle. Or to drop illustrations, essays on writings ought not to surpass the writings themselves in their own peculiar style of excellence, which is the fault we find with this essay before us, which contains more imagination, more superb language, and more mysteries than are to be found in the same given space in any of Mrs. Radcliffe's works. The author is obviously one of those gifted persons who are commonly said to have "a great command of words." "A great command of words," like all other great commands, becomes a tyranny if the power be without responsibility; from the desirable restraining responsibility on a great command of words, a responsibility to reason, the author is entirely free, and the consequence is, that he is a perfect despot, who commits every species of outrage on his unresisting subjects, on the motion of whim, wantonness, or ostentation. Like most despots, he delights in being fine; and so that he is prodigiously grand, he cares not at what cost the grandeur is achieved. Troops of grenadier words he will have, dressed in handsome lines, and looking imposing and showy, but with what violence he presses them into his service, and at what expence of sense he puts them in array, he never stops to consider. He is the commander-in-chief of the vocabulary, and uncontrolled by any articles of reason; his pleasure being his only law, and print his only object. Like other despots, he has his favourites whom he uses for every purpose—*dream*, *grandeur*, and *golden*, with their relatives *dreamy*, *grand*, and *gold*, form his verbal court; let him be where he may, he has got his *dream*, or his *dreaminess*, or his *dreamy* this or that; and there is *grandeur*, or something *grand*, and *gold* or *golden*. These are his words of worship, his quality, whose titles alone are supposed to command respect, and to qualify them for any station to which his excellency may appoint them—and his caprice, it must be confessed, is as unbounded as his power. From the common rules of composition, as from all other rules, our great commander of words is free, and as it is now time that we should come to examples, we shall give one illustrative of this assertion. Having combated the vulgar notion that Mrs. Radcliffe was the slave of her own terrors, he says—

"Although Mrs. Radcliffe was, as far as possible, removed from the

slavery of superstitious fear, she took an interest in the work of composition, and was, for the time, completely absorbed in the conduct of her stories."—(P. 8.)

That "Although," which is the chosen minister of inconsequence, has great force in this sentence. We are left to infer that it is something unusual for a person removed from the slavery of superstitious fear, to take an interest in the work of composition! We must confess, however, that we have never observed any remarkable connexion between superstition and a delight in composition; nor does it appear at all extraordinary to us, that people free from the influence of the one, should take a pleasure in the other. But an "although" can work wonders under one who has "a command of language." For example, the writer of this essay might with as much logic and propriety have observed, "Although Mrs. Radcliffe was as far as possible removed from the slavery of superstitious fear, she had a good appetite for her dinner, and was for the time completely absorbed in the contents of her plate."

See how an "although" can link up two things, which can by no human possibility have any thing to do with each other, provided we do but dismiss from our minds all kind of reference to things when dealing with words.

We proceed to specimens of a different sort of power.

"If," says the essayist, "in the mere perusal of novels we lose our painful sense of the realities of 'this unimaginable world,' and delightedly participate in the sorrows, the joys, and the struggles of the persons; how far more intently must an authoress like Mrs. Radcliffe feel *that outgoing of the heart* by which individuality is multiplied, *and we seem to pass a hundred lives*."—(P. 8.)

Mrs. Radcliffe must then have *felt* very old.

"She spreads out many *threads* of sympathy, and lives along every *line*."—A life in the thread line!

Anon: in her works—

"There is a perpetual exercise of that plastic power which realizes the conceptions of the mind to itself, and gives back to it its own imaginations in 'clear *dream*' [we are never long without a dream] 'and solemn vision.' How delightful to trace the dawns of innocent love, like the coming on of spring, [of course]—to unveil the daily course of a peaceful life gliding on like smooth water, [original idea!]
—to exhibit the passions in their high agitations and contests; to devise generous self-sacrifice in heroic thought; *to pour on the wearied and palpitating heart overflowing happiness; to throw the mind forward to advanced age, and through its (eye*) glass to take a mournful retrospect of departed joy, AND PENSIVELY UNDERSTAND A MILD AND TIMELY DECAY*."—(P. 9.)

We are very certain that the reader may "throw his mind" backwards and forwards, without understanding, pensively or otherwise, one syllable of the author's meaning in the concluding clause, and that for a very simple reason, that he has none. "The Spanish fleet you cannot see, because it is not yet in sight."

* We have supplied *eye*, because we suppose that the reference must be to mind, which is allowed an eye; the only other substantive in the sentence is "*age*," and as its glasses are commonly spectacles, we take it that the allusion is not to it.

There is a beautiful art in writing by which common things are sublimed to such a degree as to pass human comprehension. Of this the author of the essay before us is a complete master. Mrs. Radcliffe was in the habit of making memoranda of the impressions and events of the day. On the utility of memoranda our genius writes thus:—

“Such a habit, when it does not become too frequently retrospective, or ‘sickly o’er’ our employments with ‘pale cast of thought,’ tends to impart a unity to our intellectual being.”

Just now it was good “*to pass a hundred lives,*” and now we are to make memoranda, as the habit tends “to impart a unity!” Whence we are to infer that intellectual beings are commonly in want of unity. What is their condition of mind then ordinarily?—the writer must know, it is clear, seeing that he provides a remedy for their infirmity. But he might just as well have written, that the habit of making memoranda “tends to impart a fiddlestick to our intellectual being.” He meant nothing by his unity. Words, words, words.

There is a habit in making phrases which tends to impart any thing but unity to our writing, and that is the habit of driving our substantives with a pair or even three adjectives in hand. It is charming to observe how our essayist couples them up, and bowls them down his sentences, neck or nothing. Here is an example—“Something of the formality derived from education may be traced in her [Mrs. Radcliffe’s] works, supplying a massive, but noble and definite framework for her sombre and heroic pictures.”—(P. 7.)

Here first he drives an *unicorn*; *massive* is his leader, and he puts to *noble* and *definite* as wheelers to the substantive. *Massive* alone could not have dragged *framework* handsomely through the sentence, and so *definite* is brought to its assistance, with a *but* between them, whence we should suppose, did we not know the contrary, that things massive had not commonly the quality of being definite. *Noble* and *definite*, we must observe, are a bad pair; they do not run well together. *Sombre* and *heroic* to the pictures are a better match.

The practice of giving every substantive as many adjectives as can be yoked to it, is so common, as it tends to impart a prolixity to articles, that it is scarcely worth noting in a performance which boasts so many specimens of original art.

In the following sentence there is in the commencement some ray of light; but it ends like a firework with a bounce, an explosion which surprises our ears, and then we are left in the dark:—

“She [Mrs. Radcliffe] occupied that middle region between the mighty dreams of heroic ages and the realities of our own, which remained to be possessed; filled it with goodly imagery, [so far, rather fine, but very well—now however comes the *bang* at the tail of the squib] and made it resonant with awful voices.”—(P. 106.)

Of this region “resonant with awful voices,” no one, not even the discoverer himself, has an idea.

At what time of life should Mrs. Radcliffe’s works be read? That is the question, and here is the answer:—

“Her works, in order to produce their greatest impression, should be read first, not in childhood, for which they are too substantial;

nor at mature age, for which they may seem too visionary ; but at that delightful period of youth, *when the soft twilight of the imagination harmonizes with the luxurious and uncertain light cast on their wonders*. By those who come at such an age to their perusal they will never be forgotten.”—No, very likely not ; but how are we to know when that age has come to us ? By what signs and tokens are we to discover that we have arrived at Mrs. Radcliffe’s reading years ? “ When the soft twilight of the imagination harmonizes with the luxurious and uncertain light cast on their wonders.” Supposing that the party, by good luck, finds out that his imagination is in a proper state of twilight, still not having read the books, he cannot be assured that it will harmonize with the light cast on their wonders, of which he knows nothing. We apprehend that very, very few persons read the *Mysteries of Udolpho* at the proper twilight time of life.

We have heard of a learned barrister who read them with delight by a *rushlight*, and perhaps that was the true twilight so poetically expressed by the essayist. If so, the passage may be translated thus :

“ Her works, in order to produce their greatest impression, should be read first, not by daylight, for which they are too sombre, nor by a cheerful candlelight, for which they are too awful ; but at that witching time of night, when the dim rushlight of the bedchamber harmonizes with the luxurious and uncertain light cast on their wonders.”

Here is something fine :—

“ Where is the man so basely moulded, that he does not remember moments of inspiration, when statelier images than his common intellect can embody—hopes and assurances brighter than his constitutional temperament may recal—and higher faculties within himself than he has ever been able to use—have stood revealed to him like [what ?] *mountain-tops at the utmost reach of vision, touched by a gleam of the morning sun*. And who, in the melancholy calm of the mind, sadly looking into its depths, has not perceived the gigantic wrecks of a nobler nature ; as the fortunate voyager on some crystal lake had discerned, or fancied he discerned [exquisitely prudent qualification] the wave-worn towers of a forgotten city far in the deep waters ? ”—(P. 112.)—Now, profanely speaking, we doubt most vehemently whether voyagers, either on lakes or elsewhere, ever do discern, or fancy that they discern, cities at the bottom of the water. We doubt this, simply because navigators, who are a methodical kind of men, are not in the habit of looking for cities in that direction, and still less are they in the luck of finding them there. But supposing that voyagers on crystal lakes did every now and then chance to espy forgotten cities at the bottom, why should they be called “ *fortunate* ? ”—the prize, one would think, as useless to them as the comb in the fable was to the bald man. Towers *trove* in lakes can be no very profitable discovery to those who have not the knack of living under water. And all this equally elaborate and unlucky simile, is to illustrate the moral phenomenon, that in looking into our own minds, we sometimes fancy that we find capacities for good which have exceeded our performance !

Shortly after this, the author explains very frankly the secret of all these incomprehensible sublimities :—

"In writing for the press, it is scarcely possible to avoid altogether the temptation of high-sounding and ambiguous expressions, which always impede the *distant presentiment* of material forms."

"The *distant presentiment* of material forms!" Mark that, Mrs. Malaprop, and give it to Sir Lucius on the first occasion, as an example of your nice derangement of your vernacular tongue. The unconscious illustration of the fault noted, from the use of high-sounding and ambiguous expressions, is extremely delightful.

Provided the sound of a word enters the essayist's sentence, he is not particularly curious about the sense of it. Thus he speaks (p. 188) of making the external universe "redolent of noble associations." He must make associations smell before he can justify this use of redolent.

We observe one device in this essay, which we believe has been little practised, and never yet remarked, that is, the printing of common phrases in inverted commas, which strikes us as being a very unnecessary piece of honesty. "Rich conceits," "the fair and innocent," and divers other such common-place combinations, are printed with inverted commas; the adopter modestly disclaiming the glory of their invention, and only taking credit for the reading which has possessed him of them. We have seen the same ingenious practice in some of the police reports, the concocters of which are probably, by force of daily example, inspired with an extraordinarily refined respect for the rights of property even in words.

Some of our readers may be so unreasonable as to expect us to apologize for having inflicted on them so many specimens of a kind of rhodomontade, which appears utterly beneath criticism; but the fact is, that the practice of imposing stark nonsense, wrapped up in fine sounding phrases, on the public, has, encouraged by impunity, become too common, and the weal of the republic of letters requires that some measures should be taken to restrain the commission of this base fraud.

The writers of galimathias have hitherto freely laughed at the public when it has been duped by their trash; it is fair that the public should at last have its turn, and laugh at them for uttering it. "He laughs well," as the French say, "who laughs the last." We shall have an eye to these ingenious gentlemen, and will make examples of the phrase-makers wherever we meet with them.

Of Gaston de Blondville we have not much to say. It is a tedious, dull story, written with a laboured and fatiguing quaintness, and tiresome affectation of antiquity. The author has attempted Scott's manner of rendering minute details of ancient manners and customs available, but has miserably miscarried. What can be worse than such a description as this of a feast, and details of the kind abound through the book.

Would you know what this first dish was? It was a warner of shields of boar, in armour, with mustard, served with malmsey. When the warner was ended, the first course, and so was every other, was brought up by seven sewers, with like state and with due taking of essaye of the king's meat, and with divers other ceremonies too tedious to relate.

Only amongst the dishes were frumentie, with venison; frumentie roial, with a dragon for a suttletie; browst of Almayne, potage of gourdis, and felettes in galentine.

At the queen's table, amongst many other dishes and suttleties of curious invention, were these—tench in jelly; great custard planted for a suttletie; petynel, peronsew with his segue; goos in hochepot and browet tuskay.

There was, also, for an honour to the young baroness, a special *suttletie*, presenting the queen's bower, with her ladies ranged round, and the Lady Barbara, receiving on her knee the jewels, which her highness had given to her the night before; there too was presented Pierre, the minstrel, playing on his very harp. The Baron de Blondville had leave from the king to quit his chair, for a time, to visit the bride; and, when he showed this *suttletie* to her, she smiled; but it was the first time she had smiled this night.

There was another *suttletie* of archers in the forest hunting the hart, with foresters in green, blowing their horns, and the whole court following. In this, too, was the Lady Barbara, mounted on a milk-white palfrey, her hair bound up in a *beauteous* net; but not of gold and pearls, as it was this night, nor wore she a mantle of white cloth like that she now had on. At a distance, within the shadow of the trees, stood an aged man alone, wringing his hands; but what this might mean none knew.

On the whole we strongly recommend our friends not to read Gaston de Blondville; indeed the recommendation is unnecessary, for we question whether they *can* read it. The introductory essay will however amuse an idle half hour—the rest is but leather and prunella.

Mrs. Radcliffe may have been, we suppose was, the author of Gaston de Blondville; but if so, she showed her superior discretion in not publishing a work which, with all her extravagance, has no particle of her genius. The characters, from beginning to end, do nothing but tumble down lifeless, either on seeing murderers or ghosts. Nothing can be more meagre than the fable, or more forced and feeble than the incidents. Romance is out of fashion, and such romance as this will not revive the *tàste*.

ADVENTURES OF A FOREIGNER IN GREECE.

No. II.

On leaving the prince's palace we found all the officers of the battalion. They were Italians, and many of them known to us. They were ill clad, and did not appear in good health. After mutual compliments, the officers looked at our shining boots and plaited shirts, and began to laugh. "We too," said they, "came to Greece well dressed, though we are now in the greatest poverty, and have only the most squalid clothing; wait a little, and you will share our fate. At the very moment when we thought we should recover what we had lost, we were sent on a tour round the mountains of the Morea; most days we were without food. Our soldiers are almost all naked and barefooted; our rations consist of the half of a small black loaf; our men daily die of want; such is the state of the Frankish battalion. So long as we had money, or things which we could sell, we managed to subsist tolerably well, but now that we are obliged to depend on our rations and pay, our situation is become dreadful." As we were fresh from Italy, and had all of us some means of subsistence, we invited them all to our house, and did what we could to revive them. We passed that day merrily together, without thinking of future miseries. The next day we went to call on the brave Colonel Tarella, a Piedmontese, and on Colonel Doria, a Genoese, both implicated in the late Piedmontese revolution. We found them extremely disgusted at the way in which the affairs of Greece were conducted. Doria told me that he had received the prince's orders to draw a plan of the intended assault on Napoli di Romania. "I shall execute it,"

added he, "but I am perfectly sure that nobody will obey my orders, out of mere jealousy." A few days after this we were in our house, when we heard a great buzz in the streets, and saw the inhabitants running, weeping, and calling upon our Lady; they were all thronging towards the prince's palace. For a long time we could not understand what was the meaning of this; at length a man told us that the prince was setting out—that he was going to abandon Greece. All the people endeavoured to oppose this determination, as they dreaded being left in the power of a tyrant like Colocotroni. We immediately went out and walked towards the prince's palace. He had already mounted his horse to go. The people threw themselves on their knees before him to obstruct his passage; several seized the horse's bridle, and turned it round, exclaiming, that the prince was an angel sent from heaven; that if he abandoned the Morea, it would fall into the hands of the Turks again the next day, for that all the other captains were tyrants, and enemies of their country. The prince was obliged to dismount, and to return to his room.

Colonel Balestra, of the Frankish battalion, a brave officer, and one who knew what revolutions are, immediately went to the prince, and requested an audience. As soon as they were alone, he addressed him in the following terms, which I had from his own mouth a week after:—"Your highness, although you have committed some errors, and have reduced yourself to a state of dependence on Colocotroni, yet there still remains a way, if you really love your country, to immortalize yourself. No revolution can possibly succeed without bloodshed. You have the example of Italy. See how the people there have been duped and betrayed by their respective sovereigns. You are beloved by the people; all the Europeans are with you: you see how Colocotroni treats you ever since the capture of Tripolitza, where he took money enough to have emancipated Greece. Now is the moment; if you will only give me your permission, before the morning Colocotroni and his satellites shall be no more. You will take possession of Colocotroni's riches; you will rid the world of a villain, and will put it in your power to raise troops, and to secure the independence of your country. Be assured, also, that even should you succeed in establishing a Greek government, Colocotroni will always be its worst enemy; his only desire is to pursue that brigandage which has been the sole occupation of his past life." The prince, after listening to the wise advice of the colonel, replied, that he was not a tyrant, and that he would not stain his hands with the blood of his countrymen; that if his countrymen acted ill they must take the consequences, but that he would not have it said in Europe that Ypsilanti was a Robespierre; that what had passed would serve him as a warning; that he should immediately proceed to storm Napoli di Romania, and that if he carried it, he would not again be the dupe of Colocotroni, or of the other chiefs. Balestra, though he saw that the prince was incapable of executing any great undertaking, replied, "If your highness did not depend on the captains for taking Napoli di Romania, all might be well; but as you have only four hundred men you can trust, half of whom are enfeebled by want, you must be subject to these chiefs, who will not execute your orders for fear you and the Franks should carry off the glory of taking Napoli. The Greek

soldiers, who are paid by them, will obey them and disregard you, knowing that you have not a penny." Upon this the prince said, with some agitation, "Colonel, I do not want your advice; go to your battalion and wait for my orders." Balestra went out, but from that time he was no longer so warmly attached to the prince, and on the first opportunity left his service, as we shall see hereafter. The prince, who had no experience in military affairs, but who was intoxicated with the idea of entering Napoli di Romania as a conqueror, and thus avenging himself on Colocotroni, immediately sent for Colonel Doria, and commanded him to expedite his plan for the attack on Napoli. Some French writer has asserted that Ypsilanti was dissuaded from making the attack, and was told that the plan was ill conceived. This arose entirely from the jealousy of some Frenchmen who were in Argos, and were displeased that the direction of the assault was given to an Italian. The truth however is, that the plan was admirably laid, had it but been as well executed; but as nobody could answer for the conduct of the chiefs, the prince ought not to have risked the lives of so many brave soldiers upon such insecure grounds.

In a few days we received intelligence of the arrival of the vessel from Calamata, commanded by M. Paraschiva, and containing all the remaining officers. They all proceeded to a place called the mill, six miles from the city of Argos, where they landed. I cannot describe the state of these poor officers; they had been obliged to wait many days in Calamata, for the provisioning of the vessel; they thought the commander had laid in provisions for a month at least, instead of which, as he was totally inexperienced, both by sea and land, he took on board only enough for five or six days. It appears he thought the voyage was one of only twenty-four hours; unfortunately, however, they had contrary winds, which kept them at sea ten days. The vessel was very small, and had a hundred and fifty persons on board. I leave it to the reader to imagine the state of these unfortunate men. The Franks all began to reproach the commander for exposing so many officers to perish with hunger. He affected to be driven to desperation, and ran down to the captain's cabin, where he seized a pistol, and held it to his mouth, in expectation that some one would follow him down. The captain did in fact go down not long after, and found him with the pistol at his head. The captain called out, on which a number of officers ran down, and held the commander, who pretended he had resolved to put an end to his life. They all knew he had no idea of doing any such thing; he had been alone in the cabin for half an hour, and was at full liberty to kill himself if he wished; but he was too great a coward for that. The Franks also saw through the thing, and it furnished them with matter for laughter for many days. The moment they set their foot on shore, they went to the inns the little port affords, and ordered the best of whatever there was to eat to be brought them, which they rather devoured than ate.

We related to them our adventures by land, which had been much more amusing than theirs. They regretted not having preferred our advice to that of the prince's and Paraschiva's. We gave them, in a few words, a portrait of the prince, and a sketch of all that had passed;—all cursed their stars that they had come to Greece. When they were a little recruited, we returned to Argos; the commander led

the way in triumph, greatly elated at having nearly two hundred European officers in his train, and not at all in the mind to kill himself. The commander introduced all the Europeans to the prince, who, having heard of their ill treatment and sufferings from hunger, reproved the commander, and told him he had given orders that the vessel should be provisioned. Mr. Paraschiva replied, that nothing could be done without money; that the primates of Calamata had refused to furnish any, in spite of his orders; that the Greek chieftains were quite willing that the Turks should return, for that nothing was so disagreeable to them as the establishment of any thing like order; that they were extremely hostile to the Franks, and declared that they were quite able to liberate their country without assistance. I was delighted to hear Paraschiva answer the prince so frankly. The prince hearing this in the presence of all of us, rose and said, "Friends and lovers of liberty, you must not mind what is said by three or four primates, who oppose and obstruct our plans. At Napoli we shall find treasure and glory. I beg of you, therefore, to bear all this with patience, and to prepare to distinguish yourselves at the assault." The sound of the word glory makes a true soldier forget any sufferings, and meet any dangers or privations that can be endured. We all promised, therefore, to shed our blood in the noble cause of freedom, and to hold ourselves in readiness to march at his orders. The prince assigned us Turkish houses. We remained here nearly two months doing nothing. Captain Doria had presented his plan to the prince, but as the captains would not agree to it, and insisted on having every thing their own way, no resolution could be taken. At first rations were distributed to us Europeans, but in a few days they grew so scanty, that those who had not money were obliged to sell their baggage for a subsistence. We began to complain both of the want of provisions and of the loss of time; at length Colocotroni and the other captains appeared to agree on the manner in which the assault was to be made. The prince immediately sent to the islands of Hydra and Spezia for scaling ladders to be constructed, and twelve vessels and four gun-boats to be armed and manned with a thousand men. At the time all these preparations were making, Bobbolina's ships were stationed before Napoli, to prevent the vessels of any other nation whatever bringing supplies to the Turks. Notwithstanding a very vigorous blockade, a Maltese brig, sailing under English colours, entered the gulf one stormy night, laden with provisions, which it landed at Napoli. As she was leaving the gulf, however, she was captured by some Greek vessels. The captain was taken before the prince, and being interrogated why he threw provisions into Napoli, when he knew it was in a state of blockade, replied, that he was ordered to do so by the English commercial house at Constantinople to which he belonged, and that other vessels were following for the same purpose; that, as he sailed under a free flag, he thought he should not be taken, and that he had hoped an English king's ship would have appeared, which would have compelled them to give him up. Although the prince was well aware that he should ultimately be obliged to liberate this man, he was compelled by the chiefs to detain him for the present. He very frequently invited him to dinner, that he might obtain information from him as to the state of Napoli. The

captain said there were a great many troops in the town, and a number of European artillery-men.

Captain Hamilton, who commanded the Cambrian frigate, cruising in the Archipelago, soon heard that a brig, sailing under English colours, had been taken by the Greeks. He immediately sailed to the gulf of Napoli, and dispatched a lieutenant, second lieutenant, and an interpreter, to Prince Ypsilanti, to demand the restitution of the brig, and to represent to him that he had no right to detain a vessel under any European flag, as the blockade was not recognized by any nation. The prince was, therefore, obliged to give immediate orders for the restitution of the brig.

For some days past Colocotroni and several other chiefs had begun again to cavil at the plan for the assault. As we saw that we had nothing to hope, four of us agreed to go on board the English frigate, which we heard was going direct to Malta, and to entreat the captain to give us a passage; we hoped that when we told him the manner in which we had been treated, and the confusion which reigned in Greece, he would be moved with compassion, and convey us from the misery into which we must inevitably be plunged, in common with those who had preceded us. We accordingly went down to the shore, and took a boat to go on board the frigate. As soon as we got alongside, we sent a message that four officers, one of whom was a colonel, begged to speak with the commander. We were immediately received and introduced to Captain Hamilton, who had just dined. He made us sit down, and asked us to take wine with him, and begged to know what we wanted. We replied that our situation was an exceedingly critical one; that we had been very ill-treated, and that we begged him to give us a passage to Malta, whither we understood the frigate was bound. The captain, who an hour before had sent word to the prince, that he did not recognize the revolutionary government, and that he did not know by what right the Greeks had taken a brig under the English flag, now replied, that he would most willingly have done us that service; that he was stationed in these seas to assist all who requested or needed assistance, but that, as he was a friend to Prince Ypsilanti, he should not like to give him reason to complain that he had taken away four officers, one of them of high rank, and of whose services at this moment he probably stood peculiarly in need. "Nevertheless," said he, "I do not sail till to-morrow, and if you can bring me a certificate from the prince that you are at liberty to quit his service, I will take you with pleasure, and to-morrow we will dine together." Seeing that this was only a plausible excuse, and that he availed himself of the pretext of the prince's friendship to avoid refusing flatly, I answered, "We are not bound by any engagement, Sir; we are free to go or to stay. It is now late; by the time we arrive in Argos it will be two in the morning, and the prince will be asleep. I must therefore beg to remind you that it is physically impossible to go and return, and to speak to the prince in the time. It would have been better therefore if you had at once said that you did not wish to be troubled with us on board." The captain smiled politely, and said that it would give him great pleasure to be of service to us, but that as he was perfectly neutral in this revolution, he wished to do nothing disagreeable to either party. As we saw that nothing could be done, we thanked

him for the polite reception he had given us, and returned to Argos at three o'clock in the morning. At five the frigate sailed. On the arrival of the ships and gun-boats with the scaling ladders, the prince sent for Colocotroni and all the other captains, and having pointed out to them the necessity of taking some town, they promised unanimously to use their utmost exertions, and to shed the last drop of their blood for their country, not one word of which they either meant or adhered to. The attack was fixed for the 16th of December. Colonel Balestra wished to complete his battalion, but how was this possible, when his men were daily dying of hunger? Nevertheless, as he had good Italian officers, he encouraged them to endure their privations with fortitude, with the assurance that in Napoli di Romania they would be rewarded for them all. Before the troops set out on their march for Napoli, the prince wished to review them all in the vast plains of Argos. As we were about two hundred officers unattached, we were spectators of this review. The poor Frankish battalion was the first to take up a position. The colonel had taken great pains with them, and they manœuvred tolerably well; and as he had made them understand the force of the bayonet, and its utility in an engagement, they showed great satisfaction at having muskets with bayonets. After them came three thousand Greeks with a number of banners. It was a work of great labour and difficulty to get them to fall into line, and place themselves two by two. The review consisted in the prince and Colocotroni riding past the troops at a full gallop, for fear some soldier should call out that he had nothing to eat. The day after the review Colonel Tarella received orders to form a sacred company of all the European officers, and to take the command of it himself. We organized provisionally for the attack. Having received the necessary orders, we set out for Napoli on the 13th of December, a distance of six miles. After we had marched five miles, we halted in a little village which had been burnt by the Turks. The battalion halted in another position, not very distant from the one we took up, and the Greeks posted themselves in the surrounding plains. Colonel Doria had used every possible endeavour to ensure the success of this assault, but how was it possible to succeed when the Greeks would not obey one of his orders, lest it should be said that the Franks had co-operated in the taking of the town. The city of Napoli is built on a tongue of land; the fortress of Palamides stands on a very high rock; the city is very well fortified; nevertheless, if the plan had been executed, we should have entered the place the next morning. It had been determined to make a simultaneous attack by sea and land. Colocotroni was to make a feigned attack on the side of the fortress of Palamides, and while he drew the Turks to defend it, the ships were to commence the attack by sea; we, without firing a gun, were to scale the wall: the Greeks, who were on one side, concealed by a hill, were not to fire, in order that they might not attract the Turks in that direction. The Frankish battalion was the most exposed, being within musket-shot of the walls of the town. The prince, with a suite of eighty Greeks, all of whom had come from Europe in the expectation of being well employed without pain or danger, took up their station behind some rocks, a mile and a half distant from Napoli, on a hill called Mount Elia, for fear the smell of powder should make them

ill. The prince was to give the signal for the attack by throwing up a rocket. Two hours before day-break all the corps took their respective positions. Our corps, under cover of the darkness, got close under the walls with our scaling ladders, and expected every moment the order to mount the walls. As our number was very small to enter the town, Captain Nikitas posted a number of his men behind the rocks, with orders not to fire, but to follow us in scaling. When the prince thought that every thing was in order, without inquiring whether the wind was fair for the ships to get near enough to the city to make the attack, without taking any of the necessary precautions, he let off his rocket. Colocotroni opened his fire; but, contrary to the orders I have specified, all the troops began to fire at the same moment. We were close under the walls, and exactly at the gate of the city, and at the very moment we were placing the ladders, a shower of artillery and musketry fell upon us. The Turks had perceived that there was a dead calm, and that they had consequently nothing to apprehend on the sea side. (I have since been told by some of the Greek captains that they never remembered seeing the sea so perfectly unruffled as on that day.) They therefore all rushed to the side on which we were posted. The Greeks stationed behind us began to fire, without regarding either our situation between the two fires or the total uselessness of their fire. The battalion was ordered to fire when it saw any Turks opposing our entrance; but nothing that had been concerted was attended to or accomplished. The battalion perceiving that all the others had begun to fire, did not choose to remain idle, and opened a brisk fire which was perfectly useless, as the Turks were behind the walls, and could easily fire upon the Greeks from the loopholes. Colonel Tarella seeing that if we maintained our post we must inevitably be all cut off without the slightest advantage to the Greeks, (thirty of us being already killed or wounded,) determined to retreat, and to abandon all idea of scaling the walls. In the midst of a storm of shot and musketry we effected our retreat.

The battalion was on the other side of the gate of Napoli, on the rocks, and to make good its retreat it was obliged to pass under the Turkish batteries. In this position it was impossible for them to remain, for the moment one of these unfortunate soldiers of the battalion showed himself he was sure to fall. We saw that the report of the captain of the Maltese brig, that the Turks had a number of European gunners, was true, for we knew the Turks were incapable of managing their artillery so dexterously. As soon as we had gained a place of safety, Colonel Tarella dispatched me to the prince to inform him of our retreat, of the number of killed and wounded, and of the critical situation of the battalion. He told me the prince was on Mount Elia, but I had no idea it was so far off; after a good hours' walk, and after repeatedly asking where this mount was, I discovered it and climbed to the top, where I found the prince and all his suite. It was an almost inaccessible rock, so that I was obliged to crawl up on my hands and feet. I presented myself to the prince, whom I found sitting on the ground, his whole suite consisting, as I have said above, of Greeks, who left Europe declaring that they were going to sacrifice themselves for their country. In this affair, however, although they were out of the range of the cannon shot, they had got behind the

rocks, for fear the flashes from the guns should be injurious to their sight. I related to the prince all that had happened, and I told him that if the Greeks had obeyed their orders, they would probably before this have been in possession of the town; whereas now they were certain of being massacred, as the Turks were all on the side on which our attack had been made. The prince, who saw that it was his own fault, sighed repeatedly, and expressed the greatest regret for the loss of my comrades, and for the hazardous situation of the battalion; and told me to send word to Colonel Balestra to draw off his men one by one, as the Turkish batteries would not fire on single men.

Any body would have thought from the appearance of the prince's suite that they were all warriors; they were remarkably well armed. I really grieved over these weapons in the hands of men who had the courage of so many hares. Undoubtedly, if we had succeeded in taking Napoli, they would have entered it with glittering arms, and would have written to their European friends that they had taken Napoli by storm. They would have boasted of their valorous exploits, although during the whole action they were buried among the rocks. Colonel Balestra, without waiting for orders, drew off his men by degrees, but in spite of all his precaution, a great number were killed and wounded. Among others, Captain Gubernatis, a brave officer, whom I shall have occasion to mention again at the battle of Peta, was wounded in the leg. I never saw a man so exasperated as Colonel Balestra; he struck every man belonging to Captain Nikitas whom he met, and thumped them on the head with his carbine; he called them by all sorts of names, and abused them for their stupidity in firing contrary to orders. After a brisk fire had been kept up for about three hours, it began to slacken; the ships now commenced their fire, but the shot fell into the sea. The commanders did their utmost to get nearer, by manœuvring their vessels; but what could they do without a breath of wind? The firing having at length entirely ceased, we went back to our posts. The following day we returned, without any orders, to Argos, with the regret and mortification of having lost many of our comrades, and of having thrown away their lives and our toils, through the want of discipline and subordination of the Greeks. We returned to the lodging we had left. On inquiry, we found that the loss in killed and wounded among the Greeks did not exceed ten, their whole number being four thousand. This may give some idea of their bravery, and of their skill in choosing the safest posts, and availing themselves of the labours and risks of others. There is not the smallest question that if we had entered the city we should have been sacrificed, and the reputation and rewards of the victory would have been appropriated by the Greek chiefs.

The Turks having taken courage, began to show themselves boldly, as they always do after any success, though in a defeat they observe no orders, and think of nothing but how to fly fastest. They began to make sorties to seize provisions, of which they had but a very small supply. Captain Nikitas received orders from the prince to remain and blockade Napoli, in order that he might be more secure in Argos, whither he returned not very well pleased with the success of his expedition, and conscious that he had sacrificed a number of brave officers. Our company was disbanded, but as an especial favour

received half a pound of bad bread per day, and sometimes a little meat. We helped each other as long as we could, but at length all our means failed, and we began to feel the pressure of actual want. Every day some soldiers of the battalion died from insufficient food and clothing. The prince himself was in want of money, and could find nobody to lend him any. Colocotroni saw with the utmost indifference hundreds of brave officers pining with want; he would not afford the slightest assistance either to the nation or to the prince, although he was in the greatest affluence. He was consequently the object of universal respect and fear.

Prince Ypsilanti had assembled the general assembly in Argos; he used his utmost endeavours to establish a government, in spite of the opposition of Colocotroni and the chiefs, who wished for nothing settled. As, however, they did not choose openly to proclaim themselves enemies of their country and of the good cause, they made some concessions, and nominated Ypsilanti president of the senate of the Peloponnesus. The senate met, but nothing was done, as Prince Ypsilanti had neither money, nor the qualities to secure respect. Every member did just as he pleased, and the meetings were passed in talking and whispering three or four hours in a day, without coming to any conclusion. The prince proposed several projects, but nothing could be carried into effect for want of means. He once attempted to call Colocotroni to account for the millions he had taken at Tripolitza; but Colocotroni immediately replied, that he was not bound to give an account to any body; that Tripolitza was taken through his exertions, and that though there were very few true patriots in Greece, he (Colocotroni) was unquestionably one.* Ignorant and brutal as he was, he gained over a good many adherents by presents, and having secured these, he cared nothing about the hostility of the president. Prince Mavrocordato having learnt the election of Prince Ypsilanti, though he knew he had no weight whatever, was displeased at it, and went to Argos, after settling the affairs of Etolia and Acarnania. Mavrocordato had received a very superior education in Wallachia. Prince Karadia had committed to him the whole affairs of his government, as he knew that in spite of his youth he was perfectly competent to acquit himself of the highest duties. Repeated journeys into France and Italy had contributed to open his eyes to the real state of his country. On the breaking out of the revolution he quitted every thing, and hastened to the Morea with arms, mechanics, several officers, and, in short, every thing necessary for aiding in the war, thus devoting almost all his property to the service of his country. The blockade of Missolonghi furnishes one example of his firmness and attachment to his country. No writer has given a faithful account of this blockade, and I think that when I shall have occasion to speak of it, my readers will conceive a much more favourable opinion of Mavrocordato, though he unquestionably committed some very great mistakes, as will be seen. Prince Ypsilanti finding himself very little heeded, and knowing that Mavrocordato had great weight both from his talents and character, and his numerous friends, received him very

* We see that however backward the Greeks may be in other respects, they are in possession of the true art of repelling inquiries or accusations in legislative assemblies.

coldly. Mavrocordato's many good qualities soon attracted to him a large party among the chief captains, who deserted Ypsilanti, and only attended the meetings of the senate as a sort of pretext. I must relate a little anecdote to show the nature of the quarrels among the Greeks. One morning we were in our lodging not knowing what to do, and wasting away in poverty, when we heard the Greeks running from all parts, the firing of guns, the shouts of men, and cries of women. We seized our arms and ran out, thinking it was the Turks, who we knew made daily sorties. We all ran towards the piazza, asking everybody we met what was the matter. Nobody would answer us. All continued firing and running. When we reached the piazza, we found more than two thousand Greeks keeping up a brisk fire. We thought this was some fresh revolution. At length, after an hour's incessant firing, so that we could not see each other for smoke, it ceased, and the chiefs returned each to his lodging, followed by their men. We thought we should find at least two or three hundred dead upon the piazza; what was our surprise not to see even so much as one wounded? Having inquired the cause of all the tumult, we were answered that the captains could not agree about the choice of the head of the government. One captain began by firing a pistol, in a minute the firing became general, but always in the air, according to the practice of the Greeks at the beginning of the revolution; they always turned away their heads when they fired, so that they expended a quantity of powder and shot without ever hitting any body. We returned to our lodging laughing at what we had seen, and thinking of home, where people do not amuse themselves with firing in the air.

The epidemic of Tripolitza had now extended to Argos, which, added to the misery of the people, caused a great mortality. The battalion suffered more particularly from their total want of the means of subsistence. Prince Ypsilanti, although president, had not a penny, and was quite disregarded. The primates of Argos, instigated by the chiefs, would no longer contribute any thing to the support of the Europeans, whom they hated for their superiority, and feared as means of strengthening and consolidating the government. Ypsilanti, annoyed at finding himself thus thwarted and set at nought, and mortified at having lost the favourable opportunity for accomplishing all that Colonel Balestra proposed, determined to set out for Corinth. He was the more strongly inclined to this step from the fear that the Turks would make a general sortie from Napoli, as the troops commanded by Captain Nikitas were very insufficient to blockade the town; nor could he increase their number, while the primates of Argos refused to furnish pay or provisions. Prince Ypsilanti ordered his battalion to follow him, together with all the European officers. Colonel Balestra, however, fell ill of the epidemic fever; some of the chiefs took the European officers into their service, not from any love they bore them, but merely to weaken the hands of Prince Ypsilanti, whom they tried by every expedient to humble. Mavrocordato took thirty officers into his service, under promise of good pay. I should certainly have followed him, being heartily sick of the imbecility of Ypsilanti, but I was attacked by the epidemic, which detained me in Argos. Prince Ypsilanti saw clearly that the chiefs were using every means to strip him of all remains of power; he, however, set out with those who thought

fit to follow him. He was scarcely gone, when the captains began to hold meetings in the house of the Bishop of Patras, where they determined to remove the senate to Epidaurus, which, being in the mountain country, would be less subject to attack or molestation than Argos. In a few days the latter place was nearly deserted. My comrades, on setting out, recommended me to the care of Colonel Tarella, who was obliged to wait there for the arrival of his luggage from Hydra. They took leave of me, hoping that I should soon be restored to health. As I have laid it down as a law to myself to tell every thing that happened to me, I shall not shrink from the relation of the treatment I received during my illness, although I am quite aware that I run the risk of not being believed. The cruelty of the Greeks, and my own recovery, in spite of such hardships, are, indeed, equally incredible. There are however persons now in London who can attest many of the facts connected with my illness. Although I had always entertained a great respect for the art of medicine, I am now convinced by my own experience, that nature and diet are the two greatest physicians, and shall trust to them during the rest of my life. The house in which I lodged had neither doors nor windows; we were obliged to sleep on the floor, wrapped in our cloaks, and with our valises for pillows. We had now slept in this way for months, and had almost forgotten the beds of Europe. My companions, at their departure, desired a soldier to nurse me. In spite of the lightness of my head, occasioned by the fever, I was conscious that my comrades had left me, and had taken away my arms. They told me they would put them in a place of safety, and that I might rely on Colonel Tarella's assistance. I cannot express my feeling of the desolation of my situation. Alone in a miserable house, suffering under a serious illness, I soon became quite delirious, and remained eight days unconscious of any thing that passed around me. While I was in this state, Colonel Tarella, seeing my clothes, and every thing I had of any value, exposed to sale in the streets, came to my lodging, and took away my valise, and all that the soldier who attended me, and who, in the daily expectation of my death, had taken possession of my property, had left. The colonel was now obliged to leave Argos for Corinth. Before he set out, he took an inventory of my effects, and delivered it to one of the primates of Argos, together with fifty Turkish piastres for my maintenance. At the expiration of eight days my senses returned sufficiently for me to feel the utmost impatience to see somebody. Towards night my attendant, the soldier, came, bringing me a very small black loaf and a little water, and, without saying a word, set it down near me, and went away. My tongue was so swollen that I could not articulate a word. I drank the water immediately, and ate the bread, after which my consciousness became more complete. Every day the soldier returned at the same hour, and without speaking a word. He evidently hoped that I should die, that he might take possession of the clothes I had on. I asked him to raise me up a little, but in vain; he would do nothing for me. Frequently other Greeks came into the room, looked at me, and went out again. They hoped to find me dead. At the expiration of a fortnight, the primate, to whom Colonel Tarella had entrusted my clothes and money, came to see me. He asked me in Italian how I did. I told him my situation, and the treatment I received, and begged him to take a

pistol and blow my brains out, to put an end to my wretched existence. My mouth was so parched and swollen with thirst, (for my allowance of water was very small,) that he could hardly understand me. He replied, however, that he was quite astonished; that he had sent me rice every day, and that he could not imagine why the physician, who had been ordered to visit me daily, had not come; that Colonel Tarella had left in his hands many things belonging to me, and that I might be assured that he thought of me. He recommended me on no account to take off my cloak, otherwise it would be stolen while I slept, and then left me.—The soldier came just after, and with a worse grace than ever. He left me a pot with a little rice in it, bread, and water, and went away. I began to consider how I was to eat this rice, without a spoon or any utensil; however, though I spilled a great deal of it, I set to work on the pot. I cannot express with what avidity I ate it. On the following day, a man of middle age entered; he came up to me and felt my pulse, and without asking me a single question, told me to sit up. I was so weak I could hardly raise myself; with the physician's help, however, I raised myself a little. He then put on four leeches behind my ears, and left me. As I could not support myself in a sitting posture, I soon fell back again, leaving the leeches to take their chance, and so fell asleep. The next day I found the leeches lying by my side dead, and quite full of blood. All my clothes and linen were covered with blood. My head was somewhat relieved. The house was, as I have said, without doors or windows, so that the air entered on every side; I was almost all day shivering with cold. The straw under me had never been changed, and was become quite putrid. I lay on the bare boards, and my sides and back-bone were one continued wound; so that, to avoid intolerable pain, I was obliged to lay with my face downwards. The soldier brought me sometimes rice, sometimes bread and water. I begged him to have compassion on me, but he never listened to me. I asked him only for more water, but he made no answer, and went away. Neither the primate nor the physician came near me again. Thus I passed another fortnight; I was now able to appreciate the horrors of my situation. I saw that it was hopeless, and that it was impossible I could regain strength; my ration was eaten the moment it was brought, and I then remained without sustenance for four-and-twenty hours. After the epimedic fever has subsided, it is succeeded by an appetite I cannot describe. It is said that hunger forces the wolf from his den; so it was with me. Seeing that I should die of hunger, and that I was abandoned by everybody, I determined to crawl to the door on my hands and knees, and to try to get down stairs. I ought to mention that, during my delirium, I had been robbed even of my boots, and that I was barefooted. Nevertheless, I was so possessed by the idea that if I could but get out I should find food, and recover my effects, my arms, and the little money I had, that the vehemence of the desire gave me strength, and I dragged myself to the stairs. I knew the difficulty I should have in descending them, but hunger made me overcome everything; by slow degrees I reached the lower stairs, but they were broken. I felt the impossibility of making a jump of six stairs, but I reflected that there was a great heap of putrid straw at the bottom, and that if I fell I could not do myself any great harm. I

therefore threw myself down, and remained nearly half an hour unable to raise myself at all. At length, reanimated by the hope of getting food, I began to crawl on all fours. As soon as I got out into the streets I knew where I was, and recollected the way to a shop I had dealt at. It was about half a mile off; but the thought of what awaited me there overcame the discouragement I felt at the distance, and I went on courageously. I met a Greek who had embarked with me at Leghorn, and had known my situation from that time to the present. I entreated him to assist me, and to lead me to the shop to which I was going. He looked disdainfully at me; said he was busy, and threw me four paràs as alms. This treatment quite overcame me. I fell flat on the earth, and could hardly breathe. The house in which I had lodged was out of the way, and Argos was almost deserted. At length, however, I looked at this man with the contempt he deserved, and collected strength enough to continue my way. I am sure that I was more than two hours performing this half mile. What were my sensations on reaching the shop, at finding it in ruins, and deserted? My strength was now completely exhausted; all my hopes were annihilated; in short, I fell prostrate once more, and lay waiting for death, whom I ardently invoked. I can assure my readers that if a pistol had been within my reach, I should have terminated my existence.

I remained for a full hour thus completely exhausted by fatigue and famine: at length a Greek sailor who passed took compassion upon me, and raised me up; he asked me what was the matter with me; I explained my situation to him, and he immediately told me that, at a short distance, there was a little shop, where coffee was sold, and that he would take me there. He raised me up, and taking me almost in his arms, he led me to this shop. What was my surprise at recognizing, in the master of the shop, a serjeant of the battalion, named Mauro Amato, who having also been attacked by the fever, had remained in Argos, and on his recovery had taken to selling coffee for a subsistence. As soon as he saw me in this state, squalid, emaciated, and covered with vermin, he began to weep, and embracing me, made me sit down. He immediately made me some coffee with milk, and gave me some bread to eat. I fainted, and remained insensible for half an hour. On my recovery, I prayed Mauro Amato to send to the primate for the things Colonel Tarella had committed to his care. The primate sent my valise, with an account of all the expenses incurred for me during my illness; among other items there was a charge of fifteen Turkish piastres for the visits of the physician and the leeches, and for food and medicines, whilst I had had nothing but a little rice and water seven or eight times. I exclaimed against this extortion; but what was to be done? Mauro Amato told me that all should be set right as soon as I had dressed myself. I gave him several things belonging to me, on the condition that he should give me food. I sent for the physician, who was greatly astonished at the sight of me, as he had been told I was dead. It is needless for me to repeat what I said to the physician. I reproached him for his conduct; and told him, that if he did not restore the fifteen piastres immediately he should hear more of me as soon as I was well. He gave me the money, and went out abusing the Franks,

who had come to Greece, though nobody asked them or wanted them. I would not have my coat cleaned, but left it filthy and clotted with blood, that I might show the prince, at Corinth, how I had been treated. I began to recover, with the assistance of broths and nutritious food, and I now thought my sufferings from illness were at an end. I was dreadfully mistaken—they were only beginning; for I suffered more in my convalescence than I had done in my illness. This fever always vents itself in some of the extremities. It seized on my feet, which swelled up in a moment. I had a most violent fit of pain, which lasted twelve days. Mauro Amato procured me a mat, or hassock, to lie on; although it was very hard, to me it appeared a feather bed, accustomed as I was to lie upon boards. After the twelfth day the pain began to abate, but not the swelling. I could not set a foot to the ground. My appetite, however, never failed. Colonel Balestra, who was attacked before me, and who had been attended, was still very ill. As soon as I was a little better I went to visit him; I told him how I had been treated; he would not believe it; and at length exclaimed, "Greece can never be free! We Greeks are too depraved; we deserve to be always enslaved." Whilst we were talking thus about my illness, the physician came in. Balestra, raising himself on his bed, said, "I had rather die, than be cured by you, inhuman monster—Get out of my house!" The physician began to excuse himself; but the colonel called out again vehemently, "Get out; get out!" upon which he at length went away. The colonel gradually amended, and in a short time was quite restored. At this time some primates of Candia came to invite Colonel Balestra to go to that island, and to take officers with him, as they were in great need of them. Colonel Balestra sent for me, and told me that he was determined to abandon Prince Ypsilanti; that after all the labour and pains he had taken to drill the battalion, the prince had suffered half of them to be starved. "Candia," said he, "is my native country; probably my countrymen will be more grateful to me. Ypsilanti is not, and never will be, capable of commanding, or of inspiring respect. I advise you to go with me. You will find things better managed in Candia." "Dear colonel," replied I, "if it were not for Prince Mavrocordato, I would certainly follow you; but I still hope that this government may be regularly organized, and that affairs may assume a different aspect." "It is impossible," said he; "the spirit of patriotism is wanting. Money is the sole object; every man is engrossed by his own interest. Do as you please, my friend; but if you stay here, you will repent it." Colonel Balestra collected all the arms he could find; sent for all the officers who were to be found with the different captains; got together a good many Greeks; and set off for Candia, without waiting for the prince's orders.

One morning I heard great cries, and lamentations of women; the men were all running with arms in their hands; I thought it was some fresh dispute, but I was mistaken again; it was the Turks, who had made a sortie from Napoli, and were approaching Argos.—Mauro Amato immediately collected all his property; by paying high he got some horses, and we set out for Corinth, in dread of being overtaken by the Turks. I imagined affairs were in a more settled state in Corinth; that the government had assumed some regular

form ; and that all the Europeans were employed. I therefore mounted my horse in good spirits, and thought no more of the Turks, as I had remarked that their sorties had no other object than that of seizing provisions, and when that was attained they did not attempt to pursue the Greeks. The road lay by the side of a low wall, which served to protect the neighbouring fields from the quantity of breccia brought down by the winter torrents. We traversed this vast plain. After riding two hours we came to the village of Cravati. We were now so far from Argos as to have lost all fear of the Turks ; I therefore prayed my friend, Mauro Amato, to halt in this village, that I might gratify the strong inclination I felt to visit the tomb of Agamemnon. As he had the same desire, we left our baggage in the house of a countryman of his acquaintance, whom we begged to prepare us something to eat at our return. We first climbed to see the ruins of Mycene, after which we soon reached the tomb of Agamemnon. This monument is in a style of Egyptian simplicity. It consists of large masses of stone, piled one upon another ; and a large circular stone forms the dome. The door is of a remarkable construction, wider at the top than the bottom. The holes are visible, in which the hinges were fixed for the iron rails. The stone which encloses the architrave is twenty-two feet long, and twenty wide ; above it is a triangular aperture. There is a little door in the inside, opening into a cave cut in the mountain, which was the actual place of sepulture. I found a number of names, of all nations, inscribed ; among them were some of my acquaintance. This brought back to my mind the delights and conveniences of Europe ; I reflected on what I had lost, without meeting with the slightest return for the sacrifice I had made. All that I had endured, all that I should probably have to endure, rushed to my mind in a moment. As I was standing buried in these thoughts, my companion came and woke me from my dream, by urging me to go, that we might reach Corinth that evening.

We left the tomb ; but before I had got above a quarter of a mile I recollected that I had not inscribed my name ; I would return, to do as other travellers had done. Leaving the tomb again, we climbed a hill to visit the citadel, situated upon a rock separated from Mount Tricorsa by a lofty precipice. We passed several ancient Turkish tombs, and arrived near the gate of the Lion, so called from a large stone over it, upon which were carved two lions, standing face to face, separated by a column. The entrance to the Acropolis is built in the manner of most antique fortresses, with a little gate leading down to the foot of the mountain. The walls were still in good preservation. In the interior there is nothing remaining worthy of observation. We ascended to the top of the hill, which commanded a magnificent view of the vast plain of Argos, Napoli, and the Morea. I called my companion to admire the situation, and the beautiful scenery around. "What a country," exclaimed I, "if it were cultivated, and the inhabitants civilized !" Though he was a Greek, he had been educated in Italy, and knew something of the world. "My friend," said he, "till the people are perfectly regenerated, nothing good is to be expected from Greece ; we are totally corrupted." I was astonished to hear a Greek speak in such terms

of his country. I embraced him, saying, I respect your sincerity. We continued talking on this subject till we reached the village again, when we made a plentiful repast.

We continued our way; and passed near a stream of the water of Rita. The murmur and rapidity of the water, the fragrance of the orange and lemon trees, and the hedges of myrtle, recalled to my mind the most beautiful gardens of Europe; but when I recollected that nature is here unassisted by the culture to which ours are indebted for so much of their beauty, I knew not how to admire them enough; and almost wished to remain for ever in this spot. We passed near the village of Saint Basil, in which there is a modernized antique fortress. We left the village of Nemea on our right; we followed the course of the little river Clégia for two hours; it turns several mills. We now caught sight of the fortress of Corinth. It stands on a magnificent elevation, and is well fortified; nevertheless, as we knew that the Turks were in want of provisions, we exulted in the persuasion that we should soon enter it. Whenever the Turks saw any number of men passing through the plain of Corinth, they fired upon them. They were, however, too far off to do any harm, and only showed us that they were not asleep. I heard the noise of cannonading, but my attention was too much absorbed by the number of broken columns, and other antique fragments, to heed it. I could think of nothing but Corinth in her glory. On our arrival in the market-place of Corinth, a number of officers who were walking about came up to us, from curiosity; I was so emaciated no one knew me. I then called two or three of them by name, and made myself known. I cannot express their surprise at seeing me. It had been reported that I had died a month ago. They all invited me to their respective lodgings; but I refused. I wanted to find my comrades with whom I came to Greece, that I might reproach them for the manner in which they had abandoned me. I was conducted to the house they occupied, where I found some of them eating. I cannot express the joy and surprise they were in at the sight of me; they all thought me dead. I reproached them for their conduct to me. They replied, that having recommended me to the care of Colonel Tarella, and left me two men to wait upon me, they thought they had provided for my wants. They told me that some of our companions were weary of suffering, and had returned to Europe. I asked them for my arms; they told me they had committed them to the care of the soldiers who were to attend me. I then related to them what sort of attendance I had received; and that I had seen nothing more of these soldiers. I cannot describe the mortification I felt, at finding myself without either arms or the means of procuring others, at a time when I stood so much in need of them; but as I saw there was no remedy, and that I had nothing to do but to arm myself with philosophy against all the numerous evils that awaited me, I suppressed my indignation, and sat down to eat with them. We drank to the cause of liberty, and to my complete restoration, and banished the thought of past miseries. Many of my comrades who knew that I had arrived in Corinth came to see me, and to congratulate me on my recovery, as all had heard of my death. The following day I went to call on Prince Ypsilanti. He was astonished at the sight of me; and expressed his joy at my

recovery. I told him, in few words, that officers who came to Greece to serve in her cause, ought not to be abandoned as I had been; and that he ought not to have quitted Argos without making some provision for the numerous sick whom he left there; and that the duty of watching over them devolved upon him, as head of the government. I was so warmed by the recollection of all that I had endured, that I forgot I was speaking to Prince Ypsilanti. At length he rose, and said abruptly, that these were not the terms I ought to use in addressing him; that if I was not acquainted with military discipline, he would teach it me; that I was not necessarily acquainted with the orders he had given; and that if they had not been executed, it was not his fault. On this I turned on my heel, and said, "A man who cannot make himself obeyed, has no business to assume command." I returned to the lodging, and repeated to my comrades the conversation I had had with the prince; they were all delighted at it. The misery of the troops continued; the battalion was in want of every necessary; and the officers no longer received any rations. Colonel Tarella, who had taken the command instead of Colonel Balestra, was obliged to dispatch thirty or forty men into the surrounding villages, to take whatever they could lay their hands on. They went to the mills several times, and took away the subsistence of poor families; but what could they do? As the primates would give nothing, all followed their example, and refused. At all times, and in all places, I have always seen that the poor are the victims. The rich and powerful find means to avert danger and suffering.

The citadel of Corinth occupies the summit of a hewn rock, at the foot of which stands the city; the road to the citadel is very steep and bad; the gate is defended by three rows of elevated fortifications, built by the Venetians, and strongly guarded with artillery. On all other sides, as the Turks think, it is so well fortified as to guard itself; it would be very difficult to storm it. The Turks had only eight hundred men, who were obliged, by the extent of the fortress, to be continually under arms. The Greeks had brought two twelve-pounders, which were posted on a mountain higher than the fortress. They kept up a constant fire, which rather annoyed the Turks; every sort of communication was cut off, and a rigorous blockade established. We were now in the month of January, so that the cold was severe on the bivouac. We officers were by no means obliged to bivouac, as we had received no orders nor appointments. Nevertheless, that the Greeks might not have it in their power to say we were lazy, we passed the nights among the mountains, hoping that, after the surrender of the fortress, we should be organized. At this time Prince Ypsilanti fell dangerously ill. It was before the taking of Corinth, and not, as some writers have reported, after that event, from grief at having been unable to keep his word with the Turks. On the contrary, he was recovered when the fortress surrendered.

I shall relate an anecdote which shows the wretched state of the battalion. The prince being, as I have just said, ill, the dinner for his suite, and some superior officers, was prepared daily, as usual. At the door of the dining-room there was a sentinel; a servant came by him with a dish of fricassee in his hand, which had a very savoury smell. The poor fellow, who was worn out with hunger and fatigue,

no sooner smelt this than he fainted, and fell flat on his face. The officers immediately rose from table, to see what was the matter. Colonel Tarella happened to be at table, and had him raised up, and led to a seat. After rubbing his temples with vinegar, he recovered a little. The colonel asked him what was the matter. He replied, that he had not eaten for twenty-four hours; and that the smell of the food had made him faint. The prince's suite, composed entirely of Greek merchants, who had been established in Europe, and had hastened back to Greece only to seize on all the highest offices, and to eat and drink without troubling themselves about the people, who were dying of hunger, turned their backs on the poor soldier, ordered him to be exchanged, and desired the colonel to come and finish dinner. "What!" cried he indignantly, "can you return to your dinner, while our comrades are actually dying of hunger? You have all plenty of money in your purses; I have been five months in Greece without receiving a farthing, and I am now entirely destitute of resources, having maintained the battalion for many days. I had not the heart to command it in such a state; to make it pass the nights in bivouacing without food or clothing. You sleep while these poor fellows watch; eat while they fast. This is your patriotism; for this you came to Greece; and can you endure to abandon this man in the state in which you see him? I have but one sequin in my purse; but I must give it to buy food for the twenty men who are on guard before your highness's house." Saying this, he called the foriere, and gave him the sequin, ordering him to buy food, and then to go into the country, and without favour or affection to take whatever they could find, and bring it to his house, and divide it among the battalion and the officers, who were generally without food. The colonel left the prince's house and his unfinished dinner, exclaiming, "To what a country am I come!" The Greeks had not even pride or sense of honour enough to be offended at what he said; they returned to their dinner with perfect indifference. Kiamil Bey, governor of Corinth under the Turks, was in Tripolitza when it was taken: he was extremely rich, being proprietor of an immense extent of country; indeed he was regarded as the richest bey in the Morea. As he was in Tripolitza during the blockade, he could not return to Corinth to shut himself up in the citadel, and was threatened by Colocotroni with death, if he did not cause the surrender of Corinth. Kiamil Bey endeavoured to gain time before he gave a definitive answer, in the hope that the town would be relieved. Colocotroni, on his side, wishing to appropriate all the riches of Kiamil Bey to himself, began to affect great friendship for him.

When Ypsilanti came to Corinth, Colocotroni, who kept Kiamil Bey in his house, delivered him up to the prince, in the hope of obtaining the surrender of the fortress by promises. When he returned to Corinth, being still greedy of plunder, he began to urge Kiamil Bey to fulfil his promises. The bey's wife and mother were shut up in the citadel, and indeed commanded there in his absence. Colocotroni forced him to write to them to surrender, and to promise them favourable terms from the Greeks. Kiamil Bey, who knew what dependence was to be placed on Greek faith, and still hoped for succour, bribed a Greek soldier to take a letter secretly to his mother, in which he desired her to pay no attention to what he had said in

the preceding one, but to hold out, to continue firing on the city, and to hope for succour.

Up to this time the cannonading had done but little injury to the town, but we now perceived a difference, as many shots fell into the city. The Greeks began to get accustomed to the balls, and were not quite so much frightened as at first, though they were frequently found concealed for fear they should be struck. A Turk was taken prisoner, who had come out of the fortress by night. He said he had been driven out by hunger; he was taken before the prince and searched, but nothing was found on him. A little negro who had accompanied this Turk, but, being more active, had at first escaped, was taken in the evening by some of the numerous Greeks dispersed about the fields, and taken before the prince. He was threatened with death if he did not immediately tell all he knew. Being but a child, he confessed that the Turk had letters sewed into his shoes. The Turk was fetched, but he had on an old pair of Greek slippers. As soon as he was set at liberty, he took occasion to throw away his shoes for fear of a discovery. He was threatened with the bastinado, but would confess nothing. At last the sabre being raised over his head to strike it off, if he did not confess where he had put the shoes, he replied, "I cannot do what you require. I die a martyr." As they saw they could get nothing out of him they let him go. He betrayed not the slightest fear or emotion, but sat himself down by the fire, and began to smoke with the greatest *sang froid*. The little negro said that there was a great scarcity of provisions in the fortress, and that the Albanians would not die of hunger. The Greeks sent proposals to the Albanians, and as had been the case at Tripolitza, they soon accepted them. The Albanians are excellent soldiers so long as they are well paid and fed; but at a time of difficulty or distress, they would desert their own father. They care nothing about the consequences to others, and forget the benefits they received but yesterday. Their motto is, *Si fortuna perit nullus amicus erit*. No reliance whatever is to be placed upon them; they are of no party, but always side with the strongest and the wealthiest, and fight for any body who pays well, without asking what they fight about.

The Albanian chiefs came into the city to conclude the treaty. The Greeks were confident that if the Albanians were once withdrawn the Turks must surrender; but these conferences were disturbed by Kiamil Bey and by his wife and mother, who opposed the surrender, although the former was prisoner, and saw certain death before him. He would not confess where his treasures were hidden, but, like Attilius Regulus, persuaded his countrymen to hold out, and to accept no terms. "It is better," said he, "to die gloriously, than to live the slaves of our slaves."

The affairs of Greece at this moment wore a rather unpromising aspect. The Turks had taken possession of the peninsula of Cassandra. The enemy had troops in Larissa, and threatened Livadia and Attica. Princes came from the provinces imploring assistance, while the people of the Peloponnesus, having the money they had taken at Tripolitza, and being in hope of further booty at Corinth, seemed little inclined to quit their own territory, or to attend to the petitions of those who were in danger. In a multitude there are

always some individuals who have better sentiments than the rest, and who really love their country; but as the proportion in Greece is about ten to ten thousand, I may be allowed to speak of them in a mass. As however I wish to be impartial, I must endeavour to do justice to merit, and to make honourable mention of those who deserve it. At the time of which I am speaking, we were with Captain Penovria, of Salona, who had long defended himself on Mount Parnassus. He was a countryman; he attended to his own affairs, and did not take any part in the cabals that were going on. He had a very beautiful wife. A Turkish officer, passing before his house, saw her, and was captivated by her beauty. He sent to demand her of Penovria, who refused to give her up. Upon this the officer ordered his soldiers to take her by force; and in spite of the tears of the wife, and the frantic despair of the husband, his orders were executed. Penovria, desperate at his dishonour, and at the impossibility of obtaining redress or revenge, determined to abandon every thing he possessed, collected some of his relatives and friends, and told them that he was resolved to betake himself to the mountains, to make himself independent, and to wash out his dishonour in the blood of all the Turks who came in his way. Many of his friends approved his determination, and accompanied him to the mountains, where they fell on every Turk who passed that way. At the breaking out of the revolution he returned to Salona, where many Greeks, who were acquainted with his courage and patriotism, joined him. He had written many letters to the government, describing his urgent need of additional forces, but no attention was paid to his representations. One morning he presented himself to the assembly with a barbarian air, such as might be expected from a man totally without education. He spoke however with the eloquence of nature: "What do you do," said he with warmth, "in this assembly? You think of nothing but accumulating riches, and seizing upon what does not belong to you. All you have taken is the property of the nation; why then do you imitate our oppressors? What business have you with golden pistols and Cachemere turbans? Why do you not take iron pistols and woollen garments, and pour into the public treasury all that you have taken from the enemy, to furnish pay for your poor soldiers, who pine in want? Look at our unhappy provinces, which are daily threatened with invasion from the enemy; then you will come to assist us, but it will be too late; we shall have perished with the name of liberty in our mouths, while you will have the shame and remorse of having sacrificed your brethren to your hunger for gold, and will at last fall victims yourselves to the fury of our enemies."

Penovria quitted the assembly, and the captains were for a few minutes confounded and ashamed. I am certain, however, that the next day they thought no more of it. Captain Penovria, however, tried to render a new service to his country, by setting on foot a fresh treaty with the Albanians. He knew that it would be impossible to induce the Greek captains to leave Corinth till the citadel had surrendered; and that, whatever might become of the rest of Greece, they would stay where they thought there was plunder to be got. At length the Albanians agreed to abandon the fortress on the 22d of January, taking with them a thousand piastres each, and a third of their equipments. They were two hundred in number, and were

immediately conducted to the shore, where vessels were in waiting to convey them to Albania. The instant they saw the boats coming to shore to take them, they threw themselves into the water to get to them, for fear of being massacred. A son of Colocotroni embarked, with a good many Greeks, to accompany them. On the way young Colocotroni heard that Ali Pacha had been betrayed by the Albanians, and that consequently all the hopes the Greeks had fixed on him were destroyed. Without the slightest attention therefore to the promises made to these unfortunate men, he landed them all at the nearest shore, and had them all massacred.

A WATERING PLACE.

How unspeakably convenient a place is Cheltenham! What surprising advantages does it not combine? Your poor medical protégés imagine, that the benefit of the spot consists entirely in its water; as well might they suppose that the goodness of punch consisted exclusively in the same material. As if water could effect those wonderful changes in the moral state of society, that take place in Cheltenham. Impossible, even if it were used in ablutions and purifications! What a cleansing antiseptic it must be, that untaints the known seducer, and renders him fit company for incorrupted females! What a powerful abstergent, that whitewashes the blackleg, and gains him admittance into genteel society! What a wholesome beverage, by which drunkenness is diluted to a milksop offence, scandal neutralized, feeble reputations braced, matches cemented, and marriages dissolved! Yet all these, and many more moral or immoral effects, are attributed to that solid and material substance—Spa-water. Only consult Doctor Madefax, the celebrated physician: not only will he recommend Cheltenham for every disorder in the catalogue of bodily infirmities, be it gout, bile, stone, gravel, rheumatism, influenza, cholera morbus, paralysis, or hypochondriasm; but he will likewise unfalteringly pronounce Cheltenham waters to be a grand panacea for evil habits, vices of disposition, defects of temperament, or deformities of person. Having, like the keeper of a sponging-house, taken your body into custody as long as you could afford his fees, or until he began to despair of your continuing any longer ill or hippish for his profit, he either consigns you by *habeas corpus* to the verger of the churchyard, or draws out your mittimus, directed to a brother of the faculty at Cheltenham, long. 1°, lat. 51°, where the venue of your offence is laid. This last presiding magistrate sentences you in barbarous jargon to water-diet and the *tread*-mill. You drink two glasses of Cheltenham-water, or water and glauher salts, and pace up and down for a quarter of an hour; you then return to the well for another glass, then you walk, probably you are obliged to run, and so alternate between nastics and ~~gymnastics~~ gymnastics, till you are sufficiently aquefied to present a goblet to your mistress, and encourage her to exert her fortitude and agility under the same discipline. How delightful it is to see afflicted lovers drinking these draughts in one another's presence! What a strong love potion it must be, that is productive of such corresponding emotions! What a powerful

Lethæan dose, to obliterate all puny notions of delicacy and mere sensual purity ! I have seen love-sick damsels and their water-proof admirers, sipping out of the same tumbler at the Middleton pump-room, and sorrowfully smiling at each other, in spite of fate and physic, while opposite to them stood two apparently envenomed foes, each armed with a full goblet, which they alternately lifted in bitter scorn and defiance to their lips, scowling and gnashing their teeth at one another like mad dogs, each of them labouring under confirmed hydrophobia, notwithstanding their resolute efforts to outvie one another in the drenching process ; at length, in spite of all, they would be obliged to scour off, and make room for an obsequious young parson, or veteran alderman, who had brought themselves to quaff this *jet d'eau* of the sulphureous Styx with affected satisfaction ; the one through habitual complaisance, the other as a corrective for yesterday's crudities. Alas ! that No. 5 should prove so deleterious to the religious obsequiousness of this fashionable devotee ! Away he flies like a misanthrope from the world and society, to which he seemed so much attached. Is he gone to meditate in the closet some discourse essential to the edification of his hearers ? Ah ! no ; we fear very much that he and the dyspeptic alderman have jostled each other in the same obscure path of life, forgetting all the human charities and decencies in their desire to take precedence of one another. Such is Cheltenham, such are the neutral effects it produces on politeness and decorum.

But to return to Dr. Madefax and his consulters. Amanda Longforson married, at an early age, the rich old nabob Dryasdust. It was the deep solicitude of this worthy couple, that his plum should not fall into the mouth of collateral heirs ; but all the probabilities were in favour of such an event. Six years of marriage had not gratified the fond hopes of the expecting pair. At length Dr. Madefax was consulted upon the delicate point at issue, and being pushed to a *ne plus*, recommended Cheltenham waters as likely to produce the desired effect. I cannot gratify the curiosity of similarly circumstanced ladies by the particulars of this case, but I can state, from my own observation, the happy results of the Doctor's prognostication. Poor Mr. Dryasdust was wheeled to and from the pump-room, followed by his loving spouse in a most conjugal state, leaning upon the arm of Captain Fairway, perfectly satisfied with the sagacity which recommended such a latitude to her.

A widow lady, whom the world had unkindly censured, and who had been thrown into a state of nervous fever by the impertinent strictures of busy-bodies, thought fit to consult Dr. Madefax upon her weakness. His reply deserves to be quoted at full length, more especially as some ill-natured persons have accused him of joking upon so serious an occasion. "Madam," said he, "if there is any *virtue* at all in the Cheltenham water, I recommend you to drink largely, as no one can want it more ;"—the obvious meaning of which is a panegyric upon the virtues of Cheltenham.

An old lady who had much injured her constitution by whist and late hours, applied to Dr. Madefax for advice how to manage, so as not to be obliged to relinquish her favourite amusement. The Doctor sent her to Cheltenham, assuring her that she might safely play at

shorts and shillings all day long, while she continued to drink the waters, as she would find plenty of partners in that amusement. Indeed I frequently saw her playing at shorts, when I laid down my shilling at the tap, where various mixtures of saline, sulphureous, and chalybeate, are drawn from the fountain at that price.

But to come to the cases of male patients. Mr. Cannibal had all his life been a *gourmand* of a particular class, not such as are called *bon vivans*, from their having a difficult palate, but of that hog species who are called in plain English gluttons; city-feasts had given him a habit of stowing in turbot and turtle, in the same manner as wool-sacks were stowed in his loft, with no other consideration than that of packing them closely together, that no space which he rented might be left unoccupied. By means of such attentive commercial spirit, his storage required to be enlarged yearly; he had to extend both his side-walls and his gable-end; a new façade had constantly to be erected to his warehouse, till, from an ellipse, it became a crescent, then a rotunda, and finally a very unarchitectural parabolic curve; so that he was quite an annoyance to his neighbours by taking up so much of the street, and preventing a free circulation during the hot weather. He had not a single tuck or wrinkle left in his whole corporation, when Mr. Abernethy's work on dietetics fell into his hands, and he began to suspect he was laying in rather an unprofitable stock, and that all the power of internal steam and machinery of his stomach would never be able to manufacture such a quantity of raw material, consequently that he must break, or shut up shop for some time at least. This was a doleful catastrophe to contemplate, but his utmost perplexity was to learn how to get vent for his commodities, or rid himself of his stores. As to the uppermost wares, the only ones accessible to the new patent stomach-crane, they formed such an insignificant portion of the mass, that it was next to doing nothing to remove them, and the lower ones were so wedged down by the superincumbent layers, that there was no possibility of getting at them; besides, Dr. Madefax gave it as his opinion, that if the contents were too suddenly removed, the building would collapse, and present the sad spectacle of an Aldermanic paunch in ruins. Recourse was at length had to that law of physics—that two bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time; and it was thence inferred, that if Cheltenham water were poured in in sufficient quantity, it would equally distend the abdominal concern, and exclude any corruptible substance from the space it occupied during its continuance therein. I do not presume to question the application of this Newtonian rule. Certainly, during a month's observance of the process of liquefaction, through which Mr. Cannibal perseveringly went, drenching himself with salines in the morning, and gorging himself with horse-beef and goat-venison in the evening, his rotundity was not sensibly impaired by this alternate use of liquid and solid distentives.

The case of Mr. Cormorant was precisely opposite to this. He belonged to the wolf species of *gourmands*, who eat ravenously without ever incurring the danger of plethora; who grow leaner and leaner the more they consume. It was by way of slaking the solid and concrete strata of his peritoneum, that Dr. Madefax ordered him to rinse and scour himself with Cheltenham water, as sportsmen scour

and rinse their barrels after they have done much execution. Possibly too, in both these cases,—for I will not deny the doctor to have been both a philanthropist and a political economist, from his thinning population and prescribing spare diet,—possibly he hoped that Spa-water would answer the purpose, or prevent the necessity of food, and thus hinder these two vast consumers from abstracting such a large portion from the common table of mankind. This is a point upon which none of the economists have yet touched, and surely it is a desideratum, that there should be some sumptuary enactments to regulate the *fruges*; and in the case of such desperate monopolists as those mentioned, some penal infliction to prevent excess. I merely throw out this hint to the Malthus and M'Culloch schools, and they are welcome to my embryotic schemes upon the subject. I should suggest a premium to be offered for a patent lock-jaw, or artificial tetanus for ultra-voracious individuals. But in case such a contrivance should be beyond the art of the faculty, or the Sheffield manufacturers, then I know of no better safeguard of our provisions than extracting the teeth of greedy gormandizers; and it is my opinion, which I advance with humility, that a whole turtle might safely be placed before a toothless member of the common council, and that a young child would run no great risk of being devoured in a corner by an alderman who had been deprived of his cutters and grinders.

There are a sufficient number of cases to show the class of ailments for which Cheltenham is particularly recommended; they may be comprised chiefly under loss of appetite or of character, or excess of one or the other; broken down constitutions or fortunes, overflowing bile or wealth, helpless paralysis or indolence, itch of scratching or gambling, evil of body or mind—for all these Dr. Madefax sends those who consult him indifferently to this place; he aims at being not only a physician of the body, but also of the soul; and he avails himself of auricular confessions, as well as pathology, to discover the symptoms of his patient's disorders, according to which he has four invariable standards for prescribing Cheltenham.

The first is,—When they have any latent vice which cannot be indulged elsewhere with so much ease and safety.

The second,—When he is afraid of their dying in his hands, and discrediting his practice.

The third,—When they can no longer afford to fee him as usual.

The fourth,—When he does not know what else to do with them.

According to these chapters, invalids are bundled about in a wonderful manner—from London to Cheltenham, from Cheltenham to Clifton, and back again from Clifton to Cheltenham; as if the skill of the doctors to prolong the patient's life, depended upon their not allowing him to die at either of those places, within the magic circle of each enchanter's influence. The life of the poor itinerant may be compared to the flight of the shuttlecock, that depends upon the impulse of each battledore, but ceases, from dropping short in the middle; thus frequently drops the patient on the road, only because out of the reach of one or other doctor, of course. The sagacious undertaker, who had looked on like a *pit*-spectator and *grave* critic, and who had grown fat upon mortality and corruption, shakes his head most demurely, wondering what objection doctors can have to allow a patient

to die quietly under their noses, instead of posting off his half-dead carcase to be measured by the sable performer of another place, to whom in his cupidity he would not spare even a single bone of his perquisites. For my part I think the physician right. I fancy that I can appreciate what it costs him to condole with the family on the melancholy occasion of the ejection of one of his tenants in fee. Nine cases out of ten he is the chief mourner, because the chief loser. On the other hand, the undertaker, who is well paid for his mourning, must feel a profound gratification in performing the duties of livery and seizin to this new tenant of his wood-built tenement; the ground landlord too, who is handsomely paid for the opening of the earth, must feel a grave satisfaction in consigning dust to dust and ashes to ashes, and money to his own pocket—in Cheltenham especially, where room for a man's last remains is rated at 15*l.* by some rectors, and where sepulture keeps the church in repair, which may therefore be said to be supported by decay.

Far be it from me to object to the profits which the promoter and conductor of funerals reap for their respective offices. The labourer is worthy of his hire. The doctor takes all the guilt and responsibility of the family upon his own shoulders; the undertaker charges himself with a large portion of their outward grief and mourning; and the clergyman encumbers himself with all the religion which it is proper to manifest upon such an occasion; and as these are all looked upon as irksome jobs, I am sure we should not grudge the wages of those who do them for hire.

But let no one suppose that physicians are responsible for sending all the visitors to Cheltenham: far from it. There is many a hale young fellow there; and many a robust, full-aged man; and many a hardy, keen, old debauchee; who have far different objects in view than water-drinking. There you may see the Seven Ages of Shakspeare; the clouted babe, the saucy boy, the fortune-hunter, the duellist, the gambler, the convalescent, and the hoary dotard; and the female in her nonage, (for Shakspeare was too gallant to join age to woman,) all employed in taking in, or being taken in, at the pump-rooms. It is a great receptacle of vices, where *mauvais sujets* flock *tanquam in vivaria*; where the depraved enjoy a relative reputation, by finding others still more stigmatized for depravity than themselves. Reprobates, who would be buried in the larger world of London, are seen conspicuous in this microcosm. Here they may indulge their worst propensities, without any extraordinary danger of being banished from Cheltenham to Coventry, for a general saturnalia seems to prevail during the season here. Motley characters of all sorts congregate to the same assembly-rooms, where the correct female imbibes the idea that there is no contamination in the society of the noted seducer, gamester, fortune-stealer; and that she may safely dance with the most consummate villain, if she only resolve upon not recognizing him next morning. This is the place, or nowhere, in which the convicted scoundrel may hold up his head unabashed; and even enjoy some degree of glory, by attracting attention in proportion to his tainted fame. I have seen bright eyes turned upon the handsome hero of a tale of gallantry, whose admiring expression was no way equivocal. "That is the notorious Sir

Lothario," would be whispered from maid to maid. "What a pity Colonel Trumps should be such a known blackleg!" would be pronounced audibly enough for the gambler to hear his own name uttered by ruby lips, and to collect that he was the object of some indefinite interest. The commonest chit-chat must necessarily roll upon paw-paw affairs and swindling transactions, where such a number of blasted reputations present themselves in so small a compass, under the immediate eye of loungers. But we are becoming morose, from the numbers of grey and venerable sinners whom we saw there; and our bile has risen at the bands of migratory adventurers and stray prodigals from Clare and Limerick, some of whom, if bullets, and billiards, and billets-doux had never been invented, would now be quietly digging potatoes in their little country-farms in the sister-country. We must cease to moralize upon the subject, as these mischiefs are not imputable to the waters; and shall conclude, that it is but natural that there should be a great looseness in the society that assembles to drink the Cheltenham waters.

I was particularly curious to ascertain what affinity there was between these Castalian waters and the Muses. As far as the precept, "Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring" went, there was every reason to presume that this Helicon well produced poets of the first water, for there was no end to their potations. But notwithstanding the libraries, studies, and other numerous repositories of the inspirations of Melpomene, I could meet with no effusion worth copying but the following, which is legibly inscribed by the naiad of some fountain over the trough or urn, in which her outpourings are collected:—

Whoever dares this water dirt,
Altho' they say they meant no hurt,
Yet, for the same, shall pay a pot;
If rich or poor, it matters not.

This is indeed a fine, though solitary specimen, of Cheltenham spa-inspiration—"dirt," "hurt," what local ideas! and then, "shall pay a pot," what a mysterious oracular denunciation! and what poetical justice, what god-like dispensation, to subject the opulent to the same penalty as the indigent, for contaminating the water.

But truly, now that we are once more in the vein of commendation, we shall, in diffidence of our own powers, transcribe the eulogies of Cheltenham, contained in Miss Biddy Oozeley's letter to one of our fair correspondents, Miss Fanny Stumps, Water-lane, Thames-street, London, and conclude therewith.

"Dearest Fanny,—I ave been so flurried and urried with all that as appened since our arrival at Cheltenham, that I ave not add time to write to you, my dear girl, but I shall make up for it by a true and full account of events since our separation. We left Cheapside in the night-coach, as you know. Poor papa snored all the way, but ma was prevented from indulging in her usual snooze, by the odd ways of the gentleman who sat opposite to me, a very genteel and some young man, and partickler polite to mamma, who sat near him. He smoked seagars, till they brought tears in my eyes, which induced him to say some purty things about beauty in tears. He was very fashionable in his idears, I assure you, for next morning when we

approached the town, he took leave of us, very much distressed at parting with us so soon, but declaring that he would not for the world be seen alighting from the stage-coach in Cheltenham, so that he would post it the remainder of the way. He was no sooner gone than ma, who is a queer body at times, fancied that she missed her purse, but I am confident she must have left it behind her; it would have greatly strengthened her suspicions against the unknown gentleman, had I mentioned that my gold-topped smelling-bottle was gone also, but indeed I did not like to tell mamma of his catching old of my and and ridicule in one of his sprees. No doubt he took it by way of a joke, and will return the token when we meet, which will be at the next grand ball, where the master of the ceremonies is to introduce him to me for a partner. Well, my dear, we stopped at the George, which only wants Blue Boar to be added to it, to be as splendid an otel as the George and Blue Boar in Holborn, though I cannot say that it is without its *um-bugs* too (you know what I mean). Pa engaged rooms for us, looking into the eye-street, which presents one of the finest sights in the world, for it is the fashion for every one to lounge up and down here all day long quite inoperatively, some on foot, others in wheel-chaises and flies, drawn by one or two men instead of orses. These supply the place of agony-coaches, so that you run no danger in being put into the same vehicle in which Dr. Brookes has received company overnight. You will say, Fan, that I am grown very witty, but it is all the effect of Cheltenham water, that exhilarates the spirits and expells ill umours.

“After the din of Cheapside, Cheltenham is altogether a retired and romantic retreat. Oh! the delightful shady walks and umbrageous solitudes, like those you read of in novels, only that here they ave the advantage of being filled with fashionable people. We all wrote our names in a great ledger, or waste-book, kept for subscribers to the different walks and spas, and then we sauntered up and down free of the place. Pa, who is not a very ceremonious person, put some questions to a tall gentleman, who answered by informing us of the particklers and monstrosities of the season. It was quite agreeable to ear him, and do you know Fanny, he is a major in the Scotch army, as he acquainted papa, and that he was wonderfully taken with me. To give you an idear of his attentions—next morning at the pump-room he presented me with a tumbler of the waters, which I must confess tasted rather glaubrous at first, and at the same time he swallowed another, while the band struck up “Drink to me only,” and the big-drums and bassoons rumbled most congeniously. I certainly felt rather queerish after the dose, but the major is such a delightful man, he kept me quite in a roar with his numerous anecdotes. He pointed in partickler to an old customer of ours, who was helping ma, and assured me that he was the very indentical officer who bought into the 31st, to be near his brother who was in the 30th, at which I almost split my sides with laughter as you may believe—but immediately after I was seized with a serious fit, and should have dropt, but for the kindness of the major, who whipt me up in his arms and clapt me down, quite senseless, into Lady Percy’s machine or wheel-chair, and had me drawn as fast as possible to the George, where I arrived without any accident but the fright. Poor

dear man ! ow considerate, and still more to enance the obligation, I am told he has challenged Lord Percy for his improper interference. People say that he is a fire-eater, but I cannot believe that, as I ave seen him swallow nothing as yet but water and ice, which are quite opposite to any thing of a combastious nature. I must break off, my dear girl, to dress from the promenade, but I cannot conclude without urging you to come down and drink for your health, depend upon it, you might soon lay aside your crutch altogether, and you would meet with every attention from the finest looking men imaginable, who esteem our sex for far more solid endowments than personal charms. Would you believe it, the fashionable rash in my face has almost vanished, and I look as fresh and delicate as a baby. I have no further use for Rowland's Kalydor, though but a week upon the water-course. The complaint in my eyes is scarcely perceptible ; I told the major of Miss Goggle's malice in calling it a squint, and he declared there was not the smallest vestige of such a thing, but only a slight and fascinating cast of vision. What do you imagine he says, in his own unaffected dialeck, of my air, which that envious creature would have to be carrotty ? He says, " it appears aw'burnt, and puts his eart in a flame to look at it." You always said it was auburn, but the waters have already deepened it in my opinion to a nut-brown ; of so much virtue are they to health, beauty, and complexion. Mamma now takes her cordial diluted with genuine spa-water, and thinks she need not have given it up but for the unolesomeness of the London water. She talks of making tea with the Cheltenham water. I am in haste.

" Ever, my dear Fanny, your loving friend,

" BRIDGET OOZELEY."

SCRAPS, FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF A MUSICAL DILETTANTE
TRAVELLING IN ITALY.

No. II.*

Naples.

CORREGGIO.—Here I found the Maestro Bonifazio Asioli, formerly the celebrated Censore or Director of the Musical Conservatory of Milan. He was in ill health, and generally confined to his house. The despondence and indifference of old age had reached him prematurely, and he considered the great and valuable exertions he had made in his delightful art as time thrown away ; and the high degree of excellence he had attained in it as a shallow, valueless proficiency. The opinions of a man of broken health and spirits are always to be received with considerable reservation, and it is to be hoped (though my after experience has gone far to confirm Asioli's assertions) that the present state of music in Italy is not quite so bad as he states it to be. Of the merits of the popular idol, the monopolizer of all the operatical theatres of Europe, Rossini, he spoke very justly. " I maintain," said he, " that Rossini should not be permitted to drive all our classical composers in the shades, for he has not, and never will, produce such perfect works of art as they have left us ; and

* For No. I. see Vol. II. new series, p. 204.

besides, his keeping them away from the public ear and memory, facilitates his plagiarisms, to which his natural indolence always too much leads him: yet, it must be granted, there are fashions in music as well as in every thing else; and it certainly requires talent to lead that fashion, and to become arbiter of the existing taste, especially in a country like Italy, where that taste cannot be supposed to be absolutely depraved."

Asioli smiled incredulously at my mention of Rossini's facility in composition. "The *stravagante*," said he, "may affect to throw off a score in a crowded noisy room and over a crazy little piano-forte—he may pretend to produce a terzetto at the supper table, or a brilliant air in undressing for bed, but depend upon it this is mere display, mere affectation. His lazy hand may, perhaps, at such moments be stimulated by a paltry vanity to commit his thoughts to the custody of paper, but those thoughts have been working in him during his moments of solitude—his walks—his dreams. The labour of composition may be carried on without the presence of an instrument, or music-paper and pens. The show he makes is unworthy of his genius; and the belief that genius is exempted from labour, is a superstition."

It had been my good fortune to meet with a gentleman from Edinburgh, Mr. Finlay Dun, who was travelling in Italy with the view of improving himself in his profession of music. He had visited Correggio with the hope that Asioli might be induced to impart to him some of his valuable instructions, but for this the professor said he found himself morally incapacitated, nor could he recommend him another *maestro*. Besides a fine taste for composition and a great excellence on the violin, my friend Dun possessed a beautiful voice and a good style of singing, which he was anxious to cultivate in this vocal country. Asioli told him that in all Italy he could conscientiously recommend only the Cavaliere Crescentini as a *maestro di canto*. These were cruel disappointments for poor Dun, who, in his enthusiasm for the musical genius of the Italians, had imagined, on leaving home, that good teachers were as common south of the Alps, as advocates and writers of the signet in the northern or modern Athens. The hypochondriac Lombard, however, charmed with his interesting manners, his extreme modesty, and his talent, encouraged him to go on studying by himself, to dwell on the works of the good old school, and to frequent good operas at the theatre, when that was possible; and assured him, that if England possessed a few such young men as he, she would shortly have little for which to envy Italy.

Bologna.—The *Liceo di Bologna* is one of the oldest musical schools in Italy. I found it in a very low condition. Padre Mattei, master of counterpoint, is the only good professor, and his merits are confined to a profound knowledge of counterpoint and church music. When I waited upon him, I found him an amiable unassuming gentleman, far advanced in years. He told me he had several times met Doctor Burney in the same room in which he received me. The apartment was then occupied by the *maestro di contrapunto* of the Lyceum, Mattei's master, Padre Martini, whose learned history of music is well known. Martini had the merit of exciting the emulation, and, in a certain degree, of forming, the great composer Jommelli;

portions of his own works are still much admired in Italy, and deservedly so. Padre Mattei seemed to consider music on the decline in Italy. In speaking of instructors and artists, he said there were none rising up to supply the place of those valuable men, who, one after another, had all dropped off. "Here in Bologna we have only one tolerable teacher of singing, and she a woman, the mistress of the girls in the Lyceum. I could recommend only Crescentini as a master possessing the true Italian style of singing; he is *il solo avanzo della buona e vera scuola di canto Italiano*," (the sole remains of the good and true school of Italian singing.)

Bologna continues to be one of the great houses of call for singers; perhaps more business is done here in this way than at either Milan or Naples. On the expiration of their engagements performers repair here, so that there is always a tolerable number of *bassi, tenori, prime*, and *seconde donne*, &c. of various merit and price, to be picked up; and here consequently *impresarij* or their brokers come to engage them for other parts of the Peninsula, and even for ultramontane countries, as in England crimps rendezvous at the "Jolly Tar," or "Crown and Anchor," to pack off sailors for the east and the west, the north and the south.

Italy, however, the possessor of the *Angelica favella*, the inventor and propagator, "*di quel cantar che nell' anima si sente*;" Italy, that for ages held as a right the furnishing of all Europe with vocal music and singers, is now, in appearance at least, losing her monopoly and supremacy, and composers and performers from regions of *rozzi ed inarmoniosi dialetti* not unfrequently cross the Alps and delight Italian audiences. While I was at Bologna the company at the opera was by no means excellent. *Two of the best singers were not Italians*. The orchestra was very good; and a good troop of instrumental performers is not so common in Italy as is generally imagined.

It was in this theatre that Rossini, at an early period of his career, was employed as *Maestro al Cembalo*, whose duty is to pass over their respective parts with the actors, &c. previous to representation, and this may be supposed to have been a good course of study for him—a practical school of theatrical effect, as he was constantly engaged in perusing and hearing the scores of the masters then in vogue, Meyer, Generali, &c. and obliged by his limited circumstances to a diligence which was never natural to him. Maestro Cecchino little dreamed at that period, when he used to thrum over his piano for long—long hours, in a dark room of the theatre lighted by a lurid lamp, to the tune of thirty *scudi* a month, and when his highest distinction and greatest treat was a dinner at the Impresario's, or a drive in the prima donna's primo amante's cabriolet, that the day was coming when he should receive presents from crowned princes; and when the loftiest aristocracy of Europe—the English, should think their splendid parties incomplete without his presence:

While on the subject of this lion of the day, I may as well tell a little story which I had heard from him some years before at Naples; and which I had confirmed (and this rogue's stories always stand in need of confirmation) by one of his old cronies at Bologna.

When Gioacchino Rossini was a very young man, and was just beginning to make himself known, he was included in the dreaded list

of the French conscription, which then disposed of the sons of Italy as freely as of those of France. No man could well be more remote from the martial temperament than Rossini; he was for running away, and hiding himself in woods and caves among birds and beasts—for doing any thing rather than carry a gun and be shot at. Fortunately, some friends came to his assistance, and the vice-queen, the wife of Beauharnois, was petitioned in his favour. By her desire the recreant maestro waited upon her; he was then not distinguished by that rotundity of face and figure that now ornament him, but was, on the contrary, very meagre and poor looking; it may be imagined he put on his closest garb, and assumed his most unmilitary air and demeanour. “Only see,” said the princess to her good-natured husband and the commissary, “what a *poverino* he is!—*come è magrino e debole—non è robba questa per la truppa di Napoleone. Oh no!—può diventare un eccellente maestro di Cappella, ma come Soldato non valerà mai niente!*” (Only see what a poor little fellow, how thin and weak he is; this is not stuff for the troops of Napoleon. Oh no! he may become an excellent composer, but as a soldier he will never be worth any thing.) The influence of the fair suppliant and the force of her arguments were irresistible; G. R.’s name was *scassato*; he kissed hands, and went away grinning to his theatre and actresses.

The world—even the musical world, does not seem to be generally aware how much Rossini is indebted to Generali, who certainly has been his favourite author and preferred model. This is more particularly seen in his early compositions; in fact, a great number of those brilliant musical ideas found in his operas, and which appear original, may be clearly traced to that source.

While at Bologna, employed over the works of others, he occasionally availed himself of Padre Mattei’s instructions, and from him probably imbibed the greater part of that *science* which has enabled him to embody his own beautiful conceptions. As a *contrapuntista* he is however still accused of ignorance or wilful negligence.

Crescentini, the celebrated singer—the only one remaining of those astonishing *musici* who once enraptured Europe, has a pretty little villa in the neighbourhood of Bologna, which the loss of the handsome pension he enjoyed from Buonaparte, and the dissipation of the greater part of his savings in some unfortunate speculations, have obliged him to abandon. He had left his home a few days before my arrival at Bologna, but the pleasure I anticipated in discoursing with him was not long delayed.

CUPID AND DEATH.

THAT Cupid and Death changed arrows by accident, and thus occasioned strange contradictions, is a pretty fancy, which has been treated by several poets in different ways. I am not aware that it has been separately handled in English by any but James Shirley, who founded a dramatic entertainment upon the perplexities in which mankind was involved by the mistake; it was printed in 1653, but long before this date allusion had been made to the circumstance.

For instance, Fairfax, in his translation of Tasso's *Jerusalem*, in 1600, volunteers a reference to it, not in his original :

Death bath again exchang'd his darts with Love,
And Cupid thus lets borrow'd arrows fly.—(B. ii. st. 34.)

Massinger, in his *Virgin Martyr*, nearly quotes the first of these lines ; and Mr. Gifford, in a note, points out an *Elgy* by Secundus as the probable source of the invention. Davenant, in book ii. c. 7, of his *Gondibert*, makes an alteration in the fable, by representing his heroine as producing the change :

For Love makes Birtha shift with Death his dart,
And she kills faster than her father cures.

I might introduce other examples of more modern date, but my object is to show here how foreign poets have availed themselves of the subject ; and first I will insert a sonnet by Annibale Nozzolini, which is quoted by Muratori, as a composition of considerable beauty, though, as usual, he thinks he could improve it.

THE EXCHANGE.

Death wander'd forth, and with him Love was bound,
Both naked, both with wings, and both were blind ;
And both took shelter, as the day declined,
In the same place, when evening shades embrown'd.
When morning spread its vigorous light around,
They rose, and each the other's arrows took ;
And since they neither had their eyes to look,
It happen'd their mistake they never found.
I, and an old man with me, pass'd them : Death
Drew his stiff bow to cause the old man die,
While Cupid struck me with a fatal blow ;
Hence grew my cheek so pale, so dim mine eye,
And he 'gan love who should have lost his breath.
'Twas thus my fate was alter'd to my woe !

Nozzolini was not a poet of much reputation, though he is included by the laborious editor of the *Scelta di Sonetti e Canzoni*, published in Bologna in 1709, among the *piu eccellenti rimatori* of the sixteenth century. He treats the subject seriously ; but a Spanish writer in Depping's collection has been more happy in dealing with it humorously, as will be seen by the following lively production.

THE FATAL MISTAKE.

Death and Cupid met together
At an inn, by chance, one day,
When the Sun towards the nether
World was hasting on his way.
Death to Madrid was on travel,
Cupid to fair Seville goes,
Footing it upon the gravel
With their arrows and their bows.
Soon as ever they were seated
Love began at Death to laugh ;
Though most hideous, he was treated
By young Love too ill by half.

Cupid said, and still his laughter
 Ne'er restrain'd, " I must confess,
 You're so frightful, none hereafter
 E'er can match your ugliness."
 Death his fury could not smother,
 Snatch'd an arrow in a flame;
 Love as quickly seized another,
 Both retiring to take aim.
 But the landlord rush'd between them,
 And contrived to make it up:
 They like gentlemen demean them,
 And like friends together sup.
 That night they slept in smoky kitchen;
 With that place content, or none;
 Since the house was not too rich in
 Beds—it scarce could boast of one.
 All their weapons, highly rated,
 While fatigued they took their rest,
 To the Maid they gave, who waited
 On them, and their suppers drest.
 Just as light of day was dawning
 Cupid left Death sleeping still;
 Got his arms, and bade good morning,
 Paying to the maid his bill.
 She by error, none had told her,
 Gave Death's arrows, made to slay:
 Cupid slung them o'er his shoulder,
 And, sans looking, went his way.
 Not long after Death, 'gan waken,
 Out of sorts and discontent,
 Snatch'd the arms of Love mistaken,
 And upon his road he went.
 Hence, from this unlucky error,
 Cupid's dart was sure to kill
 All the young, who felt no terror,
 At their age, of such an ill.
 Hence when Death assail'd the antique,
 They, whom once his weapons slew,
 Felt a flame that drove them frantic,
 As the young were wont to do.
 This the cause, in every quarter,
 That confusion is so rife:
 Love but deals in blood and slaughter;
 Death but deals in love and life.

The whole of this is pleasantly turned, especially the conclusion. I have a notion that these productions have their origin in a Greek epigram in the anthology, but I have not been able to meet with it: what makes this supposition the more probable is, that the fable has

been made the subject of a sonnet, by a comparatively modern Italian poet of great reputation, Girolamo Pompei, who printed many translations from the Greek minor poets, as may be seen in the collection of his works, printed just after his death in 1790. He wrote this sonnet, as a note informs us, "on receiving at the same time the news of the marriage of an old man and of the death of a young woman."

THE CONTRADICTION.

The darts of Love and Death by use had been
Blunted; they therefore on a day of leisure
Gave them to murky Vulcan, at his pleasure
To forge them all anew, and make them keen.
But in returning them he had not seen
A difference that there was between the quivers:
The darts of Death to Cupid he delivers,
And Cupid's arrows gives to Death, I mean.
Hence Cupid slays the youthful, gay, and pretty,
Producing a most opposite effect,
And killing them without remorse or pity:
Nor does this error Death himself detect;
For while the young expire in town and city,
Old people marry when we least expect.

Here again we see the same conceit turned cleverly enough to a different account: besides, the mistake is produced in a way better suited to the classical turn of mind of the author. Although it is not immediately connected with this subject, I shall subjoin a spirited and satirical poem by a still more modern poet, I mean Lorenzo Pignotti, one of the most elegant and easy versifiers that Italy has of late years produced, and who, born in 1739, died only thirteen years ago. What I present is to be looked upon more in the light of an imitation, than of a literal version of the original.

DEATH AND THE DOCTOR.

Grim Death one day, fatigued with slaughter
Of human kind in every quarter,
Of beggars, and the Lord's anointed,
Resolv'd that toil no more should grieve him,
And that some person, to relieve him,
Prime Minister should be appointed,
And take some burden off his shoulder,
For finding he was growing older,
Of part he meant to make disposal.
He therefore gave an intimation,
'That candidates for such a station
Should in due time make their proposal;
In which they should not fail to mention,
On what was founded their pretension
To hold an office so important.
With hopes meanwhile they all might warm them,
'Till he in council should inform them
Whom he had named, and so make short on't.

The claims were numerous—as expected.
On the day fix'd they were collected,
And for the issue many trembled.
All the Diseases there were present,
And by their breath made quite unpleasant
The hall where they were so assembled.

All these the Plague was at the head of,
Whom some have seen, and more have read of,
From head to foot most foully spotted.
Consumption was not far behind him,—
And Dropsy had a place assign'd him ;
In short, each took the seat allotted.

'Twixt Rheumatism and Red Fever,
Sat one who'd been a gay deceiver ;
His nose by full one-half diminish'd.
He made a French bow, on advancing,
And, though he limp'd, he feign'd it dancing ;
In all respects a courtier finish'd.

As soon as Death his throne ascended,
With eagerness they all attended
To every word he might deliver ;
Then rolling round his empty sockets,
He pull'd some papers from his pockets.
And gave a look that made them shiver:

Because he saw an empty seat there,
And wonder'd that he did not meet there
One of his council most respected ;
No other than the sage physician,
Who had not sent in his petition
To be for such a post selected.

Death said in accents most tremendous:—
“ Why did not our physician send us
His claim?—His absence too is oddest.
Far more than War or Plague he slays men ;
I see the proverb's true that says,—men
Of highest merit are most modest.

“ Shall he that so incessant labours
To rid all folks of friends and neighbours,
By me remain thus unrewarded ?
No—he alone shall be prime minister ! ”
The council at the word was in a stir,
To find their merits disregarded.

The trump Tartarian loud proclaim'd it.—
Though some of the Diseases blamed it,
Most own'd the doctor's claims were greater.
Rage not, physicians!—I speak merely
Of the old school—the new are really
Not ministers of Death, but Nature.

DIARY

FOR THE MONTH OF AUGUST.

It has been absurdly reported about town, that Sir James Mackintosh has been jumping over fifteen hurdles eight feet high, at Battersea Red House, for a bet. I believe that Sir James would make as little of any thing that stood in his way as most men; but there is no truth in this story, which has originated in a confusion of names. The paragraph which gave rise to it was the following:—

“A gentleman named Mackintosh has betted fifty to forty sovereigns, that on Saturday next he will, at the Battersea Red House, jump over fifteen hurdles eight feet high, each hurdle to be placed at a distance of three yards. The feat to be performed within a minute. The bettings are six to four against the performance.”

On this day, the 31st of July, The Representative, which has long been in a languishing way, was united to the New Times. This event is celebrated in an annunciation from the latter and more substantive journal of the two, in which we find some curious assertions.

“The New Times,” says the New Times, “has been joined by the Representative, a measure often urged by the friends of both papers, and which we anticipate will meet the decided approbation of the public.”

The truth is, that when Murray was about to bring forth the Representative, the New Times was offered to him, but he disdainfully rejected the overture, saying that he would not take it if it were given to him. How are the mighty fallen! How is the pride of the Rip humbled! on its last legs it is glad to grasp at the suitor it had so haughtily rejected.

The address goes on thus:—“For upwards of six months, there had existed in the metropolis, two morning papers, addressed to the same class of readers, formed nearly on the same model, actuated by the same spirit, and embracing the same objects.”

If they were indeed “*actuated by the same spirit*,” it was a very matrimonial one, for they did nothing but snap and snarl at each other, and they “*embraced the same object*” pretty much as two dogs embrace the same bone. But perhaps these circumstances are auspicious of a happy union. As Mrs. Malaprop says, “It is best to begin with a little aversion.”

The address continues:—“It must have occurred to every reflecting mind, that, while a rivalry between two such publications was wholly without aim or object, *it produced a waste of talent, and a scattering of those literary means* which might have been combined to constitute a journal of the highest character and utility.”

I believe it has never occurred to any one, reflecting or unreflecting, that there was any “*waste of talent*” in The Representative, unless indeed the word *waste* is here used in the agricultural sense of *barrenness*.

The address is an unlucky one; but while I laugh at its ill-judged strokes, I wish with all my heart happiness and prosperity to the new-

married couple. It is desirable that all great parties in the state should be ably represented; and we shall be very glad, if an union of the sales of the ministerial papers produces an union of strength, which may produce an efficient organ of government.

— Newspapers are remarkable for assigning strange reasons for events. Under the head of the *LATE ELOPEMENT* (the Astley), I read that “the fashionable world are lost in surprise [at it], *the parties being both very young.*”—Are elopements less *surprising* when the parties are both very old?

3d.—It is much to be lamented when men with pens in their hands and grievances at their hearts, will insist on writing in the Cambyzes vein, and throwing an air of the ludicrous about the history of their wrongs. From a paragraph in the *Canadian Freeman*, it would appear that a very gross outrage has been committed in Canada on the property of a journalist; but the history of the affair is set forth with such an absurd pomp, and a sublimity of language and allusion so disproportioned to the facts, that one loses all indignation against the offending ruffians in mirth at the fustian and folly of the complainants. The printing-office of a newspaper was attacked and the property destroyed by a gang of rioters, in the presence of two magistrates, who, it is said, coolly witnessed the havoc. It is insinuated, that the local government is not displeased at the outrage, and is disposed to screen the criminals from the consequences due to their offence. This, if it be true, is very shameful; and if sensibly stated, would provoke indignation; but we must laugh when we hear it asked—What the United States will say, when they learn the news of the riot? and what the world will say when it hears that the outrage on the property of the *Colonial Advertiser* was not noticed by the editor of the *Official Gazette*? I guess that the world, speaking of it corporately, will say nothing about the matter. Then how absurd to see it stated, that a *foul stain has been fixed on the character of York, once little, now big, which cannot be washed away by all the waters of Ontario*—Fiddle de dee. This is not the way to treat such things, or any other things. I give the article as an amusing specimen of that order of eloquence which surpasses the boldest strokes of mock-heroic; and would recommend all injured journalists to take warning by this example, and to have a care, how, by too much sublimity, they turn the current of men's thoughts from indignation at an action to mirth at the description of it.

OUTRAGE IN UPPER CANADA.

[From the *Canadian Freeman*.]

TOTAL DESTRUCTION OF THE PRINTING OFFICE OF THE COLONIAL ADVOCATE.

Si non aliqua nocuisses, mortuus esses.—VIRGIL.

Had you not by some means done him an injury, you had burst with envy.

We have this day to unfold to our readers a tale, *the like of which has never been heard since the days that Solon or Lycurgus turned their attention to the framing of laws* for the well being and good government of civil society.

On Thursday last, a set of men, holding high and honourable situations under the Colonial Government in this town—a set of men not irritated by distress, disappointed hopes, or political degradation—but wallowing in ease and comfort—*basking in the sunshine of royal favour* [what in Canada?]*—enjoying every right and privilege of freemen, and fattening on the loaves and fishes which are purchased by the toils of a loyal, peaceable, and industrious population—formed themselves into a conspiracy against the liberty of the press—a conspiracy against the public peace—and between*

the hours of six and seven o'clock in the evening, *while the great enemy of guilt* [humanly speaking, the sun] *as yet hovered above the horizon to restrain the arm of the ordinary desperado*—they attacked the printing office of the Colonial Advocate, broke open the door in the presence of several witnesses, and demolished press, type-forms, sticks, cases, frames, galleys, stands, &c. &c. until the whole materials, which were new and of the first quality, exhibited nothing but one heap of ruins. Lest the types might be picked up again and turned to some advantage, large quantities of them were carried down on the Merchant's Wharf and thrown into the lake! All this, we are informed, was carried on in the presence of two magistrates, who viewed the work of destruction with silent complacency!—Two British magistrates—*O! clarum et venerabile nomen!*—two police magistrates of little York—it is said, stood coolly gazing on the open violation of all law, both human and divine—while the son of one of them was engaged in the work! *O tempora! O mores!* Where is the majesty of British law, which says “every man's house is his castle?” Where are the thunders of British protection—*whose peals have been heard in the uttermost ends of the earth, and struck terror into the hearts of the most distant and most ferocious of the children of Adam?* Are they to be despised and set at nought by the official desperadoes of little York alone? By the laws of England, a man's house is his castle—no matter what his public or private conduct may be; but in little York, it seems that a man's house is his castle while he crouches to official arrogance, and licks the hand of petty tyranny, and the moment that the dignity of his nature recoils from servility, his castle is to be razed to the very ground!

By this audacious outrage, the liberty of the press has been assailed—the majesty of the law offended—the repose of private life disturbed—the rights of private property violated—the feelings of a respectable community insulted—public opinion set at defiance—and a precedent established by the very officers of government, men moving in the first circles in the Colony, which, if followed up by the lower orders, must overturn the foundations of civil society. By this outrage, too, *a foul stain has been fixed on the character of York (once little, but now growing above its littleness, in population, in commerce, in arts, and in liberality of sentiment), which cannot be washed away by all the waters of Ontario.* What will the enlightened people of the United States say? what will the world say; when they hear, that emissaries from the very office of the governor; assisted by high official men;—broke open the private house of a British subject in open day; in the metropolis of a British colony; and laid waste his property, in the presence of two British magistrates? What will they say, when they hear, that after this nefarious outrage had thrown the seat of government into one common ferment, and that placards on the subject were posted up in every corner of the town, for two days the official Gazette was published; and not only was there no proclamation issued against the conspirators; but, *behold it is not even noticed by the official editor!!* Does not this official connivance speak volumes? Does it not show that this transaction took its rise in no common source, when the plan was executed by men in the pay and the confidence of the Executive, and connived at by the official Gazette? What will be said of the free and independent people of York, if they allow the fearless sentinel of their rights and liberties—a free press—to be overpowered by main force in their streets, and publicly strangled in their presence, without lifting up their united voices against it, and calling upon the chief magistrate to bring the offenders to condign punishment? If this outrage be permitted to pass unnoticed, whose property, or even life, can be said to be safe?

In unhappy Ireland, under the administration of British law, a man is torn from the bosom of his family; severed from his friends and from his country, and transported for seven years, without judge or jury, but at the mandate of two or more magistrates, for the simple crime of being absent from his dwelling between the hours of sun-set and sun-rise!—In little York, under the administration of British law, the private dwelling of an inhabitant is broken open; and his private property destroyed, in the presence of two magistrates; yet the perpetrators of this foul deed walk abroad unmolested, and enjoy high and confidential offices of trust and emolument under the Colonial government! How does this conduct of magistrates square with their oaths of office? They are sworn to “do equal right to the poor and to the rich, after their cunning, wit, and power, in all the articles of the king's commission.” Now what does one of the articles of the king's commission say? It runs thus:—

“And therefore, we command you, and every of you, that to keeping the peace, ordinances, statutes, and all and singular other the premises, you diligently apply yourselves,” &c. &c.

If, then, a magistrate views an open violation of the peace, without "diligently applying himself" to prevent it, does he not violate his oath? We think, from the above passages, the answer to this question must be plain to the meanest capacity.

When the Advocate office was assailed by seventeen men, well armed with clubs, &c. the editor and his family were absent, save an old lady of eighty, *whose feeble arm was ill adapted to afford resistance against such a force*. Two of the band, on seeing the old woman, not expecting to meet a living creature in the house, fled in a state of the most extreme trepidation, but the other fifteen brave fellows stood their ground like Spartans, and after getting the better of the old lady and two boys (apprentices in the office, who came up to her assistance) by intimidation, they proceeded to the work of destruction, and completed their business in a few minutes.

On hearing of the affair, we hastened to the spot; and such another scene of ruin we never beheld. But language is inadequate to paint our feelings, when we beheld the aged, helpless, and venerable mother of the editor, her natural protector absent from her, standing in the midst of the ruins, viewing the wreck of her son's property in silent sorrow. She was bathed in tears, and writhing in convulsive agony. We approached to console her, and found that she was more distressed by the fear that the desperadoes would return that night, pull down the house, and bury her alive in its ruins, than she was by the sorrow for the loss of her little all. It was a scene that would touch the hardest heart among the enemies of Greece; [what can the goose mean?] nor was it the first time, we hear, that some of the persons concerned in this transaction had bedewed the mother's cheek with tears of sorrow—men whom it behoved to be doubly cautious.

6th.—In the John Bull of this day there appears this piece of melancholy twaddling—to what understandings can such pitiable trash be addressed?—

"By a curious coincidence, Adams and Jefferson, two of the revolted colonists, who signed the declaration of American independence, died on the 4th of July, that being the fiftieth anniversary of *their rebellious triumph* over the mother country. This coincidence is however rendered less curious by a statement which has reached us, that these patriarch *malcontents* brought on their sympathetic deaths by too liberal potations in honour of their *unnatural ingratitude*."

We have to thank the "unnatural ingratitude" of these "rebels" and "malcontents" for the most flourishing country in the world; but still it was doubtless very unbecoming—in fact, extremely naughty in the Americans, to make themselves great in despite of their mamma, who was merely for ruling them on that principle so commonly maintained by termagant mistresses of families, "What's yours is mine, and what's mine's my own."

7th.—Some great goose under the signature of "*A looker on*," has put forth a defence of Mr. Beaumont in the newspapers. This wise-acre, who writes in so confused a style, that it is difficult to guess at his meaning, proposes to explain Mr. Beaumont's conduct, and regularly leaves every point on which he touches unexplained, professing to know a vast deal about it that is very satisfactory and convincing, but protesting that he is not at liberty to divulge the facts!

From a statement in this letter, the only passage in it which can be so described, it would appear that Mr. Beaumont is by no means so unmanageable a character as might be supposed.

In reply to Mr. Beaumont's unusual, but, as his friends insist, entirely rational communication to Lord Grey, quoted in the Diary of last month, his lordship wrote as follows:—

“ Tunbridge-wells, August 31, 1823.

“ Sir,—I have this moment received your most extraordinary letter, which has excited not only my surprise, but my indignation.

“ How you could justify to yourself the unwarrantable use you have made of my name I will not inquire. I feel it only necessary to say, that as far as relates to myself, the infamous allegation you have made against Lady Swinburne’s character is totally false and unfounded.

“ I am, Sir, your obedient humble servant,

“ GREY.”

Mr. Beaumont, when on his way to London to play the devil with Lord Grey, was met at Ferrybridge, it is said by the “ Looker on,” by a friend, “ *who stopped his progress, declaring himself to be solely responsible for the abandonment of his purpose.*” The fact is thus stated in the production before me.

“ Having heard it asked why Mr. Beaumont took no notice of the letter of Lord Grey, [above quoted,] dated Tunbridge Wells, 31st August, I think it proper to say, what is known to many, that immediately on the receipt of that letter, Mr. Beaumont determined to proceed to London, and had actually proceeded as far as Ferrybridge, when he was met by a friend, who stopped his progress, and who declared himself to be solely responsible for the abandonment of his purpose.”

What a tractable gentleman!

— There are no limits to the silliness of The Morning Chronicle small-print paragraphs; under the head of the Mirror of Fashion, there appears to-day this *niaiserie*:—

“ One of the earliest *revivals* next season at Covent Garden Theatre, will be Shakspeare’s Othello, [Othello a *revival*!!! Oh Paul Pry, Paul Pry, look out your words in the dictionary, man, before you use them, and acquire some slight idea of their meaning. How long has Othello been dead or sleeping in the theatre, thou dunderhead?] in which Young will perform the Moor; [Oh, news! news! great news!] Ward, Iago; and Charles Kemble, Cassio; which the late Mr. Kemble [being entirely impartial] always considered one of the most perfect personifications on the English stage.”

Where were the eyes of the Editor when he suffered this idiotism to find its way into the columns of his paper?

— Went to Vauxhall, where I saw no very considerable number of people pursuing amusement with great activity and perseverance, and with all appearance of the most profound melancholy. They made most desperate rushes from one *spectacle* to another, exerting themselves, manibus pedibusque, to occupy the best stations at the various entertainments, but the settled gloom on their heavy faces was never for a moment dissipated.—On recollection, I am wrong here, it was for a moment dissipated, when at the Concert, a Miss Love—a Grimaldi in petticoats, who ought to have red half-moons painted on her cheeks, and to wear a green cock-a-too tuft on her head, like him of Sadlers Wells—in the middle of a popular *Vauxhall* ballad called “Buy a Broom,” squeaked buy a broom in the manner of the hard visaged and short petticoated foreigners who haunt the streets with those articles of merchandize—this jest just caught the humour

of the good company, who with one accord uttered a grunt of delight something between a groan and a short hysterical chuckle. Sadness however resumed its sway after this momentary interruption of its reign, and notwithstanding that Braham sung some very vulgar songs, fitted for the meridian of Vauxhall, in the very vulgarest style; and bawled more execrably than can be easily conceived, even by those who know how villanously Braham can sing when he is so disposed—even under these circumstances the audiences testified no satisfaction. To be sure they yelled out *anchor*, [*encore*,] but it was in mere wantonness of mischief, and only from an inherent desire in them to encourage any thing particularly bad, even though they derive no pleasure from it. Among other abominations, Braham roared out some words, to the tune of an old march, about England the Pride of the World; and the metre was so clumsily fitted to the music, that he could by no means make the one trot along with the other. In spite of all his endeavours to the contrary, the band got the start, and kept it throughout, notwithstanding that Mr. Braham exerted himself to the utmost to bring up his England, and Glorys, and Rorys, in time. He also uttered some unmusical sounds about a youth who went a soldiering with “a sword and *shield*,” and heard “the dread command—ready, present, fire,” without being particularly frightened. This was a *genuine* Vauxhall ballad. It must have been composed, I guess, either by Mr. O'Rourke or Mr. Braham, and the words ought to be by Billy Upton, Esq. or Robert Southey, Esq.

It is a melancholy thing to hear such a singer as Braham singing before a vulgar audience. No man can sing better or worse than he; and as he always sings for the applause of the many, he always sings detestably before a vulgar public.

Tired of hearing intolerable music, seeing many lamps which showed only brown foliage and green faces, gazing idly at a bad ballet, and wondering when a rope dancer would have done balancing a long pole, I sought refuge from ennui in a supper box, where I had a cruelly hard struggle with an obdurate chicken—as the black said, “he looked very little, but he was dam old.” This I know, that the time from the period when he was taken off the spit to that when he perplexed my teeth, must have been sufficient to have made him a very old fowl, even though he had been a chicken when he was originally dressed—about which I have my doubts, being inclined to think that he was a dwarf, and of ancient years, though of small stature: for his body and a delicate slice of a coarse pig, I and a companion in misfortune paid six shillings, which we had no reason to complain of, as we neither of us lost any teeth in the struggle. If however a visitor at Vauxhall were to have the misfortune of losing his teeth in an encounter with the breast of a chicken, I should like to know whether an action would lie against the proprietors of the gardens. I will not venture on Vauxhall chickens again till I am satisfied on this head. Of the wine, I will not say one word. What I tasted out of a black bottle such as wine is sometimes sold in, is between me and my conscience. The fact shall never transpire; nothing but the threat of another

pint of the same could ever extort the secret from me, and such torture as I have imagined is inconsistent with the spirit of our glorious constitution.

9th.—The New Times asserts that the opposition journals are the apologists of “*the worst evils* with which we have to contend,” and then proceeds to arraign them for disapproving of the use of spring-guns, the imprisonment of babies under the Garden Act, the persecution of a certain class of females, the punishment of thieves before detection, and also of persons speaking bad language in the streets. These are serious charges against the liberal papers, but we learn from them one curious and consoling fact, and that is, that trespassing, apple-stealing, street-walking, and bad language, are “*the worst evils* with which we have to contend.” We, for our parts, are however inclined to regard as greater evils than these, the shooting men by machinery who wander from the public path, or even wilfully trespass in pursuit of hares and pheasants; the imprisonment of children for childish offences in common jails; the persecution of sufficiently unhappy females who are not committing any breach of the public peace; the punishment of men against whom no crime is proved, and also of persons not so nice as they should be in their conversation. We look upon all these chastisements as going rather beyond the offences complained of, which are pronounced by the joint luminaries of The New Times and Representative *the worst evils* with which we have to contend. Of a truth these are sages!

11th.—The Reverend Daniel, more commonly called Nero, Wilson, in his serious trip to the continent, describes a party confined to an inn-room on a wet day, so much put to it for amusement, that for some time they endeavoured to divert themselves by throwing a ring on a pin, and finding that this did not answer the purpose, they went to prayers as a *pis aller*, and he (the reverend narrator), if I recollect aright, preached a sermon. A similar resource is mentioned to-day in an account of a trip round Scotland in the United Kingdom steam-boat. The weather was wet:—

“You, no doubt, remember Washington Irving’s description of a wet Sunday in a country inn—but that picture, deplorable though it be, is nothing to a wet day at sea. *This tedium*, however, *was relieved in a most unexpected and most appropriate manner*—the Rev. Dr. Stewart, of Erskine—a gentleman universally respected among his brethren, and *celebrated for his skill in pulmonary complaints*—was asked to perform divine worship in the course of the day. The reverend gentleman immediately assented, and the bell having been rung at one o’clock, the whole passengers assembled in the principal cabin; after an appropriate prayer, he delivered a most energetic and interesting discourse from the text, “Sanctify the Lord God in your hearts.” I know not whether it was the impressive nature of the sermon itself, or *the novelty of the situation*, but sure am I, that the truths of the blessed Gospel have seldom been more devoutly listened to, or devotional feeling more keenly awakened.”

—The trouble which my favourite morning paper, The Chronicle, takes to say a silly thing, is really something astonishing. It would go to the world’s end to achieve a *niaiserie*. Witness a paragraph in this day’s paper:—

SEPT. 1826.

G

“The *Annotateur Boulonnais* has the following paragraph:—
‘The horse of Bonaparte is no more. Death struck him on the 20th July. Thus all sublunary glories disappear.’ *It might have added*, (quoth The Chronicle,) ‘*sic transit gloria mundi.*’”

No, the *Annotateur Boulonnais* might not have added any thing so superb, because in all human probability the *Annotateur Boulonnais* is not so learned as The Chronicle, and has not recondite scraps of Latin pat for occasion, such as *sic transit gloria mundi*, (which by the way has not been seen in type or on tomb-stone more than once or twice,) at its fingers’ ends. The Chronicle supposes that every paper is as erudite as itself, whereas there is no paper that minds its Latin so much, and the aptitude and freshness of its quotations in the column of Fashionable Intelligence are the admiration of all readers of more than ten years old. These felicitous citations, “*sic transit gloria mundi*,” and such like, may indeed be considered as the *news* of the Morning Chronicle.

13th.—This paragraph has been going the rounds of the press:—

“Previously to Madame Pasta’s departure from the hotel at which she stopped in Calais, last week, on her way from this city to Naples, her bill was of course furnished, and being found tolerably high, the mother of the syren thus remonstrated with the landlord:—‘What! do you take us for *English*? Do you think we are *bêtes*?’”—
Morning Paper.

Upon this thesis the John Bull of to-day observes thus:—

“Madame Pasta’s mother, it is said, angry at being overcharged at Calais for dinner, enquired of the waiter if his master took her and her daughter for English *beasts*—we think this very natural, and think too that it ought not to interfere with Pasta’s future popularity here—we do not expect the hackney coachman who drives us, or the man who sweeps our chimnies, to love or respect us—we want to be driven, our chimnies want sweeping, and we pay the coachman or the sweep, and there ends the contract—we hire Pasta to exhibit, and mum, and sing; and we pay her, and she goes away, and there ends the connexion—to expect gratitude in a foreigner or principle in an opera singer seems to us like looking for roses in nettle-beds.”

The editor of the John Bull is renowned for his blunders in French; we therefore do not comment on the error of his translation, which was to be expected from such a gallic scholar, and merely inform him that according to the text Madame Pasta’s mother did not call the English ‘*beasts*’ as he supposes, but *fools*. But this is immaterial; what we want to know is by what process of reasoning Madame Pasta is rendered accountable for the speech ascribed to her mother. Where is the justice of observing, in reference to Madame Pasta, on the absurdity of expecting “gratitude in a foreigner or principle in an opera singer?” Does the imputed offence of Madame Pasta’s mother legitimately subject her daughter to this kind of sneer? But the John Bull cannot lose an opportunity of letting itself loose on one of the sex. It displays as instinctive an hostility towards a petticoat as a turkey-cock does to a red rag. As the above quoted passage is a specimen of blundering and unmanly malignity, so the subjoined from the same paper is an example of vulgar brutality:—

“On Friday, as some fishermen were dragging their nets in the river Severn, about two miles below Gloucester, they rose the body of a man, supposed to have been in the water nine days. He was attired in a brown surtout coat, cord breeches, and top boots; he had a watch in his pocket, which contained a paper, with ‘Lewis, watch-maker, &c. Chalford,’ printed on it. *The eels in the neighbourhood had been noticed as in particular fine order for two or three days previous to this discovery.*”

14th.—Our neighbours who make merry with the imputed want of gallantry of our nation, would be delighted with this fact, which appears in an account of a trip to the Nore:—“The steam-boat anchored and remained an hour off Sheerness, and after the company had dined she steered her course home. The dance was again resorted to by the softer sex, *while the chief cabin was crowded by gentlemen drinking their wine and singing excellent songs!*”

— That very weak paper, The New Times, devotes more than a column to-day to the defence of the Lord Chancellor, whose farcical postponements of judgment have been reviewed by The Times. With diverting stupidity, when engaged in the vindication of Lord Eldon, it refers to the business done in the Rolls and Vice-Chancellor’s Courts, as affording a refutation to the charge of The Times that nothing is done in the Chancellor’s Court. If Sir John Leech sees a journal so ill worth seeing as The New Times, how sweetly he must have simpered at this instance of address! In the very identical paper which contains this defence, if so it can be termed, of the Chancellor, there appears this Chancery Report:—

“Crawshay v. Collins.—August 12th.

“His lordship observed, that owing to severe indisposition,* he had been obliged to postpone giving judgment in this case. He would however give it on Tuesday next.”

“De Beauvoir v. Rhodes.

“In this case, in which *the parties have been every day this week in attendance, waiting for judgment, which his lordship has promised repeatedly, the judgment was again postponed till Monday.*”—New Times and Representative, August 14th.

— In my last Diary I mentioned some absurd cases of the examination of witnesses touching their religious qualification to take an oath. To-day there appears a report of a most ridiculous example of this kind on the northern circuit. Tonsong, a Chinese Tartar, who had been robbed, was put into the witnesses’ box; on being asked his religion, he said, “All same as English;” when the following edifying dialogue passed, Mr. Justice Park being on the bench, and in his glory:—

“Mr. Jones.—Were you ever baptised?—Tonsong: Oh! yes.

Mr. Jones.—When?—Tonsong: Oh, many times—*all town I come to I baptised.*

Mr Justice Park.—Really I do not know what to do with him. It is clear he does not understand; (to the witness) what’s the book in your hand?—The answer was utterly unintelligible.

* The severe indisposition must have been of long continuance, for this very judgment has been postponed *de die in diem* for months past.

An interpreter was then sworn.—He said he was a Swiss, and was brother-in-law to the prosecutor.

Mr. Justice Park.—Now ask him whether he has been baptised?

The interpreter put the question, and accompanied it by making a cross on the forehead.

Tonsong, who imitated the action, answered, Oh yes.

Mr Justice Park.—Oh, he seems to understand; he makes the sign of the cross—Pray where were you baptised?

Tonsong.—*Oh, every place go through England.*

Mr. Justice Park.—*Really this is very distressing*; I cannot tell what to make of him. If he was a Pagan, I should have no difficulty in swearing him in the way of his country; but here the difficulty is, he tells us he is a Christian. Pray ask him if he was ever at church."

Mr. Justice Park, startled by Tonsong's assertion that the religion of England was the same as that of China, thought it necessary to give him a home thrust in order to ascertain his religious *status*, and proceeded with his interrogation thus:—

"His Lordship, addressing the prosecutor, said, Where do you expect to go when you die?

Tonsong (pointing downwards).—*I go in ground.*

Mr. Coltman asked permission to try to make him understand, and said, Where are your father and mother?—Tonsong: They dead.

Mr. Coltman.—Yes, but where are they gone to?—Tonsong; *I no know.*"

Really Mr. Coltman was rather too inquisitive. Tonsong was evidently a matter of fact man, who possessed in an extraordinary degree the quality so desirable in a witness, of giving a direct answer, and of hazarding no fact which did not consist with his own knowledge. Mr. Coltman asks him where his deceased parents are gone, and the cautious Tonsong replies that he does not know. A looser speaker would have confidently replied that they were gone to Heaven; but would he have been a better witness? Is it necessary that a man should affirm something which he does not know, in order to prove his qualification to state that only which he does know—to give evidence as a witness. Tonsong will go back to Chinese Tartary and say, that having been robbed and pillaged in England, he was denied justice because he could not tell where his deceased father and mother were gone to. So curious are the Christians.

16th.—There has been a funny affair of honour between Lord Glengall and Lord W. Lennox, at Cowes. Of all men in the world, a literary imputation, it seems, has been cast upon Lord W. Lennox; and his lordship, to clear his character from this strange reproach, requested some gentlemen (Lord Glengall among others) to meet and to inquire into the circumstances that had given rise to the suspicion that he was connected with a Sunday Newspaper. The gentlemen composing this inquest expressly stipulated that they should not be bound to give any opinion. Theirs was to be a court of inquiry without judgment. This satisfactory kind of tribunal met and dissolved, having, according to their terms, come to no conclusion on the evidence. Lord W. Lennox, however, called upon Lord Glengall to give him a written admission that Lord W. was by this investigation

completely exonerated from all suspicion of letters: Lord Glengall in reply reminded Lord W. of their covenant, but declining to avail himself of the advantage of it, avowed his impression, that his lordship had not cleared himself of the charge laid against him. A meeting was the consequence, and after an exchange of shots, Lord W. like a moderate man, declared himself satisfied, and thus the affair ended.

An imputation on a Lennox connected with letters is not the least droll part of this droll business. I can scarcely imagine a Lennox guilty of straight strokes.

19th.—It is extremely hard on a great man that if he chances to let slip a particularly silly thing, it is never suffered to fall to the ground; the fools are sure to catch it up, and to bandy it about among them, as a prodigiously brilliant gem. This day I observe quoted with commendation, a piece of nonsense which Mr. Canning spouted somewhere about the steam-boat, which he declared “*gave to the fickleness of the winds, and the faithlessness of the waves, all the certainty of a journey by land.*”—Had a school-boy committed this absurdity in his theme he would surely have been whipped for it. Giving *certainty* to the *fickleness* of the winds and to the *faithlessness* of the waves would unquestionably be ugly properties of steam, but they have never yet been ascribed to it by any mortal man except Mr. Canning. And why the fickleness of the winds and the faithlessness of the waves should be said, by virtue of steam, to have the certainty of *a journey by land*, of all things in the world, we cannot immediately comprehend. Had the late Lord Londonderry delivered himself of such a speech as this, how the whole world would have laughed at it, as a choice specimen of his particular kind of Irish eloquence.

— Mr. Green, the gentleman who goes up in a balloon from Vauxhall Gardens, and treats the company with a sight of himself on his return from his voyage to Merton, Camberwell, Kennington, or some such far distant region, has discovered a rare mare’s-nest, which is set forth in this paragraph:—

“Having now made three nocturnal ascents, Mr. Green says, he is decidedly of opinion, that there is less danger or difficulty in making an ascent on a calm moonlight night than at any other time. The temperature of the air being then more equable, the balloon is not exposed to those alternate rarifications and condensations which, in the day time, cause much trouble to the aëronaut. The air is also more frequently in a state of perfect calm at night-fall than at any other time, and from this circumstance Mr. Green entertains a strong conviction that he shall be able to accomplish, to a certain extent, the desideratum of aërial navigation. Not that he expects to be able to navigate his balloon when the air is moving with any considerable velocity. On the contrary, he considers it, under such circumstances, utterly impracticable. The principle upon which the machinery is founded, is the resisting power of the air; and with a view of taking advantage of this, the machinery is constructed so as to act like a bellows, in pouring a considerable and continued stream of air in a direction opposite to that in which he wishes the balloon to move. The

effect is expected to be produced by the resistance the current thus created will receive *in striking against the sheet* of air against which it is directed."

The project is scarcely decent; one blushes to think of the principle of it. As for supposing, that a blast of wind "striking against the sheet" would move a flatulent body, it is nonsense, and contrary to all experience. The sheet on which Mr. Green proposes to operate is indeed a sheet of air, and this only makes the motion on which he reckons the more improbable. Let him try the experiment of puffing wind on any other sheet, and see what will come of it—nothing pleasant, I'll be bound. Let Mr. Green be warned by me, and desist from a project of puffing his course, which will only bring him into bad odour.

— This paragraph is going the rounds of the press:—

"Mr. Sinclair.—A correspondent, alluding to the estimation in which Mr. Sinclair's vocal powers are now held, as evinced by his agreement with one of the London managers to receive 1000*l.* for singing a certain number of nights during one season, reverts to the time when his talents were first known and appreciated in this city. He was then admired for his singularly good taste and execution in church music. Whilst in the band of a corps of militia, Sinclair, after assisting in playing the regiment to the East Church, where they usually attended between the forenoon and afternoon sermons, mounted, in his military dress of course, the precentor's desk, and officiated every Sunday during his stay here, in a peculiarly delightful manner. It is said, by some of the professional singers with whom he at that time associated, that Mr. Sinclair received at the rate of *one shilling* for each of these performances! His discharge from the regiment being procured, he settled here as a teacher of singing, from whence the fame of his talents speedily called him to the metropolis."—*Aberdeen Journal*.

Sinclair must have prodigiously altered. Of all the bad singers of the day, and we have a lot of them, he is about the most tasteless and afflicting. Once on a time, before he went to Italy, I thought him rather a pleasing ballad singer, notwithstanding some vicious lounges, for which he was in his best day remarkable. He returned from Italy with nothing but noise and mannerism. In the one shilling gallery, however, he is an immense favourite, for he "*sings up*," as they call it; and the approbation which the pot-boys give him, raises him greatly in the estimation of the rest of the judicious audience. But there are worse singers than Sinclair. I was very wrong in pronouncing him the most tasteless of our bad vocalists. What a set we have! There are Sinclair, Pearman, Thorn, Horne, &c.—all intolerable; and yet some of them are possessed of naturally good voices. Rossini, when he was over here, observed, that he had never been in a country where fine voices were so common, and where so sinful a use was made of them. "God sends us good meat, but the devil sends cooks." The fault is however with that great, gaping, stupid animal, the public, which lowes out its encouragement of a thing in exact proportion to its worthlessness. The Lord forgive me! but I love to rate the moon-calf, though it is

all good abuse thrown away; for as the poet Sadi says, "One cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear;" and "Your dull ass will not mend his pace for beating."

— We rejoice extremely that the Portuguese are improving their constitution; but cannot help being amused by the style of the subjoined state paper, expatiating on this happy event. While we respect the patriotism of its sentiments, we must smile at its flourishes, which remind one too strongly of Mathews' Bayswater Volunteers, who were the terror and admiration of the universe.

PORTUGAL.

PROCLAMATION.

"Portuguese!—By the Constitutional Charter, to which you have just sworn, I am appointed to the Regency of these kingdoms during the minority of my august niece, our lawful Queen, Senhora Donna Maria da Gloria. As the first subject, it is my duty to put into speedy and vigorous execution the wise Constitutional Charter which has been given from his throne to his Portuguese subjects, by my august brother, our legitimate King, Don Pedro IV. whose glorious name is pronounced with admiration, respect, and *astonishment*, in America, in Europe, and in the whole world. I shall execute, therefore, and cause to be executed, the immortal Constitutional Code—the only pledge of our political salvation. Unhappy he who opposes it. The law will punish him without pity, and I shall be as inexorable as the law.

"To revive, by all possible means, our ancient prosperity and glory—to encourage the arts and sciences—to promote agriculture, commerce, and industry; in a word, to employ all the means that are calculated to make a nation happy, which is worthy of being so. Such is my sacred duty—such is my ambition. Oh, Portuguese! I have no other; and if, as you know, I have hitherto sacrificed my health for the good of the country, I will sacrifice myself, if such a sacrifice be necessary, to the good of the state; and where is the Portuguese worthy of that glorious name, who does not willingly join his Regent in such noble sentiments?

Portuguese!—Let us imitate our ancestors, and we shall be, *as they were*, by their immortal deeds, *the wonder of Europe and of the world*. Union, and obedience to the laws, and we shall be happy; and when I shall deliver up the government of these kingdoms to our legitimate Sovereign, Senhora Donna Maria da Gloria, I shall be able to say to her with truth, and with the purest delight, 'Senhora, you are going to govern a noble nation, always faithful, always attached to its legitimate Sovereigns. It was unhappy, because the Genius of Evil found among the Portuguese a fatal and protracted asylum. But the wise political institutions which your august father, our King, graciously granted us, casting far from us the monster, laid the most solid foundation of our felicity and glory. I raised the edifice of our good fortune as far as I was able, assisted by the whole nation; but its completion is reserved for your Majesty. Read and meditate, as is fitting, the truly heroic history of Portugal. No reading will be more useful to you. Imitate models which it presents to you in the difficult art of reigning. Imitate them, Senhora, and you will be the delight of the Portuguese, who, to the remotest posterity, will repeat with respect, love, gratitude, and benedictions, the name of your august father and yours.'

"Portuguese!—Union and obedience to the laws! Let us imitate the heroic virtues of our ancestors, and we shall be, *as they were*, *the wonder and admiration of the universe!*

"Given at the Palace of Nossa Senhora da Ajuda, Aug. 1, 1826.

"THE INFANTA REGENT."

Reforming governments should repudiate falsehood and exaggeration in all their shapes, and confine themselves as closely as possible to the simple language of truth, which is appropriate to their purposes. Fustian they should leave to the rotten old governments, which really require some rags of tawdry finery to cover their foulness. Lying in all its forms is their natural ally; and they act politically and consistently in habituating their people to the language of falsehood; but popular governments have no need of this system, and in their ordinary business they should put their speech into the state livery of truth.

21st.—I have before observed on the theatrical articles of *The Morning Chronicle*, performances remarkable for the learning they display in the shape of quotations, and references to matters utterly foreign to the business in hand. To-day there is a critique commencing as usual with a string of quotations, and containing the subjoined laboured piece of ill-nature. If the writer wished to show that he understood Latin and Italian, which fact, Heaven knows, he has endeavoured to impress upon us in a thousand ways, surely he could have done so without making a blackguard attack on a woman, in the worst spirit of the *John Bull*. But it was his purpose to assail Madame Vestris in order to puff Mrs. Humby, in whose cause he seems to be specially retained. The *Chronicle* has exclaimed loudly against attacks on women, and malignant attempts to excite prejudice against performers by references to their imputed private failings. For the sake of consistency and decency, its editor should have prevented a most offensive example of both these things from appearing in its columns. But it is ever thus, that “the fastest thief cries loudest fie:”—

“HAYMARKET THEATRE.

“The repetition of Kenny’s most laughable opera, *Sweethearts and Wives*, on Saturday night, gave Madame Vestris an opportunity of appearing before the public at this house for the first time in the present season. She is neither a very good actress nor a very good singer, but she is (or has been) a very pretty woman, with a very good figure, and she is still a very great favourite. We can recollect her (we are almost afraid of saying how many years ago) when she first came out at the Italian Opera, we think before the death of her father, the late Mr. Bartolozzi, the engraver, and when she certainly was young, handsome, and engaging; she then put us in mind of the description Casti gives of the actress and singer Beatrice, in his celebrated story of the Archbishop of Prague:—

“Che pregio aveva d’eccellente attrice,
E graziosa al maggior segno e vaga, &c.

“Whether she has, since that date, further kept up the likeness, we do not pretend to say; but that others may decide, if they please, we have put into English the stanza which follows the lines we have just quoted:—

“Bashful she was (at least she seem’d) and mild,
As with such ladies is the constant fashion;
And had contracted, since she was a child,
For gold and jewels a most ardent passion.
Into her net, she, one by one, beguiled
The despicable gulls, who had more cash in
Their purses than they knew how to dispose of
In any honest manner that one knows of.

“For aught we can hear to the contrary, Madame Vestris may even have completed the resemblance, but, certainly, not by the assistance of any archbishop in this country, as innocent and ‘untaught in matters of intrigue’ as that of Prague:—

“He knew no crime—he never loved a woman,
Which, in our day, may well be held uncommon.

“No doubt we shall be looked upon as heretics by her votaries, for not thinking she is as pretty and as fascinating as ever; her popularity,

among a certain class of play-goers, is undeniable; but it is very questionable whether she has not acquired a good deal of it by the readiness with which, of late years, she has put on male attire, and the ease, confidence, and spirit, with which she wears it. But—

“Quem præstare potest mulier galetoa pudorem,
Quæ frigit a sexu?”

When the critic is so bitter on Madame Vestris for putting on male attire, he forgets that his pattern of perfection, Mrs. Humby, made herself especially ridiculous by appearing dressed as a jockey in top boots, but more aptly resembling an Essex grazier. This was indeed a very unpleasant exhibition on the stage, and it is on theatrical grounds I advert to it.

The writer in the *Hum* interest concludes thus:—

“We are glad to see that Madame Vestris, on her return to this theatre, is not to take the character of Phœbe, in *Paul Pry*, out of the hands of Mrs. Humby. The manager would neglect his own interest, and, we believe, the wishes of the public, if he did.”

It happens pleasantly enough that in *The Morning Chronicle* of this very day, and in the very next column, it is advertised that Phœbe in *Paul Pry* will be performed by Madame Vestris. As for the merits and popularity of the two actresses, they do not allow of a question, and *The Morning Chronicle* only discovers its bad faith and want of taste, when it prefers, and says that the public also prefers, a very ordinary performer to a singularly accomplished and clever one. Every body knows that Madame Vestris is worth a thousand Humbys, let the gentlemen of the press *hum* about her as they please.

“WONDERFUL ESCAPE.—A most extraordinary accident occurred in Somerset House yesterday. A labouring man was precipitated from the highest part of the Royal Academy to the bottom of the area, by the breaking of the ropes hoisting a wooden frame, in which he was suspended, with some materials for the repairs going forward; and strange to say, he was not in any degree hurt. The man got up, shook himself, and joined with surprise *in the laugh of the persons who saw the accident.*”—*Morning Paper.*

The most wonderful part of the story, methinks, is the laughter of the persons who saw the accident. There was I must suppose something so droll as to overcome all feelings of common humanity, in a man's tumbling from the top to the bottom of a lofty building. This humour is however essentially English. I recollect seeing a good scene at Covent Garden Theatre, between Godwin the philosopher and Taylor of the Sun. Taylor told Godwin that he had met with an accident and bruised his leg very much, on which Godwin was convulsed with laughter. Taylor seeing the satisfaction which his bruise had given the philosopher, very drily but politely expressed his regret that he had not broken his leg, as, if the bruise diverted his friend so much, the fracture would, à fortiori, have ministered the more to his entertainment.

23rd.—We read frequently in the newspapers that the editor has been favoured with a view of commercial letters, or literary publications; but *The Chronicle* has been in extraordinary luck, it appears; for it has been *favoured with a view of two dead bodies*, and not

being selfish, it insists on communicating some part of its enjoyment to its readers, which it liberally does in this pararagraph:—

“THE LATE DREADFUL FIRE.—In The Chronicle of yesterday, we gave an account of the dreadful death of Mr. Parker, and the young child, who perished in the fire in Wilmington-square. *We have since been favoured with a view of the bodies*—if bodies they can be called; and we must confess that they are in a worse state than we imagined. Of Mr. Parker, who was tall, and very corpulent, nothing now remains but a mere cinder, somewhat resembling the human form. The skull is so completely burnt up that it will crumble to pieces upon the slightest touch. The upper and lower jaws and the teeth are entirely destroyed. On the top of the head was a mass of burnt soft matter, and which, upon examination, we conclude to be the mass of brains which fills the cavity of the cranium.”

Compassion for our readers forbids us to proceed with the details, which are too sickening.

— The other day I noticed a *false position*, in which the New Times had placed itself, by publishing a defence of the Chancellor in the same paper which contained a report of the dilatory practice imputed to him by the world, but denied in the article of the editor. It has avoided similar blunders since by shamelessly garbling its Chancery Reports, omitting such matter as might appear to the disadvantage of the Chancellor—judgments postponed, &c. Have not its readers, if it have any, just reason to be disgusted with this *mala fides*; and what confidence can they have in the representations of a journal, which will, from the spirit of partizanship, or some still more disreputable motive, resort to such gross arts. This paper has in no respect improved by its union with The Representative. On the violence, extravagance, and want of tact of the New Times, have been grafted the feebleness and *niaiserie* of The Representative. The fruit is an unlucky combination of evil disposition and utter incapacity. “It would, if it could”—like the cat in the adage. It is vicious in its enmity, but perfectly harmless. It would fawn too, but being more of an ass than a spaniel, its pats of the hoof are extremely formidable; as the Chancellor can testify, who was sore for a month after one rampant caress on the occasion of his reply to the Rochdale weavers. It would play the advocatetoo of any kind of abuse of power; but is happily even more stupid than slavish. It can, however, and does, suppress facts. This is the single talent of this *newspaper*!

25th.—A morning paper is extraordinarily eloquent in praise of Margate, whose joys are thus apostrophized in its columns:—

“Dear delightful Margate! Thine is the inexhaustible and never-ending mine of mirth and conviviality! The opulent merchant—the plodding tradesman—the smirking clerk—and the fortnight’s-holiday apprentice, all—all find their respective recreations and amusements in thee! The young are pleased, the aged smile, and the health of all becomes improved and benefitted by the salubrious breezes that blow *from* thy happy and healthy shores.”

It would have been more according to rule to have made the breezes sea-breezes instead of land-breezes—but that is immaterial

No matter which way the wind blows, there is nothing but universal mirth, happiness, and conviviality at Margate. In the next paragraph, however, the scene suddenly changes, and we find an exaction *sticking dreadfully in the gizzards of the cockneys*, which must be very bad for their health, and scarcely consistent with the scheme of universal happiness at Margate.

“The steamers to and from this place bring and return, every day throughout the week, a number, not less than from three to four hundred. The exaction of two shillings from each passenger, as pier duty, *sticks dreadfully in the gizzards of the cockneys*; *there appears, however, no redress for them at present.*”

The “dear delightful” writer goes on thus:—

“The Duke of Wellington, during his stay here, made himself very familiar with the visitors. He was pleased to patronise a ball at Howe’s, which was, in consequence, well attended, and his Grace condescended to be present. This is good taste: *it cost nothing.*”

There is very little of that taste which *costs nothing* at Margate, we take it, and it is the more to be valued for its rarity. In continuation, the scribe declares his opinion that the Duke’s attending Margate balls will be the means of ingratiating him very highly with the Public. A solid fame is undoubtedly to be reared on such a foundation: the duke has won our battles abroad for us, but that circumstance goes for nothing, as he has made himself obnoxious at home. To obtain popularity, however, he has nothing to do but to attend Margate hops, and two or three dances at Howe’s will make people forget his Grace’s speeches in the House of Lords. The next paragraph illustrates the value of a good name:—

“The duke wrote his name in the subscription book at Beale’s bathing rooms, and ten guineas have been offered for the leaf upon which this is written. Beale, however, prides himself so much on the honour of having the hero’s name standing in his book, that he positively declares, if any body would offer him five hundred guineas he would not part with it.”

There are children of Beale in London, who would give five hundred guineas to get certain dukes’ names out of their books; but his Grace of Wellington’s is, it seems, at a premium—at least at Margate.

FOUR YEARS IN FRANCE.

Colburn, 1 vol. 8vo. 1826. Four Years in France, or Narrative of an English Family’s Residence there during that Period, preceded by some Account of the Conversion of the Author to the Catholic Faith.

THIS is heterogeneous enough. What has the author’s conversion to do with a tour in France, that the one should be affixed to the other as a preface? It is as absurd as a “Winter in Kamschatka, preceded by some Account of the Author’s mode of teaching Latin.”

The author apologizes, however:

Some account of this change in my opinions is prefixed to the book now offered to the public, in the hope of removing the prejudices with which the book may be read, or, what would be still worse, not read at all.

Who could have had any prejudices; for who would have known that the author had not been born a Catholic? The truth is, the author found it an agreeable occupation to describe this important act in his life; and having written it, he of course wishes to have it read. He thinks he thoroughly understands how the event came to pass, metaphysically and morally, and perhaps he is right. It is a most curious history of the formation of an opinion. Poor mortals that we are!—our opinions are fathered often enough upon pure reason, who has had less to do with the matter than any body else.

It is not my intention to enter into controversy, but merely to state how this thing happened, that I *turned papist* at the moment when the Pope was a prisoner at Valence, when Rome was in possession of the French armies, and all around me cried out, Babylon is fallen.

He does give, and very pleasantly, the story of turning his coat. It is argument that does it, at last; but this preliminary part is to show how he came to be in that state of mind adapted for the full reception of these arguments. The tone of the narrative is odd enough; it is that of a person apologizing for having been overcome by weak arguments, in which he still, nevertheless, preserves his faith.

I was born on the 21st October, 1768. My father was prebendary of the cathedral church of Lincoln, as his father had been before him. My grandfather's prebend was a very good, or as they say, a very fat one; my father's prebend was but a lean one, but he had sense enough to be a doctor in divinity, whereas my grandfather had sense enough not to be a doctor in divinity. They both rest behind the high altar of the cathedral with their wives.

This cathedral has much to do with the great event of the author's life. It was so near his father's house, that his grandmother, good woman, used to sit at her window and go through the service along with the choir, by the help of the chant. Our cathedral ceremonial contains many more relics of the scarlet lady than the plain service of the ordinary church. On this similarity the convert dwells. It clearly produced an effect upon his infant mind.

My father's house, in which I was born, was so near the cathedral, that my grandmother, good woman! when confined to her chamber by illness, was wont, with her Anglican translation of the Bible, and Book of Common Prayer on the table before her, to go through the service along with the choir, by the help of the chant and of the organ, which she heard very plainly. From my earliest years, my mother took me regularly every Sunday to the cathedral service, in which there is some degree of pomp and solemnity. The table at the east end of the church is covered with a cloth of red velvet: on it are placed two large candlesticks, the candles in which are lighted at *even-song* from Martinmas to Candlemas, and the choir is illumined by a sufficient number of wax tapers. The litanies are not said by the minister in his desk, but chanted in the middle of the choir, from what I have since learned to call a *prie-Dieu*. The prebendary in residence walks from his seat, preceded by beadles, and followed by a vicar or minor canon, and proceeds to the altar; the choir, during this sort of processional march, chanting the *Sanctus*. This being finished, and the prebendary arrived at the altar, he reads the first part of the Communion Service, including the Ten Commandments, with the humble responses of the choir; he then intones the Nicene Creed, during the music of which he returns to his seat with the same state as before. Here are *disjectæ membra ecclesiæ*: no wonder that the puritans of Charles the First's time called for a "godly, thorough reformation." At *even-song*, instead of the Antiphon to the Blessed Virgin, which is, of course, rejected, though the Magnificat is retained, with its astonishingly-fulfilled prophecy of the carpenter's wife, "all generations shall call me blessed;" at vespers was sung an anthem, generally of the composition of Purcell, Aldrich, Arne, or of some of the composers of the best school of English music.

Afterwards at Magdalen college, Oxford, the college of Gibbon, who preceded him in his recantation, he found in the chapel over the altar a picture of Christ bearing the cross, by Ludovico Caracci: to this same altar the president always bowed on leaving the chapel; and during the recital of the creed all turned their faces to it. This ceremony of facing the altar during the recital of the creed, had always been insisted upon even at Lincoln, where it was a disputed point of etiquette. The author's mother has much to answer for; this love of the altar indicates an hereditary taint. She came of a notoriously Catholic family; among her progenitors were the names of Sir Everard and Sir Kenelm Digby. Her father, Kenelm Digby, of Rutlandshire, was the first Protestant of the family. He died while his daughter was an infant, who, under the care of an uncle, became, at the age of twenty-two, the willing bride of a young Anglican divine.

Nevertheless, some "rags of popery" hung about her; she was very devout, and made long prayers: she had not her breviary indeed, but the psalms and chapters of the day served equally well: she doubted whether the gunpowder treason was a popish or a ministerial plot: the R. R. Dr. Milner had not yet written the dissertation, in his "Letters to a Prebendary," which proves that it was the latter. For want of this well-argued and convincing statement, I was called on to read, on the 5th of November, while squibs and crackers sounded in my ears, and Guy Faux, suspended over the Castle Hill, was waiting his fate,—to read, I say, the life of Sir Everard Digby in the *Biographia Britannica*, where his character is treated with some kindness and respect. Sir Kenelm Digby is, of course, the next article in the "Biography:" all this while I was detained from the dangerous explosions of the fire-works, which was in part my mother's purpose, though she had, no doubt, her gratification in the lecture.

These little matters are clearly smoothing the slippery descent; the leaning in his mind was still further inclined by other small but powerful circumstances, especially in the case of a child.

I went every day to learn Greek and Latin at the school founded for the use of the city out of the spoils of some monastery abolished at the time of Henry the Eighth's schism. The sons of citizens are here taught gratis; others give a small honorarium to the master. The school was held in the very chapel of the old religious house; the windows looked into a place called the Friars or Freres, and over the east window stood, and still stands, the cross, "*la trionfante croie*." But this was not all. Opposite to the door of the school-yard lived three elderly ladies, Catholics, of small fortunes, who had united their incomes and dwelt here, not far from their chapel, in peace and piety. One of these ladies was Miss, or, as she chose to call herself, Mrs. Ravenscroft. Now my great grandfather, James Digby, had married a lady of that family; it followed therefore that my mother and Mrs. Ravenscroft were cousins. My father's house was about a third of a mile from the school; Mrs. Ravenscroft obtained leave for me, whenever it should rain between nine and ten in the morning, the hour at which the school-boys went to breakfast, that I might call and take my bread and milk at her house. Some condition, I suppose, was made, that I should not be allowed to have tea; but they put sugar in my milk, and all the old ladies and their servants were very kind, and, as I observed, very cheerful; so that I was well pleased when it rained at nine o'clock.

One day it chanced to rain all the morning, an occurrence so common in England that I wonder it only happened once. I staid to dine with Mrs. Ravenscroft and the other ladies. It was a day of abstinence. My father, to do him justice as a true Protestant, "an honest man who eat no fish," had not accustomed me to days of abstinence; but, as I had no play all the morning, I found the boiled eggs and hot cockles very satisfactory, as well as amusing, by their novelty. The priest came in after dinner, and Mrs. Ravenscroft telling him that I was her little cousin, Master ———, he spoke to me with great civility. At that time Catholic priests did not dare to risk making themselves known as such, by wearing black coats. Mr. Knight was dressed in a grave suit of snuff-colour, with a close neat wig of dark brown hair, a cocked hat, almost an equilateral triangle, worsted stockings, and little silver buckles. By this detail may be inferred the impression that was made on my mind and

fancy. I believe I was the only Protestant lad in England, of my age, at that time, who had made an abstinence dinner, and shaken hands with a jesuit.

When the rain gave over, I returned home, and related to my father all the history of the day. This I did with so much apparent pleasure, that he said in great good-nature, "These old women will make a papist of you, Harry."

This is a good picture of the familiar of a Catholic family, and the passage is a fair specimen of the author's style of writing, which is quaint and humorous after a quiet model, which we admire.

The author's father died while he was in his fourteenth year. In less than three years after this event, when he was not quite sixteen years and a half old, he became a commoner of University College, and, having kept there three terms, at the election held immediately after the feast of the Patroness Saint, (he never omits such particulars as this,) he was nominated a demy of St. Mary Magdalen. He passed the long vacations at his mother's house at Lincoln. Here begins the doctrinal part of the conversion.

During the second of these vacations, when rummaging among my father's books, I found, thrown aside among waste papers in a neglected closet, an old copy of the Rheims or Douay translation of the New Testament. The preface to this work is admirable, and might be read by managers of Bible Societies, if not to their advantage, at least to their confusion.

By what chance the book came there, how long it had lain there, whether my father had even ever known of its existence, I cannot tell. The notes are equal in bulk to the text: they attracted my attention, and I read them greedily.

It will be observed, from the account given of my infancy, that I had been from the first familiarized with popery; that I had been brought up without any horror of it. This was much: but this was all. I knew nothing of the doctrines of the catholic church, but what I had learned from the lies in Guthrie's Geographical Grammar, and from the witticisms in the "Tale of a Tub,"—a book, the whole argument of which may be refuted by a few dates added in the margin. My English reading had filled my head with the usual prejudices on these topics. Of Popes I had conceived an idea that they were a succession of ferocious, insolent, and ambitious despots, always foaming with rage, and bellowing forth anathemas.

I now perceived that there was some ground in Scripture for believing that St. Peter was superior to the other apostles, ("Simon Peter, lovest thou me more than these?" "A greater charge required a greater love," argues one of the Fathers;) and that, by the consent of all antiquity, the Bishops of Rome were the successors of St. Peter. Of other doctrines I found rational, and what appeared to me plausible explanations. Transubstantiation was still a stumbling block.

I talked without reserve to my mother of my book, and of the impression it had made on me. She had no theological knowledge, but she had a great deal of religious feeling, and this feeling was all on the side of catholicism. Had she consulted an able catholic priest, perhaps had she consulted no one, I had at this time become a catholic: she would have been well pleased with my conversion, and her own would have followed. For her sake, as well as for many other reasons, I most sincerely regret that it did not at this time take place. Not that I doubt of the mercy of God towards innocent, involuntary error, but because, when we want to go to a place, it is better to be in the right road.

She consulted my old schoolmaster, a wise and prudent man, as well acquainted with the question as the Anglican clergy in general are. As my mother was perfectly free from poperyphobia, she proposed the matter at once: "Henry has been reading this book, and has a great mind to be a catholic: you know all my family are catholics." My counsellor, without looking even at the outside of the book, put on a grave face,—a tremendously grave face: "I had rather give five hundred pounds than that such a thing should come to pass." I well knew the value he set on five hundred pounds, and conceived an analogous idea of his repugnance. Nevertheless, I pressed the book on his notice. "All this has been said a thousand times over;" meaning, and I so understood him, that it ought to have no more weight with me than with others; though the argument proved nothing but the usual obstinacy of those to whom arguments are addressed.

My old master was too wise a man to argue even with a woman and a boy. "What

would the world think of such a step? What would your father say if he could come to life again? What will become of your education and future prospects?" My mother was alarmed at her own responsibility in the passive encouragement she had given. I was but seventeen years old. I did not, however, quite give up the point. "These people have a great deal to say for themselves." "You think so? There's Christianity enough in the church of England." A few years later I found he thought there was too much.

I had subsequent conversations with him: I indirectly consulted others: I still read my book; but a book of notes has not the effect of a dissertation, well followed up, and leading to a conclusion. I found some insurmountable difficulties, and for the rest I said, "*Le roi s'avisera.*" I had no other catholic work, and no catholic adviser. I went back to my college, where other studies occupied me; yet I may say, I never lost sight of the subject.

This impression is, however, not deep enough to prevent our author from taking orders in the church of England. In producing the state of opinion in which this step could alone be conscientiously taken, a fellow collegian, commemorated under the name of Richard Paget, had much weight. The portrait drawn of this friend, is a genuine collegiate one of the better kind.

At the time when I became a member of Magdalen College, he had just taken the degree of Bachelor of Arts. A young under-graduate cannot help regarding with some deference one already in possession of the first of those academical honours to which himself aspires. Paget was besides three or four years older than me. This advantage of degree and age was not so great as to cause any subjection on my part; I looked up to him, but, if the pun may be allowed, did not suspect him. He, on his part, treated me with the greatest kindness and familiarity. He was, as he said, the second son of a second son of a second son of a younger branch of a noble family. He had not much given himself to classical studies, but he was well skilled in antiquities, including heraldry; witness the exactitude of his own pedigree: he was well read in English history, particularly that of the time of Charles I. with every personage of which he might be said to be intimately acquainted. He had a great love and good taste for the fine arts and for music. His conversation was, in the highest degree, pleasing; it was lively, allusive, full of anecdote: his manner of expressing himself was at once forcible and easy; his judgment was discriminating, his temper gentle and equal. I never think of him without regretting his loss; and he is often recalled to my memory by the benefit and instruction which I have derived from his friendship.

We used to sit together hour after hour, cozing: I believe I must thus spell the word we have derived from the French *causer*; no other word has the same meaning. He would take up scraps of paper, and draw admirable caricature likenesses of the members of the college, not sparing the person before him; then a stroll round the walks; and then, as he passed by the door of my rooms on our return, "come in again," and so, another hour's coze. Soon after the commencement of our acquaintance, he began the studies which he thought requisite as a preparation for being ordained a minister of the Church of England. I had the result of these studies, which he pursued according to his own taste, for there is or was no rule in this matter: great admiration of the character of Archbishop Laud; lamentation of the want of splendour and ceremonial in the Anglican service; blame of those clergy who allowed church authority to slip from their hands, lowering themselves into teachers of mere morality. He gave himself very little trouble about the opinions of dissenters, condemning them all in a lump by a sort of ecclesiastical and political anathema; but he took great pains to convince himself that the Church of England was in the right in its polemical dispute with the Church of Rome.

After performing the arduous duties of a curate in an extensive parish in Lincoln, the author, returned to college to enjoy the literary and other luxuries of a fellowship. His notions were now those of the high church, as high as the church would go, and even higher. He made high church sermons, and wrote a treatise, entitled "*The Christian Religion briefly defended against the Republicans and Levellers of France.*"

There was no especial reason for levelling this treatise against the French levellers;

but the French republic was, at this time, in England, the *black dog* upon every occasion: my work was a defence of general Christianity, upon a plan suggested by the *pensées de Pascal*. I had, however, my quarrel with the French legislators for making marriage a municipal ceremony, and permitting divorce. I had not a sense of justice clear enough to blame the English law, for insisting that the marriage of catholics and dissenters shall be celebrated according to the rite of the English church. I did not bring forward the remark, that divorce is permitted in England; nor did I observe, that by the French law on the subject, no yoke was imposed on the conscience, since no married persons were required to divorce themselves, but only allowed to do so. I am entirely of opinion that such a law is highly to be reprobated in a civil point of view; but in what concerns religion, let each man's conscience take care of itself.

The pamphlet did not attract universal attention.

I went to London to find a printer: it was impossible here to sit down to correct; and I made a book of it as it was. Valenciennes was, at that time, besieged by the Duke of York, and it was generally supposed that the allied armies were a better bulwark of Christianity than a shilling pamphlet. The printer told me that Christianity was a very good thing, and that nobody doubted it.

Not content with this treatise, he preaches a sermon at St. Mary's in defence of absolution. We give his amusing account of the effect of his eloquence.

In November following I preached before the university, at St. Mary's church, a sermon on the text, "Whatsoever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whosoever sins ye retain, they are retained." I asserted, that the power of absolving sin neither had been, nor could have been, abandoned by our reformers; defended the power against all impugnors and repugners; and indicated the evil consequences resulting from allowing it to lie in abeyance. After some declamation respecting the horrors then perpetrated in a neighbouring nation, and some fears respecting the removal of our candlestick,—I concluded by trusting, that all whom it might concern would acquit themselves as faithful stewards of the mysteries of God. The leading members of the university were prodigal in praise of this discourse. One of them, afterwards a bishop, preached the Sunday following at St. Mary's, to assure the university that I was in the right; a confirmation which, considering my youth and inexperience, he justly deemed by no means superfluous. Another, whom I should be proud to name, were there no indiscretion in doing so, bought the sermon when published; a compliment which, my printer told me, he had not paid to any of those published for many years past. He might do this, it may be said, as finding the sermon supremely ridiculous; but this supposition is negatived by the gracious manner in which, from this time, though I had not yet the honour of his acquaintance, he always saluted me in passing; his high station and character permitted to him this mode of signifying his approbation to one unknown, and rendered it peculiarly gratifying to me.

Some, however, cried out "flat popery;" but the words in which the priest is directed to give absolution in the "Order for the Visitation of the Sick," are so precise; the assertion of the right in all cases is here so formal; (for it is not supposed that a physician is to be sent for to determine whether the penitent patient is sick enough to be absolved;) the practice, in respect to penance, of those early ages to which the church of England appeals, is so well known;—that the cry of "flat popery" could not be sustained. Indeed, the sermon bears on the face of it some very outrageous abuse of the Romish church; but this abuse is so much a matter of course, that it would hardly have served as a justification, had one been wanted. I professed myself contented to be as popish as the church of England.

One of the heads of the university said to me:—"The doctrine of your excellent discourse is clearly the doctrine of the church of England: she asserts the right of absolution to be inherent in her clergy, but the people will not submit to the exercise of the power." This is true; it is true also, that the clergy very prudently abstain, in general, from sounding the inclinations of the people on the subject. My attempt must rather be considered, from the place in which the discourse was delivered, as a sort of *conico ad clerum*.

I have heard of one clergyman who made the attempt; he preached to his people of the power belonging to him, as a priest, of absolving them from their sins, and of the benefit which they would derive, if truly penitent, from confession and absolution; concluding by fixing a time, at which he would be at home, to hear all those who

should have any communications to make to him with such intention. This discourse caused a mighty hubbub in the parish ; people did not know what to make of it ; some doubted if their clergyman could seriously mean what he had said : one old woman did not hesitate to declare “ she would be d——d if she would tell him all she knew.” The confusion ceased in due time ; but the people neglected to avail themselves of the offer of their pastor.

Flattered by his success, and led away by Dr. Newton’s *Pluralities Indefensible*, he had the imprudence to deliver a discourse, in which he detailed the evils of pluralities, as necessitating non-residence, and the appointment of “ hired substitutes, improperly called curates.” “ This discourse,” he drily observes, “ did not meet with the same approbation as the former.”

On the death of his mother, our author succeeded to a freehold estate, with which his fellowship was not tenable. He therefore removed his books to Lincoln, and commenced a life as nearly resembling his collegiate one as possible. At Oxford he left with the president of his college a parting request, that he might preach the Bampton lecture. The subject he chose was, “ Christianity proved against the Objections of the Jews.”

While meditating the conversion of the Jews, a very simple event took place, which led to more important ones.

I received one day at dinner a French emigrant priest and an Anglican clergyman. The *esprit de son état* in the former, and the total absence of it in the latter, were equally remarkable. However, we talked *about* religion. My Anglican attacked the catholic on account of certain practices which this one easily proved to be common to both communions, the only difference being that the church of England does not observe its own ordinances. The clergyman would not take refuge in the “ slow and silent reformation,” by which such deviations are usually excused : he knew he should not have me for an auxiliary ; he retreated to transubstantiation. Here the Frenchman, who talked English well but not currently, was soon overpowered by two opponents ; and the Anglican, his retreat thus covered by me, carried off with him the honour of the day.

The emigrant was M. l’Abbé Beaumont, who had formerly been rector of the university of Caën, and appointed canon of the cathedral of Rouën : he was about to take possession of his stall, when the order was issued, on account of the approach of the Duke of Brunswick, that every priest who should still refuse to take the oath prescribed by the civil constitution of the clergy, should be banished from France within fifteen days. He had been brought to Lincoln by a gentleman of the neighbourhood, who had retained him for some time in his family to teach French to his children. On the death of Mr. Knight, whom I have mentioned above, he was appointed to the care of the little catholic congregation of Lincoln. When visiting at my mother’s house, I had formerly known him ; and, on this occasion, renewed my acquaintance with him.

After the Anglican had taken his leave, he talked for some time on different topics, but at length renewed the former conversation with an air, as if he had recollected something, though I rather suspect he had prepared himself. “ Pray, at what time did the change take place from your doctrine, respecting the Eucharist, to that professed by all Christians three hundred years ago ? ” I begged of him to put his question more clearly. “ If your doctrine on this point be the true one, it was taught by the apostles, and received by the first Christians ; then our interpretation must have been introduced at some subsequent period : I asked you to fix that period.” There were better reasons than I at the time supposed for my inability to give a precise answer. “ It was introduced gradually during the dark ages.” — “ In the first place, *gradually* — that is impossible : the question is, whether the body of Christ is really or figuratively present : the people must have known in which sense they believed it to be present, and would have resisted innovation. Do you think it would be easy at this day to make the people of England believe in the real presence ? ” — “ No ; because they have already rejected it.” — “ I admit the difference ; but at any time it must have been impossible to change the faith of the people without their perceiving it ; and the controversy, which the attempt must have excited, would have come down to our days in

works written on both sides : the memory of the Arian controversy is not lost." I was struck by the argument and the parallel. He pressed me. "What do you call the dark ages?"—"The tenth century is called by Cave, a learned English divine, *seculum tenebrosus*."—"Berenger of Angers, in the eleventh century, who first taught the figurative sense, found all the world in the belief of the real presence."—"First? you forget the apostles."—"It is for you to prove that they taught the figurative sense. St. John Chrysostom, who lived in the fourth age, preached on this subject like a catholic doctor of the present day."—"Really? I have his works; I will refer to the passages."—"Will you give me leave to send you a treatise on this subject, entitled *La perpétuité de la foi de l'église touchant l'eucharistie*?" As I was going to convert the Jews by a Bampton lecture, I said I did not wish to engage in reading a great work in old French: I inferred that it was old French from the word *touchant*. M. Beaumont assured me that it was written in very good French of the present time, as also in a very agreeable style: he told me, that at any rate I should have time to read the tract of Nicole, of a few pages only, stating the argument; that if I did not approve of it, I need not read the *Perpétuité* by Arnaud, which was the development of Nicole's text. I assented, and he wished me a good evening.

These books and others are read, and produce conviction in a manner which is amply described. The conversion of the Jews is forgotten, and the author proceeds to London to be reconciled to the "really true church."

I told M. Beaumont that, as he was subjected to the alien act, I would not draw on him the responsibility of receiving my abjuration; that I would go to town for the purpose of making it. Subsequent machinations against him proved my apprehensions to have been well-founded. He asked what I meant by my abjuration: "You will abjure nothing; you will continue to believe all that you believe at present: but you can go to London, if you think right, and the bishop will appoint a priest to reconcile you to the church." On the 17th of May, 1798, I was present at high mass in St. Patrick's chapel: it was the feast of the Ascension. My emotion betrayed itself in tears, which, in a man of my age, might be regarded as rather a violent symptom; but it called forth no indecorous signs of surprise or curiosity in those near me. I forgot to inquire at the sacristy the address of the bishop, and next morning found myself walking in Hyde Park, alarmed at the step I was about to take, and almost undecided. A friend, who was in my confidence, met me by chance, and, out of regard to my tranquillity, though a protestant, encouraged me to persevere. We turned into Grosvenor-square, and up Duke-street: old Mr. Keating informed us that the bishop lived at No. 4, Castle-street, Holborn. "We please ourselves by calling it the castle." I parted from my friend, and proceeded to the castle alone. An elderly, rather pompous, duenna-looking woman, opened the door of the house, for such it was; not the gate of a castle: his lordship was engaged, but I was desired to walk into the dining-room, which, no doubt, served as an anti-room for want of any other. While I waited here, a French priest came in, who, evidently alarmed at his approaching interview with the bishop, from whom probably he had "something to ask or something to fear," inquired of me, "Faut-il faire une génuflexion à Monseigneur?" I answered, that I was unacquainted with the ceremonial expected by Monseigneur; but that he, M. l'Abbé, had better do as he would on being presented to his own bishop. He took me for a countryman, but "my speech betrayed me." He was called for before me; this I thought unjust; but in a few minutes after the bishop came in and addressed me with, "Qu'est-ce que vous demandez, Monsieur?" Again, thought I, my country is about to be lost to me; but let us hope for a better. I told Dr. Douglass the purport of my visit: he, seeing the affair was one not quickly to be dispatched, requested me to walk up stairs. We seated ourselves on each side of the fire in an old-fashioned wainscotted room with corresponding furniture, the floor half covered by a well-worn Turkey carpet. On the walls, yellow with smoke, hung portraits, which, through the soot that incrustated them, I hardly discerned to be ecclesiastical worthies; Cardinal Allen, perhaps, founder of the college of Douay; a Campion, or Arrowsmith, or other martyrs of the Reformation. A crucifix was set in a conspicuous place: over the chimney a little engraving of Pius VI, then a prisoner. The bishop was a tall thin man, between sixty and seventy, of a healthy look, with a lively and good-natured countenance: he wore a suit of black, not very fresh, with a little, close, white wig. Martinus Scriblerus was proud of being able to form an abstract idea of a Lord Mayor without his gold chain, or red gown, or any other accidents. I had no difficulty in detecting the bishop in the plain man before me; for,

being in his own house, he showed without reserve his pectoral cross, and I saw on his finger a ring in which was set an amethyst.

"This is a very important step, sir; no doubt you have given it due consideration." I gave a succinct account of my studies and motives. "May I ask, have you consulted your family and friends?" "My parents are not living: I am their only surviving child. For my friends, I know beforehand what they would say." "Are you aware of all the *civil* consequences? The penal laws are repealed; but you will lose your *état civil*." I bowed my head. "As you are in orders of the church of England, your conversion will excite more than ordinary surprise, and (I say it only to warn you) ill-will against you." "I trust not; people are sufficiently indifferent about such matters." "Perhaps you will lose some ecclesiastical benefice?" "I have proceeded no further than deacon's orders, and therefore have no preferment." "But your expectations?" "I must live without them."

After a little more probing of this sort, and a short pause,—“There is a business which is very distressing to those who are not used to it, as it is very consoling to those who are; I mean confession: we all go to confession; I, who am bishop—the Pope himself. You know, I presume, that you must begin by that?” “I come to beg of your lordship to appoint me a priest.” After a little consideration, “Would you wish your priest to be an old man or a young one?” “My lord, you know your subjects better than I do: I leave the choice to you: his age is to me a matter of indifference.” “Many people think otherwise: however, if you will be pleased to call here to-morrow at this hour, I will introduce him to you.” I took my leave without a genuflexion, but with a strong sentiment of respect and kindness for this worthy, amiable, old man.

Thus was this serious step taken. The convert does not seem to have repented. In spite of much that we cannot refrain from considering folly, we feel a deep respect for him. He is a man of honesty and principle, and loves the truth before all the pleasures, and in defiance of all the pains, of the world. His talents, moreover, are not only respectable, but remarkable in their kind. His mind is peculiarly acute, but not powerful; he is dexterous at combating in detail, but incapable of grasping the whole dispute at a glance; he is, probably, moreover, credulous, somewhat timid, easily worked upon, and fond of the exercise of the reverential feelings. He is learned and ingenious, logical and lively; taking indeed very much after the style of many of the French theological writers, whom he admires, and, perhaps, imitates. The tone of this narrative is singular: he writes the history of this affair, which he must have felt as a most grave and important one, with a half-serious, half-trifling air, as if he were recounting the follies and mistakes of some other well-meaning but misguided person, and not himself.

This narrative is dated at Clermont, in Auvergne, 21st March, 1826.

From the time of the author's conversion, to his trip to France in 1818, we know nothing of him; an interval we should be glad to see filled up. It is clear that much had taken place, for the college celebrate is accompanied on the continent by a wife and a family of children. The author has recorded his observations on France, made during a four years' residence there, in a very pleasant and agreeable manner. His remarks are those of a man of information and of a playful mind, who knows the world. The great subject of the book is, however, the illness and death of his eldest son, a fine young man, of whom education had made a scrupulous saint, and whom the ignorance of the physicians of Avignon made a martyr.

We will make such extracts from this part of the narrative as will give our readers a complete idea of this young man's character, and of the medical treatment which foreign invalids may expect, or at least

run the risk of, in the provinces of France. The tale is one of deep interest for us who know something of these painful matters.

The author begins with his birth; in the spirit manifested in the following extract was the child received: this spirit dwelt upon him till his death in his nineteenth year.

His birth was announced to me at three o'clock in the morning of the 5th of May, 1801. In anxious expectation of this news I had forborne to retire to rest. It was still necessary for me to wait some little time before I could be admitted to see my first-born. I then lived at Bath, in the west wing of Lansdown Crescent; behind each house of this building is a long strip of garden, of the breadth of the house. In the tumult of my new affections I went out into my garden: the twilight of the morning was visible: I offered to God this child, who, by the ancient law, would have been consecrated to him, to serve at the altar, if such were the divine will; praying that, in whatever state, he might so live as to secure his own salvation, and contribute to the edification of others: that if he were not to fulfil this only worthy purpose of existence, he might now die in infancy; but that rather his days might be prolonged, if that were to the glory of God, and the increase of his own merit and reward. My prayer was heard: I returned into the house, and gave a father's blessing to the stranger.

In speaking of the youth's childhood, we have some sensible remarks on teaching children through the medium of plays and games.

Henry Kenelm manifested, as early as the natural character can be manifested, a proud, impetuous, obstinate, angry temper: that he wanted anything was, with him, a reason why he should have it; that any other child was younger or weaker than himself, entitled him, as he thought, to domineer. He had also the good qualities usually opposed to these faults in the same character; he was generous, grateful, confiding, compassionate. As no one, in so short a life, ever more completely subdued than he did the faults of his natural temper, I record them for the sake of doing homage to that religion by the aid of which he was enabled to correct them.

His understanding was quick and lively, and he learned readily and with pleasure. A cause of hindrance and delay that occurred to him in learning to read shall here be mentioned as a caution to parents, institutors, and governesses. To play at learning to read is regarded as a great improvement on the "Reading-made-easy," of less enlightened times. A lady made him a present of a cylindrical ivory box containing counters, on which were inscribed the letters of the alphabet. He trundled the box on the carpet, he threw the letters on the carpet, and viewed them in all directions, sometimes sideways, sometimes topsy-turvy; so that he no longer knew them again when he saw them upright in a book: b and q and d and p more especially puzzled him: besides, the placing of letters in words is of great use towards learning their power, and this help his counters did not afford him. To impose on him the task of arranging the letters in *verbal* order, would have included all the restraint of a formal lesson. The conclusion is, that if children play, they do not learn; and while they learn, they must not play: there is a time for all things: their lessons must be short on account of the softness of the brain, but attention must be insisted on; they cannot be cheated as to the nature of the occupation, but they have sense enough to find pleasure in the consciousness of improvement.

When the boy was twelve years of age he was placed at the Catholic college at Stoneyhurst, in Lancashire, of which a good account is given. After his leaving Stoneyhurst, along with his younger brother, to accompany the family to France, his father observed that he was suffering from a depression of spirits. It soon becomes clear that, as often happens in religious education, the feelings of veneration and spiritual fear have been but too successfully cultivated.

Something remained behind, a reserve, a sadness even, which I entreated him to account for. He gave me his full confidence; and I learned, with very great sorrow, that, for the last eighteen months of his stay in college, his mind had been a prey to scruples. This "pious awe, and fear to have offended," carried to excess through inexperience, and a want of due apprehension that it is by the will only that we offend, —had destroyed his gaiety, retarded his improvement, and doubtless much injured his health.

I asked him, "What advice did your director give you?"—"None."—"Any other superior?"—"None." Yet his state was sufficiently evident: he joined in no play; he did not seek the company of his brother. Alone, or with one or two companions, he employed the time allowed for play in walking up and down, indulging the workings of his own mind. I regretted that I had not taken him home when he requested, after his illness; I regretted that, instead of taking his brother to college,—a measure so inefficient for his consolation,—I had not come to France a twelvemonth sooner: I regretted the time lost, and the time that was still to be lost in regaining it. But Kenelm's mind was now at ease; feelings, originating probably in a weak state of health, and continued only through want of good counsel and sympathy, were at an end, when he found himself with those whom he loved, by whom he was beloved: his understanding was too clear for him to persevere either in inadequate notions of the divine goodness, or in false judgments respecting duty.

Scruples are, by no means, of the nature of religious melancholy; they are not inconsistent with the Christian grace of hope: they suppose innocence; for the sinner may be hardened, may be penitent, may be wavering, but cannot properly be said to be scrupulous: scruples not only preserve from sin, but have also the good effect (the gift of divine mercy,) of purging the heart from all affection to sin, as was manifested in the future life of Kenelm.

While at Avignon the education of Kenelm and the rest of the family is superintended by the author, in whose notions on dead-language-learning we entirely coincide.

I was delighted with one of the results of my continental plan,—that my children were now all of them under my own care. To what purpose subject boys to all the privations, restraints, and severities,—all the consequences of the ignorances and negligences of the managers of great schools,—that they may acquire a very moderate knowledge of two dead languages, which they generally neglect during the rest of their lives; and this for six years or more? Who doubts but that he could learn to read French in six months? And why should he not be equally capable of learning Latin in the same space of time? And in six months more he may learn to read Greek, which is rather the easier language of the two: he may thus obtain admission to the treasures of wisdom and good taste contained in those languages, in one-sixth of the time now usually thrown away in a vain attempt to that purpose; for, I repeat it, boys are compelled to employ the time of their education in *not* learning what is of no use to them.

Latin is no longer the language of literary composition, diplomatic intercourse, or epistolary correspondence. It is sufficient that a few men, in every nation, write Latin, like Bishop Louth, or Dr. Martin Joseph Routh. The principal nations of Europe have their classics, formed indeed upon the ancient classical model; and these, therefore, will be better understood and more enjoyed by those who cultivate an acquaintance with that model. Still, however, such previous acquaintance is not indispensable: its advantage consists chiefly in being able to note allusions and institute comparisons.

At length, after much hesitation and reluctance, and many digressions, as if he dreaded to commence his story, the father proceeds to the account of his son's illness. He dwells on every circumstance with extraordinary minuteness; each stroke however tells; and the whole forms, not only a very curious, but a very affecting picture of domestic affliction and youthful amiableness.

During the three following days he was tolerably well, and, on the alternate days, took his bath in the Rhone, as it had been his custom to do during the summer, in a retired place at a small distance from the town. While bathing the last time, he cried out to his brother, "My pulse is gone." A sensation of cold had induced him to feel his pulse, and he was somewhat alarmed at this symptom of its intermission. He appeared to wish to make light of it when he came home, but it must be supposed that his own feelings made him apprehensive of illness. Afterwards it became evident that the predisposition to the fever, of which the chilliness three evenings before had been a symptom, had again manifested itself by this intermission of the pulse.

He now reposed in me a confidence, the purport of which ought perhaps to be numbered among the symptoms of the coming malady, though as yet I was unable to account for it in this way. He said his scruples, such as he had combated and surmounted three years before, had returned, and had distressed him of late, begin

from a time to which he referred ; since which time, and, as he believed, from the efforts he had made, he had suffered from a head-ache and pains in his chest and limbs. Not aware that an illness was at hand which would account for the sensations of which he complained without reference to any mental uneasiness, I endeavoured by reproaches and praises to restore his tranquillity. " You are indebted for your head-ache and other pains to allowing your mind to dwell on useless and groundless apprehensions. Cheerfulness, hope, and gaiety are the best things in the world to make the blood circulate and distribute equally the animal heat. Enough has been said to you on the subject of scruples, and you have admitted the reasonableness of what has been said : I had hoped they were gone for ever. You are a great comfort and blessing to me : be satisfied with yourself. You were at confession and communion five days ago : has any thing occurred since, on which you would consult your director ? " He replied, " No, nothing. " This we afterwards remembered with great comfort.

In the evening we went to the promenade, and walked till it was dark. I then asked if he would go home and play a game at chess : he said playfully, " Yes, if you will let me rest my head on my hands, and stick up my shoulders. " This posture he had been used to take sometimes in the study-room in college, where it was permitted, being neither a mortal sin nor false grammar : of course he had since avoided and corrected the habit.

The next day the annual distribution of prizes took place at the Royal College. This scene had some attraction for Kenelm, as reminding him of Stoneyhurst. He did not stay to the end of the ceremony, complaining of a sense of fatigue. In the evening he walked out again for the last time : we stopt to listen to some music on the walk, when I observed that he was excessively chill. He said to his mother, " I hope my father will be satisfied with my obedience ; I have dragged myself along, cold and tired. " I had urged him to walk, in the hope of diverting him. We went home ; there was no question of chess ; he retired early to rest.

The day following, the last of the month of August, he appeared to be well, and recovered from all sense of fatigue ; he announced his intention of bathing in the Rhone as usual. I requested him to give it up, till it should be seen whether the chilliness, that seemed to renew its attacks like the fits of an ague, should again come upon him. To this he assented. He took his lesson of drawing without complaint ; but almost immediately after the departure of the master, was seized with a violent shivering ; he put on a great coat ; then wrapped himself in blankets, lying on the sofa. The sense of cold still continuing, he took soup, and afterwards tea. Towards evening he desired to have his bed brought down from his chamber, and placed in the inner salon ; this was done. He soon broke out into a violent perspiration. Nothing more was apprehended, than that he had taken cold at his last bathing in the Rhone.

His malady was however the dreadful typhus, so fatal in crowded hospitals, in camps, and prisons. To an insulated patient, well taken care of, the danger is much diminished ; and, but for error, and worse than error, of the medical men who attended, my elder son had probably not fallen a victim to it, and the younger would have been kept out of the way of contagion.

It became necessary to select a physician. A Dr. Roche was chosen, as his practice laid among the best families of the town, (Avignon,) and he was also physician to the hospital and lecturer on anatomy.

The typhus is an universal prostration of the forces of the body ; it is no wonder then that Kenelm felt no inclination to leave his bed. For two days he remained there without seeming to himself to have any illness to complain of. M. le Docteur Roche was sent for : he pronounced the disorder to be a catarrhal fever ; the symptoms nothing unfavourable ; the perspiration beneficial, but excessive ; and ordered the removal of some of the bed-clothes. He prescribed at this time no medicine.

As this man was considered as devout, and had frequently conversed with us on religious subjects, Kenelm, on account of the effect which he supposed his scruples to have had on his health, and assured that they would not be a subject of ridicule to a pious man, thought it right to confide them to him. The doctor coincided entirely with the reasoning of his patient : he said, " For some time past you have been forming unwholesome chyle : the bowels must be relieved : perspiration, so as not to weaken you, but to carry off the fever, probably caused by the cold bath, must be sustained ; all will soon be well again. " Kenelm had talked of his scruples in so edifying a manner, as to inspire the devout doctor with great respect for his piety and humility ; returning into the first salon, he said to the mother : " Madame, votre fils est un ange : " she replied, " Pas encore. " This is one of those prophetic expressions launched at hazard, of which so many examples are on record.

On the fourth day of the malady, the delirium commenced. Roche was one of those physicians who never find out that they are in the wrong: he added the epithet "nervous," to his former definition of the fever, and ordered a calming draught at night. He called three times a day: he felt the pulse of his patient: if the delirium had failed to alarm him, the pulse might have indicated the typhus, by the "subsaltus tendonis," a weak tremulous motion in the wrist, close by the pulse. From this fourth day of his illness, I began to watch every night by the bedside of Kenelm till two o'clock in the morning; for several years past I had been accustomed not to retire to rest till after midnight; to sit up an hour or two longer was therefore no great fatigue. Antoine, who was directed to go to bed at eight in the evening, then relieved me for the rest of the night. We adopted this arrangement, not foreseeing how long the illness would last, though the period of the typhus is well known to be thirty days. Kenelm's brother and sisters attended and served him during the day, without fear of contagion, the existence of which was positively denied by Roche, and which indeed was not to be apprehended in a case of "nervous catarrhal fever." The care of his mother extended to every moment of the day and night: her chamber was the next room to the salon in which her son lay: on the least noise she was at his bedside. What she endured of toil, seemingly beyond human strength; and how her maternal feelings were tortured, will appear in the sequel.

One of the symptoms of the malady was the induration of the belly: it became hard and tight like a drum or inflated bladder; this proceeded from the meteorized state of the bowels; and the vapour or fumes, ascending thence to the brain, as in the case of drunkenness, caused delirium. It was attempted to relieve this induration by emollient fomentations. Kenelm's delirium was not so entire, but that his attention might be directed by those around him to any object that might require it: he spoke French or English, according to the nation of the person whom he addressed; and it was remarkable, that he talked French without hesitating or correcting his phrases, as he was wont to do in health: the delirium in this also resembling drunkenness, which, in its earlier stage, gives a firm and ready elocution.

This mental alienation continued till within a few hours of his death: it was the touchstone of his character: he talked much, even when alone, or when, as in the watches of the night, by the faint light of the lamp, he thought himself alone; and his talking was thinking aloud; so that, had his mind or disposition concealed any thing inconsistent with piety, purity, or charity, it must have been then revealed: if his self-love had been excessive, it would have burst forth in vain-glorious expressions: if he had entertained inordinate desires of any kind, they would then have betrayed themselves. But there was nothing of all this. He recited frequently and for a length of time together the prayers of the church, or those used in the family: he uttered sentiments of piety and devotion: "O my God, I love thee with my whole heart and soul, and I beg rather to die than offend thee by any mortal sin;" with many other aspirations of holy fervour. So little fear existed of his saying any thing unfit for chaste or virgin ears to hear, that, not till after his death, did it offer itself to my mind that this danger had actually been incurred. It is worthy of remark, that he never said any thing on the subject of those scruples which had given him uneasiness during his health; a presumption that they were unfounded, and had their source in timidity and inexperience. The charity "which thinketh no evil," did not now forsake him: he spoke of the several persons of his acquaintance, but not in dispraise of any. Of one who, as I knew, had lately given him offence, he said, "M. de — is a very good, a very pious man." It may be conjectured that he made an effort to say something in this person's favour, as the sort of eulogy by no means suited the character of him to whom it was given.

His patience was admirable. On the twelfth of September, sinapism was applied to the soles of his feet: it produced no good effect, being taken off four hours after it was put on; but, during those four hours, it caused excessive torture: he said, "it is a fire that burns without consuming." Two days after the removal of the sinapism, Roche ordered blisters on the legs, and insisted, in token of his good-will, on putting them on himself: he put them on as one unaccustomed to the work: the patient, unconscious of what he was doing, tore them off in the night, and spread the blistering drug on different parts of his body. The surgeon who attended to dress the blisters, advised that these slight excoriations should be let alone, fearing to draw them by any healing plaster, and hoping that they might heal of themselves. The restlessness of the patient prevented this: plasters were then applied, but four or five of these wounds situated on the parts on which he rested in bed, continued till his death. By these wounds Kenelm was urged to exclaim, "O why do I suffer so much?" but immediately correcting himself: "I am very wrong—very impatient." He refused to take any thing to remove the nauseous taste of the medicines: he once asked for a piece of

an orange for this purpose, and then rejected it. On some few occasions he complained, as one suffering indeed, but not as without resignation, or unwilling to suffer: he seemed at all times sensible of the duty of bearing his illness in the spirit of penance: even his delirium did not destroy the virtuous habits of his mind.

About this time my younger son began to be ill; the predisposition to the typhus manifested itself in listlessness and languor. Roche said, "*Il est triste à cause de son frère: il faut l'amuser; il faut le promener.*" He was still able, for some days longer, to amuse himself with his pencil or at chess with me, and to walk out with the servant or some of the family; but the malady gained upon him.

After the event, I can blame myself, and may be blamed by others, for allowing my confidence in Roche to continue so long. After the event, I received hints, and more than hints, that he was not of skill enough for a serious case; while he was still retained, no one spoke against him. Besides, he had served me well in the serious case of the scarlet fever. I did not place more reliance on him on account of his devotion, knowing that devotion is but too often another mode of self-deceit: but I thought him incapable of acting like a villain. The patient showed an appearance of great strength, and Roche's daily promises of his speedy recovery did not as yet bear the semblance of improbability.

The silence of the surgeon, who came every morning and evening to dress and keep open the blisters, also tended to deceive me. He might have been the means of saving a valuable life, of rescuing the family from the danger of contagion, all except the younger son, who had already taken the infection; and for him might have procured timely aid: but he prudently held his tongue, except to assure us that there was no danger.

At length came the grand conspirator; he who set his seal to the deceit, rendered the discovery of Roche's error impracticable, and assured its result.

The grand conspirator is another physician, Guerard, who, it is supposed, was perfectly aware of the blunders of his predecessor, but did not choose to interfere, as a matter of delicacy, he not having been properly installed as the superior physician.

On the seventeenth of September, I proposed to Roche to call in another physician, naming M. Guerard, a man of acknowledged ability, but old and deaf. On account of these natural defects of Guerard, and out of friendship for Roche, I did not discharge this latter. Roche said, "I will call myself on M. Guerard, and bring him to the house." I saw nothing in this proposal, but an act of civility towards Guerard. I have since understood that this man sheltered himself, under the character of *consulting* physician, from the reproach of a treacherous abuse of my confidence in him. It is possible that Roche called him in as such, from unwillingness to seem to be superseded. But on his second visit, when he came alone, on his observing, "*M. Roche est votre médecin,*" I replied, "*Vous l'êtes aussi,*" and explained to him, that I expected from him the service of a physician just as much as if Roche was not in attendance, adding, that if I had been perfectly satisfied with Roche, I should not have called in another. Besides, he received his fee; a circumstance which, if I understand aright, technically nullifies a technical defence of a conduct too atrocious for me to suspect at such a time and including too much cruelty to be justified by any considerations.

He came, accompanied by Roche. He said, "M. Roche has explained to me in detail your son's illness and the treatment of it: we will go and see him." He examined his patient with great attention. On leaving the room he said, "This is a very serious malady, but I see no immediate danger." He prescribed musk and bark: these medicines being proper for the typhus, prove, what indeed has never been questioned, that he knew, from the first, the nature of the complaint. The languid state of my younger son was mentioned to him; he smiled on him good-naturedly, took his hand, but made no remark, giving at the same time a significant look at Roche.

The servant met them descending the stairs; Guerard wringing his hands; and Roche looking, as the man expressed himself, like a scolded child, "*un enfant grondé.*" By some fatality, Antoine did not speak of this till some days after the death of Kenelm: had it been mentioned at that time, it might have changed the whole state of things.

The next morning, Antoine asked Roche on his first visit, "Is M. Kenelm worse, Sir? M. Guerard seemed much disturbed yesterday." Roche said, "O no: all is going on well: he is better."

Guerard did not even order Roche's treatment, though contrary to the malady, to

be discontinued; and Roche went on with his barley-water and calming potion conjointly with Guerard's prescribed medicines. After visiting four days, Guerard fell ill of the gout, and was confined to his house: it was then agreed that Roche should report to him daily the state of the patient, and consult with him on the treatment.

My eldest daughter, subsequently to Guerard's first visit, was ill of a sore throat: had she taken the infection of the typhus, would these medical men still have persevered in their silence? A good providence was merciful. She recovered; we were less alarmed, as unaware of the extent of the danger; and it is not proved that the medical men were willing to assassinate more than two of the family.

Kenelm appeared to be somewhat benefited by Guerard's medicines; and the external application of camphor, now prescribed by Roche, mitigated the delirium, though it did not remove the cause. His brother said one day, "Let us try how far his mind is free:" and, taking the drawing before-mentioned of the infant Jesus, which had been framed and hung up in the first salon, he placed it at the foot of his brother's bed. Kenelm looked at it for a short time with seeming pleasure, and then said, "Perhaps that may hereafter do me some little honour." Other indications he gave, that he thought his end to be near: he said to me, with a pensive and composed look,—“Monument? what monument shall I have?” He heard the bell of the church of St. Agricol, and cried, "Why do they ring that bell? I am not dead yet." On the twenty-fourth of September he said to his mother, "I dreamed last night that M. Roche took me into a church, and left me there, promising to bring me every day bread and water. He did so for some time; but one day he failed of coming, and I died. I thought in my dream that I made a very happy death: I am certain it is a very easy thing to make a happy death."

This dream evidently tranquillized and spoke peace to his soul: it was a merciful dispensation, when other means of spiritual comfort were rendered impossible by the delirium, which however left to his pious thoughts their direction and energy.

He had been, for some days before, a little better. The delirium was somewhat abated, and he seemed to have more strength; but on the twenty-fifth these favourable symptoms disappeared; this lightening before death vanished. On the evening of that day, the surgeon took upon himself to apply healing plasters to the blisters, without asking the opinion of Roche, who was present, and who, though unasked, to keep himself in countenance, gave his assent, saying, "C'est très bien fait de M. Busquet." Roche had evidently now lost all presence of mind: he knew not what to do; and no confidence could longer be placed in one who ceased even to affect to have any in himself. The next morning I sent him his discharge: he wrote me a letter full of respect and sensibility, complaining of this measure, and returning the fee. The custom of France is, that the physician is not paid till the termination of the malady: had Roche retained the fee, he would have acceded to his own dismissal, which he earnestly wished to be recalled, foreseeing that all must inevitably be known on the arrival of another physician. Guerard too, who was still confined by the gout, made strong objections to the calling in another physician, whom I named to him, and who had studied with credit at Paris. He requested me to be contented that the surgeon, an able man, should make his report as Roche had done, and promised to call the next day in a "chaise à porteurs"—sedan-chair.

I had taken with me my younger son, intending to consult Guerard about him. In my confusion and anxiety, I forgot to do so; but Guerard, who knew the nature of the malady, and that I had been kept in the dark concerning it;—who knew that my younger son, ten days before, had been ill for some days—must have apprehended his state, even from his looks, and to this state consigned him. Roche, during his latter visits, had sedulously avoided paying attention to the younger son; and so slow at first was the advance of the illness, that we had neglected to call his attention that way. Roche too knew all. Had he continued his visits, I cannot tell what he would have done: perhaps he could not tell himself. He could hardly have talked of a second "catarrhal nervous fever;" nor could Guerard have borne him out in it.

The next morning, the 27th, I called again on Guerard. On seeing me, he cried out, "Sir, I should have come to your house yesterday, but for the difficulty of mounting the stairs."—"You might have been carried up in an arm-chair by the porters."—"That shall be done to-morrow, if I am not strong enough to mount by myself: at any rate I will come to-morrow." He now, by my desire, felt my younger son's pulse. "He has some fever: he must be taken care of: I will come to-morrow." He well knew, though I did not, how urgent the case was; though regularly called upon to prescribe for my younger son, he thus evaded his duty. He added, referring to the elder son,—“M. Busquet is a clever man: he has my me-

thod, and will treat your son according to it. Another physician will, very likely, wish to try experiments."

If I admitted with such credulous facility the delays of this cold-hearted man, and the fear of empiricism, which he artfully threw in, it was because I foresaw not the calamities that awaited me : could I even have foreseen them, I should not have suspected any one capable of thus trifling with a father of a family, who, in that quality, had thrown himself on his good faith, and, in his quality of stranger, in some sort on the good faith of his nation.

I acted even worse on the morrow. Guerard failed to come ; I waited for him the whole day, and then did not even send to inquire after him. I do not pretend to excuse a conduct so inconsistent with my principles and feelings ; yet be it remembered, sorrow and perturbation of mind are bad counsellors. Desponding and sick at heart, overcome by lassitude—I speak not of corporeal fatigue, for a messenger would have ascertained the failure of Guerard, and brought a physician in his stead—but overborne by the disappointment of the efforts I had made, and, later in the day, becoming sensible of the danger of Kenelm, I felt as if, like the father of Thessalonica, I could not help one son without abandoning the other. I acted wrong : it is some consolation to reflect that, whereas, on the following day, I found the physician who saved the life of my younger son ; had I this day sent for one, that one might not have had the same success. For Kenelm, the delay imported not ; his days were numbered. It may also be a palliation that, when his mother asked the surgeon what news she might send to her friends in England, he replied,—“ You may tell them, madam, that there is no danger.”

In the evening of the same day, this same man said to me, “ Your son is worse : your younger son also requires attention : I will go immediately to M. Guerard, and tell him it is absolutely necessary that a physician should visit them.” He said also, “ It would be better that the young ladies should not stay in their brother’s chamber.” I said, “ We have been assured that there is no danger of contagion.” “ There is always some danger.” He spoke of the sisters who were present, and whose presence had always seemed to give pleasure to Kenelm. His brother was so weakened by the now rapid progress of his own malady, that, for two days, he had hardly passed into this room, and had gone early to bed. It was now with him, as was known afterwards, the twelfth day of the fever. He himself, from his own feelings, asserted that his disorder was the same as his brother’s. The medical diagnosis was the same ; yet to me, who could judge by appearances only, it seemed a perfectly different illness ; the prostration of all the strength of the body was the only visible symptom, and this had come on gradually and quietly, had brought with it loss of spirits and of appetite, had even affected the eye-sight, but without any occasional excitement, without delirium.

Towards midnight I took my station to watch by the bedside of Kenelm, with a presentiment, very naturally to be accounted for, that it was for the last time. He passed the night in tolerable tranquillity, but, at day-break, he began to disturb and alarm us by loud and continued talking. At the same time his understanding seemed to be returning, as, amidst the extravagancies he uttered, he spoke of an occurrence in the life-time of his eldest sister, (little Mary he called her,) “ but that was a long time ago ; she has been dead fifteen years :” this was exact. He said also, “ I would give the world to be able to hold my tongue, but I seem to have something within me that forces me to talk.” He talked in fact incessantly for six hours, till his voice even became hoarse. This was the last effort of the victorious typhus : the gangrene of the bowels was now in operation ; sickness came on.

Guerard had not rendered himself to the summons of the surgeon the evening before, nor to the repeated summons of the same messenger this morning. I hastened to his house at eleven o’clock : he was sitting in his arm chair ; he had not even sent word that he could not come. I addressed him in a hurried manner :—“ Is my son to take the bark, since he is vomiting ?” Guerard, being deaf, and supposing my question to be a reiterated invitation, or complaint of his absence, declared his utter inability to visit me, concluding his excuses with “ Voici le médecin que je vous recommande,” pointing to a person sitting near him, whom I had before met with, but did not recognise. Suspecting that Guerard’s recommendation might proceed from jealousy of the other physician whom I had once named to him, I requested the stranger to give me his address, which he did ; M. Breugne. I then repeated my question to Guerard, who, not hearing to the end, advised that the bark should be continued. M. Breugne said, “ Puisqu’il vomit ?” Guerard then said the bark must be suspended. I asked him what opinion he had formed on the report of the surgeon ; to this a vague answer was given. M. Breugne said, that a physician could not judge of a patient’s case by

report: he gave some reasons for this opinion, concluding, "the pulse cannot be described." I took leave hastily, and without explaining my intentions as to the successor to Roche and Guerard.

The author instantly proceeds to make inquiries concerning M. Breugne, which are answered in a very satisfactory manner. He determined upon calling him in.

M. Breugne, entering the room and seeing his younger patient stretched on the sofa, went first to him: after a short examination he said, "Il a la fièvre typhus, et, à en juger par la gravité des symptômes, il l'a eu depuis huit à dix jours: il doit l'avoir gagnée de M. son frère aîné, que je n'ai pas encore vu." I led him into the inner salon. He felt the pulse of the elder son; his mother was standing by the bed-side: he looked at what Kenelm had thrown from his stomach: the mother asked if it was the bark; "Non, madame, ce n'est pas cela;" and, with a look of dreadful import, he led me out of the room, and, with a hurried under voice, said, "C'en est fait de lui: sauvons l'autre: qu'il soit monté au second; que ses sœurs ne mettent pas même le pied sur l'escalier." All was now at once revealed. Breugne, overcome by the impetuosity of his own feelings, did not give himself time to reflect with how little preparation or management he made known to me the certain death of one son, the uncertain fate of the other, and the danger of all the family. I was stunned, but not surprised.

He prescribed for the two brothers; "With respect to the elder, we will do our duty; but it is useless, and may torment him; he has not two days to live; indeed I fear he will not pass the night: for the younger, I can assure you of nothing; I have hope: I have followed, as physician, the armies of Italy, and have attended, it may be, a thousand persons under this disorder; I have lost but two or three, and then only through some fault of the patient; but here, in the case of your younger son, this fault exists,—he has been ten days without treatment, without medical aid." He returned at five o'clock in the afternoon, and gave more particular directions concerning him, confirming his opinion, that Kenelm could not live over the night. Two hours later, the surgeon called as usual, but proposed not to dress the blisters till next morning. How we cling to the possession of a beloved subject! Notwithstanding what she had heard and what she saw before her, the mother was alarmed, and cried out, "You think he will not live till morning?" Not less grieved, but more resolute, I touched the sole of Kenelm's foot, and said to the surgeon, "He is already cold here:" The surgeon made no reply. To calm the mother's fears, he seemed to dress the blisters; and so the work of these medical men was ended.

Our director had called in the course of the morning: he pitied the affliction of the family, and conversed with the excellent youth now approaching to the close of a virtuous life. Kenelm wished to make a general confession; the priest knowing this to be, in his case, superfluous, and doubting if his mind or bodily strength were sufficient to such a purpose, consoled him, and persuaded him to defer it. In the evening he called again, and proposed to me the administration of the sacrament of extreme unction; undertaking to prepare the curé of St. Agricol, the parish church. The viaticum was, of necessity, to be omitted on account of the vomiting. Kenelm, though exhausted by this discharge, yet on account of the movement which it occasioned, and from painful and uneasy sensations, was unable to sleep: he called aloud several times the name of his brother, recollecting perhaps that he had not seen him during the day, adding, "He is playing alone in the field." His three younger sisters had retired to their chambers, just before the arrival of the priest with the holy oils.

I said to him, "You will be glad to see M. l'Abbé:" he assented. The priest, addressing him, said, "You see this is the crucifix?" he answered, changing his language immediately into that of the priest, "Oui, Monsieur;" and devoutly kissed the sign of salvation. The expression of his countenance, during the extreme unction, was that of joy mingled with surprise; as of one delighted with the approach of death, and understanding now, for the first time, that it was near. No doubt was entertained but that he knew what was going forward, and, in hope, set the seal to his faith. The priest and his attendant retired. Kenelm's mother approached the bed: "Will you pray for me——" she had not force to add, as she wished, "when you are in heaven?" He said, "Yes, I will, if you will not cry: why do you cry?" "To see you so ill." "That is the reason; yes, I am very ill:" he expressed a wish to repose himself, but could not sleep; the fermentation of the gangrene was consuming his bowels.

I sent for M. Breugne again at ten o'clock. "I am giving you an useless trouble;

but can any thing be done to relieve him?" Breugne looked at him attentively, and turning away, said, "He has not two hours to live." My eldest daughter, in a movement of grief and despair, cried out, "Sir, you abandon him; you have not even felt his pulse." Breugne, in a compassionate and placid manner, said, "If it will be a satisfaction to you, Mademoiselle,—and felt the wrist: "he has no pulse that can be counted." I went up with Breugne into my younger son's chamber: "Il dort; laissons-le; je viendrai demain de bonne heure."

Notwithstanding Kenelm's satisfactory behaviour during the religious ceremony of which he had been the subject, I wished for more positive assurance that his reason was restored to him, and that he was aware of his state: I wished, as far as I might, to comfort him, and prepare him for his end. The task was most difficult: thirty days before, youth and the expectation of a long life were his: a month had been passed in a dream from which he was now awakened but to die. In his weak state, how enter on such a topic? I endeavoured to lead to it. "Do you love me, my dear son?"—"Yes, I love you, as I ought; you have great virtues."—"And great faults."—"It is not for me to judge of that."—"Do you forgive me the faults I may have committed in regard to you?"—"Assuredly I do." He signified that he should be obliged to vomit, and I withdrew; nor could I afterwards excite him to speak, though I frequently drew near the bed for that purpose, and, at times, gently calling him by his name.

His last words were words of charity, of pardon, and of peace. His father and mother took one of his hands in theirs; it was cold, colder than afterwards in death: he seemed unwilling to be thus disturbed; they laid the hand down, and, with their eldest daughter, awaited the end in painful and trembling anxiety: he appeared to suffer, but to be so oppressed as to be unable to give expression to the sense of what he suffered. The hour of midnight sounded: his last agony came on; and, within ten minutes, he expired on Sunday morning, the thirtieth of September, aged twenty years, four months, and twenty-five days.

The affliction of his parents and sister, who were fully sensible of the value of what they had lost, needs not to be described. The exclamation of Antoine Leturgé, the domestic, the other witness of this scene of woe, was simple and expressive: "Il est mort, lui qui étoit si bon!" As they gazed on the awful object before them, the sister said, "His eyes ought to be closed;" the mother, without due recollection at the moment, made a sign to the servant: he, with right feeling, gently said, "C'est au père à faire cela:" and the father did it.

The remainder of the story is told in the following extract:

After attending to the due arrangement of the chamber, and of the precious remains, I went up stairs: the doors of the chambers of my two sons were close to each other; I was strangely struck by the sight of the open door of the untenanted chamber, and stopt a moment to recover force to enter into the other. I saw the flushed face of my only surviving son through the gauze that surrounded the bed; I heard his breathing too, full, but tranquil and equal. I withdrew, and took a few hours' troubled sleep on the couch on which both my sons had commenced their dreadful malady.

In the morning, a table was placed, according to the usage of the country, at the door of the court of the house, with paper and pens for those who wished to signify their condolence with the family, to write their names. The list of names was numerous: among them some one wrote, "Tous les honnêtes gens de la ville d'Avignon." It was never known who paid this tribute to the virtues of the deceased. I cannot forbear to mention, that the man who had given him lessons in fencing, a hardy soldier who had seen much military service, was so shocked by the news of his death, that he fainted in the street, and was led home in a weak state: this man was not advanced in years, but of the middle age, stout, and of high spirit.

Before mid-day, the body in its coffin was taken to a room on the ground-floor: a shirt and sheet served, according to the custom of France, the purpose of the woollen shroud: the head was raised on a pillow: the hands were fixed, as we still see them on some ancient tombs, in the posture of prayer: a small crucifix, the same which he had pressed to his lips the evening before, was placed on the breast: wax tapers and incense were burnt; the latter in more than ordinary quantity, as a preservative from infection. The lid of the coffin is not, at any time, fastened in the south of France, not even at the time of interment: it is then laid evenly upon it; till then it is placed obliquely, so that the upper part of the body and the feet are seen. The face of the deceased now bore no sign of suffering; the features were composed, and seemed to indicate a tranquil state. Owing to the excessive cold which, before death, had gradually spread itself over the body, the muscles had become intensely rigid, and it had

been impossible to close completely the eyes and mouth : so that the separated eye-lashes, and a fine set of teeth, white and regular, added to the illusion produced by what seemed an expression of thoughtfulness. Death looked like sleep : it required an effort of reflection to be convinced of the mournful reality.

On the morning of the first of October, the clergy of the cathedral came to the house to convey the body to the church : they were requested not to begin their chant of the office for the dead, till at such a distance as not to be heard by the surviving brother. The church was filled by a crowd whom divine charity, or the best feelings of humanity, brought to assist at the solemn rite, and to witness a scene which the early youth, the well-known virtues, the afflicted state of the family of him who lay before them, conspired to render interesting. High mass was celebrated : the body was then carried to the cemetery to the north of the city, and interred towards the middle of the wall enclosing the cemetery on the north ; the head resting near the wall, the feet turned towards Avignon. Eighteen masses, without chant, were said for the repose of the soul of the defunct. On Friday following, high mass was again sung, when, according to custom, the friends of the family were invited to be present : a great concourse again attended to join their prayers to the powerful intercession of the spotless victim, and testify their sympathy and compassion.

On a tablet of white marble, inserted in a sepulchral stone from the quarries of Barbentanne, is inscribed, in the Latin language, his name, his country, his religion, his age, and the date of the day and year of his death. Henry Kenelm was tall, more than five feet ten inches in height, strong and well-made, but not large-limbed ; with light hair, dark blue eyes and dark eye-lashes, and a fair complexion. The expression of his countenance was, like his mind, benevolent, frank, cheerful, and intelligent. When we were at Florence, a year after his death, a cast from a statue in the public gallery was sent to our lodging as a model for drawing. All of us were struck by the resemblance of this bust to him whom we regretted, whose features were still so fresh in our recollection. Antoine was called : the bust was shown to him ; nothing was said : "it is like M. Kenelm," said he. My son took two copies of this bust : the original is an *athleta*, as it is called, bearing and looking down upon an urn ; it is the third or fourth statue from the entrance of the gallery on the left hand. We showed the bust to a friend : "It is like the son whom we have lost."—"Your son was a very fine young man." The face of the statue is certainly handsome : that of Kenelm had more animation. His manners were those of good society, wanting nothing but that ease and confidence which time and experience would have given.

The friends who endeavoured to console me, employed, among other topics, that of the danger of the world to youth. The argument proves too much. A father is not reconciled by the apprehension of a danger, uncertain, and (in this case it may not be presumption to say) improbable, to the loss of a son whom he has reared with careful and anxious thoughts, to whose future life he looks forward with pleasing hope. The Greek proverb indeed says, "He, whom God loves, dies young ;" but we trust that many who do not die young are beloved by God. More effectually did the priest at Avignon console me : he knew, as confessor, the interior and the conscience of Kenelm : "Je vous responds de son salut : c'étoit un fruit mûr pour le ciel : Dieu l'a cueilli, et l'a mis dans son grenier." The Almighty Father of all, whose wise providence sends afflictions, who knows when those whom he is pleased to call to himself have well finished their course,—he can give assured comfort, and this assured comfort he was graciously pleased to impart to the parents of Henry Kenelm.

The rest of the book is of a more amusing kind. Many of its anecdotes and remarks were extracted into our TABLE TALK of last month. The author's name is reported to be BEST. He appears to us to be a very superior man, who is sane on all points but one.

PRIVATE HISTORY OF THE RISE AND FALL OF A MORNING PAPER.

BY A PARLIAMENTARY REPORTER.

ABOUT the month of August or September last, were heard the first-whispered rumours of a new morning paper, to be published by Mr. John Murray, of Albermarle-street, and Sir W. Scott, baronet, of Abbotsford. I say, in the first rumours, and indeed long after these two great names were joined, though, as it afterwards proved, the latter was entirely innocent of the whole matter. The scheme of this paper originated in a determination on the part of John Murray to put down *The Times*, a journal which he considered to have attained a dangerous degree of power and of profit. "That power," said John Murray to himself and his friends, "that power the proprietors and managers abuse, as well to the oppression of individuals as to the thwarting the measures of government. So vast a power so badly applied is a great political nuisance, and is daily becoming more gross and offensive. It must be put down; I will do it. I will establish a daily paper, and within the first week I will reduce by one half the circulation of the leading journal of Europe." Those who were admitted to the secret councils of the great man will herein recognize something very like the exact words he was in the habit of using.

Out of this short pithy syllogism originated the daily paper, yclept *THE REPRESENTATIVE*, and so called because it was intended to represent, as in the bright reflexion of a mirror, an image as faithful as brilliant of the political events, the literature, and the manners of the passing times. It did indeed appear to some that such a plan was too extensive, and to others that it was not wanted; but all concurred in thinking that if it could be realized at all, Mr. Murray was the man for that purpose.* As a bookseller and publisher, his reputation was single and pre-eminent. He was one of a peculiar class, the principal person of that class, and that class at the very summit of "the trade;" he had accumulated, it was said, immense wealth; and possessing the habits of a man of business, lived nevertheless in a style of the greatest splendour, and associated in habits of familiar intercourse and intimate connexion with men in the very highest departments of state, with the first nobility of the realm, and with the whole galaxy of British literature. The combination of means and power which he possessed or could command seemed irresistible. His resources for such an undertaking, it was every where admitted, were exhaustless; and every one, looking back to the manner of his rise, gave him credit for those habits of business, and that sagacity and discretion, which would enable him to apply his resources in the most effective manner.

Instant alarm spread through all the newspaper press of London. *The Times* had already sunk by anticipation to the level of a second-rate paper; *The Morning Chronicle* and *Herald* were to have merely a protracted and lingering existence; and all the rest were to

* We believe that no one who had any knowledge of newspapers ever anticipated any other than the actual result from Mr. Murray's undertaking—not that a good Morning Paper is not a grand desideratum—not that Mr. Murray has not lost a splendid opportunity.—EDITOR.

be actually swallowed up in the devouring element which was to blaze from Albermarle-street. The minister of the day was to lucubrate in its leaders, and the most important cabinet secrets were to be promulgated through its columns. All this was to be set among literary gems of the most radiant brightness.

While the *quidnuncs* were thus dreaming of the forthcoming marvel, and Murray himself was lending all the pomp of his manner and all the strength of his lungs to propagate and confirm this delusion, not a single effective step was he taking to realize the splendid anticipations in which his projects had been clothed. He talked much, but did nothing, or what was worse than nothing. He seems, indeed, during the whole of this business, to have laboured under a delusion which completely absorbed his faculties. He seems to have been running riot among wild imaginations—to have been in a sort of a trance—a day-trance; to have been like a man in a dream building fairy palaces, striding across mountains, or swimming across the Atlantic, his head all the while very quietly reposing on his pillow. All this is wonderful enough, no question, in such a man; but still the greater wonder is, not that Mr. Murray should be deluded, but that every one else was labouring under the effects of the same dream. Even the proprietors and managers of *The Times* newspaper, proud and insolent as they are in the consciousness of their own strength, took the alarm, and a new vigour was infused into every department of their journal to meet the rivalry of the “unborn.”

The lease of a large house in Great George-street, Westminster, was purchased for 6000*l*. No man but John Murray would have presumed to plant a printing-office among the residences of the nobles of the realm; no man who knew any thing of a newspaper would have located it so remote from the haunts of traffic and business. On the ground-floor was to be the office for advertisements, publication, &c. The first floor was to be magnificently fitted out as a lounging room for members of parliament, and the second was to be appropriated to the use of the reporters, and to be furnished with a splendid library for their reference. A printing-office was to be erected behind on a large scale, and to be worked by a steam engine of immense power. A portico was to be built to the house, a new façade to be erected, and adorned with basso relievos. All this was to be done. The neighbours, indeed, remonstrated; their gentle nerves had never before been stunned with the busy movements of industry, nor their slumbers broken by the grumbling and shaking of a steam-engine. It was unmannerly certainly in John Murray thus to intrude on the private retirement of aristocracy; it was doubly ungracious in one who had been so nursed and patronized by them—but he was in the hey-day of his dreams, and he was deaf to remonstrance. Day passed after day, and there was much talk, but little work. The day of publication arrived; little or no progress had been made in fitting up the great house for the purpose proposed; and it was necessary to print the paper in a garret of Mr. Clowes's, and to publish it in a taylor's shop in Fleet-street.

On the 25th of January, late in the morning, hours after every other paper in London had been published, *The Representative* emerged from Northumberland-court. It was clear on the instant that there

was no government patronage, no splendid array of talent, and a total absence of ordinary skill and management. Its contents were three columns of leading article, given of course as original, but which was in fact merely a translation from an article written by M. Sismondi for the *Revue Encyclopedique*, and appended to it in a note, a most gratuitous and flagrant lie, a most outrageous insult on the common sense of its readers: a letter from Paris by the redoubtable Morgan O'Doherty, saying very badly something about what nobody cared a fig: letters from other distant parts more dull, if that were possible, even than Morgan's. But no news was there from Old England—nothing in short from the first mortal column to the last; but vacuity, dulness, and impertinence.

Political character or consistency the paper had none: It oscillated from the anti-liberal to the liberal hart of the ministry, and from the latter to the rankest radicalism. One day there was the selfish acrimony and aristocratic pride of the Blackwood scribes; another, some milk and water support of the measures of Messrs. Canning and Huskisson; a third, a strong smack of Cobbett's Register. In a word, an ignorant vacillation, a barbarous inconsistency, which were never surpassed in the whole history of folly.

About three thousand copies I have understood were sold or given away the first day, a number which continued to diminish till its final union with *The New Times*, when the circulation was reduced to five or six hundred. For the first few weeks there was a tolerable display of advertisements, but they were of a bad character, being almost entirely those of booksellers, and derived of course entirely from Murray's connexion with the trade. There were very few of a general character, such as public auctions, &c. clearly indicating that the paper had no circulation among men of business, and not one government advertisement. If any proof were wanting, this last circumstance showed that there was not the slightest connexion with the ministers. The fact I suppose however was, that "the absolute" was too proud to solicit, and the government saw nothing in his paper to induce it to offer its good things without solicitation.

He was soon made to feel, by the most sensible of all indications, that his scheme had failed, that all his splendid fabric had vanished, and that the thing which he had brought forth was the scorn and scoff of every man who ever saw it. Stung with madness at the blank looks of his friends, the sneers of his enemies, the weekly inroads into his purse, he began to kick and flounder like a mad bull in a peat-moss. He quarrelled with the younger D'Israeli, his *impresario*; dismissed Mr. Tyndale, his editor; doubted the strength of his potatory consolations; cursed his reporters; kicked his own paper from his own table;—in a word, played the queerest, maddest pranks, that ever were played by a man in his common senses.

Money, which hitherto had been scattered about like waste paper, was now measured out in a most stinted and ungracious manner. Prodigality had hitherto prevailed; meanness now took its place. The most obvious means of diminishing the expenditure was to reduce his establishment; and the barristers who had received annual engagements to report the proceedings of the courts of law and equity were dismissed; the gentlemen who had been engaged to report the spring

circuit were countermanded; and double duty was attempted to be enforced on the parliamentary band, who, having written contracts, could not be got rid of by a mere notice that they were no longer wanted.

The parliamentary reporters resisted this attempt, and a council was called to discuss the matter, the Rev. Mr. Edwards appearing on the part of Mr. Murray. The conference was long and angry; the clergyman manifesting on the one hand a most tenacious regard to what he conceived the interest of his master, and on the other the most consummate ignorance of the proceedings of parliament, the courts of law and police, and of the general practice and customs of the newspaper-press. His argument was short: "we are all," he said, "in one boat—we must sink or swim together—Mr. Murray has suffered and is suffering greatly—will you consent to make additional exertions and diminish his charges?" The arrangements he proposed would have destroyed the efficiency of the parliamentary corps, and reduced their reports to a level with those of the *Morning Post* and *Ledger*. Mr. Watts, however, to whom had been entrusted the management of the corps, and who was so placed as to be in a degree responsible for the character of their reports, fought their battles, and effectually resisted an attempt as mean as it was insidious.

The projector of this newspaper, it is now pretty generally understood, was the younger D'Israeli. The avowed editor, in the first instance, was Mr. Tyndale; the sub-editor, Mr. Lane. Let us see what pretensions these gentlemen had to conduct such a machine.

Of D'Israeli I do not know much, and mean to say less. He was, I believe, fresh from college, with all the conceit which is usually generated in such a place. He was utterly ignorant of the management of a newspaper; nay, I am pretty certain he would have thought it an insult on his gentility to impute such knowledge to him. As a political writer, he was of course nothing—as a mere *littérateur*, poor; even as a theatrical critic, pert, superficial, and teeming with affectation of the meanest and most despicable kind.

Mr. Tyndale was by profession a special pleader; he had been trained up to this craft under Mr. Chitty; after he had gone through the usual course, he commenced business; and to fill up the vacant hours of his noviciate, he, in conjunction with another gentleman, compiled a digest of all the statutes of the realm, a work much esteemed by the profession, and said to possess considerable merit. He afterwards became the editor of *The Sun* evening newspaper, a journal of no name, rank, or pretension whatever. The lucubrations of Mr. Tyndale did not tend to raise its character. This was the period of his political pupillage. Whatever experience he had, here he got it, and the quantity must have been a very small one. Whatever knowledge of a newspaper he possessed, this was the fountain whence he drew it—not one of the most copious, certainly. If he had ever shown any tact or skill, or power of political writing, this was the field on which he displayed his triumphs—what these triumphs were I never heard, nor any one else, I believe, except perhaps Mr. Murray, who must have been moved, I suppose, in his selection of Mr. Tyndale, by some rumour of his great exploits. His manners were on the whole gentlemanly, though savouring too much of the vacant consequence of a

lad of sixteen. In the language of one of his colleagues he was not inaptly described as "an overgrown child," and in short was a person of much affectation and much ignorance of a newspaper. Such was the man chosen by Mr. Murray to take the direction of what was to be the first political and literary journal in Europe.

Of Mr. Lane I know not in what language to speak. He is an old man, and I am unwilling to speak of infirmities which spring perhaps as much from the progress of years as from natural defect of constitution. His manners were the reverse of those of Mr. Tyndale—harsh and crabbed. His disposition was said by those of the profession who had known him for many years—but stay, I will not repeat what after all may be but opinion adversely coloured by peculiar circumstances. In him was concentrated all the experience there was in the management of *The Representative*. He had passed his life among newspapers. He had travelled fairly through all the ranks. He had been the editor of the *British Press* and *Globe* for near twenty years. His editorship had been singularly unsuccessful, and he resigned it only when the papers were nearly ruined—an inauspicious circumstance, if Mr. Murray had been a man given to heeding omens. Disliked, almost hated by every member of his profession, on the brink of dotage, if he had not already entered that second vacuum of mind; the physical activity and energy of youth were gone, whatever might remain of the pristine vigour of his intellect.

These were the three, assisted by some "great unknown," who presided over the birth of *The Representative*. Can there be any wonder that the thing turned out to be a compound of conceit, ignorance, and imbecility?

Mr. Lockhart, according to the first rumours, was to have been the editor. Had this proved true, would the paper have been better managed? I think not—he was as ignorant as any of the rest of the conducting of a daily journal, and he did not compensate this ignorance by any extraordinary faculty of political writing, or by any knowledge of political science. He did occasionally write leaders for *The Representative*, but they were not distinguishable from the mass. They made no impression on the public. There was nothing bold or energetic in their reasonings; nothing original and startling in the views they disclosed.

Who was the writer of the absurd leading article in the first number? Was it Mr. Lockhart? I think not—I am sure he would never have condescended to the meanness of foisting on the public as his own that which was merely a translation from the French. Was it Mr. Tyndale? He, I believe, disclaims the authorship, or translatorship. Who was it that invented the atrocious lie appended to it? The translator, of course; but his name I fancy we shall learn when we know that of Junius.

If Mr. Murray was unhappy in the choice of his first editors, equally so was he in the choice of the second. The first trio reigned somewhat less than a fortnight, and was succeeded by Messrs. Willett and Forbes, gentlemen well acquainted with the management of a newspaper, but still scarcely competent to the editing of a first-rate morning paper, and from their former connexions peculiarly unfit for the editorship of *The Representative*, a high Tory paper. Mr. Willett had been the editor of *The Statesman*, the organ of the rankest radicalism, and in

conjunction with Mr. Forbes was at that very time editing an evening paper of second-rate character. Although they had formed an engagement, which was understood to be for at least six months, about the middle of the second week they were ordered to deliver up their portfolio. A sort of interregnum followed. Editor there was none: none at least was visible. By-and-by Mr. Lane was once more seen tottering about Northumberland-court. A strange gentleman in black began also occasionally to visit the reporters' room, and ask odd questions—odd, I mean, because they showed his marvellous innocence of all that concerns a newspaper. This gentleman was the editor, and proved to be the Rev. Mr. Edwards, whom I have already mentioned, and therefore by his very profession incapable of editing a political journal. The state of the country and the pressing exigencies of the times for him seemed to have no speculation; and at the very time that the weavers of Manchester were marching through their streets, in a state of absolute famine, carrying an empty coffin and a loaf of bread in procession, as emblems of the utter wretchedness and destitution of their condition; this editor, who, as a clergyman in particular, should have opened his heart and his sympathies to all the world, was absolutely directing all his little energy to advocate the exorbitant claims of the London clergy, and abuse Mr. Hume for calling the attention of the House of Commons to the injustice and misapplication of the fees exacted at Westminster Abbey. Columns were devoted to such paltry matters, while the former was disposed in three or four unmeaning sentences.

Whatever good qualities were possessed by this gentleman, it was soon discovered that he could not be the political writer for the paper; and Dr. M'Ginn was recalled from his mission to Paris, to resuscitate its dying fires. He was not, to be sure, teeming with political knowledge; he knew nothing of political men; neither had he had much intercourse with, and of course could not sympathize with, the people; nor could he take any large and comprehensive view of their interests, or of the measures and operations of the government; but he was not unskilled in the language of personal vituperation; and for lack of something better, he raked up all the faded sneers against Messrs. Brougham, Hume, &c. &c. and presented to his readers a bouquet of scandal when they wanted a loaf of bread.

Dr. M'Ginn, it will be recollected, is the Morgan O'Doherty of Blackwood's Magazine, and sometimes known by the more homely appellation of Dr. M'Gin-and-water, but whether from any peculiar attachment to this beverage I know not. In his capacity of scribe for Blackwood's Magazine, he has indulged his splenetic humour in the most scurrilous defamation of the reporters for the London press. What were his motives it is not necessary to inquire; but it may be observed by the way, that he did not spawn his slanders till he had tried, and tried in vain, to become himself one of that body. An honourable, an intelligent, and an enterprising class of men as any in the whole range of society, are not to be disparaged with impunity; and the doctor has met his reward in the utter scorn and contempt with which he is regarded by every member of that body. No better proof of his conviction of the truth of this need be sought, than in the fact, that during the period of his editorship, he was never introduced to

the reporters, and never for one moment dared to show himself among them. I say nothing of the present race of reporters, who are at least as highly endowed with the gifts of education, and with the deportment of gentlemen and the habits of business, as any of their predecessors; but let us see what manner of men our predecessors were. Dr. Johnson was a reporter,—so was Mr. Woodfall. Mr. Barnes, the editor of *The Times*; Mr. Perry, the late, and Mr. Black, the present, editor of the *Morning Chronicle*; Mr. Coulson, editor of *The Globe*; Mr. Mudford, editor of *The Courier*; Mr. Campbell, the barrister, and probably the best common lawyer of the day; Mr. Stephens, the master in chancery;—these are a few, and only a very few of the distinguished names that occur at the present moment to me. Such men, I fancy, have as much claim to the character of gentlemen, scholars, men of business, even as Dr. M'Ginn. He would look as small in intellect as he is in stature, beside some of these men.

Among all the labourers in the vineyard of literature, there are none who contribute more largely to the amusement and information of the public than the reporters for the newspaper press. For want of such a body of men the eloquence of the last age is lost. Even Sheridan's harangue on the impeachment of Warren Hastings is lost—it exists only in name. Not the half of a century has passed away, and its fame has already become matter of tradition. Could such a circumstance have happened now? impossible. Whatever there is of fact, of argument, of wit, of eloquence, is seized and transmitted with a fidelity almost miraculous. Men who are capable of doing this, cannot be entirely devoid of these qualities themselves.

Are the reporters for the London press the “gum-ticklers,” and “dram-drinkers,” and frequenters of low houses, which Dr. M'Ginn has described them? I, for one, repel the calumny as a vile and baseless fabrication. Where did this “learned Theban” acquire this base-born language? In what society, in the indulgence of what habits, did he imbibe so rich a tincture of the language of blackguards and prostitutes? Was it in mingling with the Corinthian order of society? Was it in associating with the high and refined, and polished, that he became so perfect a master of this slang; and was so thoroughly initiated in the ways of the base-born and abandoned? Let the doctor answer this; and tell us, fairly and candidly, whether his pictures of low habits and dishonourable practices, were not drawn from himself. But to return to the journal itself.

It was obvious for some time before the paper stopped, that the measure of its days was nearly full. Every thing about the place was languor and inactivity. Nobody was sent off to the great county elections, nobody into Lancashire, nobody to the summer assizes.

As the paper drew to its close, it was clear, however, that every artifice would be resorted to, in order to lead the reporters to acts which might be construed a breach of the contract. “*Comment vous portez vous, M. — ?*” said the sub-editor one evening to one of them. “I don't understand French,” was the reply. A French paper was immediately sent to him, with a request that he would translate a portion of it. He declined, on the ground that he could not be able to translate with sufficient accuracy for the purpose. His salary was stopped immediately.

Where no pretext could be found, a vexatious delay was resorted to: and when application was made to the treasurer for money—money there was none—Mr. Murray was gone to Brighton, or to Wimbledon, or to some other place—and had forgot to leave a cheque on his banker. The object of all this was very obvious. The intention clearly was to harass—to annoy—to predispose the parties for some arrangement, by which, for the sake of getting rid of so vexatious a system, they might make some great sacrifice of their interests. This was the state of things for some time before and after the union of *The Representative* and *New Times*. The thing came out at last: the reporters were referred to the Rev. Mr. Edwards. After much vacillation and delay, and much going to and fro, after many changes and much altercation, Mr. Edwards at length disclosed Mr. Murray's offer of compromise, which was to cancel the agreement on a deduction of forty per cent. on that part of the salary which remained due, and to pay the greater part of it by bills. These were hard terms; but the alternative was harassing and disagreeable employment, if such could be found; such as translating books and journals of the various languages of Europe, and if such publications could be found in the Eastern language, such as the *Hindustanee*, even these would be presented to the wight who might resist; and if he were unable to perform his task, then payment would be stopped altogether, and he would be driven to his action at law: all the consequences and perils of which were minutely traced and strongly dwelt on by the reverend agent. Among other topics he dwelt on were the vagueness of the agreement, although it was drawn by Mr. Murray's own attorney; and the chance therefore of finding a loop-hole; the uncertainty of law proceedings in general; the great property of Mr. Murray, which would enable him to take advantage of all its quirks and delays; and the absolute certainty, that whatever the result of the trial might be, the whole of the salary at last would be swallowed up by law expenses. The proposition in substance was shortly put thus: "Either accept the compromise we offer, or we will by every means annoy and harass you, and if possible lead you to some breach of your contract." This matter is still in some degree pending; the greater part having acceded to the compromise, and the rest will probably be compelled to do so.

Attempts like these, it will be admitted, were, to say the least of them, in the last degree discreditable to Mr. Murray. That a clergyman should have been set in the gap is not the least curious circumstance; but unquestionably the men who exact the tithe of the poor man's labour with so rigorous a hand, are not unfit to grind down the wages of the labourer. Murray himself was too proud to condescend to an altercation with his reporters—too high-minded and generous to practise such meanness personally. He therefore resorted to a deputy, by which he escaped both evils. There was a time when the name of Mr. Murray was synonymous with every thing that was liberal and high-minded in business. Was it, could it then be worth his while, for the paltry saving he has made, to sacrifice this high reputation? Was it worth his while, after having lost 15,000*l.* to grumble about a few hundreds, and extort it out of the pockets of men whom he had seduced by liberal and fallacious promises, from engagements they had filled for years, and which they might have retained to the end of their

days? That from some cause or other he was animated by a most hostile disposition towards his parliamentary reporters is obvious, and I consider that this unworthy extortion sprung as much from a personal hostility to his reporters as from a spirit of mean economy. Throughout the session the parliamentary reports were, with one or two exceptions, given with admirable fidelity; yet never did he condescend to express his gratification at the zeal and ability with which this duty was executed.

So ended this pompous, ill-conducted scheme. A more bitter delusion, a more consummate hoax, has seldom been played off. Mr. Murray has probably learnt how much of a man's success in the world may be owing to mere good fortune. He may now, perhaps, recollect that he was fortunate in having a man of Mr. Gifford's acuteness as the editor of the Quarterly; and, if possible, still more fortunate in being Lord Byron's publisher. Giffords and Byrons are not however to be picked up every day, even by Mr. Murray, or The Representative would have been what it was meant to have been—the rival of The Times, and the political organ of the Government. Even without this, if the time that was expended in idle vapouring had been employed in judicious exertions, and the money that was lavishly wasted had been judiciously applied, even then I think, with an editor of ordinary abilities, the concern would have flourished. Mr. Murray has lost much money and gained few laurels. He has added little to his reputation, either for wise and prudent conduct in business, or for liberal and honourable dealing towards those with whom he has had any thing to do. Some allowance, however, must be made. He brought out his paper in perilous and trying times—times which, as they affected the means of all men, so they must in some degree have impaired his resources, and aggravated the irritation produced by a failing speculation. He was also undoubtedly under the influence of weak and selfish counsellors—men who had private ends to seek and private animosities to gratify. Mr. Murray ought, undoubtedly, to have seen this, and to have yielded up the guidance of his work to men of knowledge and integrity—and some such I knew he could have consulted—and not to selfish and interested empirics. It is over, however, and he has learnt a lesson which may do him much good service through life. A course of unparalleled success had wound up his pride to a pitch as distressing to himself as to those with whom he had to deal. This temporary suspension of his prosperity may probably moderate his despotic temper, and teach him to grant to others a portion of that courtesy he expects from them.

K. N.

MIERS'S TRAVELS IN CHILE.*

THE difference between a Frenchman and an Englishman is certainly very great and very remarkable. Mr. Miers, the author of this book, in conjunction with a friend, was possessed of a disposable capital of twenty thousand pounds. Were a Parisian to find himself in possession of a moiety of this sum, would he not, married or single, live in two or three spacious garrets within half a mile of the gardens of the Tuileries or the Luxembourg? Would he not spend his mornings at the café or the reading-room? his evenings in promenading the walks and gardens, or assisting at some *spectacle*? Would his wife have any domestic affairs to attend to? Certainly not. He and she dine, separately or in company, at a restaurateur's, who takes all the business of dinner on himself, and, with the keeper of the café, all the business of all the meals. The quiet home is disturbed by few servants, and by no odour of cookery, neither by noisy children: a Parisian family is always small. It is exceedingly *ennuyeux* to both parties to be burthened by more than one or two children. Look on this picture, and then on the English one. Mr. Miers being in possession of a moderate and disposable fortune, considers it in no other light than capital—as the seed of future wealth—and immediately casts about how he may increase it by some enterprize tenfold, and in a few years make himself an enormously rich man. The scene of money-making for the moment is supposed to be South America—Chile presents itself, and an experiment on copper promises much. Yes; “the conclusion was irresistible,” says Mr. Miers, “that upon the given data an *immense* fortune might *rapidly* be made in the proposed speculation.” This was enough—Mr. Miers spends his honeymoon in purchasing and shipping a grand train of machinery for refining, rolling, and manufacturing copper into sheathing; the next months of married happiness are spent on board a packet bound for Buenos Ayres; his wife is then hurried across the continent, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and the painful period of gestation is passed in tumbling through the broken roads and barbarous deserts of the Pampas, until the moment of parturition arrives, and the unfortunate wife of the anxious speculator is brought to bed, if it may be so termed, in a savage pass of the lofty and almost inaccessible Andes. All this, too, with the utmost attachment and tenderness on the part of the enterprizing husband; and with the greatest courage, strength of mind, and heroic fortitude of the English wife. The unhappy lady faints on her mule: her anxious husband conveys her to a wretched post-hut, unsheltered from either rain or wind, where she is delivered. In this atrocious place she recovers from her labour and her puerperal fever, until the time comes when her husband may carry her on hides, and poles borne on the shoulders of himself and of three others, forty-five miles to the nearest civilized place, which he does till the poles eat into the very flesh of his scapulary

* Travels in Chile and La Plata, including Accounts respecting the Geography, Geology, Statistics, Government, Finances, Agriculture, Manners and Customs, and the Mining Operations in Chile. Collected during a Residence of several Years in these Countries. By John Miers. Illustrated by original Maps, Views, &c. In 2 vols. London: Baldwin and Co. 1826.

muscles. This is only a trifling part of the difficulties which an Englishman will voluntarily encounter in a speculation, when an "immense fortune" is to be "rapidly" acquired.

Mr. Miers leaves his wife and new-born child in a comfortable retreat, and proceeds to the end of his journey; for his machinery is to be landed, the ships will charge for demurrage, and the workmen will get drunk and run away: besides, the capital is lying dead. When this machinery is landed, the speculator has all the prejudices of the natives to contend with, their rogueries and jealousies to defeat, the corruption and delay of their courts of justice to submit to, the ingratitude and neglect of friends to bear with, before the great manufacturing train can be put into action. All this and more Mr. Miers, it seems, had to contend with, for we doubt whether the machinery is even yet at work; and Mr. Miers is in England, and Mrs. Miers is at Concon, in Chile, where the great fortune is or was to be made.

However, whether Mr. Miers has succeeded in making a good speculation or not, his adventures have put him into the way of compiling an excellent book. It may be divided into two parts; the first volume contains the writer's personal travels, and his observations in the course of them; the second volume is the historical part, and contains a political and statistical history of Chile. Each division is full of instruction. Before we proceed to make some miscellaneous extracts relative to the manners and customs of the Chilenos, and the character of that people, we shall first illustrate our introductory remarks, by quoting an abridged account of the event which confers great interest on the authors's journey across the Pampas. The party had arrived in their way at Mendoza, a large town not very far from the foot of the Andes. The following extract commences with their departure from this place, and ends with the birth of an heir to all Mr. Miers's machinery.

May 1.—We rose at day-break, in order to arrange matters for the tedious journey before us, but so much time was lost in preparations, that we did not start till eight o'clock: we formed altogether a large cavalcade; my wife bore the first part of her journey much better than I could have anticipated, and increased my hopes that she would yet accomplish the arduous task she had undertaken. The road was very good for about five leagues, such as a carriage might have travelled without difficulty: beyond this distance the road was full of deep holes and rising ground, covered with numerous large and small stones, principally of black primitive lime-stone, clay slate, hornblende slate, and porphyry. * * * We continued a somewhat northern course, skirting the foot of a lofty mountain range, and arrived at a low detached range of hills, called Los Cerrillos; these were left on our right, and verging more to the westward, made towards an opening in the lofty range upon our left: our road still continued over the barren *travesia* (desert) which produces nothing but low thorny trees, such as the *chafiar*, *atamisque*, *retortuño*, and balsamic bushes of different varieties, called *jarillo*; saline plants, called *xumè*, *vidriera*, &c., and several varieties of cactus. My wife kept up her spirits, and proceeded with much cheerfulness, although she complained of fatigue. At the distance of ten leagues from Mendoza, we entered the mountain range, and two leagues farther were completely shut in by chains of hills of very steep ascent, covered with low trees and bushes, among which numbers of humming birds were playing. The scenery was novel to us; we were delighted at the variety of objects which struck our fancy at every step. We had hitherto been exposed to a broiling sun, but as we closed into a narrow winding valley, we found ourselves enveloped in a thick mist, which wetted our clothes as much as if we had encountered a shower of rain. As we proceeded, my wife grew more and more fatigued; but she kept up her spirits until within half a mile of Villa Vicencio, when she fainted upon her mule. We had just arrived at a small brook of water, the first met with all the way from Mendoza, a distance of forty-five miles; a draught

from this, with a little wine out of Mr. Burdon's chifles, gave her some strength, and we walked our mules slowly till we reached the huts, when I laid her upon the postmaster's bed: after taking a little rest she recovered her former spirits. Meanwhile our companions were preparing dinner, and we now began to find our canteen extremely serviceable when it was necessary to become our own cooks. A small quantity of food and a little mulled wine restored my wife, and again led us to hope she would be able to accomplish the journey. * * * I put up our travelling bedstead for my wife, and made her as comfortable quarters as the postmaster's room admitted. I spread out my saddle traps, and made a bed upon the ground for myself; all our companions slept in a separate hut, which with difficulty could receive the whole of them when stretched out. It was half unroofed, had no door, and their close stowage under such circumstances only rendered them the warmer. My wife went to bed refreshed, and satisfied, now that she had accomplished so well the first day's journey, that she had strength enough to go through the fatigue of the remainder without apprehension. I could not sleep for the cold, there being no door to our room; the wind blew in uncomfortably, and though I was in my clothes, covered with blankets, and a large great coat, I could not make myself warm.

My wife slept very soundly all night, but about four in the morning of Sunday the 2d May, she complained of much pain—it increased, and I went to call the doctor; I had to stumble over four or five of his companions before I could discover him. It was with the greatest difficulty I could rouse him, so soundly was he lost in sleep: when he recovered his senses he crawled out and followed me; the air was piercingly cold, and when the doctor came to my wife's bedside, his teeth chattered, and his whole frame so shivered with cold that he could with difficulty speak. He told me there was every symptom of approaching labour, and advised that my wife should remain quiet in the hope of its passing off. After day-break, as the symptoms had not ceased, and as Lieut. Franklin was preparing to start for Mendoza, I wrote a letter to Dr. Colesberry, informing him of our fears, and requesting him to send out a nurse, and a number of essential necessaries for our stay in this miserable place. * * *

Our situation was critical, and exceedingly embarrassing; we were now forty-five miles from any habitable spot, and the period had arrived when the mountains are usually rendered impassable by the snow which falls at this season of the year. It appeared absolutely necessary for me to return with my wife to Mendoza, if she should be in a state to undertake the journey; and this I feared would cause such a delay as would detain me on the eastern side of the Cordillera until the mountains should again become passable, which seldom happens until the months of October or November, a period of six months. In this dilemma I resolved to send forward the artizans I had brought with me from England; with them I sent baggage, instruments, and every thing not absolutely necessary for our accommodation; and at half-past eight o'clock they set out with the muleteers. This was considered by us all as a very unfortunate circumstance. The men were going to a strange country, to remain without occupation, ignorant of the language, and without the control so necessary under such circumstances: it appeared also probable, that I should remain equally unemployed, regretting the loss and delay which, although unavoidable, was not less distressing. These apprehensions were increased by the knowledge that a ship-load of heavy machinery would arrive at Valparaiso, which in my absence could not be landed.

The doctor alone remained with us. My wife continued in great suffering until about half-past two in the afternoon, when she was relieved from her trouble by the premature birth of my first boy (who is now in Chile with his mother, a friend and companion to her in her solitary retreat at Concon, during my present absence in England): the little infant, after laying patiently wrapped up above three hours on the postmaster's bed, was now washed and dressed by the doctor.

This is a description of the *locale* of the nativity.

The man who kept these miserable huts was dignified with the name of postmaster. The possession belongs to a Mendozino, who breeds cattle and horses upon it; the duty of Antonio Fonseca, such was the postmaster's name, was to keep an eye upon the operation of strangers, that they did not steal the cattle, and to collect horses for travellers who might choose to hire them, either to Uspallata or Mendoza. These huts are situated near the outlet of a glen, which opens into the main ravine, up which the usual road leads to the Paramillo, on the road to Uspallata, and down which the road leads into the plain of Mendoza. It is supplied by a little brook of continually running water, which has its rise at the head of the glen, in which are the hot springs elsewhere described. The width of the bottom of the glen at the huts is about 200 yards; in this bottom the brook runs in a deep hollow, ten feet beneath the level of

the ground in front of the huts; the banks are sloped on each side, so as to afford an easy access in crossing the brook. The ridge of hills fronting the post-house is perhaps 800 feet above its level; from the summit of this ridge there is a fine prospect of all the travesia and the plains of Mendoza. I never ascended during my stay here, not being able to leave my wife for so long a time, but the doctor did several times, and described the view as beautiful: the cultivated environs of Mendoza appeared like a verdant island in the midst of a boundless sea; the travesia appearing, from its uniform level, and its barren aspect, more like the ocean than land. The post-house, if it can be so called, consists of three huts, Fonseca's room, the kitchen, and the room where travellers sleep. Fonseca's hut was constructed of loose fragments of stone, piled loosely over each other, to form a wall: it consisted originally of two rooms, twenty-five feet long, one leading into the other; but all the covering, and great part of the roof itself of the larger room had disappeared, leaving only one small low cell of less than twelve feet square. In one corner of this stood Fonseca's bed, consisting of four short forked stakes driven into the ground, upon which four horizontal sticks were laid to make a frame; across these was stretched a bullock's hide, to support his bed, which consisted of about twenty guanacho and lion skins, and a few saddle-cloths. A table stood next to it with three common wine-bottles containing aguardiente, a crucifix, and a few wine glasses. On the floor stood two petacas, or hide-boxes, in which he kept bread or other saleable things for such passengers coming over the Cordillera as stood in need of provisions. There was only one door-way opening into the space that was formerly the larger room. As there was no door, I hung up a poncho as a substitute, and in order to make a separate chamber for my wife, I divided the cell by hanging up curtains from the roof made from our sheets. My own bed consisted of my saddle-cloths laid upon my two portmanteaus. The doctor made his bed upon the two petacas of Fonseca. Such was the miserable accommodation which, in our peculiar and critical circumstances, we were obliged to put up with.

The kitchen was a small hut, situated between the other two, walled in on three sides with fragments of stone; the open end was in front, facing the brook; a log of wood, raised on stones above the ground, was placed along each side to serve for seats. The fire was lighted on the ground, in the middle, with brushwood. The room in which travellers are wont to sleep is constructed in a similar manner, but its roof is almost wholly gone to decay. Miserable as our accommodation was, it happened fortunately that our disaster occurred in so favourable a place of shelter.

At first the patient did well, and seemed rapidly recovering—the sudden changes of heat to cold, the want of almost every necessary, and the exposure to the weather, at length produced fever of a very alarming kind.

May 7.—My wife was very much indisposed this morning; she continued to grow worse, and to exhibit evident signs of fever: to add to our misfortune the sacking of her bedstead broke; having got damp on board ship, it had become rotten; she was removed upon Fonseca's bed while we sewed up the sacking as well as we could with some common sewing-thread, the only material at our command. She was then removed to her bed, which again broke down. The invalid was once more removed to the postmaster's bed, while we contrived to repair hers with a saddle-cloth.

The day was extremely fine; the sun shone brightly, but the air continued excessively cold; the thaw was constant, though the snow disappeared very slowly. In the afternoon the postmaster returned with a long face, not having been able to catch an animal of any sort. During the night, the fever of our invalid increased; she became restless and unable to sleep: that which threatened a still worse calamity was the gradual disappearance of her milk, in which case no substitute could have been found for the infant. To add to our alarm, we could not preserve a light; our store of candles in the canteen was exhausted. I made a lamp from all the grease I could collect, and placed it in the shell of a calabash, with a piece of cotton; but this frequently choked up, as the tallow became frozen from the extreme cold of the night air, and it went out. In order to keep the feeble light as much as possible from the eyes of the invalid, I stuck the shell on a projecting stone in the wall, but the wind blowing through the chinks constantly put out our delicate lamp. These were but a few of the annoyances we had to encounter in this period of difficulty and danger.

The utter state of privation in which the travellers found themselves, determined Mr. Miers to choose the first favourable moment

for conveying his wife to Mendoza. An account of the manner in which this feat was performed, may be found in the following extract:

May 13.—I had written to Dr. Colesberry to hire and send out ten peons from Mendoza, for the purpose of carrying back my wife to that place; and difficult and dangerous as this mode necessarily was, of conveying a person in her state with the child forty-five miles over a bad and rugged road, still it was the only possible way of getting her there. Dr. Colesberry hired that number at the rate of two dollars, or eight shillings each man per day. This was a most exorbitant charge, since not one of these men, even when he could obtain employment in Mendoza, would have been paid more than half a dollar or two shillings a day. But even this high pay was insufficient to induce them to perform the labour they had undertaken; for such is the antipathy of these people, such their notions of the hardships and degradation of walking on foot, that only six of the ten arrived at Villa Vicentio, for notwithstanding they set out on horseback, the dread of having to return on foot was such, that four of them, after having rode about half way, returned home again; the others arrived this afternoon.

To have sent for fresh hands would have caused a longer detention than we were willing to endure, and it was therefore resolved to move forward as soon as possible.

May 14.—By the peons who arrived yesterday we received from Mendoza a quarter of beef for the maintenance of our numerous retinue: it was hung up to the ridge tree of the roof in the hovel outside our room. A Guanaco hunter, proceeding into the Cordillera with a kennel of hungry hounds, put up in a resting-place in the hills at no great distance from us. The dogs during the night made a strolling visit to our neighbourhood, when, to our misfortune, they discovered our beef, and totally devoured it: our mortification can hardly be described; we had fortunately a small piece left of the stock brought with the nurse, it was a piece of shin, and had been stowed in a safer place; the utmost economy was therefore requisite, having so many persons to maintain. The peons employed themselves during the day in cutting sticks and making a litter for our invalid. I packed up all our luggage, and prepared every thing for an early departure on the following morning.

May 15.—I rose at half-past two, to call up the peons, intending they should start at break of day, so as to reach Mendoza that night if possible. I sent away the men by three o'clock to collect and bring up the horses and mules which were grazing in the hills. By four o'clock my wife had dressed herself, had breakfasted, and had been removed to the litter intended for her conveyance, in the momentary expectation of the arrival of the peons, but they did not appear, and at half past six I sent the postmaster in search of them; he brought them back at half past seven, making many excuses about the difficulty of finding the horses. They now took their breakfast, and I observed among them much sullenness of manner, and backwardness in moving. The horses being all saddled and the baggage loaded by half past eight, the peons came in a body and refused to proceed to Mendoza with the litter unless two more hands were first obtained, and they had an additional grant of ten dollars (forty shillings each.) Irritated by their conduct I dismissed them all, and the doctor and I started alone, carrying the litter in our hands by means of poles, in a similar manner to that in which a sedan chair is carried. It now only wanted twenty minutes to ten o'clock. We had not proceeded two hundred yards, when two of the peons followed us, offering to accede to the terms originally agreed upon. We carried the litter, however, for about a mile over the rugged stony path, when we resigned our load to the two peons. Fonseca and his peon followed with the luggage, together with the woman and her husband on horseback, and we trudged along under the heat of a burning sun and a sultry atmosphere. Having proceeded another mile three other peons came to offer their services, and I was glad enough to avail myself of their assistance. The sixth peon never appeared, but rode off silently and alone to Mendoza. It was found a hard task to bear the litter between two persons, and it was agreed that four should carry the load upon their shoulders. By one o'clock we had quitted the narrow part of the valley, and the extensive desert plain was now in view before us; our descent had been pretty rapid, and our progress much faster than we could afterwards contrive to keep up. We rested here to partake of a hasty meal; a fire was lighted—our little store of beef was spitted upon the postmaster's sword, the point of which was stuck into the ground in a slanting direction, so as to keep the meat at a proper distance from the embers: being roasted it was equally divided among all; its scantiness rendered it acceptable, notwithstanding it was hard and sinewy. I made some rice broth for my wife, who bore her journey with fortitude and patience. In order to relieve the peons, the doctor and I took our turns with

them in carrying the litter; the husband of the woman made one attempt in the course of the day to assist us, but he so much disliked the task, that he gave it up in five minutes, and never again offered his services. Fonseca occasionally rendered his assistance, and often relieved us of our fatigue. We continued to trudge over this sandy barren plain, under a burning sun, and a stony and fatiguing road, four persons relieving the others in succession every half league.

We thus continued our toilsome and wearisome journey, till it became so dark that it was dangerous to proceed on the broken road; it was therefore determined we should rest till the moon rose, by whose light we might proceed in safety; we had not yet moved over two-thirds of our distance. A fire was therefore lighted close to the litter, and we seated ourselves around it to rest our wearied limbs. The dew fell so heavily that the sheet which formed the curtain or covering of the litter was wetted as if it had been dipped in water. I lighted another fire on the opposite side of the litter, keeping up a constant blaze in both heaps. I made some tea with the water we had brought from Villa Vicencio, for it is to be remembered that between this place and Mendoza, a distance of forty-five miles, not the least drop is to be met with. Our peons took their mattè, and each laid down to sleep till the moon rose, which happened at eleven o'clock, when I made all get up, and we proceeded on our journey. We trudged onward with our load, taking our charge in succession. We travelled all night: about four o'clock in the morning I became quite exhausted; both my shoulders were so tender, and the skin rubbed off by the weight and friction of the shafts of the load, that I was forced to give in: however anxious to do my utmost, my strength would no longer allow me to perform my share of the labour, and when it came to my turn, I sunk under my load: the doctor, however, continued to tender his assistance to the last; his frame was stronger, and he was better adapted to sustain fatigue than I was.

About half past four we fancied we could hear the barking of dogs, a conviction that struck new joy, and infused fresh vigour into us all. As we advanced we distinctly heard the crowing of cocks, announcing the approach of dawn, and this confirmed our joyous anticipations. As the approach of day cast a faint gleam of light upon the horizon, we could perceive the reality of those shadows which our fancies had pictured in the feeble light of the moon. At length we distinguished the trees and church steeples of Mendoza: the gradual development of these hopes, excited the most pleasant and agreeable sensations I ever remember to have experienced. We trudged on with light hearts till we reached the house of the relative of Bera, our Arriero, when we stopped on our departure from Mendoza: here we rested a while, took a mattè, and again set off at seven o'clock, proceeding half a league through the suburbs, till we reached the house of a man called Zapata, a friend of Fonseca's; here we were received kindly and partook of a hearty breakfast, with which we found ourselves greatly refreshed. Our invalid was not at all indisposed by the journey, which was performed in twenty-two hours.

Here I discharged the peons, and as I considered myself under great obligations to the post-master, Fonseca, I presented him with my silver watch.

Having now fairly introduced Mr. Miers and his whole family to the acquaintance of our readers, we shall proceed to his book; not with any view either of condensing the information it conveys, or of superseding the necessity of its perusal, but merely to give such specimens from it as may conduce to its general circulation. Certainly neither the very excellent book of Captain Basil Hall, nor that of Mrs. Graham, nor any other we have seen, is entitled to more attention from the fulness and variety of its instruction. We shall confine our extracts to anecdotes and details, characteristic of the habits and morals of the Chilenos.

This is from a part of Mr. Miers's general report of the domestic character and manners of the Chileno Creole.

The Chilenos, though they may be said to possess in no degree a single virtue, have the credit of possessing fewer vices than other Creoles: there is a passiveness, an evenness about them approaching to the Chinese, whom they strongly resemble in many respects: even in their physiognomy they have the broad low forehead and contracted eyes; they have the same cunning, the same egotism, and the same disposition to petty theft. They are remarkable, too, for extreme patience and endurance

under privations ; they can seldom be moved to passion, and are most provokingly unfeeling. A foreigner may use towards a Chileno the most opprobrious epithets, may convict him of falsehood and deception, may fly into a passion about his conduct, but he cannot be moved from his sang froid, he will bear all patiently, even blows, and look at a stranger with a sneer : his patience is not unlike that of the sheep, the camel, or the llama and alpaca.

In respect to man and wife, there is a considerable degree of attention displayed by the woman towards her husband : the husband never is known to raise his hand against his wife, it would be an eternal disgrace to him ; there is the same evenness of conduct observed between them, but we perceive none of that apparent ardour of affection, that domestic union between the sexes which is seen in other places. For such a country, they may be considered as tolerably faithful to each other, though this is far from pure constancy. The laws place them so perfectly independent of each other, that they can separate at their pleasure, each upon their own property : or the wife may whenever she pleases retire from her husband, obliging him to give her the moiety of the increase upon their fortunes since their marriage. Among the better classes this is a common case, both enjoying their paramours, or following the course of life best suited to their tastes : this is generally the case in default of children ; where there is a large family they quietly overlook each other's failings. Among the peasantry the same kind of relation exists between man and wife ; and though we never see any remarkable affection for their children, there is always a steady care shown towards them, especially towards the females. The mother watches her daughters with an anxious eye, evidently aware of their frailty : no attempt is made to inculcate any strong principle of virtue in them, or to conceal from them the knowledge of any thing which has a tendency to looseness ; and this tends to make them faithless wives. This character is general in all classes of society. I have noticed, among the poorer classes, the attention shown by children to their aged parents, who, when unable longer to provide for themselves, are supported with much care and attention. This, however, may proceed as much from obligation as from a sense of real affection, as a law is still in force by which a young man is obliged to give the half of his earnings to his parents until the period of his marriage, when he becomes released from this obligation : if a peon do not marry till a late period of life, his father is entitled to enforce from his son the moiety of his earnings : yet I have known instances of young men, who, from this cause alone, have left their homes for some distant province, that they might enjoy unmolested the fruits of their labour. Mendicants are very seldom met with in the country. There exists among the peasants towards each other a degree of hospitality that is truly admirable. These may be said to be the only amiable feelings possessed by the common people in Chile.

The report of the state of honesty is very singular, and somewhat paradoxical in appearance, though we have not the slightest doubt of the author's correctness.

However honest in their commercial dealings and payments, they are only so from necessity, and not from any moral conviction : so mean do they often show themselves, that in extensive mercantile purchases the most respectable of the shopkeepers will steal trifling articles whenever they can do so unnoticed. I have met several English merchants, who have assured me of the fact as of frequent occurrence. I entered lately into a merchant's store, where a shopkeeper had been purchasing goods of about 2,000 dollars in value, for which he paid ready money, and dispatched them to his house by hired peons : in putting them up he contrived to slip from an adjoining heap a cotton shawl, worth no more than a dollar and a half, which he concealed among the woollen cloths he had been purchasing : yet the merchant assured me he would readily give the same man credit to the amount of 10,000 dollars. This kind of petty theft is common among Chilenos of the highest repute and of the richest classes. I cannot avoid mentioning two remarkable instances of this among the better class of females. Both occurred to Lady Cochrane. The first was at a ball given at the house of the American consul, where, on her entrance into the room, she was met by three Chileno ladies of the first respectability, who, with overpowering civilities embraced her one after the other, according to the fashion of the country on wishing to display great esteem : at this time a valuable diamond brooch was taken from her dress ; she quickly missed it on perceiving a part of the dress torn away ; a general search was made about the room in vain, the trinket was lost. About a twelvemonth afterwards a clergyman called upon Lady Cochrane, desiring to see her in private, when he delivered to her the lost jewel, saying that, during confession a lady had disclosed to

him the criminal act, and that he insisted on its restoration to its rightful owner as the first means of atonement. The clergyman of course did not disclose the name of the lady, but it was sufficient to know she was of a most respectable family. The other instance occurred to her on a visit from three ladies belonging to one of the first families in Chile; they begged a sight of her baby-linen to take some patterns for themselves. A drawer of lace caps, &c. was brought out, one after another was admired, but on putting them up again she missed three valuable lace caps and several pieces of lace that were folded up in paper: she immediately informed her visitors that these articles were missing, and on their rising from the sofa, as if to search for them, there fell upon the floor the parcel, wrapped in a pocket handkerchief belonging to one of the visitors. Another instance of a somewhat suspicious character occurred in Lord Cochrane's house: he had a little rose-wood cabinet containing a number of medals and coins, a gold watch, several jewels and valuable relics of family antiquity that he prized highly: during his absence on a cruise this cabinet disappeared from the drawing-room; many inquiries were made about it, applications were also made to the governor, the servants were examined, rewards offered, all in vain: some months afterwards Lady Cochrane, on making a visit to the daughter of the governor, saw, in an adjoining room, the door of which was left inadvertently open, the lost cabinet. She immediately claimed her property, which was denied to be the same; she insisted upon its being brought out; and upon the governor being called from his office, the matter was discussed: the governor assured Lady Cochrane he had not the slightest idea the cabinet was the one lost; his daughter had bought it of a soldier, but that it was then empty; they had never seen any thing of the other lost property. The cabinet was restored: it was remarkable as being the only thing of the sort ever seen in Chile, and must have been noticed frequently by the governor and his daughter in their visits to Lord Cochrane's house.

The state of education, even among the higher classes, is deplorable.

Few are to be met with who entertain the most distant idea of geography, or even the topography of their own country: they are as ignorant of the relative situation of the different states of Spanish America as they are in respect to other parts of the world; many among the best informed people have inquired of me if England were in London, or London in England, or India close to it, and other similar questions. I have found the same incredible ignorance among the *letrados*, the learned doctors of the law. Education can scarcely be said to exist among them. In the country parts, as I have already observed, schools are absolutely unknown, and, even in the capital, instruction is at the lowest ebb: there are a few schools where a small number of boys are taught reading, writing, and notation; but arithmetic, grammar, and languages, are reserved alone for the students of the university. Such are the seminaries of the great capital of Chile: it is not, therefore, difficult to account for the far grosser ignorance, and the more intolerant bigotry of the *Chilenos*, above any other of the nations of South America. It would be unpardonable to pass over the detail of the only school in Chile, and which is dignified with the name of *colegio*: it is endowed by government, and has regular masters attached to it, who are called professors. To this school are sent the sons of the richer *hacendados* and merchants: we may form some notion of those among the better class of gentry, who feel disposed to extend to their children the benefits of a school education, when we learn that the number of boys sent from the whole country of Chile to this seminary amounts only to 120, although there is ample room in the school for the accommodation of nearly three hundred students: this school is held in the convent of the *ex-jesuits*. The edifices of this order are the best arranged, and most commodious buildings in all South America. In the college of Santiago, grammar, Latin, and arithmetic; theology, laws, and philosophy, are professed to be taught: arithmetic is seldom carried beyond instruction in the four elementary rules, and the philosophy taught here is nothing but a series of unintelligible and useless dogmas; none of the liberal or natural sciences, nor any branch of useful knowledge, form subjects for instruction. The sons of the aristocratical families, such at least as are intended for the church or the law, are generally sent here. The college boys are conceited beyond measure; they are dressed in the habits of men, assume airs of self-importance, and upon reaching the age of puberty, which is generally at twelve or fourteen, are taken from college and sent to undertake the profession of the law or the church, or placed in some public employment, or perhaps sent to the country estate to reassume the habits and the ignorance of *guasos*. The egotism and self-conceit of the *Chilenos* are proportioned to their ignorance, and they pride themselves in not requiring the knowledge of books: they have indeed scarcely any, nor can they endure the trouble of reading those they have. I remember that the

president of the senate, a man looked up to by his countrymen as a sort of oracular authority, boasted he had not looked into a book for thirty years; and another principal officer of the government, who prides himself on being a learned man, made a similar boast, insinuating thereby that to him book knowledge was unnecessary. Books, therefore, are very scarce, and unsought for among them. General O'Higgins with difficulty succeeded in overcoming the impediments thrown in the way of their introduction into the country by the senate, and obtained the passing of a decree for the importation of all books without reserve, but the elevation of General Freyre to the supreme government, bringing in its sequel the restoration of the bishop to his functions, brought back with all its force the reign of bigotry, and the interdiction against the introduction of books: no book was now allowed to be passed by any custom-house officers, nor even to be sent from Valparaiso to Santiago, without the strictest examination, for the purpose of preventing the introduction of any work tending to the extension of heretical knowledge; and every obnoxious book was ordered to be destroyed. These interdictions only affect foreigners, since, as the Chilenos display no taste for reading, books are not worth importing upon speculation for them. In Santiago there is a public national library, called La Bibliotica National, being the remains of the library of the jesuits: it is rich in polemical works, and in the writings of the fathers, mixed with others of more general utility, but they lie upon the shelves neglected and forgotten. I made many attempts to procure admission into it, obtained an especial order from the supreme director, but I could never find any body in attendance to open the door for me, upon the many occasions I attempted to gain admittance. Mrs. Maria Graham, with the most laudable desire of benefitting the country, when she quitted it in the beginning of 1823, contributed to the national library a number of useful and valuable books, in history and the fine arts; I was charged with the delivery of them to the university, but the director of the library never even returned a single line of thanks to the liberal donor.

This description of a burial gives a lively picture of the people:—

The burial of the dead in Chile is most indecently performed, even with persons in good circumstances. A shell is brought from the church, in which the body is laid almost as soon as dead; it is enwrapped in a shroud, and in two days time carried to the church for burial. The procession is always at night-time, and performed according to the expense which the friends of the deceased choose to bestow upon it, with the two-fold object in view, respect to his memory, and a desire to release his soul from purgatory. On the night appointed, the sacerdotals of the church where his remains are destined for interment, attended by a host of friars from the different convents, assemble at the house of the deceased, where a grand entertainment is laid out for them, in which the friends of the defunct participate. To the crowd assembled round the house is distributed a number of glass lanthorns fixed upon staves, each furnished with a lighted candle, and the people carry them upon their shoulders. This crowd of lights precedes the procession in a slow step, and is followed by the friars chaunting loudly the Requiem: these are succeeded by the priests in their tunics, before whom the tall wax candles and silver chalices are borne: then comes the body, carried in the shell, upon a litter supported in the hands of the bearers, the shroud being held by the nearest relatives; his intimate friends succeed, and another crowd, carrying lanthorns, closes the procession. Arrived at the church, the body is uncovered, and exposed to the crowd while the service is read and mass is performed: no sooner are all retired from the church, than the sexton, who has prepared the hole before-hand, unceremoniously tosses the corpse out of the shell, and throwing over it a quantity of lime, proceeds to cover it with earth, while two assistants with heavy wooden rammers beat down all the earth; the body must consequently be squeezed and broken, in a manner that shocks our notions of delicacy. The cost of such a funeral is from 500 to 1000 dollars, including the masses that are afterwards said for his soul.

The following anecdote will convey a very unfavourable idea of the police of Chile, which, as well as the administration of justice, seems to be in the most corrupt and abandoned state.

The cabildo looks to the minor administration of the town, superintends the police, the irrigations, the public feasts, the supply of the town, and all matters of general convenience: its functions do not extend beyond the limits of the town itself. The governor alone rules the whole province, by means of the militia, the colonel and superior officers of which generally reside in the town. The province is divided into

as many *partidos* as there are large haciendas, or estates, upon each of which a certain number of tenants are compelled to form the militia: these persons are placed under the control of one of the *milicianos*, chosen by the governor at his pleasure, who performs the double office of *teniente* (lieutenant) of militia, and *juez del partido*, or constable of the district. The duty of this man is to summon together his soldiers, whenever ordered to do so, and direct them in the performance of his instructions; every man must find his own horse, and do whatever service the *teniente* commands without the least pay or gratification, not even that of his food when on service. The duties of the *juez* is to convey prisoners, either civil or military, who are delivered to him by the *juez* of the adjoining *partido*, and he has to pass them on to the *juez* of the succeeding district, and in this way prisoners are conveyed to their ultimate destination. The *juez* has to manage all acts of *leva*, or impressment, and to send the conscripts to the provincial town: he has to press horses from farmers and peasants for these purposes, as well as all the horses, mules, and supplies, which any military or civil officer may take from any traveller. His duty is to apprehend all criminal persons in his district, to suppress riots, to arrest and punish offenders, to regulate races, cock-fights, and all public amusements. These ignorant people in office are armed with a dangerous authority, inasmuch as their support depends upon their extortions from the poor peasantry. The greater part of their time is devoted to the discharge of their duties, for which they receive not one real in shape of pay or remuneration: they have, therefore, no other means of maintaining themselves than by acts of robbery and extortion upon the community. The proprietors of haciendas, in order to render the *juez* respectful and obsequious to them, generally give him the privilege of keeping a *bodegon* (retail shop) upon their estates: by this he contrives partly to maintain his family, but he expects that all the people will spend their feast-days and holidays at his *pulperia*, in preference to any other; to those who do not, he has the means in his power of offering much annoyance, and of punishing them in a thousand ways. Other privileges are conceded to him by virtue of his office: no races can take place among the peasantry but by his permission, for which he exacts a certain sum, and a certain share in all bets which are laid; no cock-fighting can take place but in his own *pulperia*; the great feasts of Christmas and Easter are celebrated at his house, and on these occasions he sells considerable quantities of wines, spirits, and eatables. One of his most dangerous privileges is that of arresting whomsoever he pleases, and placing them in a pair of stocks, which he keeps in his house, from which no one is released, unless he either pays money, or engages to perform so many days' personal labour in his garden grounds: with this view he encourages drunkenness and gambling, which frequently terminate in fighting; on these occasions he executes his privilege of arrest and inflicting punishment, to extort money. In pursuit of the same object, he prowls about in the dark upon feast-days, and, assisted by his soldiers, he pounces upon his prey, affirming that he found them quarrelling, although perhaps engaged in boisterous drunken amusements, and carries them off to the stocks. I have seen this commonly practised in various parts of the country, and I have often known the *juez* of Concon, where I resided, extort money from persons, thus apprehended. On one occasion, I remember, he took twenty-five dollars (six guineas); often he has exacted twelve, ten, eight dollars, and downwards to a few reals, according as he knew his victim was able to afford it. In consequence of this nefarious system, the *juezes*, instead of preventing vice, encourage it: considering the many temptations to do wrong, surrounded as they are by so many inducements, it is surprising that the peasantry of Chile are not much worse than we find them. Whenever a robbery has been committed I have always found the *juez* forward in screening the offenders; this has been observed in many different parts, and at all times. When I have been robbed, I never could get the *juez* to apprehend the robbers: on one occasion, in particular, three persons broke into my premises: the *juez*, I afterwards discovered, knew the thieves, and received part of the stolen property for holding his tongue: through him, I offered a reward for the apprehension of the robbers, and after pretending to search for them, he came to tell me of the hopelessness of tracing them. I discovered a clue, exerted myself in finding out the robbers, and apprehended two of them: these I delivered into the possession of the *juez*, with the view of taking them to Valparaiso, to find out the third, who was the instigator of the robbery, and whom I was most anxious to punish. I obtained from the governor of Valparaiso all the aid of the police authorities; but the *juez*, instead of executing his errand, advised the hidden culprit to abscond, and suffered the two thieves I had taken to escape: in vain I applied to the governor of Quillota for the sake of public decency and justice to obtain his punishment and dismissal; my request was not attended to; and this was the cause of the insolent and violent conduct

offered to me on the subsequent affair of the impressment, which I shall relate. This case was not peculiar; I discovered evidences of the same disposition in all places twenty leagues round Concon. One instance more atrocious than the rest I cannot refrain from mentioning, as it portrays much of the callousness of feeling inherent in the Chileno character. One of my principal workmen, an Englishman, and an engineer of very great merit, had gone during Easter time with his wife (a Chilena) to Limache, a village seven leagues distant from Concon, for the purpose of buying his winter stock of provisions: one of his acquaintances from Valparaiso, bound to Limache upon business, called on him as he was setting off, and galloped away with him on his errand: the business being settled over a glass of grog, of which he partook rather freely, he went away in search of his horse, in order to join his wife, when passing a pulperia where some drunken persons were regaling themselves, he was insulted by them, and, more than usually buoyant, he resented the affront, and a quarrel took place, which led to blows: in the affray a woman got a side blow from the Englishman, who, being a powerful man, six feet high, had cleared away with his bludgeon about a dozen of his assailants, and remained master of the field. One of them, a relation of the woman, ran to the juez of the village, who was then amusing himself in drinking a matté with some friends in his pulperia: the justice excused himself from personal attendance, but gave to the infuriated peon a loaded musket, telling him it contained a good ounce ball, and advised him to shoot the heretic. On his return, the Englishman had left the house, and as he was crossing the lane, slipped off a bank against a hedge, just as the peon came running up to him, with others: in this situation the rascal pointed the musket to his breast, it flashed in the pan, he cocked the piece again and fired, when the poor fellow was shot through the heart, in the act of rising: the deceased was rifled of his cash, and robbed of his clothes: next morning the assassin went to the hut where the poor wife was weeping over the corpse of her husband, when he insulted her grossly, and maltreated the body. I went to Limache to investigate the affair, and made application to the governor of Quillota for an inquiry into the conduct of the assassin and of the judge; the judge was declared in no fault, and the assassin was screened by the governor, and sent to work in his vineyard!! This governor of Quillota was an Englishman, who had been twenty years settled in the country, and had almost forgotten his native tongue: he had procured himself, I may say usurped, the situation of governor, in the then troubled period of the rising of General Freyre, and as his history is very singular, this will afford an excellent opportunity of relating it. His name is Henry Faulkner, though he goes by the name of Don Enrique Fullner in Chile. He was connected with the atrocious murder of a fellow-countryman, Captain Bunker, of the Scorpion, an affair which happened many years since on the coast of Chile. The particulars of this affair are notorious.

Further light is thrown on the state of the country, and particularly on the situation of foreigners resident in it, by the following description of the levy. and the scenes connected with it.

The mode of recruiting the army is generally by a leva, or impressment. The minister communicates to the intendente of the jurisdiction that he must be supplied with a certain number of recruits; the intendente divides this demand into proper quotas, which he dispatches to the governors of the provinces; the governor distributes an order to every teniente, or juez de partido, to furnish him with the appointed number of men. The teniente is obliged to use secrecy on the occasion; he calls together a few milicianos, and, mounted sword in hand, they sally after dark to all the pulperias in the partido, when they seize many more than the number required: the juez fixes upon such persons as he chooses for his conscripts, and those who have offended him, or have not been regular in attendance at his pulperia, are the surest victims of his choice; those who can afford to purchase from him their release *dos o*; and those who cannot, remain prisoners. He will even take payment, when it suits his purpose, in promised labor: should he, upon these occasions, have released more than his number, he has to make fresh sallyes, and will then enter the huts of his victims, or watch both day and night until he obtains them. It is customary, upon the alarm of a leva, which runs from hut to hut with a fearful cry, for all the peons to fly into the ravines, and conceal themselves in some hole, where they will remain, till, conceiving the danger past, they creep back to their dwellings by night, in quest of news. The unfortunate prisoners are kept bound in the stocks till the teniente has found the number he is to furnish, when he conveys them upon horses, attended by his militiamen, like so many murderers apprehended for punishment, to the provincial town, where they are confined

in the barracks till opportunity offers for sending them to the capital, for which purpose, all horses and mules that come in the way are pressed for the occasion; and any one attempting to escape is liable to be shot on the spot by the guard that attends them. On their arrival in the capital they are distributed in the *quarteles*, (barracks,) and drilled under confinement till they have acquired the idle and debauched habits of a *Chileno* soldier, which takes away all desire for returning home. This barbarous mode of raising soldiers is practised in a country pretending to be free, and whose constitution stipulates for the inviolability of every man's person; but in no part of South America are we to judge of the degree of freedom enjoyed by the people from the perusal of their laws and constitutions.

Soon after I was settled in the country, I found the great inconvenience of frequent *levas*, so that whenever they happened I could not obtain labourers for many days, and this often occurred at critical periods when I most stood in need of their services. A number of the natives had become used to my ways and to English implements: these persons were generally selected by the *teniente*, in the hope that I would procure their ransom. I therefore applied to the supreme government for licence to protect the *peons* in my service from *leva*, which was always granted while General O'Higgins remained in power; but on the coming in of Freyre my privilege was disputed in Quillota, and partially infringed upon: I therefore applied to the new supreme government for a continuation of the licence I had enjoyed, which was replied to by a reference to the governor of Valparaiso, to know what right I had to claim such a favor: general Freyre and his ministers were personally acquainted with me, and well knew the national importance of my establishment at Concon: the reference therefore to my well known enemy Zenteno* was considered by me an insulting mode of refusing a right which I had reason to claim as affording protection to about a dozen persons engaged in acquiring the use of handicraft arts which had hitherto been unknown in that country; of course I dropped the application rather than suffer the intended mortification of a refusal. I had also begged an exemption from *prorata*, a name given to the impressment of mules and horses; for as I was a foreigner my animals were always seized upon in preference to those of a native: I shall presently detail the nature of these *proratas*.

I shall here relate a circumstance which took place in consequence of this refusal, more especially as it is illustrative of the mode of government in country places, and the protection that foreign settlers are likely to experience. I had always made it my rule to conform, wherever it was required, to the customs and prejudices of all persons in Chile; I had shown certainly too much lenity and kindness towards the country people, and did much towards the amelioration of their condition: certainly I was less heeded upon this account than the natives, my equals, in the neighbouring estates, who, from their tyrannies, inspired fear in the labouring classes; for among the *Chilenos* fear and respect go hand in hand, and are inseparable from each other. A *leva* some time afterwards took place, when the *juez* of Concon, who had two years before been a common labourer in my employ, could neither read nor write, and was therefore incapacitated for his situation, came to me, telling me of his intention to seize two *peons* in my service, the one because he had not been born upon the estate, the other because he was a foreign Creole, a native of Guayaquil; he ordered me to give them up to him. I replied I should resist so treacherous an intention: determined upon carrying his point, he went to the governor of Quillota, and stated that I had secreted two deserters; upon which the governor, without taking the trouble to inquire into the truth of the fact, gave him an order, with which the fellow came to me next morning at day-break with his pistols in his belt and his drawn sabre, attended by two armed soldiers, telling me he was come to take away the men from my house by force: on seeing the *juez*, the men who were at work secreted themselves behind the house, and effected their escape by a back door while I was parlying with them. I then told him they were no longer about the premises, which he demanded to search, a privilege which I denied him, arming myself with a brace of pistols and a good rifle. The fellow retired and brought with him six soldiers, armed with muskets, (some of whom were at the same time *peons* in my employ, whom he called out upon the service,) threatening to enter the premises by force, which however he had not courage to attempt: he retired, leaving the soldiers at my gate, giving orders to suffer no one to pass in or out.

* The reply to my application was, "Let the request be referred to the governor of Valparaiso, to report what claims the informant has to the privilege solicited." As the jurisdiction of the governor of Valparaiso does not extend beyond the town, from which I was distant thirteen miles, no mistake could arise as to the intention of the government.

In order to put a stop to so daring an outrage, I mounted my horse, and rode with all speed to Quillota, a distance of twenty miles, where I saw the governor, and stated to him the indignity: he said he was sorry the mistake had happened, and gave me an order to the juez to remove his guard, and desist from the search, upon the assurance that the men were not in my house. I was absent little more than three hours, and returned home just in time to prevent more serious outrages. The juez, hearing of my absence, had returned to my house; had entered over the walls of my yard, in the middle of which he had drawn up his armed soldiers in array, with their muskets loaded, to the great terror of my children and servants: the spirited conduct of my wife upon this occasion alone overawed the cowardly rascal, and on the very moment of my return, he was taking fresh courage to storm the defenceless rooms, when I arrived with the order to oblige him to desist, no less to the gratification of the whole neighbourhood, than to the delight of the affrighted soldiers, who did not much like to encounter the *armas de fuego*, (fire-arms,) which they knew I kept within. This anecdote will sufficiently demonstrate the kind of persons the juezes are, no less than the governors of provinces. I could give many other instances in illustration, but this I trust will be quite sufficient.

These two volumes abound in passages which will amuse as much as they inform. The limits of a review warn us, however, to conclude. But we cannot do so without recommending to the attention of the public the chapters on Mines and Mining, and more especially the following very sensible remarks.

Our countrymen at home are evidently deceived in imagining that the Chilenos understand but little in the art of mining: they may, on the contrary, be assured that they are very skilful and efficient miners, and will not only produce the ore at the earth's surface at a lower rate than others, but that, in their rude and economical processes, they will extract the metals at a much less cost. In the construction of the furnaces, and in other respects, many improvements may and will be introduced; but any one who has made correct observations upon the country, will, at one glance, perceive that all attempts to introduce foreign modes, new materials, or novel processes, will cause great confusion and loss. The Chilenos cannot, will not, comprehend any other than their old methods. Before any one attempts mining, he ought to gain sufficient experience and knowledge of the character of the people, and the resources of the country, so that he might be competent to calculate with certainty how far his arrangements could be adapted to the peculiar habits he will have to contend with, and the scanty materials he will be able to command. I can speak on this subject with the advantage of experience; I was at first deceived to a great extent, and so will all foreigners who attempt any operations in Chile: the very customs and methods which to them will appear barbarous and inefficient, will be found, on better knowledge, to be grounded upon experience and reason; and to benefit by these observations, so as to apply them to their own particular views, they must so far exert their judgement as to trace them to their origin, and discover the necessities which have induced them. Necessity alone has been the author of national customs, and it cannot be denied that methods must vary according to the peculiar resources of the country, and the habits of the natives. On my arrival in Chile every thing appeared to be irrationally contrived and barbarously managed; but the more I became acquainted with the people and their customs, the more I saw of the country and its productions, the better I understood the capabilities of the land, the more I discovered ingenuity in that which I before considered barbarous, and could trace a far better adaptation of those means to the condition of the people, and the present nature of the country, than our own English notions could possibly have contrived. It is the habit of an Englishman, educated in the midst of the most admirable contrivances, and used to means adapted to a highly refined, industrious, and intelligent community, to carry his notions of improvement to every foreign object which comes under his observation; and it is easier, and more gratifying to apply these notions than to unlearn his knowledge, and bring back his ideas to a state applicable to a more primitive condition of society. This difficulty will operate strongly towards the failure of the numerous adventures now directed to the vast continent of the new world, and on the mining companies, in particular, it will operate still more forcibly: in the onset, an immense portion of their capital will be wasted in merely learning how they should conduct their operations to advantage, and in acquiring the necessary experience of the country. If this has been experienced by the persons who have lost their own capital in the trial, how much more certain must it happen to

those who are exerting^d themselves with the capital of others, and who cannot feel the same interest in economising their resources as they would if the adventure were entirely their own, and superintended by themselves on the spot. It cannot be expected that the persons sent out from England, however competent to the practical discharge of their duties at home, will be equally so in the execution of their functions abroad, with the want of local experience and the necessary adaptation of new habits to a new and uncivilized people.

I employed a number of the most intelligent English workmen, but I found, in every case, the greatest difficulty in managing them. Their efforts, their knowledge and art, most valuable at home, becomes useless among the Chilenos, and in the absence of their habitual resources.

The agents to whom I have alluded will be surrounded with difficulties on every side, and be deceived in every possible way : it is not enough that they will be assisted by the advice of Englishmen who have been resident in the country, if those persons do not possess the requisite judgment to guide them ; and this not one of them has. It is, indeed, incompatible with mercantile proceedings that a commercial agent should direct his attention to objects of research not connected with the concerns of the counting-house. I know, from experience, that many clerks, who have unfortunately manifested a disposition to matters not immediately relating to commerce, have lost their situations ; of course there are exceptions to this rule, but it is beyond doubt generally the case. On my arrival at Chile I felt this acutely. I was surprised to find persons of considerable ability provokingly uninquisitive, and unconscious even of the existence of matters that had been incessantly under their observation. However distinguished for commercial knowledge, these deserving individuals are not those from whom may be expected any assistance in matters of speculative utility respecting the country, or any valuable statistic information. From the natives, the mining agents will have reason to be more on their guard : the smooth-faced exterior and plausible manners of the Chileno, his apparent sincerity and generosity, will at first operate powerfully on a stranger, who has not yet ascertained his true character. I will repeat here what I have elsewhere said of them, that in treating with the best of them, as little confidence and as much caution are requisite as it is possible for one person to use with another.

Another consideration, which will operate powerfully against the success of mining companies, is the absolute impossibility of employing any considerable capital in mining speculations, much less the immense sums contemplated in England. It will be seen from the modes adopted in the country how little capital is actually employed therein ; and there is an evident relation between the scantiness of capital, and the scantiness of population. It is clearly deducible from the simplest principles of political economy, that the one cannot operate without the other, and any attempt to force capital into employment, so as to raise the demand for labour beyond what can be supplied, must raise wages, and lessen profits. This has been proved at the very outset in Mexico, where the suddenly increased demand for labourers has augmented the price of wages above ten-fold, and this advance will be increasing in proportion to the projected employment of workmen. It operates in all ways ; the demand for labour at the mines takes away the agriculturist from his operations, and the demand for produce increases with the diminution of hands to produce it : the same in the demand for transport, for collecting materials, &c., would operate to an extent that could not have been contemplated in England. It is, however, not only certain that the capital proposed cannot be employed in mining operations, but it is no less certain that, whatever British capital is forced into mining speculations, will be unproductive, and that loss must take place to a considerable amount, but that this will never happen all over South America. In an extraordinary case an exception may occur, but this cannot affect the conclusion. The inference is so clear as to require no farther illustration.

The extent to which litigation is carried, and the delay and protraction of suits is dreadful. The Lord Chancellor would read some extracts on this head with much satisfaction : we cannot however afford him a single extract.

TABLE TALK.

DEATH OF TASSO.—On the 10th of April, Torquato was seized with a violent fever, which, although he was assisted by the best advice in Rome, so far increased; that on the seventh day the physicians ceased their attempts to oppose it, and Tasso, who from the first had an idea that it would prove mortal, was informed that his last hour was at hand. He not only received the warning without alarm, but embracing the physician, thanked him for tidings so agreeable; and raising his eyes to heaven, returned tender and devout thanks to his Creator, that after so tempestuous a life, he had now brought him to a calm haven. From this time he spoke not on terrestrial subjects, not even of that fame after death, of which through life he had been most solicitous; but resigned himself wholly, and with the liveliest devotion, to the last solemn offices prescribed by his religion. After confessing with great contrition, and receiving twice the sacrament, with a reverence and humility that affected all beholders, the Cardinal Cinthio hastened for the Papal benediction. “Clement,” as we are told in a letter from Maurice Cataneo, “groaned and sighed over the fate of such a man, and granted him a plenary indulgence in remission of his sins,” which honour, conferred alone on persons of high consideration, Tasso acknowledged with humility and gratitude, saying, “that this was the chariot upon which he hoped to go crowned, not with laurel as a poet into the capitol, but with glory as a saint to heaven.” Having been requested to make his will, and to dictate something as an epitaph, he smiled, and said, that as to the first, he had very little to leave; and for the second, a plain stone would cover him: he, nevertheless, desired his confessor to mark down, that he bequeathed to Manso his portrait, which had been painted by direction of that nobleman; and to the Cardinal Cinthio his writings and his little property. Of the cardinal he begged, with earnestness, that he would collect together all the copies of his works, and especially of the “Gerusalemme,” and commit them to the flames. Satisfied with the answer given by the cardinal, who was unwilling to embitter his last moments by a direct refusal, but who well knew that it was wholly out of his power to fulfil such a request, he entreated, since he had now obtained all that he could wish for in this world, that he might be left alone with the crucifix, and with one or two of the fathers to assist him in his devotions: whereupon the cardinal bade him a fond farewell, and retired from the chamber weeping bitterly. No one was afterwards admitted to him but his confessor, and a few of the fathers, who by turns sung psalms, in which they were occasionally joined by Torquato; and when his voice failed, he ceased not steadily to contemplate the image of his Redeemer. Thus the night passed away; and at eleven o’clock of the day following, viz. April 25, 1595, feeling the approach of the mortal pang, he closely embraced the crucifix, and with the words on his lips, “Into thy hands, O Lord,” resigned his peaceful spirit.—*Wiffen’s Tasso.*

VOLTAIRE AND THE NEWTONIAN PHILOSOPHY.—I (Voltaire) was the first who had dared to unfold to my countrymen, in an intelligible style, the discoveries of the great Newton. The Cartesian prejudices, which had taken place of the prejudices of the peripatetics, were at that time so rooted in the minds of the French, that the Chancellor d’Aguesseau regarded any man whatever who should adopt discoveries made in England, as an enemy to reason and the state. He never would grant a privilege that I might have my “Elements of the Newtonian Philosophy” printed.—*Memoirs of Voltaire. Autobiography, vol. ii.*

METHOD OF MAKING WINE IN CHILE.—The vintage commences towards the end of April; boys and slaves are employed to pluck the grapes and put them into capachos, or large hide buckets, two of which are slung across a mule; a boy being seated between them, conducts them to the bodega, or wine manufactory, which is a long building. At one end of this building are two logares, or reservoirs, built of brick or lime, about fifteen feet long, seven feet broad, and two feet high, having a passage between them of five feet. Over one of these reservoirs two large rectangular sieves are placed; the sides of these sieves are of wood, about six inches deep, and the bottom is a network of small strips of hide; upon these sieves each of the two receiving peons take a capacho

of grapes as each mule arrives, throws the contents into the sieves, and replaces the basket on the mule; between the arrival of each load they rub the bunches of grapes over the net with both hands, by which all the fruit passes through the meshes into the reservoir below, but the stalks are thrown aside into a heap, and are preserved for making brandy. After the day's work is finished in the vineyard, which is after sunset, the two peons enter the reservoir and tread the grapes with their feet. The bottom of the reservoir is somewhat inclined, and at the lower end is a small hole, through which the expressed juice flows into a receptacle or small well: this done, a boarded partition is placed across the higher end of the reservoir, all the skins of the grapes thrown into it, other boards are laid upon them, and are pressed down by the weight of several tons of loose stones laid upon them; the next morning the stones and planks are removed, the mass of husks is beaten with a heavy wedge-shaped rammer, and again pressed with the boards and stones, and this operation is repeated three or four times in the course of the day, by which means a considerable portion of must is expressed. At the time this is going forward in the one reservoir, the peons go through the operation of the sieve in the other, as before described. This process is continued for several days. Along each side of the bodega, which is generally about seventy feet long, are arranged a number of large earthen jars, called tinacas, each holding from sixty to one hundred gallons. They are lined with a kind of mineral pitch called brea, brought from the Cordillera, near Curico. Into these jars the expressed juice of the grape is poured, together with a portion of cocido, where it is suffered to ferment: the cocido is the fresh must boiled down to two-thirds of its bulk, and of this liquor about one part is added to ten parts of pure must, without which precaution the wine would become sour, as the grape hardly possesses sufficient saccharine to afford the necessary quantity of alcohol. The cocido is boiled in shallow copper pans, set in mud brickwork; and to effect its quick evaporation, a very brisk fire is maintained by bushes of the espino of miniosa tree, the flame of which is violent; it thus contracts a strong empyreumatic flavour, which is communicated to the wine. I have hitherto spoken only of white wines; a red wine is made in Chili, in imitation of Carlon or Catalonian wine; both white and red are alike the product of the same black grape; but in order to extract the colour of the husk, a quantity of burnt gypsum is added, by which means a very disagreeable astringent flavour is given to the wine. After the wine is properly fermented in the tinacas, the mouth of the vessel, which is eighteen inches diameter, is closed with a baked earthen cover, luted over with a compost of clay and horse dung; and this is not opened till the wine is sold, or till the season of brandy-making arrives, when all the contents of the tinacas are passed through the stills; so that every year the stock is cleared off entirely, and old wine is never to be met with in this country.—*Miers's Travels in Chile and La Plata.*

RECEPTION OF HUME'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.—I then formed the plan of writing the "History of England," but being frightened with the notion of continuing a narrative through a period of seventeen hundred years, I commenced with the accession of the House of Stuart, an epoch when I thought the misrepresentations began chiefly to take place. I was, I own, sanguine in my expectations of the success of this work. I thought that I was the only historian that had at once neglected present power, interest, and authority, and the cry of popular prejudices; and, as the subject was suited to every capacity, I expected proportional applause. But miserable was my disappointment; I was assailed by one cry of reproach, disapprobation, and even detestation: English, Scotch, and Irish, Whig and Tory, churchman and sectary, free-thinker and religionist, patriot and courtier, united in their rage against the man who had presumed to shed a generous tear for the fate of Charles I, and the Earl of Strafford; and after the first ebullitions of their fury were over, what was still more mortifying, the book seemed to sink into oblivion. Mr. Millar told me that in a twelvemonth he sold only forty-five copies of it. I scarcely, indeed, heard of one man in the three kingdoms, considerable for rank or letters, that could endure the book. I must only except the Primate of England, Dr. Herring, and the Primate of Ireland, Dr. Stone, which seem two odd exceptions. These dignified prelates separately sent me messages not to be discouraged.—I was, however, I confess, discouraged, and had not the war at that time been breaking between France and England, I had certainly retired to some provincial town in the former kingdom, have changed my name, and never more have returned to my native country; but as this scheme was not now practicable, and the subsequent volume was considerably advanced, I resolved to pick up courage and to persevere.—*Life of David Hume. Autobiography, vol. ii.*

ADVANTAGE OF HAVING A BAD WIFE.—The celebrated Haydn delighted in telling the origin of his good fortune, which he said he entirely owed to a bad wife.

When he was first married, he said, finding no remedy against domestic squabbles, he used to quit his bad half, and go and enjoy himself with his good friends, who were Hungarians and Germans, for weeks together. Once, having returned home after a considerable absence, his wife, while he was in bed next morning, followed her husband's example; she did even more, for she took all his clothes, even to his shoes, stockings, and small-clothes, nay, every thing he had, along with her.

Thus situated, he was under the necessity of doing something to cover his nakedness; and this, he himself acknowledged, was the first cause of his seriously applying himself to the profession which has since made his name immortal. He used to laugh, saying, "I was from that time so habituated to study, that my wife, often fearing it would injure me, would threaten me with the same operation, if I did not go out and amuse myself; but then," added he, "I was grown old, and she was sick, and no longer jealous."—*Lamballe's Secret Memoirs of the French Court.*

A BANQUET IN CHILI.—The entertainment which the general (San Martin) had prepared for them now followed. A number of mares and a quantity of aquardiente, was given to them, when they all set to with earnest intent upon the feast. The mares were killed, the blood being carefully preserved; the Indians arranged themselves in small circles, and squatted on the ground, the women acting as attendants upon the occasion; they fell to eating the raw horse-flesh with great voracity, seeming to relish with peculiar delight the viscera, partaking at intervals, in copious draughts, of their favourite beverage, horses' blood mixed with gin. They continued singing loud boisterous songs, the chief merit of which appeared to be the equal alternations of the discordant notes. It was not long before all were drunk, when the riot became more boisterous, and continued great part of the night. The conduct of the women was remarkable; a strong party of them kept watch upon the cantonments, and looked sharply after the presents they had received from General San Martin, while the remainder made it their duty to act as stewards and servants of the feast, carefully abstaining from eating or drinking. Soon after the commencement of the feast, they cautiously removed the men's knives from their girdles, lest in the quarrels of the drunken moment they should set to fighting, as they are ever prone to do: the diligent attention and cautious policy of the women are equally conspicuous in many other points. Next day the men being sober, it fell to the lot of the women in their turn to enjoy their entertainment; they were now waited upon by the men, served with the same food, and regaled with the same horrible beverage, until they, like the men, got completely drunk, and like them also became noisy, turbulent, quarrelsome, and brutal in every possible way.—*Miers's Travels in Chile and La Plata.*

ROYAL LIBERALITY.—Frederic William, King of Prussia, had an ambassador at the Hague, whose name was Luisius; and certainly of all the ambassadors that appertained to royalty, he was paid the worst. This poor man, that he might be able to keep a fire, had cut down some trees in the garden of Hous-lardick, which then appertained to the royal house of Prussia. His next despatches brought him word that the king, his gracious sovereign, had stopped on this account a year's salary to defray his damages, and Luisius, in a fit of despair, cut his throat with the only razor he had. An old valet happening to come in, called assistance, and unhappily for him saved his life. I afterwards met with his excellency at the Hague, and gave him alms at a gate of the palace, which is called the old court, and which belonged to the King of Prussia, where this poor ambassador had lived twelve years.—*Memoirs of Voltaire. Autobiography, vol. ii.*

A BUENOS AYRES DANDY.—The postmaster was somewhat of an exquisite, for a person of his stamp, or a gaucho fino; he was a fine active fellow, a native of Buenos Ayres, quite *au fait* in the art of breeding and training horses; most expert in the use of the lasso, and especially of the bolas, which he always carried round his waist; his address was pleasing; his countenance expressed gaiety and good humour, his carriage was graceful; he was dressed in a small blue jacket, with a double row of round gilt buttons, and a little narrow-brimmed black hat; his scarlet fringed poncho, doubled, was tied round him like a petticoat, by his long green sash which folded round his waist; he had white calico trowsers, with a deep fringe at the bottom, but he had neither stockings nor shoes; mounted on horseback, he was a subject for a painter.—*Miers's Travels in Chile and La Plata.*

PRUSSIAN REGIMENT OF GIANTS.—It was by such means only, that he (Frederick William of Prussia) could, in a reign of twenty-eight years, load the cellars of his palace at Berlin with a hundred and twenty millions of crowns, (fifteen millions sterling,) all well casked up in barrels, hooped with iron.

He took great pleasure in furnishing the grand apartment of the palace with heavy articles of massy silver, in which the work of the workman surpassed not the sterling of nature. He gave to the queen, his wife, (in charge, that is,) a cabinet, the contents of which, even to the coffee-pot, were all gold.

The monarch used to walk from his palace clothed in an old blue coat, with copper buttons, half way down his thighs, and when he bought a new one, these buttons were made to serve again. It was in this dress that his majesty, armed with a huge serjeant's cane, marched forth every day to review his regiment of giants. These giants were his greatest delight, and the things for which he went to the heaviest expense.

The men who stood in the first rank in this regiment were none of them less than seven feet high, and he sent to purchase them from the farther parts of Europe to the borders of Asia. I have seen some of them since his death.

The king, his son, who loved handsome, not gigantic men, had given those I saw to the queen, his wife, to serve in quality of Heidukes. I remember that they accompanied the old state coach which preceded the Marquis de Beauvau, who came to compliment the king in the month of November, 1740. The late king Frederick William, who had formerly sold all the magnificent furniture left by his father, never could find a purchaser for that enormous ungilded coach. The Heidukes, who walked on each side to support it, in case it should fall, shook hands with each other over the roof.—*Memoirs of Voltaire. Autobiography, vol. ii.*

SOUTH AMERICAN DEVOTION.—It is the custom throughout South America, for every haciendado to build upon some central part of his estate a pulperia (public-house) and a chapel close together; the latter as the means of drawing custom to the former, which forms no trifling branch of profit. On a feast day, the people within a certain distance repair to the pulperia, which is generally provided with two rooms, one for the mere gauchos, the other for their betters. Drinking and gaming is carried on without intermission until the bell announces that the elevation of the host is at hand. In an instant they all rush out of the pulperia, leaving the stakes, which are sometimes considerable, on the table, and with demure faces kneel before the host, the elevation of which is about to save their souls from damnation; they groan and cry aloud to the Virgin to protect them, and in their momentary devotion, might be taken by a bystander for penitent and sincere Christians. But the moment the service is concluded, they rush out again; and those who have left their stakes undecided, flock back with precipitation to protect their property. In a moment all their religion is forgotten, all are occupied in betting and drunken revelry, in which the friar, who has been the organ in effecting the momentary penitence and sorrow, and has saved their souls from perdition, stands foremost in the general debauch, which is continued until late at night. On these occasions, the pulpero, or keeper of the pulperia, is generally the banker of the gaming-tables, in virtue of which privilege he is sure to come off winner, if he be ordinarily prudent; and the quantity of liquor drank by the gauchos, both inside and outside, affords him a considerable profit.—*Miers's Travels in Chile and La Plata.*

DR. PARR'S OPINIONS RESPECTING ROMAN CATHOLICS.—Though it may be my lot to differ from the church of Rome in several doctrinal points more widely than some of its fiercest opponents, I shall always think it unworthy of me as an Englishman, and a Protestant, to treat the members of that church as incorrigible outcasts from civil society, and stubborn apostates from all religious truth. I shall never cease to explore the good as well as the bad effects of Papal power, in ages when the rude barbarism and military ferocity of European nations seem to have been checked by no restraints more efficacious than that power, so far as history has set before us the order of events, or the operation of causes: I shall always remember, that by the monastic institutions were preserved to us the means of acquiring that knowledge, which co-operating sometimes from accident and sometimes from design with other circumstances, has enabled men in all countries, whether Catholic or Protestant, to become progressive in the better use of their faculties, and the better discharge of their duties. I shall always look back with triumph upon the contributions which foreign Catholics have made to the arts, to science, and to every branch of polite learning, whether ancient

or modern. I should often remind my countrymen, that English poetry and the English language, have been enriched by a Dryden and a Pope ; who, if they had lived in our own days, and had ceased to be “ fined and taxed for their notions of hereditary right,” might yet have complained, like other “ sufferers,” of “ certain laws,” which continued to deny many “ posts of profit and trust” to the Catholics, on account of their religious opinions alone.

Attending to history, not less than theological controversy, I shall always bear in mind, “ that however at the æra of the Crusades, the Latins of Europe were below the Greeks and Arabians in learning, industry, and art, their successive improvements and present superiority may be ascribed to a peculiar energy of character, to an active and imitative spirit unknown to their more polished rivals ;” “ that the Greeks were stationary and retrograde, while the Latins were advancing with a rapid and progressive motion ;” “ that the character of the man prevailed over the interest of the pope in Nicholas V. who was the friend and patron of the most eminent scholars of the age ;” “ that Florence and the rest of Italy were actuated by a similar spirit ;” that Grocyn, Linacer, and Latimer, who introduced the knowledge of it in the Papal dominions ; that in those dominions the learned Greek refugees from Constantinople met with protection and encouragement ; that Leo X. with other Popes, were the most munificent patrons of scholars ; and that, even in our own times, the contents of manuscripts treasured in the libraries of Roman Catholics have been freely communicated for the use of two learned English Protestants, in their meritorious labours on the text of the Hebrew scriptures, and the septuagint.

I shall always reflect with pleasure upon the agreeable and useful qualities, the manners and accomplishments, the solid virtues and exemplary devotion, of many individuals of the Catholic persuasion, with whom it is my good fortune to be personally acquainted. I shall always honour the self-denial, and commiserate the sufferings both of them and their forefathers ; because I know that neither hope nor fear, neither ambition nor avarice, neither the experience nor the expectation of unmerited severities, has shaken their firmness in adhering to opinions which are not my own. I shall always be ready to confess, that according to my views of human nature, the tares of error are seldom rooted up rudely without disturbing the wholesome seeds of truth ; that the downfall of superstition is not invariably followed by the empire of reason ; and that in the present state of things the sudden, violent, and entire destruction of Papal power might lead to consequences most injurious to the good morals of those persons who are now accustomed to obey the Bishop of Rome as their spiritual head only. I shall always maintain openly and unequivocally, that in far the greater part of those doctrines which the church of England has classed among the essential truths of Christianity, the church of Rome has long professed, and still continues to profess the same belief. I shall always acknowledge with gratitude, that chiefly to the literary as well as the religious zeal of our papal ancestors, the English universities are indebted for “ great and goodly cities, which we builded not : for houses full of all good things, which we filled not ; for vine-yards and olive-trees, which we planted not ;” for statutes and ordinances, which, after the lapse of centuries, and after a succession of mighty changes, both in private and public life, have not ceased to be profitable to learning, morals, and piety ; and for means most abundant and most efficacious to guide, assist, and encourage our rising youth in every pursuit which adorns and invigorates the human mind. When we “ have eaten and are full, then let us beware lest we forget” the wisdom, munificence, and generosity of those founders, who “ brought us forth out of the land of Egyptian darkness, and from the house of intellectual bondage.—*Aphorisms, &c. of Dr. Parr.*

AURORA BOREALIS IN THE POLAR SEAS.—In running down Davis’ Strait, as well as in crossing the Atlantic, we saw on this passage, as well as in all our former autumnal ones, a good deal of the Aurora Borealis. It first began to display itself on the 15th of September, about the latitude of $69\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$, appearing in the (true) south-east quarter as a bright luminous patch five or six degrees above the horizon, almost stationary for two or three hours together, but frequently altering its intensity, and occasionally sending up vivid streamers towards the zenith. It appeared in the same manner on several subsequent nights, in the south-west, west and east quarters of the heavens ; and on the 20th a bright arch of it passed across the zenith from S. E. to N. W. appearing to be very close to the ship, and affording so strong a light as to throw the shadow of objects on the deck. The next brilliant display, however, of this beautiful phenomenon which we now witnessed, and which far surpassed any

thing of the kind observed at Port Bowen, occurred on the night of the 24th of September, in latitude $58\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$, longitude $44\frac{1}{2}$. It first appeared in a (true) east direction, in detached masses like luminous clouds of yellow or sulphur-coloured light, about three degrees above the horizon. When this appearance had continued for about an hour, it began at nine P. M. to spread upwards, and gradually extended itself into a narrow band of light passing through the zenith, and again downwards to the western horizon. Soon after this the streams of light seemed no longer to emanate from the eastward, but from a fixed point about one degree above the horizon on a true west bearing. From this point, as from the narrow point of a funnel, streams of light, resembling brightly-illuminated vapour or smoke, appeared to be incessantly issuing, increasing in breadth as they proceeded, and darting with inconceivable velocity, such as the eye could scarcely keep pace with, upwards towards the zenith, and in the same easterly direction which the former arch had taken. The sky immediately under the spot from which the light issued, appeared, by a deception very common in this phenomenon, to be covered with a dark cloud, whose outline the imagination might at times convert into that of the summit of a mountain, from which the light proceeded like the flames of a volcano. The streams of light, as they were projected upwards, did not consist of continuous vertical columns or streamers, but almost entirely of separate, though constantly renewed masses, which seemed to roll themselves laterally onward, with a sort of undulating motion, constituting what I have understood to be meant by that modification of the Aurora, called the "merry-dancers," which is seen in beautiful perfection at the Shetland Islands. The general colour of the light was yellow, but an orange and a greenish tinge were at times perceptible, the intensity of the light and colours being always the greatest when occupying the smallest space. Thus the lateral margins of the band or arch seemed at times to roll themselves inwards so as to approach each other, and in this case the light just at the edge became much more vivid than the rest. The intensity of light during the brightest part of the phenomenon, which continued three quarters of an hour, could scarcely be inferior to that of the moon when full.—*Parry's Third Voyage for the Discovery of a North West Passage.*

HUMILITY OF A POET.—I cannot, says Tasso in a letter to Ascomio Mori, live in a city where all the nobility do not yield me the first place, or allow, at least, that I should be their equal in every external demonstration of respect. This is my humour or my principle.—*Wiffen's Tasso.*

A STORY FROM PORTUGUESE LIFE.—A Portuguese gentleman, returning one night to Lisbon from Sacavein, heard, as he was passing near a vineyard, the moans of a female in apparent suffering. He immediately proceeded to the spot, where he found a young and apparently lovely female in labour, who implored his assistance, which he unhesitatingly afforded to the best of his power. She afterwards conjured him, by every thing that was sacred, to carry the new-born to the Roda in that city; to this he also consented. The darkness of the night, and the care which she had taken to conceal her features in the best way possible, prevented his being able to recognise her positively. But his curiosity however was so much excited, that he followed her at a convenient distance unperceived, and saw her enter a gentleman's quinta not far off: he concluded, therefore, that she was the daughter of the house; and he was not mistaken. The interest she had excited in him was so intense, (for this nation are not fastidious in these matters,) that for a long time he made that road his favourite ride, in order to enjoy the happiness of seeing her at her window. She had not the most distant idea that he was the person who had rendered her so essential a service; and she therefore concluded, that no being was acquainted with the shame to which, as it afterwards appeared, the villainy of her confessor had exposed her. The gentleman's addresses were therefore favourably received, and she was soon afterwards united to him. About a twelvemonth after their marriage, she was about to present him with the first pledge of their love; and every anxious preparation was made for the event. But her caprices were so many and so great, that they out-ran the tenderest solicitude; and after having in vain endeavoured to satisfy every strange fancy and whim, with all the devotion which the most indulgent of husbands could evince, he was at last provoked beyond patience to exclaim, that "she had been much less scrupulous when he assisted her in the vineyard." This indiscreet and unlucky sarcasm, at so critical a moment, had a fatal effect: it threw her into violent convulsions, under which she expired, leaving him long to lament the imprudence and rash irritation of a moment.—*Sketches of Portuguese Life.*

SOUTH AMERICAN COOKERY.—Having resolved to remain here, the first inquiry was, could any thing be had for dinner; there was not a morsel of either meat or bread, and we were obliged to send two leagues to procure a sheep, as well as some wood to cook it. Two boys on horseback were dispatched; one returned with the sheep alive across the horse before him; the other brought the wood on a hide as a sledge, drawn by his lasso from his saddle girth. Our peons pulled out their long knives, and one of them nearly severed the sheep's head at a stroke. It was then hung to the roof of the cooking-but by the legs, the skin was stripped off, and the carcass cut into lumps in an incredibly short space of time, and placed before the fire to roast, almost before life was extinct. The most fleshy parts were selected, without any regard to the shape of the pieces; one of these was spitted on an iron used for marking cattle, the pointed end was stuck into the ground, sloping over the fire, and thus the meat was exposed to the flames of the lighted wood; the spit was occasionally turned, so that every part of the meat might be successively presented to the fire. This is the favourite mode of cooking, it is called *asado*; it is however a good mode, as the quickness of the operation prevents the loss of the gravy, which remains in the meat. The people themselves do not remove the spit from the fire, but cut off slices, or pretty large mouthfuls, from the piece as it roasts; any such conveniences as tables, chairs, plates, forks, &c. being unknown to them. They squat round the fire on their heels, each pulling out his knife, which he invariably carries about with him day and night, and helps himself as he pleases, taking with it neither bread, salt, nor pepper. We made a good meal from the *asado*, with the help of the conveniences we carried with us in our canteen.—*Miers's Travels in Chile and La Plata.*

SANG-FROID.—A few years later, the ex-governor of —— said, in speaking of me,—“I knew his father well; a very worthy man: but this young man, they tell me, has taken an odd turn; but I will return his visit when I get out again.” He did not, however, get out again: he had been ill for some days; feeling himself dying, he called for a glass of wine and water, drank it off, returned the glass to his servant, shook the man by the hand, and saying kindly, “Good b'ye, John!” threw himself back in his bed and expired, at the age of more than fourscore years. Here was no *odd turn*; the coolness with which his excellency met the grim king, was generally admired. But I am making a long preface to a short work; I must begin with my infancy, for reasons which the story of that infancy will explain.—*Four Years in France.*

UNGALLANT TASTE IN HORSE-FLESH.—Immediately on our arrival at Mercedes, I inquired for the post-master, hoping to be able to proceed on to the Melinque; I was the more desirous to get to Melinque this evening, as the stage beyond it was very long, and I wished to obtain a night's rest before commencing it. The man told me it was impossible to procure horses until the next morning. Seeing me anxious to proceed, he told me he had no horses, he had nothing but mares; I discovered this to be a falsehood, and taxed him with it; but he, not at all abashed, said his mother was gone to Pergamine: that the horses were hers, and that without her permission he could not let us have them. It was also necessary for him to go with us to bring back the horses, and he could not leave the house till his mother returned, which he assured me would be by daylight the next morning. Finding it impossible to obtain the horses, I was obliged to make up my mind to remain. The reason of his saying he had no horses, but mares only, was this: No one will ride a mare, it is considered disgraceful; they are kept solely for breeding, and for some few purposes about the estancia; they are of so little value as frequently to be slaughtered for fuel.—*Miers's Travels in Chile and La Plata.*

POLICY OF ROBESPIERRE.—Robespierre had a confidential physician, who attended him almost to the period when he ascended the scaffold, and who was obliged, *malgré lui*, to dine tête à tête with this monopolizer of human flesh and blood. One day he happened to be with him, after a very extraordinary number had been executed, and amongst the rest, some of the physician's most intimate acquaintances.

The unwilling guest was naturally very downcast, and ill at ease, and could not dissemble his anguish. He tried to stammer out excuses and get away from the table.

Robespierre, perceiving his distress, interrogated him as to the cause. The physician discovered some reluctance to explain.

Robespierre took him by the hand, assured him he had nothing to fear, and added,

"Come, doctor, you, as a professional man, must be well informed as to the sentiments of the major part of the Parisians respecting me. I entreat you, my dear friend, frankly to avow their opinion. It may, perhaps, serve me for the future as a guide for governing them."

The physician answered, "I can no longer resist the impulse of nature. I know I shall thereby oppose myself to your power, but I must tell you, you are generally abhorred,—considered the Attila, the Sylla, of the age,—the two-footed plague, that walks about to fill peaceful abodes with miseries and family mournings. The myriads you are daily sending to the slaughter at the *Place de Grève* who have committed no crime—the carts of a certain description you have ordered daily to bear a stated number to be sacrificed, directing they should be taken from the prisons, and if enough are not in the prisons, seized indiscriminately in the streets, that no place in the deadly vehicle may be left unoccupied,—and all this without a trial, without even an accusation, and without any sanction but your own mandate—these things call the public curse upon you, which is not the less bitter for not being audible."

"Ah!" said Robespierre, laughing, "this puts me in mind of a story told of the cruelty and tyranny of Pope Sextus the Fifth, who, having one night, after he had enjoyed himself at a bacchanalian supper, when heated with wine, by way of a *bonne bouche*, ordered the first man that should come through the gate of the *Strada del Popolo*, at Rome, to be immediately hanged. Every person at this drunken conclave, nay, all Rome, considered the Pope a tyrant,—the most cruel of tyrants,—till it was made known and proved, after his death, that the wretch he executed had murdered his father and mother ten years previous. I know whom I send to the *Place de Grève*. All who go there are guilty, though they may not seem so. Go on; what else have you heard?"

"Why, that you have so terrified all descriptions of persons, that they fear even your very breath, and look upon you as worse than the plague; and I should not be surprised, if you persisted in this course of conduct, if something serious to yourself should be the consequence, and that ere long."

Not the least extraordinary part of the story is, that this dialogue between the devil and the doctor took place but a very few hours previous to Robespierre's being denounced by Tallien and Carrière to the National Convention, as a conspirator against the republican cause. In defending himself from being arrested by the guard, he attempted to shoot himself, but the ball missed, broke the monster's jaw-bone only, and nearly impeded his speaking. Singularly enough, it was this physician who was sent for to assist and dress his wounds. Robespierre replied to the doctor's observations, laughing, and in the following language:—

"Oh, poor devils! they do not know their own interest. But my plan of exterminating the evil will soon teach them. This is the only thing for the good of the nation; for, before you can reform a thousand Frenchmen, you must first lop off half a million of these vagabonds, and if God spare my life, in a few months there will be so many the less to breed internal commotions, and disturb the general peace of Europe."—*Lamballe's Secret Memoirs of the French Court*

THE SCAFFOLDING OF THE TOILETTE.—The Count de Fersen relates a curious anecdote, of an occurrence which caused a great deal of mirth among the visitors of her majesty's toilet rendezvous. Mademoiselle Bertin had invented a new head-ornament of gauze, ribbons, flowers, beads, and feathers, for the queen; but the tire-woman, finding it deficient in the dimensions her majesty had ordered, by some folds, directed the gauze architect, Mademoiselle Bertin, to alter it so as to conform thoroughly to the model. This was executed; and Maria Antoinette went to her morning visitors. The royal hair dresser, according to custom, was in attendance there, with an embellishment of which she did not perceive the use. "What are these steps for?" exclaimed she to the tire-woman. The knight of the comb advanced, and making a most profound reverence, humbly represented to her majesty, that Mademoiselle Bertin having so enormously increased the height of the head-ornaments, it would be impossible for him to establish them upon a firm foundation, unless he could have a complete command of the head they were to be fixed on; and being but of the middle size, and her majesty very tall, he could not achieve the duty of his office without mounting three or four steps; which he did, to the great amusement of the queen and the whole party, and thus placed the *ne plus ultra* of Mademoiselle Bertin's invention to the best of his own judgment on the pinnacle of the royal head.—*Lamballe's Secret Memoirs of the French Court*.

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So that we see how it strikes both at God and man with the same blow; in which, though God will be sure to maintain his own honour, yet it is seldom in the power of men to secure theirs; many having had but too frequent and sad cause to complain of the very bounties of nature towards them, that it made them too excellent to be safe and happy; so hard is it for any one to keep what another thinks it his interest to take away; according to that man's case, who, while he was rescuing from being drowned, had a ring spread upon his finger, which quickly procured him another death.—*South's Sermons.*

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CHARACTER OF WARBURTON.—The Bishop of Gloucester united a most vigorous and comprehensive intellect, with an open and generous heart. As a friend he was, what your lordship experienced, zealous and constant: and as an enemy, he properly describes himself to have been choleric, but not implacable. He threw a cloud over no man's brighter prospects of prosperity or honour by dark and portentous whispers in the ears of the powerful. He, in private company blasted no man's good name, by shedding over it the cold and deadly mildews of insinuation. He was too magnanimous to undermine when his duty or his humour prompted him to overthrow. He was too sincere to disguise the natural irritability of his temper under a specious veil of humility and meekness. He never thought it expedient to save appearances by shaking off the "shackles of consistency"—to soften the hideous aspect of certain uncourtly opinions by a calm and progressive apostacy, to expiate the artless and animated effusions of his youth, by the example of a temporizing and obsequious old age. He began not his course as others have done, with speculative republicanism, nor did he end it as the same persons are now doing, with practical toryism. He was a churchman without bigotry—he was a politician without duplicity—he was a loyalist without servility.—*Aphorisms of Dr. Parr.*

HOW LAWYERS MAY BE MADE USEFUL TO SOCIETY.—The great Frederic of Prussia, on being told of the number of lawyers there were in England, said, he wished he had them in his country. "Why?" some one inquired. "To do the greatest benefit in my power to society."—"How so?"—"Why to hang one half as an example to the other."—*Lamballe's Secret Memoirs of the French Court.*

HIS SUB JUDICE.—IMPOSTURE OF PORTUGUESE FRIARS.—It happened, one stormy night, that a beggar knocked at the gate of the convent of St. Roque, and craved the hospitality of its inmates, both for food and lodging. The first was afforded him, but the latter was refused; so that being obliged to seek a lodging elsewhere, he directed his steps to the convent of N. S. da Graça, where the friars received him without the least hesitation, and gave him a cell for the night. The following morning, as the beggar did not make his appearance, some of the friars went to the cell to inquire after him, when, instead of a beggar, they found a figure, as large as life, of our Saviour carrying the cross to Mount Calvary, and bending under its weight: the figure, in short, which is in universal veneration among the Portuguese, as "O Senhor dos Paços da Graça." (Our Lord of the Passage to Grace.) Now it being firmly believed that this figure is our Lord himself in flesh and blood, and that he thus gave himself to the friars of Graça to reward their hospitality: those of St. Roque claim a right to it also, on the ground of the beggar having first knocked at their door, and having received food at their hands. This then is the cause of the litigation; and as it does not seem soon likely to end, it has been settled that, in the meanwhile, the Senhor dos Paços shall pay one annual visit to the monastery of St. Roque during Lent, and return on that day week to the convent of Graça. Many are the marvellous stories which all who go to see the figure, are told by the holy man who shows it. He relates, amongst other things, that an unbelieving jewess, after hearing much said on the subject, was determined to convince her informants to demonstration, by her teeth, of their credulous folly. Assuming, therefore, the garb of a Christian woman, she knelt before the figure, and approaching her lips as if to kiss its foot, she inflicted on it a tremendous bite, but the blood immediately spirted forth into her eyes and blinded her, and this prodigy had such an effect upon her mind, that she forthwith embraced the Christian religion. The print of the teeth, and the blood which they drew, are still visible on the foot of the figure, the wound refusing to heal, in order to furnish a proof to others inclined to disbelief.—*Sketches of Portuguese Life.*

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| Portuguese ditto, 5 per Cent..... | 73½ | 68 | 72½ |
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THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER 1, 1826.

AN APOLOGY FOR THE "DIARY OF A CONSTANT READER."

SEPTEMBER.

THE "Constant Reader" counts only eleven months in the year. September is blank in his almanack, (we wish it were in ours!) It is very excusable to give up the newspapers, when they are only published—not to break the set. Except a love of uniformity, has there been, during the whole course of this month, an iota of reason why the "Times" should begin to publish at five o'clock every morning, and end at eight, as its bulletins announce. Would not a "Times" or a "Chronicle" per week have been too much? Surely then the "Diary" is excusable for having paid off its newsman, and gone out of town. We are not cursed with that greatest of all nuisances, an editor; we do as we like, and have the gratification of seeing what we write printed as it was written. Sense or nonsense—it is our own; each man's *entire*, and not interlarded with another's stupid jokes, or cut up, minced, and garnished with the sense or nonsense of somebody else, which, whether sense or nonsense, is probably wholly in another spirit, and certainly very provoking to behold. The miseries of working under an editor are great, but our republican freedom has its inconveniences. It is an old and a homely proverb, "that which is every body's is nobody's business," and it may so happen, that each member of our corps may think proper to go about his own affairs at the same time, and the Magazine of the month stand a good chance of being forgotten. If such catastrophe should ever happen—if the sun should forget to rise some morning—that event will take place in *September*. It is tolerably easy to keep each man at his post in winter; to be sure, some little effort is necessary about the latter end of December—the holidays and the hospitality of country firesides tempt a few away from their duty, but the long nights and the bad weather make in-door employment necessary, so that we *do* get out, and though in quantity our supply flows in but *scantily*, its quality is precious, smacking of the jocundity and the good cheer of Christmas. From January to June our printer has his hands full; his perplexity is only how to dispose, arrange, and condense. Then come the laments over articles postponed. "It may be thrown into the fire—*now*."

Oct. 1826.

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"Its only value was its seasonableness." "In a month it will be stale, the subject forgotten, and the allusions obsolete." "This is very discouraging." "It always happens, that the best things I write cannot go in until they might just as well be as bad as ——'s." The fine weather of June thins our crop; the *first* fine weather is irresistible; and the more idle and the more wealthy of us join the migratory birds, and we hear of them from Brussels or Geneva, before we, the *rump*, at home, are aware of their departure. But then, true to their "wonted fires," full of warm recollections of sober evenings and long and merry nights, their hearts are with us. The foreign post brings on fine paper, what the twopenny would have brought on thick—the excitement of travelling, and its experience, at least making up for the difference between twopence and three-and-sixpence. This industry lasts not long. The traveller fixes himself for a few months—perhaps at Naples, perhaps at Vienna, perhaps at Athens. Society engrosses at first only a few formal hours, but acquaintances thicken, intimacies grow, and flirtations commence. A truce to all thoughts of England and our contributor is lost,—till some desperate quarrel, some sober explanation, or fit of blue-devils or jealousy, brings him home, and much to our surprise the door is thrown open to the bronzed features of Mr. ——. "Just arrived?" "delighted to see you;" "not heard a word of you;" "quite unexpected;" "but of that bye-and-bye," &c. &c. But in September, the most regular of our body, the most studious, the gravest, and the most critical—they who rail against the dulness and the disappointments of travel, and laugh at those who prefer woods to walls, parks to streets, boundless view of hill and dale to the vistas of Regent Street,—even they begin to fancy the necessity of "being off." The sum total of all this is, that the "Diarian" is gone where newspapers cannot follow him, or where he does not choose to read them. We, his "locum tenens," are much too modest to attempt to supply the hiatus. We who have been left at home, have had enough to do to perform our own parts to our own satisfaction. Fortunately, however, the honorary members of our body have been peculiarly happy this month, in both the value and the seasonableness of their assistance. Our old and excellent friend Qæstor, has brought us interesting news of our quondam companions and collaborators of New-Home. Don Whiskerando's adventures in Greece are talked of in all parts of the country; his adventures are exciting universal interest in the hearts of all young ladies, and well it is for them that he is invisible. A man of deserved celebrity, who is one of the first Italian scholars in Europe, has given us his thoughts on a subject that must interest every man—the influence of the character and situation of the women of Italy, on the political state of that unhappy country. The extract from the Memoirs of Casanova will be read with that anxiety and suspense which are the triumphs of a skilful narrator. Our travellers and scouts abroad have also been so vigilant, as would at one time have made the labourers at home forget that they were spending the September in London, if indeed that were possible—if deserted club-rooms, solitary streets, summer theatres, and silent knockers, (never silent at other times,) could permit ideas of dreariness and desertion to escape for a moment.

JOURNAL OF A TRAVELLER ON THE CONTINENT.

No. VIII.

Wednesday, Nov. 2d.—I rose at six; we found the gates shut, and a crowd of people waiting to be let out; in about ten minutes they opened a wicket, and it appeared that as many had been waiting to be let in: when they had crowded past one another, the gates were opened, and some market carts, which had been waiting, were suffered to enter. I do not pretend to understand warfare, but this shutting of gates appears to be a foolish thing, and gives much trouble for no good purpose. The cities are surrounded with ugly dead walls, which impede the view, the exit, and the entrance, and prevent a free circulation of air; and, except at Lucca, they are too narrow to make a good walk. The soldiers who are employed for the police, and to keep the gates, or even the inhabitants, could always repel the attack of a small number of persons, and a large army would not be kept out by such walls as the Italian cities would oppose to them. It is an absurd relic of barbarism, but often in a most senseless practice may be found some collateral good; by shutting the gates early, people are compelled to keep good hours; and as they are not open before sunrise, painfully long journies are prevented.

I passed through a flat country, and through Prato without knowing it, as I did not observe any city sufficiently large to contain ten thousand inhabitants: perhaps the extraordinary and almost incredible profanation, and astounding misapplication of wafers, by the nuns of the convent of St. Catherine, as related by De Potter, in his *Memoirs of the Bishop of Prato and Pistoia Ricci*, has infected the air of this city, so that it offuscates the mind of the traveller, and hebetates his powers of observation, and thus hides Prato, unwilling to be seen, and blushing for the scandals of its nuns.

I arrived at Florence without knowing it, and thinking that it was Prato; I told the driver, therefore, to take me to whatever inn he pleased as I supposed—to bait and breakfast; he took me to a dim place, full of vetturini, and, in spite of me, would carry my baggage into a bed-room, which led to an explanation: I immediately rectified my mistake, by ordering my bags to be transported to the Four Nations, and transplanting myself to that hotel. The pompous air with which my passport had been examined at the gate, and with which I was told to stand up, that they might peep into the seat, had not undeceived me, for I had experienced the same impertinence in the most paltry cities; but as soon as I saw the *Lungo l'Arno*, I recognised the beautiful Florence, and remembered an engraving which I used to look at when a boy, and especially the marble bridge, with three elegant arches; the most graceful bridge I ever saw. I cannot decide whether it is better with the three large shields over the centre of the arches, or would be better without them. To determine the curvature of the arches of the bridge of the Holy Trinity, is a problem which has always continued to exercise the mathematicians, and has never received a satisfactory solution; it is not merely a question of scientific and useless curiosity, but a matter of important and practical utility, because the curvature of these arches affords the flattest road-way, and

greatest water-way, with the least quantity of material, of any stone bridge that was ever constructed. It is, in other words, more of a bridge than any other in the world; and as it is also the most beautiful, it is a striking illustration of the theory, that in proportion as any thing is itself, and essentially answers the end proposed, it is beautiful. Every curve has been chosen for these three arches; they have been shown, by ingenious persons, to be elliptical, catenary, and cycloidal; and a patriotic Englishman maintains, that they are manifestly Gothic pointed arches, of the time of Henry VII., and that the shields or ornaments at the vertices seem intended, by the architect, only to veil his obligations to Gothic science.

The first visit of a traveller is to the post-office; however attentive his friends may be, however well he may have pre-arranged his times of arriving, he will, for some reason or other, generally be disappointed. It is a great disappointment; but he who travels, travels to see sights; in this he will be sometimes gratified, in all other things he will most probably be disappointed. How little of a journey is employed in seeing, how much in packing and unpacking, in going from one city to another, or from one part of the same city to another part; in changing money, in bargaining, in waiting for others; about passports, or with custom-house officers: and when you have the sight actually before your eyes, you are tormented by beggars, by rain, wind, or dust; by volunteer guides; or if you take one of the regulars to defend you against other assailants, by his impertinence he will not let you look at it in the right way, and teases you with some petty history of how some king or emperor, some conqueror of Spain, the Duc d'Angouleme, or the Duke of Wellington, once saw it; and what this person, who could not possibly understand it, said thereupon. If travelling really were what it is supposed to be, but what it certainly is not, the seeing of remarkable things would be most delightful: but as it is, if taken in moderation, it is improving.

I was tired, and therefore only wandered about in a desultory manner. I remarked that few of the buildings, and I think not any of the churches, were finished; the city, although beautiful, for some reason disappointed me. I walked out of the Roman gate, and turning to the left, ascended a steep hill by a long and remarkable avenue, consisting of the ilex and the cypress, planted very close together; they were in general fine trees, and the avenue was quite entire; at the top is a palace, and a view over the city of Florence. I saw a fowler under one of the trees, who was attempting to decoy small birds to some limed twigs, in a remarkable manner: a little owl was tethered by the leg with a long string, and kept hopping and beating on the ground; the man hid himself behind the trunk of a tree, and made a chirp, like a little bird; several sparrows drew near, and looked at the owl, and seemed half inclined to take a peek at him, but they did not perch upon the twigs whilst I was present: perhaps, as I stood openly at a little distance, and looked on, I thereby prevented the complete success of this singular mode of fowling, which, I have no doubt, from the foolish conduct of the little victims, is often effectual. I do not think the olive is ugly, as is the general opinion; there is a finish about all slow-growing trees and evergreens which is pleasing.

The Italian bricks are thinner than ours, therefore they are more like the ancient Roman, and perhaps are better baked. If the painting on the walls of a room is not well executed, it is displeasing to me, because it reminds me of a theatre, and of a country theatre,—and of discomfort: a theatre seems the most comfortless place in the world, and players the most uncomfortable people; but if it be well done, in good taste, with delicate colours, and due regard being had in the shadows, to the manner in which the light enters the room, it has a cheerful and excellent effect, especially if the subject be arabesques. Representations in perspective are rarely successful, because the perspective is only just and agreeable, when seen in one point of view; in all others it is not proportion, but deformity.

Thursday, Nov. 3d.—I have heard it remarked, by a good judge of pictures, that the landscapes in the back grounds of the paintings of the older masters, the predecessors of Raphael, are excellent; I treasured up the remark, which was new to me, in my heart, and resolved to look at these productions, with the view of forming my own opinion on this point. I visited the celebrated gallery. The effect of mingling pictures with statues is good, and ought to be imitated in all public galleries. The locking and unlocking some of the rooms, is a piece of coquetry, to keep up curiosity; it is, doubtless, a powerful excitement, but it is an artifice unworthy of so fine a collection. So much has been written about the Venus, and so much stuff is hourly talked about her, that the stranger visits her with an appetite already palled. The statue has been broken in pieces, which are not neatly joined together again. The hands and the head are said to be modern; the head is certainly insipid: with the grace, modesty, dignity, and general expression of the attitude, I was not much struck, but the form I praise: in the bosom, which is large, the feet, thighs, legs, back, and shoulders, I thought that I observed peculiarities of form, which I had not seen in other statues, and that these peculiarities were all merits. The Apollino is graceful, and in excellent repair. The Fornarina of Raphael is the wickedest-looking woman I ever saw. I tried to discover in three Correggio's, the peculiar merits of that painter. I admired a fine Claude; and many other good, and some perfect, paintings. I was attracted by a grand wild boar, two dogs, and many other antique statues, especially Fauns and Satyrs. Bacchi subjects are always pleasing and interesting; the fine arts are essentially Dionysiacal.

The Florentine architects affect to give their churches, what Homer thought a fitting attribute of a house, darkness, *ανα μεγαρα σκιοεντα*: the unfinished cathedral, an immense building, seems suited for deeds of darkness; it resembles a Druidical grove; the gloom is striking, but paintings cannot be seen at all, statues but little. In this, and in some other churches, I observed for the first time, that the great altar is placed within a circular inclosure. No cathedral, scarcely any large church, has been entirely finished; at Florence they are in a peculiarly unfinished state. The west front of the cathedral, which was designed to be covered with marble, and that of many other churches, reminded me forcibly of the remark of Burnet, "that they looked as if they had been dead." The Campanile, a beautiful and lofty square tower, close to the cathedral, which was built from the

design of Giotto, covered with coloured marbles, black, white, and red, reminded me of the comparison of the same traveller, "that it looks as if it were in livery." An octagonal church of St. John the Baptist, the baptistery of the city, has, doubtless, great merit, externally and internally; but it is just such a temple as the magpies would build to their black and white deity, if a feathered Giotto, or a Brunelleschi, were to be hatched amongst that chattering nation. Santa Maria Novella, the Annunciata, the Spirito Santo, S. Lorenzo, and the Santa Croce, have various beauties: the last church is the Westminster Abbey of Florence, and contains the monuments of the illustrious dead.

The bust of Michael Angelo, on his tomb, is spirited, and must be a good likeness: the monument of Alfieri, by Canova, has its admirers; but, in my opinion, the huge mound advancing into the church, is a mere nuisance, and the party most concerned is, as usual with Canova, sunk into a medal; and a giantess, who has nothing to do with the matter, usurps his place. "Idleness," says the copy-book, "is the root of all evil;" it is certainly the root of this evil: to make a good statue of the deceased, requires time and trouble; to make a statue of Italy, of Tragedy, of Fame, of Poetry, but little; as no one has seen these ideal personages, the dissimilarity cannot be detected. In a monument erected in honour of a Chancellor, most persons could judge, whether the statue were a good likeness of the late eloquent lord; but if a weeping John Doe, or a Richard Roe, in tears, bearing the visage of the departed, engraven on his ring, or his seal, were introduced; or an Equity, disconsolate as Rachel or Niobe, and attached to life only by a little lock of his lordship's hair, or wig, the composition might defy the individual peculiarities of criticism. Persons who prefer good butter to bad, here, as at Pisa, buy it of the grand duke, who has a dairy-farm.

Friday, Nov. 4th.—The Pitti Palace is in the rustic style of architecture; it is ugly and jail-like; a good large palace might be hewn out of it. There are pictures innumerable, and fine ones. The portrait of Leo X., by Raphael, is the perfection of the art; one regrets that such exquisite painting should have been thrown away upon such ugly fellows as are there represented; on the contrary, in the neighbouring picture, by the same master, of the Madonna della Seggiola, the countenance is so beautiful, that, as was observed by a foreigner, with a freedom, perhaps, reprehensible, if it had been a mere human transaction, St. Joseph would stand fully excused, for having taken to himself such a lovely creature at second hand.

The true wonder of Florence, is the collection of anatomical models in wax, at the Spegola; their number, beauty, and perfection, is astonishing. All the various systems of the animal economy are exhibited with perfect accuracy, as large as life, and are shown as well as by the most careful dissection: nothing shocks the senses; on the contrary, a certain beauty of imitation and gracefulness in displaying and disposing the parts and limbs, is even pleasing. Some other animals, as well as man, are shown; the anatomy of the cock and hen are well represented; of the lobster, cuttle-fish, silk-worm, and of some fishes, and of the gradual growth and progress of the chicken in the egg. It is open every day, freely, to all persons. Some Austrians, private

soldiers, were looking at the cuttle-fish ; one of them asked me, what it was ; he did not understand the Italian name ; I knew enough of his language to tell him it was the Ink-fish, Tinten-fisch ; with great glee he immediately inquired, if I could speak German ; to be able to speak the language of the country, is always a powerful bond of union ; but it is, perhaps, no where so great a recommendation as in Germany. I was disappointed in the celebrated representations of the plague ; the figures are very small ; the whole consists of only three little glass cases ; absolute rottenness and rapid decay are well represented ; but some intrusive allegorical figures of Time, who ought to be committed as an incorrigible rogue and vagabond, greatly injure the effect. A human head, partly dissected, and in a putrescent state, the work of the inventor of this art, Zumbo, is the most extraordinary and the most successful of all the numerous pieces of wax-work ; the colouring is marvellous ; no imitation can be more perfect.

Saturday, Nov. 5th.—I found on the Continent many holidays that are not kept in England ; this day at least is an English holiday, which is not kept abroad ; I saw no preparations for bonfires ; I met no Guys ; no boys asked me for coppers to help to burn the Pope. It is said that the only honest tradesmen here are the Jews, who are therefore unpopular amongst other dealers ; these unfortunate people fall between two stools—in England they are hated because they are not honest enough—in Italy because they are too honest. Their mode of dealing is, perhaps, always the same ; it only appears different when compared to different things ; contrasted with that of all other nations, it seems to be dishonesty, but with that of the Italians it is honesty. It is said that there are no Jews in Scotland, that that is the only country in the world from which they cannot extract a livelihood : the Jews can live upon as little or less than any other people, but not upon less than a quarter per cent. ; if the average profits of trade fall below that rate, the Hebrews withdraw ; a Jew must have his quarter per cent., and not finding that in Scotland, he cannot live. Others explain the phenomenon differently ; they say, that the children of Israel derive their nourishment from second-hand cloaths ; that this trade is in many countries attended with great sufferings and hardships, but that in Scotland, from the peculiar habits of the people, it would be intolerable, that even Abraham himself would not follow it for a fortnight.

A gigantic size injures the effect of a work of art ; the famed Niobe is too large ; her face is beautiful and expressive ; to judge accurately and fully of this celebrated composition, more time is required than a hasty traveller can afford : the form of the daughter, whom she tries to shelter, is perhaps too much that of a woman ; certainly that part of her which is most conspicuous, is rather womanly than girlish. Some of the sons are well executed ; they appear as if stung to the quick.

Italy at present is not the land of music ; I have heard less singing in the streets than in any other country, and the little I have heard was of a much worse quality : the music in the churches is extremely monotonous ; I have generally found bad voices and bad performance : nothing can be less dignified or imposing than the religious ceremonies, or conducted in a more ungraceful and slovenly manner. Florence swarms with priests, black, white, and grey ; it is said that the Grand

Duke, as well as his family, is extremely pious. The Tuscan wine is never good, the best is barely drinkable; it is not clear and bright, being made in dirty casks and vats, and has commonly an unpleasant taste.

Sunday, Nov. 6th.—To-day, or rather to-morrow, is the first day of Michaelmas term; I feel that I have no business to remain long in Italy. I admired in the cloisters of the church of the Annunziata, a fine fresco by Giotto, of the birth of the Virgin, containing many charming female figures; the holy family of Andrea del Sarto, and some other excellent works. We walked up an extremely steep hill to Fiesole; we passed the farm of Dante, and the house in which the party, who told the tales in the Decameron of Boccaccio, are feigned to have assembled, and which has no other merits than a good view and these recollections. In visiting the scenes of fictitious events, it is difficult to avoid falling into the error of the simple attorney, who being told that a great collector of Spanish works had got Don Quixote's library, he forgot that the romance was not a history; that all that could be meant was, that copies had been procured of all the works that Cervantes describes as forming the library of the knight; he even forgot that, even supposing all was true as related, that the books had been burned, and remarked, with an ingenuousness worthy of Sancho himself, "I wonder if there is any of the Don's hand-writing; a marginal note, or even his name, in any book, would be invaluable; how I should like to see what kind of a hand he wrote!" The hill is steep; the view from the top is good; a view of Florence, of the vale of the Arno, and the surrounding hills; the forms are fine, but to an English eye the colours are unpleasant; one sees only fallow fields tinged grey with the olive; refreshing green is entirely wanting. My companions, who are warm admirers of Italy, admitted that it is inferior to Highgate and Hampstead.

The finest views abroad can never be approached; lovely lakes are blocked up, as at Geneva and Como, by the vilest of buildings; on the top of this hill a monastery is so placed, that a partial view only is to be had, and the few moments we could enjoy that partial prospect, we were infested by the inauspicious presence of a sulky monk: the few moments that can be torn from passports, custom-houses, vetturini, and darkness, from sleep and the other necessities of life, are in Italy always embittered by the odious presence of some offensive beggar, lay or ecclesiastical. The lurid sluggard came to ask us to see his monastery; to beg, at least by his looks, or to spy, or for any purpose, save the only legitimate one, to have his head broken by one of the party, and to be kicked down the hill by the rest.

The view from Fiesole is deficient in water; whatever of the Arno is not dry, is a muddy little stream; it also wants variety; it consists entirely of olive grounds, sown thickly with white villas. The waiter at my hotel wished me much to have my hair cut, and recommended a barber to my attention, because he had been at Paris, and was a *bravo*; according to our sense of the term it would signify, not a good fellow, but a very bad one; a man who would cut your hair, and then stab you with the scissors—shave you, and cut your throat with the razor.

The papal government has in all ages been eminently distinguished

for insolent pretensions, and has showed them equally in the most unimportant matters, and in the most momentous affairs. I received my passport to-day duly prepared for Rome; the ministers of all other governments, great and small, had been content with a common stamped seal in ink of various colour, red, black, blue, or green; the Pope's nuncio alone had the impertinence to affix a seal of red wax, to take a distinction, and to show that his kingdom is not of this world. Had all the potentates and impotentates, through whose dominions I passed, presented me with an ounce of sealing-wax, my passport by this time would have weighed several pounds; in that case, I presume, the arrogant little priest, who officiates as consul for the celestial empire, would have compelled me to carry to Rome in my pocket a cake of resin, like the filthy appendage to a commission of bankruptcy, and other parchments under the great seal.

Monday, Nov. 7th.—I saw some frescoes in chiaroscuro, by Andrea del Sarto, in the little church of the bare-footed Carmelites, Scalzati; they represent the life of St. John the Baptist; they are much injured, but full of spirit and of merit. The modern paintings in the Academy Delle belle Arti, do not give a high idea of the state of that art at present in Florence; there are some very good casts and a gallery of pictures of the earliest masters, which is exceedingly interesting, as well as some cartoons and drawings by great men.

I had now recovered from the fatigue I felt when I arrived in Florence, and began to be impatient to visit Rome; I accordingly made arrangements with a vetturino for that purpose. Notwithstanding the difference of climate, for one great coat that is to be seen in England, five are found in Italy, especially amongst the common people; but the Italians sit less over the fire than the English, indeed they avoid it as unwholesome. Strangers cannot fail to remark the peculiar manner in which the Italians wear their great coats, and not unfrequently their coats and jackets also; they disdain to put their arms into the sleeves, but merely throw the great-coat lightly over their shoulders; the peasants appear to have a sort of pride in showing by how small a part it can hang on, and at first it seems difficult to believe that they have not some button or peg on the nape of the neck or shoulder, for to the eye it appears sometimes as impossible that the coat should retain its position, as that it should hang against a wall without one of those supports; an experiment, however, shows that it is not difficult, and with a little practice, even one of our scanty great-coats may be worn in this fashion; the full double-breasted Italian garments much more easily, because the weight of the parts that are intended to wrap over before, overbalance the weight of the back; it will hang, therefore, for ever, upon any point of support, however small; in a very scanty garment the weight of the back having no counterpoise, tends to pull it off. A coat of coarse cloth, and such is usually to be found in Italy, is more favourable for this experiment, because its rough surface takes hold of whatever is beneath, and will not suffer it to slip down. This manner of carrying a coat is more picturesque than the transalpine fashion; it is also more beneficial to the wearer, because a garment worn loosely is most effectual in warding off the cold, that is, in retaining the animal heat. The dislike of an Italian to put his arms in his sleeves is very remarkable; it seems as if these suspicious

people had the fate of Agamemnon continually before their eyes; that renowned chieftain, as is well known, was received by his wife on his return from Troy with a warm bath; when he came out of the bath, a garment, with the sleeves sewed up, was presented to him, and whilst his arms were thus hampered, he was struck out of the book of life. An Italian appears to suspect treachery in his sleeves, that if he were to trust his hands into them for a moment, his wife and her cavalier servente would suddenly cleave his head with a murderous axe, as wood-cutters serve an oak.

—Ὅπως δρυν ὑλοτομοί,
Οχιζοσι κατὰ φονίῃ πελέκει.

or, as the hero's shade described the transaction, the cavalier would dispose of him as a man has been known to slaughter an ox at the manger—

—Ὡς τις τε κατεκτανε βοῦν ἐπὶ φατνῇ.

We sometimes see an Irish labourer with his coat in this fashion. A great coat is a common dress amongst the lower order of Irish: from the moral habits of the wearers it has won the appellation of a wrap-rascal. By these persons it is often used to hide the rags in which their indolence arrays them. The dress of the Italians, however coarse, except of beggars by profession, is rarely ragged.

Tuesday, Nov. 8th.—The more one contemplates the anatomical figures, the more wonderful they appear; I would gladly visit them every day for an hour, until I fully understood the wonderful structure of the human frame. It would be a great advantage to be accompanied by a person who was already conversant with the subject: it would greatly facilitate the acquisition of this interesting portion of knowledge, but it is not absolutely necessary, because each piece of wax-work is illustrated by a corresponding diagram; and wherever this fails, its deficiency might be supplied by a good book. It is said that the figures are imperfect: nothing is perfect. If the errors were pointed out by those who have detected them, the same wonderful skill that made the models could alter what is amiss, remove what is redundant, and supply omissions. Those who have obtained their information by actual dissections, are fairly entitled to compensate themselves for their disgusting labours, by sneering at all other and more facile modes of becoming wise. It may be true, that to make a surgeon these alone are insufficient, but I do not wish to become a surgeon; I would operate on no man, I would amputate nothing; let all my friends enjoy their limbs in peace for me. I do not undervalue galleries of paintings and statues: all public means of instruction are precious, but such a collection is at least as useful as a museum of antiquities. It would be desirable that a wealthy government should employ competent artists, either in copying these figures, or in modelling others of a similar kind from nature; and, above all things, when the work was completed, that they should be exhibited at all times, to all persons, and with the same laudable facility as these are; for a talent wrapped in a napkin, and buried in the earth, is worthless and useless. I have observed that, in anatomical collections, all the spectators, both ladies and gentlemen, anxiously inquire, since a certain irreparable loss, after the carotid artery.

The base of the Venus de Medicis is inscribed—

ΚΛΕΟΜΕΝΗΣ ΑΠΟΛΛΟΔΩΡΟΥ
ΑΘΗΝΑΙΟΣ ΕΠΩΕΣΕΝ.

Is the base as old as the statue, the inscription as the base? If it be, and if the statue were formed in a good age, so good a sculptor, especially if he were an Athenian, ought to have been able to spell *εποίησεν*; and why did Cleomenes, the son of Apollodorus, whether he be the person of that name, of whom Pliny writes in his Natural History, l. 36, c. 5, or some other, attempt to inscribe *fecit*, and not the more modest imperfect *faciebat*, *εποίηει*, which was usual to denote that the artist was making, but did not finish the work, which, however excellent, is not so complete as it might be? Can the lapidary critics, the men learned in stones, tell us what made the good Athenian at once so ignorant and so conceited?

Wine may be too cheap for jollity: where the best wine is three-pence a bottle, there is no hospitality in giving it, and no one thinks of finishing the bottle, which is a great principle of jollity, any more than of emptying the water-bottle in his bed-room: he takes a glass, or two, or three, or none, and leaves the rest with perfect indifference. When a gentleman helps himself in England to toast and water, or table-beer, neither Mr. President nor Mr. Vice, how jocund soever these officers may be, roars out thus from the top of the table, or from the bottom, "Come, fill fair! No heel-taps! No day-light!" So it is where wine is as cheap as small beer. The minimum for jollity ought to be, perhaps, one shilling a bottle for gentleman's wine: let the plebeian warm his veins with coarser liquor at a cheaper rate.

Wednesday, Nov. 9th.—I rose early and packed up my things, for the rogue of a vetturino had promised me to set off this morning for Perugia: he now declared that he had agreed for Thursday. We had much disputation and scolding: I had already lost one day in waiting for him, but as I found that I could not do better, I at last consented to lose another. In the course of our dispute, he said that he would swear that he would never go out of the room if he had not agreed for Thursday; he was much annoyed at my laughing at his oath, and he said that I would not swear that he had engaged for to-day, which I would not, as swearing is not my habit of transacting business. I was sorry I did not notice the exact terms of his oath: I have no doubt that the equivocation was curious and ingenious. The more swearing the more falsehood; the truth is not inconsistent with a simple assertion; an oath is an invitation to use deceit and evasion: it was the invention of those who sought to deceive, or who had deceived so often, that they could not hope to be believed without some new expedient: it was a confession that the sense of justice had no force, but the apprehension of the consequences of a terrible imprecation might possibly act upon the vile deceiver. It was a base substitution of cowardly fear for honesty, and a degradation of the mind of man, a courageous and moral being, to the state of the timorous brute, that flies before the goad and the lash.

Having done all in my power to quit Florence without delay, I paid another visit to the gallery with a clear conscience, and saw two interesting rooms, which I had not found open before. The walls of

both are covered with portraits of artists: in one room is a fine antique marble vase, in the other the famous hermaphrodite, which I think is the most beautiful statue I ever beheld: the body and limbs in every part, with one exception, appear at first sight to be decidedly feminine, but upon gazing for a time, something of the male proportions is discovered in every part, and opens gradually like the sun breaking through a mist. It is an elegant solution of a difficult problem. It would be a great effort of art to succeed in the converse of the proposition—to make a statue as decidedly male to the same extent, but which, on examination, should gradually develope female proportions. However astonishing as a triumph of genius, this work is not an agreeable subject of contemplation: it is a beautiful monster, for whose mixed nature it is impossible not to feel a certain antipathy.

The imperturbable and perennial good-temper of the Italians compensates for many defects: it must be a great blessing to all persons in a state of dependence, such as children and servants; and it is a vast advantage in the softer sex, who, in certain islands, are unfortunately too often inclined to be a little hard upon us. At five, when I sat down to dinner, it was raining heavily; I went to visit a friend at six, it was a beautiful star-light evening; and at eleven, when I returned, it was dark and wet. I think, during my short stay, I experienced changes of weather equally sudden, and I am told that the climate of Florence is very changeable.

Thursday, Nov. 10th.—I rose at five; it was dark; Sirius and Orion were reflected in the Arno: at six I went on board my vettura; my companions were a native of Perugia, his wife, and daughter, a little girl of four years of age. The day became gloomy; the roads were muddy. Foreign carriages are not more favourable for a view, than foreign houses; the windows of the latter are often eight feet from the floor of the room, like the windows of a prison, and such as are given in the plates to Don Quixote and Gil Blas; or, at best, so contrived, that it is impossible to see any thing, when seated in a chair: and the carriages, by reason of the construction of the overhanging roof, are well adapted to enable a traveller to pass through a country without seeing any thing of it. Our course was through pleasant regions; hilly, with arable land, shaded by vines and olives.

We dined at noon, cheerfully, in a shabby little town, called Figline; we passed through a similar country to a little place, of which I did not catch the name, where we arrived in the dark; the night was stormy, with violent rain. Our handmaid, who wore a black beaver hat, with a majestic plume of black ostrich feathers, the pride and glory of the females of Tuscany, was named *Assunta*, assumed in honour of the assumption of the virgin, as some are named *Annunziata*, announced, on account of her annunciation, as the interview with the archangel Gabriel, is called. I had in my bed-room a pot of holy water, and two pictures of Saints, to scare away the nightly demons.

Friday, Nov. 11th.—The day was gloomy; we rose abominably early, as usual. We passed through the town of Arezzo; the streets through which we drove were narrow; I saw nothing interesting; but as it was the native place of Petrarch, I took off my cap, as in a church, in honour of the lover of Madonna Laura.

We continued our immense fatigue to a later hour than usual, and came to a poor inn near Castel Fiorentino. I walked up the hill, and into the filthy little town, which is built on the narrow ridge of a steep hill; the smell of salt-fish reached to Heaven; it was market-day; the streets were filled with mules and mulish people, who rudely stared at a stranger; I saw nothing in the market but salt-fish, and a small supply of bad vegetables. I descended to the inn, which was at the foot of the hill, and I found, as it was a meagre day, that a meagre dinner only was to be had.

We pursued our journey to a village, the name of which I could not catch, where they said that Hannibal defeated the Romans; it was dark when we arrived, and dark when we quitted it; we saw neither Romans nor Carthaginians. We passed the night at a rude inn; the people, however, were civil; the supper was meagre in the strictest sense. A meagre day is really an act of devotion, if self-denial constitutes devotion, where there is only fresh water-fish, or sea-fish, not of the best and freshest, or salt-fish; where they are not well dressed, and without sauce, and where vegetables are scarce and bad; cold boiled tench, with oil and vinegar, and cold boiled cauliflower, with the same sauce, are less satisfactory than the worst fowl, steak, or chop. When fish is of the first quality, and got up in the best style, it is excellent food, but not otherwise; like poetry, it will not admit of mediocrity. Where things are different, names differ also; that of my fair companion was *Altavilla*, her daughter's, *Giulietta*, the Juliet of Romeo and of Shakspeare, and she spoke of her sister, *Clelia*, a name of romance.

Saturday, Nov. 12th.—We rose earlier than ever; and by the light of the bright stars, proceeded on our way, passing through a country which was formerly thoroughly wasted by Hannibal, as Livy writes, “Annibal, quod agri est inter Cortonam urbem Trasimenumque Lacum, omni clade belli pervastat; quo magis iram hosti ad vindicandas sociorum injurias acuat.” The city of Cortona I had not time to visit; it is said to have many monuments of antiquity, and the works of Pietro da Cortona, and of other masters.

At sun-rise we came suddenly upon the beautiful lake of Thrasimene, the leather curtains were suddenly rolled up, and I contemplated with pleasure a lovely morning, reflected in these celebrated waters. I gazed upon them with silent and sincere delight, and forgot the present in contemplating the remote past; and as we crept along slowly by the edge of the lake, I was absorbed in obscure indistinct reflections, for such only can we form of the times of Flaminius and Hannibal.

The ancient warriors, both Carthaginians and Romans, were suddenly put to flight by a modern hero, a brave soldier of his Holiness, who asked for my passport, and told me to descend, that the luggage might be examined. I obeyed with a very ill grace, and the trunks of my companions underwent a long and rigorous inquisition. The lady had put on her head a new hat of the largest size, and of the finest straw, adorned with three long white ostrich feathers, to avoid the heavy duties, and thus to import at a cheaper rate, into her native city, this splendid sample of Florentine elegance. I amused myself by reading a long manifesto, or proclamation, against prohibited

books, in a spirit worthy of the darkest of the dark ages; there was also a large press, inscribed "prohibited books;" I felt great curiosity to open it. They tormented my little sacks, unfolded every parcel, and pryed into every corner; my two or three books were severely scrutinized; a German dictionary and a book of roads were examined, as if they had been the productions of Martin Luther, or of Lady Morgan. To give the devil his due, I must confess the fellows were very civil; as I had nothing to lose, I was quite the contrary, and they did not ask for money, a demand which, though of small importance in itself, is an indubitable proof of a shabby mode of doing business. Having lost much time in these absurd investigations, we mounted our carriage, and continued our ride by the side of the lake, and then quitting it, crossed a pleasant hill, and came to Mangiano, where a scanty, but not a meagre dinner, relieved us, tired and famished.

In a paltry church they were celebrating a Cutafalco of nine days, for the benefit of the dead; in the middle of the church was a stage or scaffold, the Cutafalco of four degrees, with abundance of lighted candles on each degree, or story; and at the top were two wax-work figures of a large size, one like a Roman soldier, the other a child crowned with roses; a priest was saying mass, and the church was crowded with people.

We went into a little coffee-house, to take a cup of such coffee as the place afforded. In looking over the Gazette of the Lake of Thrasimene, or a newspaper with some such title, savouring of the Punic wars, I found an instance of the more than Punic faith, and same crooked policy of the court of Rome in little matters, which formerly distinguished it in great ones. There was a long discussion about executing some robber contrary to alleged promises, and a laboured justification of the see, stating that some bishop had interfered, as a mediator of grace and favour only.

We arrived at Perugia about four o'clock in the afternoon; we met with swarms of friars issuing from its gates, black, white, and black and white: Dominicans, pied, like magpies, that it was evident we were no longer in the dominions of a mere earthly monarch, but of "your most humble man's man, Emperor Peter." I was frightened by the accounts of the exactions practised at the Poste; I went therefore to the Crown, a comfortable and reasonable inn. I did not find one English name in the book; but they showed me a journal, which had been left there by a young English lady, to see if I knew the hand. I looked at it, to satisfy them that I did not. It was in the writing of a young person; the only sentence which I read, said, that "the walls of Perugia are remarkably strong."

Sunday, Nov. 13th.—Perugia is built on a steep hill; but some of the streets are wide and handsome, especially the Corso. The general appearance of the city is striking; the inhabitants have plenty of house-room, walls, and arches, for it is thinly inhabited. The gate of St. Peter is ancient and noble, and that called the Arch of Augustus is a fine old gateway. The cathedral, dedicated to St. Lawrence, is heavy; the church of the Dominicans is heavy and dark; the church of St. Peter's is rich and finely painted, and abounds in pictures by Raphael, especially his early works and first fruits; the admirable

productions by Pietro Perugino, the master of Raphael, and the pictorial grandfather of Raphael, the master of Pietro: a large convent of Benedictines is annexed to this church. The view from the folding doors behind the altar is so beautiful, that it brings to mind the painful reflection,—this is one of the lovely things I shall only see once, which is, perhaps, worse than not seeing it at all.

I saw many pretty women in the streets; the Corso was much crowded at dusk, but I was told that all the Perugians had gone to pass the day in the country, as it was the feast of St. Martin. The wine of this district is white, sweet, and better than any I have met with in Tuscany.

Whilst I was at dinner, I heard a woman scolding most tremendously; it was the only thing of the kind I had heard since I left England; the objurgation was so loud and so long, that it drove all the women out of the kitchen; they took refuge in the hall, where I was dining—the chambermaid, her daughter, and a good-looking girl, a daughter of the house as they say, for the children of the landlady are called in all countries, a son of the house, or a daughter of the house. They seated themselves in a row on the table opposite, and told me, that of the four children of the house, the youngest, a boy of ten years, who was his mother's favourite, had been punished by his father for some misconduct, at which the mother was enraged, and had delivered with extraordinary vehemence and pathos the oration which I had heard, to the father, who preserved as strict and as respectful a silence as the pots and pans on the walls.

Travelling in Italy is a solitary thing; there are no *tables d'hôte*, no public conveyances, no one is to be found at the inns; the Italians are very courteous; but the men are, without exception, the shyest people in the world; and the women, who are not shy, are more guarded, and looked after more strictly and closely than amongst any other western nation.

Monday, Nov. 14th.—I quitted Perugia at eleven with a vetturino; I had no companions; we descended a long steep hill, and crossed the Tiber by the bridge of S. Giovanni. It began to rain, and it rained so hard as we passed the church of Madonna degli Angioli, a large building with a cupola, in honour of the spot where St Francis died, that I could not descend to view the interior without great inconvenience. As we ascended the hill, the rain fell in torrents, with hail, thunder, and lightning, and as we entered the city of Assisi, the water was running through the streets like a mill-stream. We drove into the cloisters of the convent; I was received by a monk, who had been in Malta and Egypt, and was on board an English ship at the battle of the Nile. He showed me the upper church; it was painted by Pietro Perugino, Raphael, and other great men; but the frescoes are so much defaced as to be hardly visible; the rain and wind were beating against the windows of painted glass, which seemed on the point of being driven in by the frightful storm. The lower church is painted by the same great artists, and their works are in good preservation, but it was too dark under this hostile sky to see them with any advantage. Beneath is a little chapel, lately fitted up in a handsome manner, in which the bones of St. Francis had been found, and were again deposited.

WRESTLING.

THE amateurs of athletic performances were gratified towards the end of last month, with an exhibition of the old national feat of wrestling. Several matches were played between Devonshire and Cornwall men, on the 19th, 20th, and 21st, at the Eagle Tavern green, in the City Road.—The science displayed on the occasion shows, that we are in some respects the same people as our ancestors were in the “good old times,” when rustic games attracted the notice of courts; and that, in recounting the achievements in this line of our forefathers, we may not use Homer’s illustration of the feats in the heroic age before him, when he represents Ajax as performing what two men’s strength in his times would be unable to accomplish.

The first day, every Cornish and Devon hero was free to throw his hat in the ring, as a challenge to any adversary of the opposing county. Several very pretty contests took place, in which the victory was not always to the strong; there was an agility and pliancy of limb in the diminutive, that sometimes ensured them the throw: some of these seemed incapable of being laid with both shoulders to the ground, as the law of wrestle requires.—The variety of movement and attitude far exceeded that exhibited in the pugilistic combat.—If we might hazard a rash observation, we should say, that there is a degree of sublimity in this game, exceeding that attached to more dangerous exertions of bodily vigour. We know, indeed, that it is but play, from which no great injury can ensue, and therefore that the great tragic emotion, fear, which exalts human effort, is absent; but then, so far as it goes, the struggle is no less animated than one of life and death—every muscle is in play, the mind is concentrated upon one object, upon which eye and limb are equally intent. You may imagine it the beginning of a death-grapple, in which two wary, unarmed enemies encounter.—They lace their limbs tightly together, strain every sinew, throw their bodies into violent contortions, till human power is at its utmost stretch, and then one or both come to the ground. With savages this would be but the precursor of the death of one; with Englishmen it is the decision of the contest. They rise, and reciprocate that ancient pledge of honour and good humour, the shake of the hand, submitting to an umpire as to the fairness of the fall. It is at such spectacles as these, that the statuary will imbibe the boldest conceptions of the human form in a state of activity; and probably it is owing to the general neglect of gymnastic sports, that the moderns have made so much less progress in the higher branches of sculpture, than the ancients; among whom, all exercises that tended to liberate and develope the frame were in such high repute. Nor was it to muscular freedom alone, that the emulation fostered by the Olympic games conduced; it was found likewise to excite to great and heroic deeds. As in later days, the *spectari dum talia facerit* was the impelling motive to efforts almost superhuman. This passion for fame and applause was found to be best promoted by those public exhibitions, in which no reward but a simple emblem of distinction was to be won. It is to be presumed, that the Greeks were not so hard-pinched for subsistence, as our labourers and me-

chanics are, or an olive crown would not have had so many charms in their eyes, as the silver *crowns* for which the Cornish and Devon wrestlers played. But be the prize what it may, the more trifling it is, the less will be the chance of such corrupt venality creeping in, as that which has almost extirpated pugilism. It is for this reason we hope, that if wrestling should replace boxing, the Corinthians will not, by staking large sums, tempt the honesty of the players. There can be but little doubt, that the present degraded state of the *Fancy* is attributable to the discordant union of the vices of the nobility, with the sports of the vulgar. The gangrene of betting has infected almost all our old games, but we trust that this one of wrestling will survive in those districts which have become celebrated for it, and that it will long prove a recreation to the hardy miners of Cornwall and Cumberland—men whose days are passed in dangerous pits, and whose pastimes, therefore, should be of a rough and fear-dispelling nature. And we hope that the peasantry of England generally, will long preserve among the customs handed down by their merry ancestors, a game, which proves a good and harmless vent for that untameable love of display and hardihood, that *combativeness* (to borrow a scientific word) which in other nations finds its issue in savage battles with sticks, swords, and knives, or in lawless associations of bandits of some kind or other.

The above mentioned matches were noticed in *The Times* of the 23d ult. but in so partial a manner in favour of Cornwall, that we suspect the writer of the paragraph to be from that ancient duchy: or possibly he may be an intended candidate for some Cornish borough, in which the electors are *amateurs* of this diversion.—Indeed the rottenness of the system there, seems to have altogether infected the natives, even in their sporting transactions.—The Cornish committee had appointed a Cornish referee, and this one would not admit a countryman to have been thrown, even when the dirt on both shoulders proclaimed it to all eyes.—His decision obliged Cann, the Devonshire champion, to throw one man, Burdoo, three times; and his antagonist for the first prize, Warren, twice. Previous to the final struggle however, the Cornish Judge was almost unanimously voted *off*, and a new referee appointed. Another unfairness in the committee, was matching the Devonshire champion against the next best Devonshire wrestler, Middleton, who might probably have carried off the prize from Warren.—This accounts for three out of four prizes being assigned to the Cornish side.

The difference in the style of wrestling of these two neighbouring shires, is as remarkable as that of the lineaments of their inhabitants. The florid chubby-faced Devon-man is all life and activity in the ring, holding himself erect, and offering every advantage to his opponent. The sallow sharp-featured Cornwall-man is all caution and resistance, bending himself in such a way, that his legs are inaccessible to his opponent, and waiting for the critical instant, when he can spring in upon his impatient adversary.

The contest between Abraham Cann and Warren, not only displayed this difference of style, but was attended with a degree of suspense between skill and strength, that rendered it extremely interesting.—The former, who is the son of a Devonshire farmer, has

been backed against any man in England for 500*l*. His figure is of the finest athletic proportions, and his arm realizes the muscularity of ancient specimens: his force in it is surprising; his hold is like that of a vice, and with ease he can pinion the arms of the strongest adversary, if he once grips them, and keep them as close together, or as far asunder, as he chooses. He stands with his legs apart, his body quite upright, looking down good humouredly on his crouching opponent.—In this instance, his opponent Warren, a miner, was a man of superior size, and of amazing strength, not so well distributed however, throughout his frame; his arms and body being too lengthy in proportion to their bulk. His visage was harsh beyond measure, and he did not disdain to use a little craft with eye and hand, in order to distract his adversary's attention. But he had to deal with a man, as collected as ever entered the ring. Cann put in his hand as quietly as if he were going to seize a shy horse, and at length caught a slight hold between finger and thumb of Warren's sleeve. At this, Warren flung away with the impetuosity of a surprised horse. But it was in vain; there was no escape from Cann's pinch, so the miner seized his adversary in his turn, and at length both of them grappled each other by the arm and breast of the jacket. In a trice Cann tripped his opponent with the toe in a most scientific but ineffectual manner, throwing him clean to the ground, but not on his back, as required.—The second heat begun similarly, Warren stooped more, so as to keep his legs out of Cann's reach, who punished him for it by several kicks below the knee, which must have told severely if his shoes had been on, according to his County's fashion. They shook each other rudely—strained knee to knee—forced each other's shoulders down, so as to overbalance the body—but all ineffectually.—They seemed to be quite secure from each other's efforts, as long as they but held by the arm and breast-collar, as ordinary wrestlers do. A new grip was to be effected. Cann liberated one arm of his adversary to seize him by the cape behind: at that instant Warren, profiting by his inclined posture, and his long arms, threw himself round the body of the Devon champion, and fairly lifted him a foot from the ground, clutching him in his arms with the grasp of a second Antæus.—The Cornish men shouted aloud, "Well done, Warren!" to their hero, whose naturally pale visage glowed with the hope of success. He seemed to have his opponent at his will, and to be fit to fling him, as Hercules flung Lycas, any how he pleased. Devonshire then trembled for its champion, and was mute. Indeed it was a moment of heart-quaking suspense.—But Cann was not daunted; his countenance expressed anxiety, but not discomfiture. He was off terra-firma, clasped in the embrace of a powerful man, who waited but a single struggle of his, to pitch him more effectually from him to the ground.—Without straining to disengage himself, Cann with unimaginable dexterity glued his back firmly to his opponent's chest, lacing his feet round the other's knee-joints, and throwing one arm backward over Warren's shoulder, so as to keep his own enormous shoulders pressed upon the breast of his uplifter. In this position they stood at least twenty seconds, each labouring in one continuous strain, to bend the other, one backwards, the other forwards.—Such a struggle could not last. Warren, with the weight of the other upon his stomach and chest,

and an inconceivable stress upon his spine, felt his balance almost gone, as the energetic movements of his countenance indicated.—His feet too were motionless by the coil of his adversary's legs round his; so to save himself from falling backwards, he stiffened his whole body from the ankles upwards, and these last being the only liberated joints, he inclined forwards from them, so as to project both bodies, and prostrate them in one column to the ground together.—It was like the slow and poising fall of an undermined tower.—You had time to contemplate the injury which Cann the undermost would sustain if they fell in that solid, unbending posture to the earth. But Cann ceased bearing upon the spine as soon as he found his supporter going in an adverse direction. With a presence of mind unrateable, he relaxed his strain upon one of his adversary's stretched legs, forcing the other outwards with all the might of his foot, and pressing his elbow upon the opposite shoulder. This was sufficient to whisk his man undermost the instant he unstiffened his knee—which Warren did not do until more than half way to the ground, when from the acquired rapidity of the falling bodies nothing was discernible.—At the end of the fall, Warren was seen sprawling on his back, and Cann, whom he had liberated to save himself, had been thrown a few yards off on all-fours. Of course the victory should have been adjudged to this last.—When the partial referee was appealed to, he decided, that it was not a fair fall, as only one shoulder had bulged the ground, though there was evidence on the back of Warren that both had touched it pretty rudely.—After much debating a new referee was appointed, and the old one expelled; when the candidates again entered the lists. The crowning beauty of the whole was, that the second fall was precisely a counterpart of the other. Warren made the same move, only lifting his antagonist higher, with a view to throw the upper part of his frame out of play. Cann turned himself exactly in the same manner using much greater effort than before, and apparently more put to it, by his opponent's great strength. His share, however, in upsetting his supporter was greater this time, as he relaxed one leg much sooner, and adhered closer to the chest during the fall; for at the close he was seen uppermost, still coiled round his supine adversary, who admitted the fall, starting up, and offering his hand to the victor. He is a good wrestler too—so good, that we much question the authority of *The Times* for saying that he is not one of the *crack* wrestlers of Cornwall.—From his amazing strength, with common skill he should be a first-rate man at this play, but his skill is much greater than his countrymen seemed inclined to admit.—Certain it is, they destined him the first prize, and had Cann not come up to save the honour of his county, for that was his only inducement, the four prizes, by judiciously matching the candidates, would no doubt have been given to natives of Cornwall. We trust that the trial between the two counties will instigate the *crack* men to come, and fairly meet each other, as such a measure might bring wrestling into vogue, and supply the gap left in the annals of Sporting by the extinction of the pugilistic club.

GYMNAST.

LORD F. L. GOWER'S FAUST.*

THE building of the Tower of Babel was an idle business. It contributed little, as far as we can learn, to the science of architecture; and had it not been for so airy a project, we should now have known the precise words with which the serpent prevailed upon the woman to do—as she listed;—we should now have known whether a chattering, grinning monkey, be really and indeed a man;—and, what is still more important, we should never have been plagued and distracted by the pestilent tribe of translators. Professional translators we of course mean;—not such as have made Bayle and Froissart a part of the literature of our country, whose services we acknowledge with gratitude; but that never-ending, still-beginning swarm of caricaturists, who with little knowledge of the genius and structure of their mother-tongue, and still less of the language which they affect to translate; and naturally endued with an equal poverty of words and ideas, regard a dictionary as the sole requisite for the work of translation.

Scribendi recte sapere est principium et fons

is the maxim of Horace; to which, as writers modestly conscious of our own perfections, we unhesitatingly accede. But if this be the case, with respect to original composition, it is very different with translation. Generally speaking, the “*principium et fons*” of translation, are Mr. Colburn and Mr. John Murray; and the course of proceeding appears to be as follows. A foreign work happens to be talked of as abounding with agreeable lies, or disagreeable truths; with political invective or private slander; with an extra proportion of sentiment, either of the German or French school. It has been mentioned with encomium or execration in some review, or by some traveller; † or, perchance, one of our own writers, in order to exhibit at once his candour, and the extent of his reading, pretends to have copied some common-place sentiment from it. It has procured its author a pension, or a prosecution; or has, perhaps, sent him on his travels. For one or other of these weighty reasons the work has acquired celebrity; and therefore the said “*principium et fons*” contract with some person, at so much the foot, to render it into such English as the translator may possess. Hence we have memoirs upon memoirs, and a host of other performances, executed in the same workmanlike style, which it would be tedious to enumerate.

There is also another process of translation, equally conducive to

* Faust, a drama, by Goethe, &c. By Lord Francis Leveson Gower. Second edition. London, 1825. 2 vols.

† Nothing can be more instructive than the remarks of travellers upon the writers of the countries which they visit. They string together some score of names, great and small, of all classes, and pronounce one sweeping eulogy upon them; or if they condescend to particulars, every historian is another Gibbon, and every dramatist a Shakspeare or a Sheridan. Take Mr. Blaquiere's Spain for example. “It is impossible to repeat the names of such men as Lardizabel, Toribio Nuñez, Cambronero, Heneros, Salas, Cabrera, Hermosilla, Reinoso, Vascons, Andujar, Clemente, Rodriguez, O'Farril, Fernandez, Moratin, Gorostiza, without acknowledging,” &c. p. 508. The same author, speaking of the “*Delinquente honrado*” of Jovellanos, observes, that it is “equal in comic power to the comedies of Goldsmith and Sheridan.” Now, as the play in question was written for the purpose of pointing out the unjust severity of the law of Charles III. against duelling, it contains, as might be expected, about as much comic incident, and comic power, as Moore's Gamester.

the interests of literature. Some aspiring youth, wishing to prepare himself for foreign parts, begins to study a foreign language. No sooner has he made such proficiency in his grammar as to enable him to distinguish, with tolerable accuracy, a verb from a substantive, but he takes up some work to translate; and in order that his mind, his pocket, and the world may be all simultaneously benefitted, he commits the result of his labours to hotpress and a handsome type. Not satisfied with following the example of an hereditary bel-esprit, who, a few years ago, appended his college themes to a political pamphlet by way of notes, he makes his task the very stock and substance of the volume; and his master corrects the press and his exercise at the same time.

To this source we owe "Popular Tales," novels, and sonnets without number; and to this source we are almost inclined to ascribe "Faust, a drama, by Lord Francis Leveson Gower."

The Faust of Goethe, the most splendid effort of a wayward and capricious, but transcendent genius, has appeared before the public in so many different garbs, that it is unnecessary to dwell upon its story. Such of our readers as have neither seen the original German, nor Lord Leveson Gower's translation, have at least read the short and spirited critique of Schlegel, or the more elaborate analysis of Madame de Stael, full of epigram, antithesis, and manner; or Boosey's prose, which is very prose; or Soane's specimen of a translation in verse, which is prose with rhymes appended; or they have seen the characteristic outlines of Retsch, which give the liveliest idea of the whole at a glance; or they have witnessed the representation at Drury-lane, which gives—no idea of any part of it.

An examination of the plot and moral of the piece would be equally beside our present purpose. We shall not dive into the poet's mind, and canvass his intentions. We shall not adopt the antithetical arrangement of Madame de Stael, who insists that the author's meaning is, that as Margaret suffered for her crime, and was pardoned by heaven, so Faust's life is to be saved, but his soul damned; * nor the more humane, though the less rhetorical disposition of the Quarterly Reviewer, "that if the author had ever completed the poem, the repentance of the seducer would have come forth, and been rewarded as fully as that of his victim Margaret." We abstain from all such speculations, for the simple reason that as the author has been contented to leave the matter unsettled, we deem it superfluous to settle it for him; and proceed at once to the consideration of Lord Levison Gower's performance.

If nothing were requisite to a translation of "Faust" but an easy flow of language, a smooth, not unmusical versification, some delicacy of tact, and a perception of the pathetic in its tender unimpassioned form; we should have no reason to complain of his Lordship. But works of imagination require in a translator a kindred mind and congenial powers; and few works have ever appeared exhibiting powers so various and extensive as this drama. In it the author has

* L'intention de l'auteur est sans doute que Marguerite périsse, et que Dieu lui pardonne; que la vie de Faust soit sauvée, mais que son ame soit perdue.—*L'Allemagne*, ii. 216.

given a loose to the most luxuriant and wonder-working fancy ; hurrying through the vast range of human sympathies and human pursuits ; and not satisfied with the phenomena of the moral and the visible world, he transports the reader beyond the limits of reality into "the sphere of dream ;" a world peopled by beings of his own creation, fantastic, wild, and awful. Unfortunately the magic rod and spells of Faust are beyond the grasp of Lord Leveson Gower. The tumultuous workings of a soul thirsting for knowledge, that "in enjoyment pants for fresh desire ;" its presumptuous aspirations, its feverish rapture, and its despondency, are but feebly portrayed in the Noble Lord's version ;—the bitter fiendish sarcasms of Mephistopheles fall pointless to the ground ; and the bold imagery of the witches' festival dwindles into very edifying sing-song. The tender passages of the poem, on the contrary, are rendered with elegance,—we wish we could add, with fidelity. The following lines from the prologue are a favourable specimen :—

Then give me back the days of feeling,
 When I was an expectant too,
 When, through the wilds of fancy stealing,
 The stream of song was ever new ;
 When morning mists the scene surrounded,
 And buds foretold the promised rose ;
 When, bee-like, o'er the flowers I bounded,
 And pluck'd and rifled as I chose !
 Enough, yet little, form'd my treasure—
 The hope of truth, illusion's present pleasure.
 Give me the active spring of gladness,
 Of pleasure stretch'd almost to pain ;
 My hate, my love, in all their madness—
 Give me my youth again !

A part of the melancholy musings of the philosopher in his study, is equally felicitous :—

Thou silver moon, whose friendly light
 Has shed, through many a wint'ry night,
 Unwonted rays on learning's scrolls,
 Her massy volumes, dusty rolls,
 Would that beneath those rays my brow
 Throbb'd with its last pulsation now ;
 And yet I feel the wild desire
 To mount me on thy rolling fire,
 With dæmons of the misty air
 To wander in thy azure glare,
 And bathe me in thy dewy deeps,
 Where pain is hush'd and conscience sleeps.

Among those parts of the poem, in a deeper and more solemn tone of feeling, which has suffered least by the translation, is the soliloquy of Faust, in which he exults in the majesty of nature, and in his own faculty of comprehension and enjoyment.

Spirit of power ! thou gavest me, gavest me all
 My wishes ask'd :—not vainly hast thou turned
 Thy awful countenance in fire towards me !
 Thou gavest me Nature's realms for my dominion,
 And power to feel and to enjoy the gift.
 Not with mere wonder's glance my eye was cheated ;
 Deep into Nature's breast at once I dived,
 And scann'd it like the bosom of a friend.
 Thou bad'st, in dark array, her living forms

Glide by: thou teachest me to know my brethren
 In air, in quiet wood, or glassy stream;
 And when the storm is howling through the forest,
 The storm that strikes the giant pine to earth;
 While many a branchy neighbour shares the ruin,
 And rocks give back the crash and the rebound;
 Then, led by thee to some wild cave remote,
 My task I ply—the study of myself,
 Or, should the silver moon look kindly down,
 The vision'd forms of ages long gone by
 Gleam out from piled rock, or dewy bush—
 Mellow to kinder light the blaze of thought,
 And soothe the maddening mind to softer joy!

But his Lordship labours under one defect of somewhat more importance than he seems to consider it,—an ignorance of the language of his original. This is obvious throughout the whole poem. Sometimes he blunders on unconsciously; at others, where he is evidently aware that he does not understand, he throngs together sweet and high-sounding words:—

A happy tuneful vacancy of sense,

which bewilders and pleases. We are bound therefore to warn the readers of these volumes, that whenever they meet with such beautiful mystifications, they are to attribute them not to the author, but to the translator. Now as the noble Lord has been complimented in other quarters for his “thorough knowledge of the language of his original,” and as Professor Schlegel's few words of passing commendation have been strangely magnified, we shall point out some of the most laughable blunders of his Lordship's performance.—When Faust gives Wagner an account of the preparation of the sovereign elixir, which in his and his father's hands had been more baneful than a pestilence, the translation runs thus:—

There was a lion red, a friar bold,
 Who married lilies in their bath of gold,
 With fire then vex'd them from one bridal bed.
 Into another, thus he made them wed.
 Upon her throne of glass was seen,
 Of varied hues, the youthful queen.

We have certainly heard—

Of the pale citron, the green lion, the crow,
 The peacock's tail, the plum'd swan,—

but we question whether in all the mystical jargon of alchemy a “friar bold” was ever heard of as the symbol of any ingredient, or any chemical result.—The original however explains the mystery; for *there* stands the word “*freyer*,” the English of which is and ever was “a suitor;”—we wonder the noble Lord did not translate “rother lue” a “red lie.”—“Their bath of gold” too is gratuitous nonsense; for in the original it is a “tepid bath.”

“Are you sure you loosed them
 I' their own menstree?” says Subtle.
 “Yes, sir, and then married them,”

answers Pace; but who ever heard of a menstruum of gold? Me-
 phistopheles exclaims elsewhere:—

We give them words, cannot they be content?
 Must they still be inquiring what was meant?

And so seems to think Lord Leveson Gower.

Again, when Faust tries the force of his spells upon the poodle, under the form of which the fiend had introduced himself; and conjures the spirits of the elements:—

Salamanders, mix in flame;
In your waters, sprites, the same;
Sylphs, shine out in meteor beauty;
Goblins, help to do your duty.
Incubus, Incubus,
Make the spell complete for us.
None of the four
Stand in the door.

Stand in the door! What! Salamander, Undine, Sylphs, and Incubus stand in the door! What should they do there? Who asked them? "Salamanders, mix in flame." Gentle reader! check your surprise, and lay not rashly to the charge of Goethe any such absurdity. The literal version of the passage is "none of the four fits the beast," or "has any power over the beast." To explain the origin of the "malapropos," we must have recourse to the text;—

Keines der viere,
Steckt in dem thiére.

Now "viere" certainly does signify "four;" ergo, (or what will become of our rhyme?) "thiere" must necessarily signify "door." But the word "thiere" is stubborn, and will mean nothing else but "a beast;"—it is true that "thür" which in parts of Germany is corruptly pronounced like "thiere," does mean a door; and this is the sole reason we have for suspecting that the noble translator has been in Germany.—The keen cutting satire of the scene, in which Mephistopheles puts on the Doctor's gown, and lectures the scholar upon the faculties, is almost entirely lost in the translation;—but in its place there is much edification, such as Goethe himself never dreamt of. Thus when the youth asks the devil's opinion of theology, we have in answer:—

The happiest he who by the word abides,
That leads him straight where certainty resides,
And everlasting truth is found!!!

Why aye! this smacks of doctrine. Whose afternoon lecture has the fiend pilfered? But really Mephistopheles, with all his merits, is not quite so orthodox; and therefore we must have his own words:—

The safe course is to listen but to one,
And fix your faith on him alone.
And above all cling fast to words;
A word alone assurance firm affords,
And calms the doubts that would our bosoms rend.

The scholar, with childish naiveté, remarks,—

Yet an idea should the sound attend.

Good! replies Mephistopheles:—

Good! but for that we need not be in pain;
For words a fitter place can ne'er attain,
Than there precisely where ideas end.

Indeed the translator appears to be "one of those gentle ones, that will use the devil himself with courtesy;" for he takes pains to distort a whole passage, for the sole purpose of being civil to him. "Hear me," says Faust:—

Hear me ! I do not ask for happiness.
 To passion's whirl my soul I consecrate ;
 Fury that gladdens, *love that turns to hate*.^{*}
 My breast, that swells no more with learning's throes,
 I give to pain, and bare it to the storm ;
 And all that man enjoys, or undergoes,
 I wish concenter'd in this single form :
High as yourself to mount, to dive as low ;
 Upon myself to heap *your* weal and woe ;
 Wide as *your* range my circle to extend,
 And, like *yourself*, be blasted at the end.

It will probably strike the reader, that the four last lines contain a very gratuitous offer of fellowship in damnation. Faust, however, is innocent of any such disinterested proposition. The wish that he expressed is audacious, but not impious ; a wish that would almost naturally occur to one suffering under that barrenness of spirit, which, to use Lord Byron's language—

Hath no dread,
 And feels the curse to have no natural fear,
 Nor fluttering throb that beats with hopes or wishes,
 Or lurking love of something on the earth.

It is the wish for tumultuous excitement, to *feel* all the vicissitudes incident to humanity ;—the delirium of joy, the luxury of sorrow ; the height and depth (no mounting or diving in the case) of weal and woe ; of *human* weal, and *human* woe. The cause of the mistake here is obvious. His Lordship had been very properly instructed that the Germans, in the language of *politesse*, always use the third person plural, when they address one another. His grammar informed him that “*sie*,” and its possessive “*ihr*,” indicate the third person plural ;—but his grammar might also have informed him, that the self same words also indicate the third person feminine, singular ;† and that in the passage in question they refer to the word “*menschheit*,” “humanity ;”—but his Lordship will have them refer to the devil. This is as if an Italian were to address the devil “*vosignori*,” or a Spaniard “*usted*.” It reminds us of an anecdote of a Spanish divine, who made the temptation of our Saviour the subject of his sermon, paraphrasing the story in the usual taste of foreign preachers. Coming to that part where the tempter is described as urging our Saviour to cast himself down from the pinnacle of the temple, the well-bred divine proceeded to say, that Jesus answered, “*Beso las manos, Señor Satan, tengo yo otra escalera para abaxar*.” I kiss your hands, Mister Satan, but I have another staircase to go down by.

It would fill a volume to enumerate the blunders of the translation before us,—not mere inconsequential inaccuracies, but such as affect the meaning of whole passages.—Thus it is that the splendid vision of Faust's soaring fancy, which he describes to Wagner, becomes mere inflated nonsense in the English, and Margaret's affecting little history of her family is robbed of half its beauty.—Of all the blunders, however, the most ludicrous is one that appeared in the first

* *Verliebtem hass*—cherished hatred.

† Owing to the same ignorance, or high-breeding, his Lordship translates the opening scene of the drama, as if the angels addressed the Deity in the conventional phraseology of a Leipzig *salon*.

edition of the work. It is where Wagner entreats Faust to desist from his invocation of the spirits of the air:—

Too near at hand those viewless agents soar,
Too ready to obey the spell ;
Prompt listeners to what heard shall make us grieve—
Prompt slaves to serve their masters, and deceive.
They feign their native home the sky,
Assume a false gentility,
And lisp in *English* when they lie.

What the noble Lord saw in the English language to render it so apt a vehicle for deceit, we are at a loss to conjecture. The truth is, that the German word "*englisch*," signifies either "*English*," or "*angelical*;" the latter signification his Lordship discovered time enough for his second edition, so that the line now runs—

They lisp like angels when they lie.

This correction—a single solitary correction by the by—will no doubt be a serious disappointment to that numerous class of readers, who fancy that they can see farther into a millstone than their neighbours—we dare scarcely venture to calculate the number of ingenious and amusing theories that it must have blown into air. A French system-builder would require no more substantial foundation than the line as it originally stood, for a folio treatise, metaphysical, psychological, and moral.

There are parts of the poem which the noble translator has not attempted. We do not complain of the omission;—on the contrary, we are rather inclined to commend his discretion. It is the privilege of genius to wield weapons, which would crush common men with their very weight. It is its privilege to outstep the limits of art's rules,—limits, which cannot be transgressed by inferior spirits with impunity. The gigantic creations of Goethe's imagination would degenerate into caricature;—his daring expressions, bold to the verge of extravagance, would disgust under a weaker pen. Mediocrity, however, has one consolation;—*les barrieres sont souvent des appuis*.

It is impossible to speak of a translation of "*Faust*," without making honourable mention of Mr. Shelley's splendid fragment. In all Mr. Shelley's writings, indeed, there is a vigour of conception, and a rich tone of feeling and expression, which are peculiarly in unison with the character of this extraordinary poem. Accordingly we find that, in his translation of the "*Walpurgis*" night-scene, he enters freely into the spirit of his author, and luxuriates in the throng of his wild images. We shall give the "*chorus of Faust, Mephistopheles, and Ignis Fatuus*," first in the language of the noble Lord, and then in that of Mr. Shelley, that our readers may be able to form some estimate of the relative merits of the two translators.

To the magic region's centre
We are verging, it appears ;
Lead us right, that we may enter
Strange enchantment's dreamy spheres.
Forward, through the waste extending,
Woods and forests never ending.
See the trees on trees succeeding,
Still advancing, still receding ;
Cliffs, their pinnacles contorting,
As we hurry by are snorting.

Down their thousand channels gushing,
 Stream and rivulet are rushing.
 Whence that strain of maddening power ?
 Sounds of mystic excitation,
 Love, and hope, and expectation
 Suiting witchcraft's festal hour.
 While echo still, like memory's strain
 Of other times, replies again.

To-whit ! to-whoo ! chirp, croak, and howl !
 The bat, the raven, and the owl,
 All in voice, and all in motion.
 See ! the lizards hold their levee ;
 Their legs are long, but their paunches heavy.
 See the roots, like serpents, twining !
 Many a magic knot combining—
 Stretching out to fright and clasp us,
 All their feelers set to grasp us,
 From their sluggish crimson masses,
 Catching still at all that passes :
 There the polypuses sleep.
 Mice, of thousand colours, creep
 Through the moss and through the heather ;
 And the fire-flies, in swarms,
 Guide us through the land of charms.

Tell me, tell me, shall we stay,
 Or pursue our mystic way ?
 Rocks and trees they change their places—
 Now they flout us with grimaces.
 See the lights in whirling mazes,
 Misdirecting all that gazes.

The following is Mr. Shelley's version of the same lines:—

The limits of the sphere of dream,
 The bounds of true and false, are past.
 Lead us on, thou wandering gleam,
 Lead us onward, far and fast,
 To the wide, the desert waste.

But see how swift advance, and shift,
 Trees behind trees, row by row,—
 How, clift by clift, rocks bend and lift
 Their fawning foreheads as we go.
 The giant-snouted crags, ho ! ho !
 How they snort and how they blow !

Through the mossy sods and stones
 Stream and streamlet hurry down—
 A rushing throng ! A sound of song
 Beneath the vault of heaven is blown !
 Sweet notes of love, the speaking tones
 Of this bright day, sent down to say
 That paradise on earth is known,
 Resound around, beneath, above.
 All we hope and all we love
 Finds a voice in this blithe strain,
 Which wakens hill, and wood, and rill,
 And vibrates far o'er field and vale,
 And which echo, like the tale
 Of old times, repeats again.

To whoo ! to whoo ! Near, nearer now
 The sound of song, the rushing throng !
 Are the screech, the lapwing, and the jay,
 All awake as if 'twere day ?
 See with long legs and belly wide,

A salamander in the lake !
 Every root is like a snake,
 And along the loose hill side,
 With strange contortions through the night
 Curls, to seize or to affright ;
 And animated, strong, and many,
 They dart forth polypus—antennæ,
 To blister with their poison spume
 The wanderer. Through the dazzling gloom
 The many-coloured mice, that thread
 The dewy turf beneath our tread,
 In troops each other's motions cross,
 Through the heath and through the moss ;
 And, in legions intertangled,
 The fire-flies flit, and swarm, and throng,
 Till all the mountain depths are spangled.
 Tell me, shall we go or stay ?
 Shall we onward ? Come along !
 Every thing around is swept
 Forward, onward, far away !
 Trees and masses intercept
 The sight, and wisps on every side
 Are puffed up and multiplied.

That Mr. Shelley's version is disfigured by many blemishes, cannot be denied ; the sense indeed of some passages is entirely lost ; as for example, in the chorus of wizards :—

We glide in
 Like snails, when the women are all away ;
 And from a house once given over to sin
 Woman has a thousand steps to stray.

Lord Leveson Gower's translation is not much happier.—The *almost literal* version is—

We creep along like housed snails ;
 The beldams all are in advance :
 For women still outstrip the males
 A thousand steps in the devil's dance.

Mr. Shelley's fragment, however, is entitled to peculiar indulgence. It was but a rapid sketch, never intended to meet the public eye in its present imperfect state.

Notwithstanding our admiration of the spirit of Mr. Shelley's performance, we may be pardoned for saying, that the poet, of all others, that was best calculated to present to the English a faithful copy of Goethe's grand original, was Lord Byron. True it is, that his delineation of another Mephistopheles in the "Deformed Transformed," was not altogether successful ; perhaps, indeed, that is the only character in the whole of Goethe's poem which was not adapted to his genius. But our readers cannot have forgotten the airy and fanciful but terrific imagery of his Manfred ; the beautiful strains of the spirits ;—the awful shapes and sounds, and above all, the vivid and fearful display of the workings of a mind cast in the same mould with that of Faust, though appearing under different circumstances.

We shall conclude this article with a passage from that poem, as well on account of its exquisite beauty, as because in many parts it bears no small resemblance to the soliloquy of Faust which we have quoted above.—

I said, with men, and with the thoughts of men,
 I held but slight communion ; but instead,

My joy was in the wilderness, to breathe
 The difficult air of the iced mountain's top,
 Where the birds dare not build, nor insect's wing
 Flit o'er the herbless granite ; or to plunge
 Into the torrent, and to roll along
 On the swift whirl of the new breaking wave
 Of river-stream, or ocean, in the flow.
 In these my early strength exulted ; or
 To follow through the night the moving moon,
 The stars and their development ; or catch
 The dazzling lightnings till my eyes grew dim :
 Or to look, list'ning, on the scattered leaves,
 While Autumn winds were at their evening song.
 These were my pastimes, and to be alone ;

* * * *

And then I dived,
 In my lone wanderings, to the caves of death,
 Searching its cause in its effect ; and drew
 From wither'd bones, and skulls, and heap'd up dust,
 Conclusions most forbidden. Then I pass'd
 The nights of years in sciences untaught,
 Save in the old-time ; and with time and toil,
 And terrible ordeal, and such penance
 As in itself hath power upon the air,
 And spirits that do compass air and earth,
 Space, and the people infinite, I made
 Mine eyes familiar with eternity.

SCRAPS FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF A MUSICAL DILETTANTE TRAVELLING IN ITALY.

No. III.

——— Io vo contarvi
 Il mio viaggio, che vi fara ridere ;
 Però deh ! state à udirlo.—*Il Sammaritano.*

I LEFT Bologna la Grassa on a beautiful autumnal morning, by a lumbering vettura, almost as big as my lord mayor's state carriage. I prefer this unstylish mode of travelling in Italy to any other, (unless it be now and then on foot,) for several reasons—it is very cheap, it saves one the trouble of disputing accounts at inns, as the vetturino furnishes you with lodging and dinner on the road—its slow progression gives one time to observe the country—and then one has the benefit of native society, and almost a certainty of falling in with an original of some sort—some character to be amused with for a while ; a sententious priest, for example, a sleek monk, a travelling fiddler or composer—and when lucky, *da tempo in tempo*, an amiable *damina*, a sentimental *cantatrice*, or a sprightly *ballerina*. For an idler like me, who has nothing to press his arrival at a given place, who has so few ties or calls in this generally busy world, that he is just as well *here* as *there*, and whose business and purpose of life are pretty well fulfilled if he amuses the passing day, it is undoubtedly the best way of peregrinating. On the present occasion I was not long in finding out what my fellow travellers were.

They were all theatrical people who had been *scritturati* at Bologna, and forming the strength of an operatic company, were on

their way to open a campagne at Trieste. There were five inside passengers besides myself, for in the vetturino's language, the coach held six, *con comodo* (though, perhaps, the prefix *in* might go with the last word) of these errant spirits; one was a delicate looking soprana with a pretty pale face, that the vile daubing, considered necessary in her line of life, had not yet turned to yellow, with large oriental eyes, and teeth of exquisite whiteness and regularity; another was a cherry cheeked contr'alta, whose hilarity, enbonpoint, fair complexion, and peculiar dialect, announced as a native of that contr'alta district the Milanese. The privileges of their sex had entitled them to the back seat, in which, as I had paid for a *primo luogo*, and was moreover a foreigner, I was installed on my entrance. Opposite to us was an eagle-nosed, sallow-faced tenore, with large black whiskers terminating in sharp angles at the corners of his mouth and thick draggled hair hanging down his neck.—Next to him sat a diminutive fellow, in a black silk night-cap, with pinched cheeks like the beaten sides of "an ostler's lantern at an inn," a nose of preposterous dimensions, and eyes, in one respect like Homer's Juno's, for they were as big as those of an ox; from this tiny organ issued a deep bass voice that did not seem to belong to him—he put me in mind of the Juge Mage of Annecy, whom Rousseau has immortalized—there was no understanding how such a body of voice and such a body came together! The sixth inside—the sixth and last, in place and quality, was a big-bellied bass viol that reposed snugly in a corner of the carriage, without any inconvenience except to the elbow and legs of the man with the bass voice. In the cabriolet in front of the vettura, was the maestro ab cembalo, a primo violino, and a singer of inferior parts. On the whole, it was as gay and agreeable a company as man might desire, and though I had not quite the novice's enthusiasm of Goethe's Wilhelm Meister, that could convert "by ready alchemy," an actress into an angel; I was equally far from the philosophy that could have regarded my two *jolies petites chanteuses* with indifference. Now and then, as we journeyed on, they would hum over their favourite parts, and talk of the "furore" they had made in some particular passage, or raise their voices in touching concert, (and nothing in my opinion is so touching as the union of a soprana and a clear contr'alta,) "*Cantando giulivi canzoni d'amor*," or investing themselves in the *Regina* and *Amante*, go through *agitati* movements, making the leather roof of the old vettura tremble with the sounds of "*Deh! trema*," "*Ma per pietà*," "*Tu mi oltraggi indegna*," &c. &c. Their chat too, was delightful; their inexhaustible fund of anecdote—their scandal—their professional bickerings—their jealousies. How I enjoyed all this! how I endeavoured by attention and flattery to draw them out, while clouds were gathering on the brow of the hook nosed tenore, who had evidently some *pretenzioni* to the merry Milanese, his complacence and deference to me increasing at the same time! I was fool enough to be sorry when we came to the place where we were to separate; and when I received my blooming contr'alta's hearty farewell embrace, I was well nigh taking my place again in the same carriage.

Padua.—There was no opera here during my stay, and the only good music I heard was in the house of an Austrian officer. There

was some excellent instrumental music; but, I was sorry to see that the able performers were nearly all Austrians and Bohemians. At Padua I met with a volume of a treatise on music by Padre Vallotti, once a celebrated professor here: the work has never been finished, but what there is of it, is excellent: Bonifazio Asioli has followed its principles in his "*Trattato di Armonia*." Music in Italy, has been greatly indebted to the clergy:—it was a monk who invented notation and gave it a written language, by which the fugitive beauties of sound can be condensed on a scrap of paper and preserved for distant ages and countries; and from that remote period up to the present day, the best writers on the science, and many of the finest composers, have been in the church: nor ought this to excite surprise, when we remember how largely that body drew on *all* the fine arts to give allurements and charms to the Catholic religion—and music more sensual than any of them, was naturally most frequently impressed in the service of that eminently sensual religion.

Venice.—Here (in 1822) I met two old acquaintances on the stage, Mr. Sinclair and La Colbran (a Spaniard by birth) who had some time before, when past the discreet age of forty, chosen a master to her person and fortune in an unprincipled old lover, Maestro Gioacchino Rossini, having abandoned for that purpose her dear *impresario* at Naples, Don Domenico Barbaja, with whom she had lived ten or twelve years. The circumstances of this honourable union are too curious and too characteristic of Rossini to be passed over in silence. Colbran was living as wife and absolute mistress of his house, and despot of his theatres, with Barbaja, who kindly lodged Rossini in his house, and gave him a place at his table as one of the family. It was well known that Rossini had been long before a favoured *amico* of Colbran, when in upper Italy; and the Neapolitans could not help remarking that Don Domenico was an unsuspecting very good natured fellow, to give him such a fine opportunity of renewing his intimacy with La Signora Isabella. This family union however continued undisturbed for months—for years; and whenever Rossini was in Naples, which was very frequently and for long periods, he lived at Barbaja's as at his home. Colbran had a pretty little villa and estate near Bologna where her father resided; besides this she was mistress of some forty or fifty thousand ducats in money and jewels. These united charms, it seems, were too much for Rossini; he enticed her to go to Bologna—she went during a theatrical vacation, as if on her usual business, and Barbaja still suspected nothing. Some kind friend however opened his eyes; he began to storm; and Rossini, to end all connexions with so vulgar a man, and to make him his last instalment of gratitude, insisted on being paid *instante* a considerable sum of money he had in Barbaja's hands, and which it was very inconvenient for the manager to raise at this moment. Maestro Rossini pocketed the cash and curses of the betrayed *impresario*, and *prese la volta di Bologna*. Shortly after a French traveller brought the news to Naples, that he had met Rossini in his usual old green coat and nankeen *casque*, driving after La Colbran into Bologna to celebrate the holy sacrament of matrimony! The exclamations "*straordinario!*" "*incredibile!*" were heard for a few days, but both Rossini and Colbran were pretty well known. She had

deserted the French General Menou, (the feigned apostate to Ismaelism in Egypt,) who had kept her like a queen and spent treasures on her, when he fell into sickness and misfortune—Rossini's principles had always been subservient to his love of money, and the only problem was, how she, who had known him so long, could have thrown up every thing into his hands. It was said at the time, that one of the first conditions of the marriage was, that Colbran should retire from the stage. Indeed she ought to have done so three or four years before, for her fine voice was lost past recovery; and by attempting to adapt her style of singing to the change of her voice, she had sacrificed all its beauty. The Neapolitan audience by which she had been so long idolized, began to perceive her defects, and at length to be heartily tired of her, and wish her away; as they well knew as long as she remained the tyrant of the *impresario*, no good *prima donna* would be admitted on the stage of San. Carlo, to eclipse her. To Rossini, however, money was dearer than her reputation; he had induced her to accept a profitable short engagement at Venice; and in spite of her ill reception there, he afterwards, as you must well remember, thrust her on your theatre at London, where she could have presented but melancholy remains of her fine person, and a sad wreck of her voice. During her *scrittura* at Venice, Rossini produced his "Semiramide," and she sang the first part with very little effect. I shall speak of this opera on a future occasion, but I must premise, that I differ *in toto* with your London and Paris critics, and esteem it the best of Rossini's *Opere serie*, in which I have all Italy on my side.

I found Sinclair much improved, and I was delighted to see my countryman warmly applauded by an Italian audience. It would have been well, however, had he paid a little more attention to the pronunciation of the language in which he sang; for though Italians care nothing about the *words* of their operas, they like them to sound at least like Italian. This caution might be given to all the foreign artists and amateurs who sing in Italy.

There are no good institutions for music, or for any thing else, in Venice. Her poverty and abasement are echoed by every traveller, and are but too well known! The songs of the gondoliers are no more!—or if they sing, it is no longer of Tasso and the "*Arme pietose ed il capitano*," but rhymes and music as unpoetical and anti-romantic as the dirty shouting of a London waterman or the Jeremytish see-saw of a vocal drayman. Poor Venice!—It is very rare that an operatic company of any sort can be got together here. Trieste that rose on her fall, and is flourishing on her ruin,—Trieste that is more than half *tudesque*—the jobbing, docking, shop-keeping Trieste, is a much more musical place than Venice; for so it is, the fine arts are assiduous in the train of wealth and prosperity; they are "summer friends," and fly the approach of adversity. Wealth may foster them and make them flourish in the boreal capital of Russia, while poverty will strangle them in their birth, or exile them from the lovely regions of Italy, which should seem their natural home!

ADVENTURES OF A FOREIGNER IN GREECE.

No. III.

THE Turks, in spite of their knowledge of the massacre which had been perpetrated at Tripolitza, were driven by hunger to offer to capitulate, which the Greeks immediately accepted, as they knew they could impose whatever conditions they chose. The captains, who entertained a full intention of putting all the inhabitants to the sword, carefully absented themselves from the conferences, and threw the whole responsibility upon Prince Ypsilanti, in order that they might afterwards have it to say, that he had given a promise he was totally unable to keep. Thus, all the plunder would fall to their share; and to his, the reputation, throughout Europe, of being a traitor to his word. This is a specimen of the way in which the Prince suffered himself to be the tool and dupe of Colocotroni and the other chiefs. On the 26th the Turkish chieftains advanced to the gate of the fortress to receive the Greek captains, throwing down their arms at their feet. The prince sent his aid-de-camp and some troops into the fortress, with orders to put every thing he might find there under seal. Meanwhile Colocotroni and the other chiefs being already there, had taken possession of whatever they chose, and had sent off all the most valuable things to their own houses. Every Greek captain took with him into the fortress a number of retainers, who plundered every thing they could lay their hands on, and at night threw over the walls, to their companions, whatever they had taken in the day. The poor Frankish battalion, and the European officers, after toiling at the blockade, were left to starve in Corinth; the Greeks would not suffer us to enter the citadel, for fear we should get any share of the spoil, but promised, when all was concluded, that we should be rewarded. The terms of the capitulation were, that the Turks were to leave the third of all their property, and all their arms, jewels, money, and plate; and the Greeks engaged to procure them vessels in which to embark for Asia. The Turks, although reluctant to leave so much of their wealth, were yet glad to obtain the promise of a safe embarkation at any price. The Greeks, however, now took possession of whatever they liked, and thought no more of sending for the ships they had engaged to furnish. The prince, who was perfectly well acquainted with the wild and undisciplined character of the people under his command, was inexcusable in ordering all the Turks down into the city, until these vessels arrived. He ought to have foreseen, that by placing his prisoners in the power of such an enemy, he, in fact, decreed their destruction. Such, however, was the course he pursued. He ordered them all down into the city, with the property they had been allowed to retain; and assigned a number of houses to them until the arrival of the vessels, instead of leaving them under guard in the fortress until the moment of their embarkation. The day before they quitted the fortress I went with some of my friends to the gate of the citadel, where I saw a great number of Greek women, boys, and girls, on the walls, talking with their relations and friends without, who were enquiring as to the treatment they had received

from the Turks. I inquired why all these Greek women and children were shut up in the fortress. I was told, that while the Turks commanded, they seized any women and children who happened to please their fancy, as resistance was out of the question. "They are now expecting their liberation," added my informant, "and those are their relations waiting without, for the prince's order to take home their wives, sisters, or children." It was impossible to witness this scene without indignation; and at that moment I felt as if I could have willingly joined in a massacre of the Turks. Shortly after the order arrived, and I saw about fifty Greek women, of all ages, come out of the fortress,—all handsome, and certainly very creditable to the good taste of the Turks. They all embraced their relations, and went off to their respective homes. I would not have my readers suspect me of any hostility to the Greeks. So far from entertaining any such feeling, I went to Greece with the utmost ardour for their cause; but that affords no reason for my asserting facts which did not take place. I shall give impartial evidence. I cannot, therefore, applaud the conduct of Prince Ypsilanti on this occasion. He well knew the inveterate hatred borne by the Greeks to the Turks, and, as a mere matter of policy, ought to have taken measures for the observance of the terms of capitulation. The consequence of this act of perfidy was, that, in all succeeding sieges, the Turks said, "If we capitulate, we are sure that the Greeks will not observe the conditions. It is better therefore to hold out to the last extremity." If the Greeks had scrupulously maintained their treaties, the whole of the Morea would have been liberated at a very early period of the Revolution.

The Turkish families now began to descend to the citadel, but were not suffered even to reach the houses allotted to them; though they were escorted by guards, they were slaughtered by the way. I was walking with three friends upon the esplanade of Corinth, watching the Turkish families in their descent, and from time to time we saw, with pain and indignation, some one killed. We then drew near, to endeavour to save some victims from the massacre, when we saw, in another direction, several Greeks attacking a Turkish family, composed of husband, wife, two little boys, and two slaves. Being at some distance, we began to run, but before we could get up to them they had butchered the husband, the little boys, and one of the slaves; they had seized the woman, and were lifting up the black veil with which she was covered, that they might see her face. We ran up to them with drawn sabres, upon which they paused; I asked them to give me the lady; they replied that they must have fifty Turkish piastres for her. I told them if they would wait I would give it them; they agreed to wait, and leaving my friends to guard her, I ran to Mauro-Amato to ask him to advance me fifty Turkish piastres upon my effects, which were in his keeping. I told him they were to save a victim from the massacre. He gave me the sum I asked for, and I ran to deliver the lady. After I had paid the money, the Greeks wanted to strip her of her most beautiful and costly clothes. Upon this I said to my friends, "Courage, comrades!" and so, sword in hand, we made them give us the lady, who had fallen senseless to the earth, at the cruel spectacle of her murdered husband and children. My companions assisted me in raising her up, and

conducting her to my house. She spoke not a word, but began to weep, and in this state she continued for five days, refusing almost all nourishment, and weeping bitterly. Almost all the Turks having quitted the fortress in the course of the day, the prince stationed centinels at the doors of the houses they occupied, to prevent the populace from putting them all to death. But ought he not to have been sufficiently well acquainted with the Greek soldiery, to be certain that these centinels would be the first to massacre those whom they were appointed to guard? So it happened. About midnight seven or eight hundred Greek soldiers broke into all the houses where the Turks were, stripped them almost naked, took away every thing they possessed, killed a great number, and seized on all the young girls and handsome women, whom they publicly sold the following day to the highest bidder. The fate of the disconsolate and despairing mothers, torn from their children, appeared to me infinitely more worthy of commiseration than the slain. They were saved to a living death. Such was the termination of the capitulation of Corinth. The vessels never arrived; and the chiefs, gorged with plunder, laughed at the prince to his face, for capitulating with the Turks. Many of the Franks saved a number of victims from slaughter.

The Greeks left some persons of the greatest consideration in the citadel; among others, the wife and the mother of Kiamel Bey. They hoped to get more out of them at the moment, and murder them afterwards. When they had massacred the greater part of the Turks, they took Kiamel Bey from the citadel, and placed him in an isolated house, where he was surrounded by guards, and forbidden all communication with his wife and mother. The Greeks hoped to devise some means of discovering where his treasures were hidden. In answer to all their interrogatories Kiamel Bey replied, with perfect coolness, that he was quite sure they would put him to death whether he confessed or not; and that he therefore preferred to die with the satisfaction of knowing that they could not enjoy his wealth. It is thought that, at the breaking out of the revolution, Kiamel Bey concealed his treasure, and put to death all the slaves who had assisted him in burying it, for none of it has ever been discovered. After many attempts to get at the facts, three of his most faithful Moorish slaves were taken to the Seraglio, and were told, that if they did not confess where their lord's treasures were hidden, they should all be put to death. The poor wretches wept, and swore by Allah that they knew nothing about them. These Greek ruffians then murdered one, at the same time telling the others, that the same fate awaited them instantly, if they did not confess. I cannot describe the terror and distraction of these innocent men, who could utter nothing but the most frantic protestations of their ignorance. The Greeks, however, butchered the second, and soon after the third, out of rage. These are the heroes of the age—the champions of liberty! Money is their only god. This will appear in all that it falls to my lot to relate. Why nobody has chosen to detail facts, which must be known to many, I cannot tell. The truth ought to be told, for their depravity does not render the cause of national independence less sacred.

The Greeks now made a regular market of all the plunder they had taken from the Turks. Turkish girls and women were publicly sold

for thirty or forty piastres each, according to their age or beauty. I cannot describe the sensation excited in our minds by the sight of this traffic. Prince Ypsilanti, president of the assembly, had no power to check this atrocious trade. The soldiers walked about Corinth with golden and silver pistols in their belts, thinking only of making money, and totally indifferent to the numerous provinces, which were in the most critical situation, and threatened with immediate invasion. There were now more than twenty thousand persons in Corinth, all utterly useless, and occupied only with eating and drinking. Every day the bodies of murdered Turks were found in the streets. The few who had been saved from the general massacre, were thus dispatched in detail, as it suited their plunderers.

One day, as I was passing through the market place, I saw a number of people gathered together; on going up to see what was the matter, I found a poor Turkish girl, whom some Greek soldiers, after subjecting her to every indignity and outrage, had stabbed seven or eight times with a knife in the face and arms; and at last, thinking her dead, left her. The miserable victim had crawled, during the night and morning, on her hands and knees, to implore assistance, and had reached the market-place. My readers will not believe me, when I say, that *I saw* the Greeks standing around her, cutting off pieces of her clothes, spitting at her, and calling her Turkish b—. No words can express my sensations at the sight of this unhappy girl's condition; her open and bleeding wounds would have melted a heart of stone. I ran, as hard as I could, to the house of M. Coletti, minister at war, to entreat him to send two men to take away the wretched creature, and to put the speediest termination to her sufferings, rather than prolong them in this barbarous manner. M. Coletti compassionately gave orders that she should be despatched, and accordingly two men came to the market-place, took her up, and dragged her away in a brutal manner, after which they gave her three strokes with a sabre and left her to the dogs. This was one of the daily scenes we were obliged to witness.

I must now return to the history of the Turkish woman I bought. As soon as she entered my house, she fell on the earth, weeping bitterly, and calling on her husband and children. I thought it better to let her sorrow have its free course. The first day she would not touch food. The second she continued to weep, and ate nothing but a small piece of bread; the third, fourth, and fifth, she still wept from time to time, and took very little. She was about twenty-five, of a fine form and complexion; she had most beautiful hair, somewhat spoiled, however, by the red colour with which they tinge it; and black eyes. On the sixth day, as I began to speak a little Greek, I told her to tranquillize herself, for that I would not abandon her, and that I would endeavour to place her in safety. Her expressions of gratitude were innumerable; but she told me, that as I was a military man, I should probably be obliged to leave her, and that then the Greeks would kill her. I tried to persuade her that this would not happen. She had been in great affluence under the Turkish government, and was tolerably educated. She was much gratified that I did not treat her, after the Turkish fashion, as a slave, but with the respect and consideration women receive among us. Many of the European officers

took Turkish women to live with them, for these poor creatures preferred to live with the Europeans in the utmost poverty, to sharing all the riches in the world with the Greeks. We shall hereafter see in what manner I disposed of my Turkish lady, and the tragical end of some others.

I must break the thread of my narrative, and defer the incidents which followed this massacre, and the account of the formation of the government, to give a slight description of the city and fortress of Corinth, which may be useful to future travellers, and to all who wish to form an accurate notion of this interesting and celebrated city. After a rapid ascent of about a mile and a half, we came to two gates, built by the Venetians; continuing the same ascent, we reached the third gate, between two towers, which is the ancient gate of the citadel; the old walls, strengthened with some additional work, serve as a foundation to the modern building. Two small lower towers complete its means of defence. At the entrance is a mosque, built on the ruins of a temple of Venus, the columns of which have been used in the building. A great number of fragments of antiquity are lying neglected; but all the best were taken to embellish the seraglio of Kiamel Bey. Continuing still to ascend, we approached a mosque, where a great number of antique fragments, scattered on a little plain, mark the site of the Temple of the Sun. We here found a great many wells, of most delicious water. On inquiring the number of wells to be found in the citadel, we were told there were more than two hundred. Further on, in the same direction, we came to the source of the Draco.

This celebrated fountain of Pireneum, although despoiled of its ornaments, and no longer corresponding with the idea we had formed of it, was extremely striking from the abundance and beauty of its water. The greatest heat of summer does not diminish either its quantity or its coolness. It feeds all the wells of the fortress, and is conducted into the city by subterraneous pipes. At a short distance, without the latter gate, is a small hill, on which is the Temple of Venus. I might add many other minor details, but as they have been frequently described, I will not take up my readers' time with them here. Descending again into the plains of Corinth, we passed near the seven columns of the Temple of the Sun. They are in good preservation, notwithstanding their great antiquity. Each pillar is composed of a single block of stone: they are nearly half buried in the earth. At a considerable distance there are two chambers excavated in the rock. Following the road to the west, to the termination of the houses, we came to the remains of the Temple of Minerva; there are also fragments of columns, and other antiquities. Descending in the same direction, we came to the ruined fountain towards the isthmus; there are a great number of subterranean pavements, many water courses, formerly cut for the streams which rise here, and several subterraneous apartments of a very singular construction. We then descended by a staircase, recently cut by Kiamel Bey, which leads to the seraglio, and making a little circuit, found ourselves at the fountain of Lernes, which falls in a grotto. The quantity of curious petrifications here are surprising. This place is supposed by some to be the Bath of Diana. In summer the inhabitants

come and pass hours here, to avoid the intense and insufferable heat. On the right of this fountain is the seraglio of Kiamel Bey, which was burnt by the leaders of the revolution.

While I contemplated this splendid specimen of Eastern luxury and magnificence, built to enclose within its own walls all the delights of the world, I could not help making the reflection, that its inhabitants were, in fact, far worse off than our women who shut themselves up in convents, to pass a life of mortification; for they may, at least, speak to any one they please, but those in a seraglio are buried alive; and what are fine clothes, delicate fare, fountains and cascades, beautiful gardens, groves of oranges and lemons, beds of fragrant flowers, gorgeous buildings with pillars of the rarest stones, gilded roofs, and beautiful carvings,—what are all these, without freedom? Thus it seemed to me; but it appears I was mistaken, for some ladies of this seraglio assured me that they were extremely happy there, and never thought of the world, or what was passing in it. Their ideas were, indeed, wholly confined to the world of the seraglio. Few of them could read or write; nobody ever told them any of the events passing without their walls, for fear of exciting their imaginations, and thus they lived, as they said, contented. Yet, in spite of these professions, I am inclined to doubt whether their happiness was very great. One of them, who was by nature more acute and intelligent than the rest, said to me, “Our great torment, and one which sometimes produces the most frightful consequences amongst us, is jealousy. Whenever we saw the Bey more attracted by one than by the rest, which not unfrequently happened, we were devoured by rage and envy, and often, if we had not been surrounded by guards, we should have killed each other.”

I must confess, then, I was extremely sorry to see this magnificent structure ruined, defaced, and torn in pieces, for no other reason than that it had been the property of a Turk. Numbers of fine houses, which might have afforded lodging to the Greeks, were destroyed, while they were obliged to seek shelter in roofless ruins. They thought this showed a lofty contempt of the Turks, and could not be made to understand that themselves were the only sufferers. It was just as if Louis XVIII., on his return to Paris, had burnt down the Tuilleries, because it had been inhabited by Napoleon. But it is quite in vain to attempt to reason with a Greek.

On the other side of the city is an amphitheatre, with steps on the outside. The people here believe that this place served for popular assemblies, for the discussion of affairs of state, as well as for the games.

Having spoken very freely of the Greek character, I must now say some words in praise of the people. The Greek *people* are excellent—I will almost venture to say, the best in Europe. They are docile and obedient, temperate, abstemious, contented with the poorest food, and always ready to march. They do not stand fire well, and certainly want courage; but this is entirely the consequence of their having no good officers; none in whom they have any confidence. They see all their superiors smoking their pipes, and scraping together money, and avoiding danger as much as possible; and of course they do the same. They had some good leaders, but for the misfortune of

the cause, they are no more. Of these true patriots I shall hereafter have occasion to speak with the veneration they deserve.

But to return from this digression. In our daily walks, my comrades and I used to stop at the amphitheatre and drink milk. One day, after having given us our accustomed draught, the old herdsman asked us whether Békir Agá had quitted the citadel; we replied that we did not know, and expressed some desire to know what interest he could have in the affair; "he is a monster," exclaimed he, "and I wish to rid the world of him." He then proceeded to tell us, that the agá having stopped there one day to ask his son for some milk, the lad had the misfortune to incur his displeasure; upon which the agá immediately drew his ataghan and stabbed him to the heart. "At that moment," added he, "I came up; you may judge of my feelings on finding my beautiful boy weltering in his blood, and breathing out his last sigh. I burned to revenge myself on his murderer; but what could I do? I should only have shared his fate. I threw myself on the body, and the agá passed on. I buried him in this spot, that I might be daily reminded of his death and of my revenge; hitherto I have shed only useless tears on his grave—I was weak, and the assassin powerful. Now at length I may avenge my son, and die content amid my flock." This poor old man's story moved us at once to compassion, and to indignation against the Turks; though even such acts as these could not make us approve the breach of all faith and honour with them.

While many of the chieftains, and Colocotroni among the rest, were adding to their wealth by the plunder of Corinth, and the people ate and drank merrily out of the profits of the trade they carried on in Turkish property, the Frankish battalion and the European officers alone were entirely overlooked and neglected. We passed many days without receiving so much as a ration. At length, driven to desperation, we were obliged to go out into the fields, and take an ox wherever we could find one. The Greeks, to whom the cattle belonged, came to complain; upon which the primates sent for us, and reprimanded us for our conduct; we replied, "we came to Greece to fight and not to starve; give us food, and we will not touch what does not belong to us—you reduce us to such a situation that we must rob to live."

There were at this time a few upright men at Epidaurus who were trying to form a provisional government, to organize troops, and to send them into the provinces in which the danger of invasion was the most imminent. Mavrocordato, the president of the council, used his utmost efforts to carry these plans into effect, but there were some who opposed any thing systematic or settled, as fatal to their schemes of license and independence. In spite, however, of much opposition, it was at length formed. The power was vested in two assemblies; the one legislative, composed of deputies from all the provinces; the other executive, consisting of four members and a president. The highest powers were given to the executive, and nothing could be done without its consent. My readers may not think it an unwelcome interruption of my narrative, if I present them with a copy of the Act of Independence published by the Assembly at Epidaurus. It was drawn up by Mavrocordato.

“The Greek nation takes heaven and earth to witness, that in spite of the tyranny under which it has so long groaned, a tyranny which has threatened its annihilation, it has still a national existence. Its ferocious tyrants, violating all treaties and all principles of justice, by cruel and iniquitous acts, which had no other object than the total destruction of the subjected people, have forced them to take up arms for their own preservation. Having repulsed the violence of their enemies by their own unassisted courage, they now, by the mouth of their assembled representatives, declare their political independence before God and men. Descendants of a nation famed for knowledge and polished civilization, living at a period when this civilization has shed its benefits abundantly over all the nations of Europe, and looking back upon the greatness to which their progenitors rose under the protecting ægis of the laws, the Greeks have resolved to remain no longer in this ignominious state, deprived of the rights which God has given to all. Such are the imperious motives which have awakened the nation from its long lethargy, and aroused it to shake off its present infamy and to assert its rights. Such are the causes of the war which we have been goaded to undertake against the Turks. Far from being merely an act of rebellion, far from being caused by any private interests or animosities, this war is purely national and sacred. It has no other object than the re-establishment of the nation, and the recovery of the rights of property, honour, and life.

“Some arguments not very worthy of men born free in the bosom of Christian and civilized Europe, have been directed against our cause. But why? Are the Greeks alone, of all the people of Europe, to be excluded from a participation in those rights which God has made common to all mankind? Are they condemned to an eternal slavery? Are they doomed to be eternally the victims of spoliation, violence, and murder? Is the brutal force of any barbarian, who comes unprovoked, bearing barbarism and destruction in his train, to fix himself amongst us, to be established in his usurpation by the national law of Europe? The Greeks have never acknowledged the sovereignty of their conquerors, but have always repulsed it whenever an opportunity offered.

“With these principles, and with this assurance of the justice of our cause, we desire, we claim our restoration to that place in European society, to which our religion, our manners, and our geographical position call us; we claim our re-union to the great family of Christians, and our restoration to that rank among nations, of which a usurping force has robbed us.

“With intentions thus pure and sincere, we have undertaken this war; or rather we have concentrated those partial wars which Mussulman tyranny had provoked in some of the provinces and in the islands: and we now make common cause for the liberty of the whole, with the firm determination to obtain it, or to bury ourselves with our misfortune, under some ruin worthy of our origin; but which, in our present state, does but add to our humiliation.

“But few months have elapsed since the moment when we first declared this national war. The Supreme Being has hitherto favoured us. Unprepared as we were for this unequal conflict, our efforts have been

crowned with success, although almost every where met by a vigorous resistance. Occupied without a moment's intermission in overcoming the obstacles which were opposed to us, we have been compelled to defer the time of that political organization which was to establish our national independence; till we had secured our physical existence, we could not, and ought not, to undertake the establishment of a political state.

"This has been the cause of our involuntary delay, and has stood in the way of the prevention of some acts of disorder and outrage.

"Those difficulties being at length in a great degree surmounted, we have applied ourselves with enthusiasm to the completion of our political system. Circumstances have compelled us to establish in the first place local governments; as those of Etolia, Livadia, of the Peloponnesus, and of the islands. As the functions of these governments extended only to the internal administration of the respective places in which they were fixed, the provinces and the islands have deputed representatives, charged with the formation of a provisional but supreme government, to whose sovereignty that of the local assemblies was to be subject. These deputies united in a national congress, after long and careful deliberation, do hereby establish this government, and proclaim it the sole legitimate government of Greece, both because it is in conformity with the principles of justice and the laws of God, and because it is founded on the will and choice of the nation.

"The government is composed of an executive council and a legislative body. The judicial authority is independent.

"In conclusion, the deputies declare to the Greek nation, that their office being fulfilled, the Congress dissolves itself this day. The duty of the people is to obey the laws, and to respect those in whose hands the execution of them is placed.

"Greeks! you have determined to shake off the yoke which oppressed you, and your tyrants daily disappear before you; but concord and obedience to the government can alone consolidate your independence. May God enlighten with his wisdom the governors and the governed, that they may know their true interest, and co-operate with one accord in the deliverance of their country.

"Given in Epidaurus, the 15th (27th) of January, 1812.—First year of independence.

(Signed)

"ALEXANDER MAVROCORDATO,
"President of the Council."

(Countersigned by sixty-seven members of congress.)

Mavrocordato's sentiments were truly patriotic, as this Act of Independence sufficiently shows; but what could he do, unaided, and without power to compel the obedience of others. The chiefs, who ought to have set the nation an example of disinterestedness and devotion to the common cause, were the most implacable enemies of the government; and though they now thought proper to yield in appearance, made use of every intrigue to thwart its progress and measures. Although Mavrocordato well knew the character and views of Colocotroni, and many other chiefs and primates, he had not courage or resolution to rid Greece of the monsters who have been, are, and will be, the cause of the destruction of the liberty of their country.

Mavrocordato would have been an excellent secretary of state, but was totally unfit to be at the head of a revolution, particularly in a half-civilized country, where fair words and arguments do nothing. In such a situation, the qualities most wanted in a leader are—strength of mind and purpose, utter indifference to his own life and safety, and indeed to every thing but the salvation of his country from the hands, not only of its external enemies, but of its treacherous and rapacious sons.

Before Mavrocordato came to Corinth, he wished to go to Hydra, to fit out the Greek fleet and make it put to sea. The Hydriotes, Spezziotes, and Ipsariotes, were perfectly right in not choosing to put to sea without money for their equipments. “We,” said they, “contribute our ships, but we have not money sufficient to maintain sixty men. Why should we risk our ships, our money, and our lives, while you land-captains pocket all the wealth you have taken? We are willing to risk any thing for our country, provided we saw that all were of the same mind; but while we see, that on the main-land every man thinks only of himself, why should we, who have families to maintain as well as they, bear all the burdens? We will put to sea as soon as we receive any pay. The Greek fleet might on several occasions have acted much more efficiently if it had been out sooner, but the provinces of the main-land would not give us a single penny; the captains took and kept every thing they could lay hands on. When, however, the Turks were at hand, and the danger pressing, money enough was always forthcoming to bring out the fleet.”

It is an act of strict truth and justice to say, that the Greek fleet has invariably displayed the most heroic courage and devotion; and I feel perfectly certain, that if Miaulis, Canaris, and the other chiefs of the islands, had seen that the chiefs of the main-land acted with honour and loyalty, they would have made great progress in the work of independence.

Every thing in Corinth was in confusion; nothing was thought of but buying and selling the property of the Turks. We Franks were every minute accosted by Greeks, inquiring *whether we wanted to buy any handsome Turkish women cheap*. We told them we could not buy without money. We managed to get food—that is to say, we helped ourselves, stealing bullocks by night, wherever we could find them. The Turkish lady I had bought, began to be reconciled to her lot, and to treat me with more confidence and familiarity, as she saw I had bought her for the purpose of saving her life.

The government being established in the form I have already described, Corinth, which seems to overlook both seas, and to guard the whole of Greece, was chosen as its seat. Although Colocotroni and the other chiefs had appropriated a great portion of the spoil of Corinth, some persons, appointed by government, were sent thither by Mavrocordato and Ypsilanti, to watch over what remained, and to preserve it as much as possible for the service of the country. Means were thus obtained for fitting out the fleet, organizing two Frankish corps, and despatching some Greek officers to various parts, as will be seen hereafter. The Greek captains, with their troops, would not take the field, and did not care that the enemy threatened several parts of Greece, while they continued their traffic. The Turkish effects were

sold almost for nothing; and if there had been any speculators at Corinth, they might have made their fortunes.

Prince Ypsilanti was extremely indignant at being nominated head of the legislative, and not of the executive department, to which he thought he had claims. How often then did he regret that time when he was absolute master, and when he might have been so eminently useful to his country! But this was irrevocably past, and, as he could not recall it, he hastened his departure for Zeitouni, with the intention of resigning his office. As the motives of his conduct were evident enough, and his opposition to the government was caused by mere personal pique, his departure was witnessed with pleasure by all. In his transactions with the executive he never chose to subscribe himself as president, affecting the character of a mere private patriot, sent by his brother Alexander. If pride and jealousy are so injurious to the popular cause even in civilized countries, it is easy to imagine what they must be among the ignorant and undisciplined.

Mavrocordato, knowing that every thing was in a state of utter confusion in Corinth, and that no warlike preparations were making, with some difficulty arranged matters with the islands, and succeeded in sending out sixty ships to watch the Turkish fleet. He immediately repaired to Corinth, where his presence was most necessary, to put an end to the daily dissensions which prevailed there. In a few days his presence introduced some regularity and method into affairs, which would have been still more obvious had his orders been attended to. To satisfy the general ambition, every man who pleased might declare himself a captain, by planting a banner on his house to signify that he engaged soldiers in his pay; it did not signify that one had five men and another an hundred; they were all captains, and not one of them knew the duties or functions attached to his rank. They went where they pleased, and paid not the slightest attention to any orders which were unpalatable to them. If the enemy appeared to be at hand, the captains met in haste and discussed the probable mode of attack; and if by great good luck they agreed, they concerted some plan of defence; but if jealousy of command, or fear that one might get a larger portion of the plunder than another, crept in, all public measures and considerations were abandoned, and they did not care whether the enemy overran the country or not. If the Turks had known how to take advantage of the dissensions of the Greek captains, the question of Greek independence would have been settled long and long ago. Another still greater abuse was, that when a captain guarded any important post, where he was liable to be attacked at any instant, if he gave the least disgust to his soldiers, either by his manners, or by want of pay or provisions, they all deserted him, and left him to follow their example, or stay to be massacred by the enemy. The government had neither energy nor means to pass from a state of total disorganization to the discipline of regular troops.

We found that the ill-treatment all European officers experienced from the Greek captains, arose from their fear, that if those already in Greece were encouraged, numbers would flock thither from Europe, and would so strengthen the hands of the government, that they would be compelled to obey it, and to abandon that system of brigandage which they wished to perpetuate. Mavrocordato perfectly un-

derstood their views, and persevered in his endeavours to introduce European officers and discipline. The minister at war was Mr. Coletti, formerly physician to Ali Pachà; and though there is some difference between feeling pulses and managing the war affairs of a state, he acted in unison with Mavrocordato, and tried to establish regular regiments. Prince Ypsilanti's battalion was still in existence, and was now commanded by Colonel Tarella, a Piedmontese; a man endowed with all the qualities that could fit him to render important service to the cause, to which, in spite of every discouragement and ill-treatment, he showed the most unwearied attachment. Mavrocordato formed a first regiment, into which he incorporated the battalion; he appointed the oldest among the European officers. Numberless altercations arose, as there were several Greek officers in the battalion, who had been attached to it in the first instance, from the insufficient number of Europeans. When the regiment was organized, they insisted on holding all the highest rank, (though they had not the slightest idea of the military art,) and on commanding men who had served in ten or twelve campaigns, under the greatest warrior of the age. In spite of all these obstacles, the regiment was at length organized, and sent into the citadel to drill the recruits which were daily raised. The soldiers were nearly naked; Mavrocordato wanted to clothe them, but the means were wanting; projects were formed in abundance, but it was not so easy to carry them into effect. Colocotroni laughed at the formation of this regiment, as he knew the government had no money to pay the men. As there were still about a hundred and forty officers unemployed, Mavrocordato formed them into two sacred companies, to which he gave the name of Philhellenians, and wished to be colonel himself. He however gave the command of them to Colonel Doria, a Genoese, and a very brave soldier.

Shortly before this occurred, General Normann arrived. He had landed at Navarino, together with sixty officers, two four-pounders, a hundred and fifty muskets, and a good many barrels of powder. General Normann was a native of Wittenberg; he was married to a young, beautiful, and rich wife; he had children; and as no political events had driven him from his country, he had quitted that and his family from a pure and enthusiastic love of freedom. He was eminently useful to Greece, yet he never received the slightest mark of gratitude from any one, and died at Missolonghi in the depth of poverty, as will be seen in a future part of my narrative. He had been landed but a few days in Navarino, when he gave indisputable proofs of his courage. While he was waiting in that city for orders from the government, he put his troops into quarters, and made them do regular duty. The Turkish fleet, which was returning from provisioning Modon and Coron, lay to off Navarino, and began hostilities, intending to make a landing. The inhabitants were in the greatest consternation, and thought only of saving themselves by flight: they retreated to the mountain without attempting a defence. General Normann marched his little troop to the place where the Turks were going to land; posted his two four-pounders, and ordered the drums to beat frequently. The Turks had already put off a great many boats towards the shore, but the general drew up his men in line, and ordered them

to keep up an incessant fire, both of musketry and artillery. The Turks thought this was an advance guard, and taking for granted that there was a formidable European force in Navarino, the boats immediately returned, the men re-embarked, and the fleet set sail. The inhabitants of the city returned to their houses; but so far were they from showing any gratitude to the Europeans who had saved them, that they would not supply them with food. General Normann kept his men on regular duty at night, and made them go the rounds for fear of a surprise. One morning they found a French captain lying in a ditch, murdered and stripped of every thing. It was supposed that he had fallen behind, and had been attacked and killed by the Greeks for the sake of his clothes, (which were very good,) and his gold watch and seals. The general, on this, wrote to Mavrocordato, that he did not like to remain at Navarino, in consequence of the ill-treatment he experienced from the inhabitants, and that he wished to be removed to Corinth. Mavrocordato immediately sent to him to come to Corinth with his troop. As soon as he arrived, Mavrocordato formed the *état-major*, of which he appointed General Normann chief, and subsequently gave him the command of the Frankish corps.

At this period the massacre of Chios took place, and the few families who escaped from Turkish ferocity took refuge in Corinth. Among them were several young men, who, being left without any ties or means of subsistence, enlisted in the Frankish regiment: the Greek captains used the most strenuous and persevering endeavours to prevent the augmentation of this corps, and dissuaded all who were willing to enter it, promising them rations and pay. They were so successful, that, in spite of all the activity of Mavrocordato and of Colonel Tarella, it never could be brought to exceed five hundred men, and from that point gradually declined. Those Greeks who began to know the use of the bayonet, were delighted with it, and under Colonel Tarella's active and constant superintendence, very rapidly acquired our mode of manœuvring. The command was given in Greek; for although the officers were not acquainted with the language, they had taken care to learn enough of it for that. Mavrocordato issued a decree, assigning pay, according to their respective ranks, to the officers both of the regiment and of the sacred companies, a third of which was to be paid in money, and two thirds in bills payable in two years, or in portions of land. The first and second months we had the third above mentioned, but after that time we heard no more about pay.

The government next employed itself in the civil organization of the country, but was constantly thwarted by the local authorities which had sprung up in all the little towns. Nobody would undertake to discharge any office, nobody would furnish contributions, or pay regular taxes. What was the government to do without money, and openly resisted in its attempts to raise any? Mavrocordato hit upon an expedient of issuing bills payable in two years, and forcing those whom he knew to be rich to accept them. Such was the generous and patriotic devotion it was my lot to witness!

Curchid Pachà, vizier of the Morea, sent an English frigate to Corinth, to request the restitution of the forty ladies of the seraglio of Tripolitza. Among them was his own wife, a most beautiful

woman, and sister of the Grand Sultan, who had been bestowed upon him as a reward for the services he had rendered to the Porte. The sum demanded for their ransom was eighty thousand collonati. The frigate soon returned, accompanied by two brigs bringing the money, and the ladies were fetched from Tripolitza; though they were all covered with black veils, it gave me pleasure to see them again. While the wife of Curchid Pachà was at Tripolitza she had fallen in love with the brother of Pietro Bey, a young Maniote of great personal beauty—she had no idea she should so soon be restored to her husband; and when she received the intelligence that she was going, instead of showing the satisfaction that was expected, she was in the greatest distress. Indeed she had cause enough—not only was she leaving the man she loved, but she was going, as she herself knew, to certain death. She was conscious that she was in a situation which would reveal the secret of her infidelity. However, this beautiful and unfortunate creature was carried on board with the rest; the money was paid into the hands of the minister at war, Mr. Coletti, and several other Greeks, and the frigate set sail.

About the same time the Turkish government sent proposals for the exchange of Kaian Bey of Tripolitza for a Greek family. Though the Greeks cared nothing about an exchange by which they were to get no money, Mavrocordato accepted the terms.—He sent for Kaian Bey to Tripolitza, and invited him to dine with him. During dinner Mavrocordato asked him if he would take up arms again against the Greeks. “I am your prisoner,” replied Kaian Bey, “and you may put me to death when you please; but I give you my word that the moment I am set at liberty I will resume hostilities against you.” Mavrocordato was delighted with his answer, and gave him every mark of esteem. In the evening he was sent on board, and the Greek family landed.

Colocotroni did not choose to go, having his eye on Kiamil Bey, who was still a prisoner in the citadel of Corinth, and would not confess where his treasures were concealed, though Colocotroni promised him his protection. One day, Mavrocordato, Coletti, and Colocotroni went together, and threatened him to put his wife and mother to death, if he did not say where his money was. “Neither my mother nor my wife,” replied Kiamil Bey, “know where my money is, and it is useless for you to wreak your anger on innocent persons. Whatever terms you might propose to me, I should not confide in them, as I see that you always violate your word. I am certain, that whether I say where my money is or not, I shall equally be put to death; so that I choose to die with the satisfaction of not enriching you. One thing, however, I wish you to observe, that I have always treated my people as subjects, but not as slaves; and that if all beys had treated the Greeks as I have, this rebellion would never have broken out. The people were contented with my government, and saw that I punished the Turks who oppressed them.”—(This has been confirmed to me by the testimony of many Greeks.) Finding they could do nothing with him, they left him that day, threatening to put him to death, which eventually they did—when not being sufficiently provisioned to stand the blockade of Curchid Pachà, they were obliged to abandon the fortress of Corinth once more to the Turks.

This was one of their most remarkable blunders. Immediately after they had taken the fortress, all the Europeans represented that it ought to be instantly provisioned; but they always replied that they had no money. They had just received eighty thousand collonati. Why did they not spend half that sum in provisions? A great many European vessels arrived laden with grain, biscuit, and other necessaries, and returned because nobody would purchase on the part of the government. Of all those who had their pockets full of money, not one would spend a penny for the public good.

Colocotroni being obliged to renounce all hope of further plunder, set out for the blockade of Patras, where Captain Nikitas was already stationed. We shall hereafter see how Colocotroni abandoned this very place, from a fresh hope of adding to his wealth. The death of Ali Pachà determined Curchid Pachà to turn all his forces against the Greeks. Curchid had possessed himself of the treasures of Ali Pachà, part of which he sent to the Porte, and part he employed in engaging the Albanians, who held themselves neuter in the contest, in his service.

The brave Suliotes were strictly blockaded, and were prepared to meet any attack with undaunted courage; but provisions began to fail, on which they sent to acquaint the Greek government with their situation, and urged the necessity of prompt succour, to enable them to raise the blockade, and get out to procure necessaries. The bravery of the Suliotes was so well known, that the Greeks ought to have sent instant succour; instead of which, they passed months in talking, over their pipes, of what was to be done, without taking one step to relieve the famishing Suliotes. I may, perhaps, be asked, why the Suliotes were good soldiers, invariably fought well, and were feared by all? I answer, because their chief sought not his private interest or advancement; because all classes were temperate and hardy, and were devoted to the deliverance of their country. In every engagement their captain was foremost, and the soldiers, encouraged by his example, followed him with ardour and confidence. As they saw he had an iron pistol in his belt, they did not strive to get one of gold or silver. I repeat, the *people* of Greece were excellent, and might have been led to any thing by virtuous and able chiefs. But the people saw their leaders always engaged in discussions, robbing one another of that which ought to have been dedicated to the public service, and striving who could sell his country the most to his own advantage—of course, they followed their example. Greece can never be free till it is purged of these parricidal monsters. The Suliotes, as I have said, suffering all the privations of a rigorous blockade, Curchid Pachà sent to offer their leader, named Dinos Zervas, a large sum as a bribe, to induce him to deliver up the island into his hands. The following was the reply of the brave Suliote: “Vizier, the sum you offer me to become a traitor is too large, for I could not so much as count it; nevertheless, I will not give you a single stone of my country for it;” and this when he had not a morsel of bread to eat, and was neglected and ill treated by his countrymen! Daily did he send letters to the government, at the risk of the life of some brave Suliote, who had to pass through the enemy’s fleet to carry it; while the government proceeded with the same tardiness, as must

inevitably be the case where every individual acts at his own pleasure. The Suliotes seeing the hopelessness of their situation, and the ingratitude of the Greeks, at length accepted the honourable terms obtained for them by Mr. Meyer, the English consul at Prevesa. They capitulated on the 3d of September. Several English vessels came to convey them to Cephalonia. Three thousand Suliotes were thus driven from their country, leaving their arms, and all their property in money and effects. Omer Vrioni, whose hands were set at liberty by the surrender of Suli, now turned all his forces against Missolonghi. The Greeks thus went on in a continual series of fatal mistakes, from a total want of concert and of principle.

Our situation was now become very critical. We were threatened at every point from Arta and Prevesa to Zeitouni. The enemy had obtained great advantages by the discord and insubordination which prevailed among us, especially over the inhabitants of Mount Olympus.

Intelligence was received that a formidable fleet was fitting out, and was to join one from the Barbary States, and one from Egypt. Mavrocordato saw the urgent necessity for setting out for Romelia immediately, at the head of the regular troops, and whatever Greeks he could collect; but his schemes were always thwarted or delayed by those turbulent spirits who lived on the ruin of their country. Seeing that, without some prompt measures, we should very soon be hemmed in on all sides, he resolved to issue a proclamation, and send it into every part of Greece, to arouse the apathetic and excite the cold-hearted, if that were possible. As it appears to me very interesting, and full of energy and fire, I think it may not be unacceptable to my readers.

“Hellenians,—You took up arms to rid your country of the presence of your enemies; to raise yourselves from the state of misery in which you groaned under your devouring tyrants; and to escape the innumerable vexations and insults to which you were exposed in the exercise of the holy religion of Jesus Christ. You hoped to live under the protection of good laws; to unite yourselves to the rest of Europe, and to throw off the yoke of barbarous, sanguinary, and impious tyrants, who have treated you like beasts of burthen.

“Never did the sun arise upon a more righteous war than ours; and if you had striven for victory in all combats as you did in the first, if your holy ardour had not cooled by success, you would now be free. You have given the enemy time to make great and formidable preparations, and we think it our duty to declare to you, that you are threatened by the most imminent danger. The time is come when you must show the world whether you are worthy to be free, or whether you are born to be slaves.

“Hellenians! life and death are common to men, with the lowest animals; but an honourable life and a glorious death are the portion of freemen alone. Show the world that you are equal to those Hellenians of old, who knew no good preferable to liberty, and fought for it till they had subdued all the forces of Asia. Nor are examples wanting in the present day, worthy your imitation. Your bishops, your senators, and your primates, are sensible of the dangerous state of our country, and will march at our head. We fight not for a foreign land. We fight for ourselves—for our lives, our religion, our

honour. Let us all fly to arms, and endure a few months of evil to conquer and secure our independence for ever.

“ Let the cities and the villages be deserted, and let every plain and mountain present the appearance of a camp.

“ Peloponnesians! you first unfurled the standard of liberty; you have shed the blood of the barbarians; you may claim to fight in the foremost rank, and to be the bulwark of Greece. Your unwearied arms must know no rest till the tiger falls!

“ Spartiates! limit not your freedom to your inaccessible rocks, nor to your lowly cottages, when you may extend it over cities and fertile plains!

“ Brave Suliotes! you to whom Greece has for so many years entrusted the sacred deposit of her liberty, let not your constancy be shaken. Your countrymen, and the Philhellenians of Europe, will fly to your succour [*when it was too late!*]. And you, inhabitants of Attica and Livadia, take courage; you shall soon receive assistance.

“ Hellenians, you must have but one soul; all private animosities must be put to rest; all private interests must be laid aside. Your only interest is victory; your only lawful hatred—hatred to your oppressors.

“ Sailors, what is become of that noble ardour and bravery which distinguished you in the beginning of the war. Is your enthusiasm cooled? Do you wait till your islands are ravaged, to display a tardy valour? Now is the time when you must prove that you are sensible of the advantages attached to a national existence; now is the time to show that you are patriots and Christians. Do you fear the Turkish vessels? They are not manned by Hydriotes, Spezziotes, and Ipsariotes, but by Jews, Armenians, and Asiatics. You have dispersed one formidable fleet. Do you think that the one which now threatens you is of brass or iron? Let it be seen that victory is not obtained by large vessels, but by Hydriote, Spezziote, and Ipsariote valour. Hellenians, the time is short; all is lost if you continue to neglect this important occasion. Unite hands and hearts, and swear to destroy your common enemy, and to die for your religion and your country! (Signed) “ MAVROCORDATO, President.”

Such was our situation. Mavrocordato did all he could; but of what use was it to command those who would not obey, who were intent on nothing but plunder; and who kept vessels in readiness, in case the enemy should reconquer the country, to sail for Europe, and there enjoy their ill-gotten wealth, utterly regardless of the thousands they left to be massacred by the enemy.

If the government had availed itself of all the resources afforded by the conquest of the Turkish towns, the Greeks might have been free at this moment, and masters of Constantinople. All their errors and reverses, which have uniformly been caused by want of money, might have been avoided, and Greece might have been spared the humiliation of asking alms of every country in Europe, to assist her in procuring her independence. Not only have the captains appropriated the wealth of the Turks, and the primates the revenue of the country, but a great number of the Greek merchants established in various towns in Europe, who were empowered to receive the amount of the

subscriptions of the generous well-wishers of their cause, have enriched themselves out of this sacred deposit, and have remitted to Greece about a tenth part of what they received. The committees of every country have sent ships laden with muskets, pistols, sabres, ammunition, and powder in great abundance; yet the government has never been master of a dozen muskets. The captains always got possession of them all, and gave them to their soldiers to get them altered according to the Greek fashion, by which means they accomplished the double purpose of arming their own retainers, and rendering it impossible for the government to increase the number of regular troops. When the Frankish regiment, and the two sacred companies were organized, we were all obliged to take old muskets. Most fortunately, Mavrocordato, who foresaw the consequences of an attempt to carry on a war with an undisciplined rabble, had brought from Marseilles two excellent armourers, who put the muskets into the best state they could be, and rendered it possible to make use of them in a regular campaign. The muskets sent by the Greek committees were openly sold in the streets, for fifteen or twenty Turkish piastres. Mavrocordato saw this shameless traffic with the greatest indignation; and in order to check it, gave orders to his people, and to the police he had established, whenever they found arms and ammunition in the hands of men who were trading in them, to seize them, and bring them to him. Two or three times these orders were executed; but the arms generally belonged to captains, who immediately claimed them again; they were restored, and nothing more said about the matter. So the trade continued to thrive, while we Europeans were armed with old vamped up muskets.

I must make a little digression here, to throw some light on the history of the massacre of Chios. This terrible event was chiefly caused by the obstinacy and avarice of the primates of that island, who refused to pay the Frankish artillery officers. For several months the Turkish fleet had been passing and repassing before Chios, and continually threatening to make a descent upon the island. The Chiotes wrote to the government, that they were in great want of gunners to work their guns, and of an engineer to erect some little fortification. The government replied, that they could easily have all the assistance they required, if they would pay the Frankish officers who were ready to go, and buy a few more guns. As soon as the primates heard that they must spend money, they abandoned all thought of preparing for a defence, and chose to *hope* that the Turks would not land. When they saw the fleet actually anchored off their island, and their destruction imminent, some of the primates went to Corinth, entreating the government to send officers immediately, to save the island, if possible, and engaging to pay all the necessary expenses. Mavrocordato sent for Captain Gubernatis, a man of distinguished merit, and gave him the command of the island, twelve artillery officers, an engineer, and two pieces of artillery. They instantly embarked, and having a fair wind, hoped to reach Chios in time. On approaching the island they met a number of boats, feluccas, and small vessels of all descriptions, laden with people; and on inquiring whence they came, were told that they

were escaping from the massacre of Chios; and that the Turks had landed, and had cut to pieces all the inhabitants, except the few who had got to their boats. If these officers had been a little sooner, they would have shared the fate of the Chiotes. They, of course, returned to Corinth. If the primates had taken timely precautions, and had engaged some of the many officers who were starving in Corinth, and who would willingly have gone, if they had only been sure of the means of subsistence, they would in all probability have saved their island, and all the unfortunate and innocent victims of their stupid avarice.

(To be continued.)

NEWHOME.

SOME years ago, a number of young men, who had been educated for the professions, conceiving an apprehension of not succeeding in pursuits, distasteful to some, and beyond the abilities of others, manfully resolved to husband the little property which they could command, and by union and co-operation to endeavour to secure as large a share of the blessings of this life as its uncertainty admits. They formed themselves into a little senate, and debated seriously upon several plans drawn up by the reflecting part of their community. It soon, however, became evident to all of them, that nothing but experience could rectify and gradually perfect the various constitutions laid before them; and under that impression, they contented themselves with entering into a solemn compact, like the sacramental oath of the Roman soldier, to be true and faithful to the republic, and not to desert their brethren until the object was effected, or renounced by general consent.

To relate *seriatim* the various steps which they took, the difficulties which they experienced, or the failures which they encountered, is not the object of the following sketch: however interesting the history of the first foundations of a prosperous colony, and however useful, as a direction to succeeding settlers, its minutest details might prove, the primary task should be, to give a true picture of the society, that individuals may measure its promise of happiness by that standard which every man forms in his own mind, and judge of its benefits in relation to himself. I shall therefore pass rapidly on to the settlement of the colony as it has been effected since 1820 in one of the adjacent dependencies of the British empire, namely, in the beautiful island of Jersey, on the confines of the parishes of St. Pierre and St. Owens.

The society at that time consisted of forty members, the oldest of whom was under thirty; the additional candidates had been elected by ballot, and had taken the vow of the order, which was, shortly—to be obedient to the general will expressed by a majority of votes, and to lend heart and hand to the society as long as *they* continued in it. The admission fee has varied considerably, but the annual subscription

is 50l.; for which sum the subscribers enjoy all the advantages which may be collected from the following account.

The dwelling selected for their abode, is one of those Norman edifices erected many centuries ago by the seigneurs of the soil. Each succeeding generation has added a wing or return to the pile, by way of introducing the conveniences of modern architecture, or of accommodating married sons and daughters, whom the smallness of the patrimony would not allow the allodial lord to portion off in separate holdings. From the massive size and multiform construction of this fabric, it has probably domiciled many generations under its roof at the same time. It lies in the midst of venerable elms and tall chestnut-trees, an ancient avenue of which leads straight up to its antique portal. The ivy has liveried some of its turrets, and hangs over its modernised casements, as though it would hide the innovating hand of repair. The freshly-pointed wall in several spots declares that other infringements have been made, and that its picturesque appearance has not been consulted in preference to the habitableness of the place: the *alentours* also show that the modern art of landscape gardening has known how to avail itself of piers and fosses, that once reminded us of nought but the baronial days of warfare and plunder; orchards and gardens flank the building, up the high gables of which the obedient vine has been trained, while the *châmontelier* decks its outer range of walls; a row of glossy walnuts and dark mulberry-trees hides its offices and haggards in the rear, behind which the corn-lands and pastures of the community extend.

The dwelling was selected by two of the travelling brethren, who had been sent by the society to inspect different sites proposed. The statistical account which they gave of the island, and the suitableness of the pile, determined us at once to make the purchase. This we (for I am a member of the society) found no great difficulty in effecting with the proprietor, whose means were too limited to keep the building in repair. In the autumn of the same year, a committee of six intelligent members dassed over to superintend the repairs of the place, and managed with the country artizans and labourers to put the house in a way of accommodating thirty members, each with a separate sleeping-room, reserving two large saloons for dining and drawing rooms. Plans and reports were continually forwarded by them to the senate in London, where measures were discussed with all the shrewdness that men extend to practical concerns of life. A plan of action was resolved upon, and each member again pledged himself to adhere to it until modified by common consent. It remained now only to take the grand final move; to cut the cable, as it were, of habit and prejudice, that bound us to the capital and its enervating pleasures. The day was at last fixed upon, and the eighth of November was to mark the epoch of our farewell to haunts and scenes, sweetened by no recollections but the triumphs of vanity, and embittered by many a record of weakness and guilt: but we knew not but that its associations would cling to our memory, and load it with the fond regret of exiles; therefore it required every effort of manliness to cheer our spirits under the anticipated pain of separation. Some of us visited the theatres on the eve of our departure, as if to take leave of the favourite muses—

others roamed the streets, detecting beauties in their style unobserved before—others flocked to coffee-houses and taverns, where they embittered their wine with doubts and tardy regrets; most of us nourishing hopes that he might be among the fortunate ten who were to remain in coalition behind.

But the die was cast, and the hour drew near. We assembled on board the brig in which our books, furniture, implements, and other goods, had been shipped; and there, in the great cabin, we prepared to draw lots to decide the point in suspense. At this critical moment, a member, whose name I would gladly record, but that his modesty forbids, rose from his seat, and declared, for one, that he had no wish to be ballotted for—that he was anxious to go, and be among the first to promote the establishment of the colony—that after all, it was better than being transported to the Indies, to acquire complicated diseases there; or being sent to perish in the pestilential climes of Cape Coast and Sierra Leone, merely, that it might satisfy the rapacity or the ostentatious pride of relatives, who preferred luxury and appearance to the health and comfort of their families—that for his part he saw few pleasures for a wholesome mind to regret in London—that society was unmodelled in a great measure there, and the best of it might be reduced to the head of mere pomp and show—that the poor gentleman was virtually excluded from its enjoyments, because he could not compete with the rich in splendour and magnificence—that the theatres, which many seemed to regret, and which in fact ought to be the first feature of metropolitan enjoyment, because they were the fields for natural taste and literature to disport in, were now sunk below mediocrity, and fast sinking into a state of slippered, drivelling imbecility—that, for polluted pleasures, he disdained to mention them among our regrets, as the discipline of the society had already taught most of its members that such pleasures were out of the scale of moral happiness, and detracted infinitely more than they added to real gratification—that we took with us the means of mutual improvement; and he hoped, that whatever we missed in the resources and opportunities afforded by the city, would be made up to us in strength and pliancy of mind, to turn our acquisitions to the best account, not in a vain search after fame and wealth, but in a steady pursuit of happiness.

These few words, which recalled some of the leading practical tenets of the community, produced a wonderful effect upon us. We hastened, with vying resolution, to join the volunteers for the voyage. Twenty-four were soon numbered off; the remaining ten descended into a boat with their luggage, and giving us three hearty cheers, rowed away on their return, to occupy a small town-house rented by the society. As for us, we glided down the river with the morning ebb, our regrets vanishing with the fog of London. We tried to enumerate its fascinations; but the idea could not be cloaked in words, without our immediately disclaiming it, ashamed to betray the base and childish tastes upon which our liking had been founded: true, there remained a palpitating inquietude at the bottom of our hearts, touching the success of the experiment, and the reproaches which it might draw down upon us from our relations and the world; but

many of us had already struggled too early with adversity, to be much unmanned by the dread of failure; and there were few of us who had not experienced the senseless misdirection of controlling relatives. Some had made a compromise with their families, to claim no more than the small annuity required by the society, provided it were secured to them; others had generously sacrificed a portion of their moderate incomes, to enable friends to embrace the scheme—for the plan and its discussion had excited a considerable enthusiasm of a noble sort among us, and we had drilled our minds and bodies to enter into the spirit of the institution, and to encounter the hardships which might present themselves in its formation. It was habitual with us to rise at six, and undergo a routine of exercises similar to the modern gymnastics, which some of us had practised in Germany. This was thought a necessary preliminary to reception into the society; for it was deemed, that he who could not overcome habitual laziness, was unfit to belong to a co-operating community; and early rising was thought to be the best safeguard against dissipation and profligacy; and it was found, that mental activity was excited, and mental fatigue relieved, by bodily exertion. It tended too, to divert the thoughts from old associations, and to give a tone of manliness to the whole character,—endowing the nervous with courage and moral force, and the gloomy with openness and hilarity. Our mental occupations consisted of conversations conducted with zeal and spirit, on subjects interesting to us all; the examination of Plato's or Xenophon's principles of community,—the feasibility of modern plans of union, such as those of the benevolent Owen and Miss Whitwell,—and generally the constituent principles of civil society. This led into historical disquisitions, and lecturers were appointed among ourselves, to collate different authors, examine their credibility, and impart the results to the society. Dissertations on various subjects were also required, according to his ability, from every member; thus the study of one was made instrumental to the instruction of all. Every effort was made to substitute oral for book information, because it was thought an infinitely more useful practice, both for the intellect and the organs, than silent reading, particularly where the droning habit had been acquired, in schools and colleges, of slurring over words and sentences with little or no attention to their meaning. But above all, no discipline of mind or body was judged efficient, unless it strengthened and confirmed that moral sense within us all, whose approbation confers outward dignity and inward nobleness upon man; giving independence of thought and action to him who abandons it not to the direction of ignorant or artful teachers, and prostitutes it not to the seductions of vicious and heartless companions.

Our voyage terminated favourably on the third day, and we landed at St. Brelade's, where our companions waited to receive us. We lost no time in gaining our new habitation, where every preparation had been made to celebrate the taking of possession. Part of our furniture was transferred thither the very day of our arrival, and before night the house was tenantable: each had his quarters assigned to him; in the fitting up of which, the zeal of our companions left us

nothing to desire. Neatness and plainness had directed their efforts, and the apartments admirably tallied with the simplicity and durability of the furniture that we had imported. At evening we sat down to a symposium, and quaffed, but not to excess, the choicest wines of France, in commemoration of our occupation: wit and song went round—and we cheered each other with prospects and exhortations, till the pulse of youth was at its fullest tide, and another cup must have made it flow above reason's mark.

The succeeding morning we rose at our ordinary hour, and collected upon the arena which had been selected for athletic feats. It was an elongated plain of about two acres, kept close cropped by sheep; on one side thatched sheds had been erected. Here we pursued our usual course of active exercises, as if no alteration had occurred since our last performance of them. This tended to allay that insatiate curiosity which would have led us to explore our new precincts, and possibly might have induced us to form rash projects, or unfavourable anticipations, at a time when all of us felt that the utmost self-possession was necessary for the ensuing conference. We thence proceeded to the bath, a large reservoir of welling water; and as each member plunged into its crystal bosom, he formed some unbidden vow, suggested by the scene, and the enthusiasm of the moment, that he would not disturb nor pollute the sanctity of his new dwelling by idleness, contention, or vice—and we called the bath, "The Fountain of the Oaths."

We adjourned then to our commons-hall, where we breakfasted; and thence to the council-room, where we entered into deliberation, and passed the resolutions which were to govern our immediate conduct. Officers were appointed to control different departments of domestic management; parties were nominated for specific purposes; the hours for labour and study, for meals, rest, and recreation, were fixed on; and it was agreed to meet from day to day in council, until order and method were completely established, and to alter no rule without the consent of two-thirds of the members on the island. Finally, the habitation was proclaimed by the name of Newhome.

I have said that it is not my intention to detail succinctly the proceedings of the brotherhood: it would but show the imperfections of every human project, were I to point out the numberless alterations which we were compelled to make, the sundry little adjustments and anomalies which we were constrained to admit, before we had brought it to its present system, in which it works almost undeviatingly, by the mere force of habit and established rule. With the assistance of a few labourers of the island, we soon had our crops in the ground; and whatever strangeness we at first felt in tilling the land, custom and duty soon reconciled us to that first labour imposed upon man. We drew examples from the old heroes of Rome, and thought upon those—

———— With whom compared our insect tribes
Are but the beings of a summer's day ;

who

———— Have held
The plough, and greatly independent lived.

And we endeavoured to emulate their spirit, at least in such works as were not too drudging or laborious. For these last we procured farm-servants on the island at moderate wages. But gardening, in all its varieties, formed a main part of our occupation; and auxiliary lectures were appointed to be given by one who had qualified himself by reading the choicest works, to lay down such instructions as were suitable to the season and climate; and under him the practical superintendants ordered their improvements, whether in the hot-house, the grapery, the orchard, the kitchen-garden, the parterre, the lawns, or hedge-rows. Originally every one of us contributed a portion of his labour daily to the improvement of the grounds; but now it is found that one-third of the society is sufficient to keep them in good order: unless at seasons of hurry and difficulty, such as hay-making, harvest, and apple-gathering for the cyder-press—then all who are present lend a hand, dressed in the working uniform of the society. There are always intermittent seasons of festivity and merry-making. On ordinary occasions, those whose turn it is to attend the out-door business of the farm, receive their directions over night, and do not join the rest in their games and diversions next morning, but proceed to their allotted task, never more than a six-hours' job, on the completion of which they may return to their companions. If the work is reported to be unfinished or ill-done, no further penalty is imposed upon the transgressor, than an injunction to return and rectify his omission next day. This effectually guards against slovenly labour; but it has seldom been required to enforce any of the observances of the institution; for each member finds his comforts dependent upon the general good, and knows very well, that he enjoys infinitely more blessings at less trouble and expense in the lap of this society, than if he were thrown an isolated struggler upon the world. As to our domestic arrangements, they are under the charge of comptroller and purveyor, elected at intervals; these, assisted by a house-keeper, cook, and a few other domestics, regulate our household.

In the spring of the year we enlarged our dwelling by out-houses, containing apartments for visitors, besides closets and libraries for the literary members. We added to our offices a painting and sculpture room, a laboratory and workshop, in which those who were inclined to the fine arts, chemistry, or mechanism, might pursue their studies. These and other scientific subjects were not only canvassed familiarly in our meetings, but short histories and explanations of recent discoveries were occasionally directed to be given by their respective professors among us. We were not ashamed to assist in the erection of our own buildings. Many of us were seen, girt with our aprons, on the scaffolding of the building with plummet and trowel, aiding the hired mason in his work; some shaped coigne-stones, others adapted timbers for the roof; few were idle, and none from a frivolous notion that it was *infrà dignitatem*. We had abjured the silly vanity of aristocratic pride; ridicule lost its sway over us, once we had resolved to obey reason and nature, preferably to conventional modes of thinking. We had long adopted it as a maxim, that he who contributes not a share of his labour to the general good, is a free-booter upon society; and that there is a correcting dispensation in Pro-

vidence, that forbids him to enjoy, in its true sense, what he has not earned—in short, that he must miss happiness were the world's wealth at his feet. It was in this spirit that many among us, whose pecuniary means would have enabled them to employ substitutes, refused to resort to such compromising expedients; and that those who would gladly have been excused, on the score of exerting their talents in sedentary pursuits, also disdained unnecessarily to evade the social compact by indolent subterfuges. The notion was not admitted amongst us, that labour and thinking were two separate and incompatible offices; on the contrary, the alternation of each was thought good, both for bodily and mental vigour; and unquestionably it has proved productive of more common leisure and individual comfort, than if the community had consisted of two classes of slaves, the one overburdened with corporeal, the other with intellectual toils.

In the third year of our establishment we constructed a theatre for our lectures; around the walls and galleries of which we formed cases and compartments for such objects of natural history as composed the museum of the society. The whole was surmounted by a dome, the chamber of which made a rude observatory for astronomical purposes. A wilderness of intermingled trees, creepers, and underwood, darkens the northern side of the hill on which this simple structure is raised; the labyrinth gradually loses its wildness in rows of finer and finer shrubs, till, in the meridian aspect, the mount becomes enriched with the rarest plants and exotics.

The same year we purchased a small vessel, or *corsaire*, which had been used as a privateer by the hardy marines of St. Aubin's; in this, under the command of a member who had been an officer in the navy, we all took our turns, till we became expert mariners, hardened to the sea, and acquainted with all the neighbouring coasts. It not only served us as a fishing smack, but enabled us to take voyages of pleasure to the coasts of France, and fowling parties to some of the little rocks of the Cesarean Isles, on which woodcocks, barnacles, and other migratory fowl alight, and where no game-laws impede the pleasure of the sportsman. A few hours took us to Normandy; and St. Maloes became our market for several commodities which could be had cheaper there than in St. Helier's, or the other towns of the islands. Two of our brethren have been occasionally furnished by the society with the means of travelling into countries, the language of which they had learned from natives admitted into the institution. On such occasions they were usually disembarked on some part of the French coast, and thence, as pedestrians, have found their way into Spain, Italy, Germany, and Switzerland, reaping information every foot of the road, and consulting the interests of the society by purchases, not only of pure wines, but of manufactures and mechanical inventions; and by transmission of specimens of botany and mineralogy to Newhome. The voyagers often send us home letters, which are read with delight by the assembled inmates; they also at times bring back estimable strangers, whose conversation and accomplishments instruct and enchant the little republic. It is thus that the poetry and music of Germany and Italy have been naturalized among us. Our walls are hung with pictures touched by foreign masters. Our

porticoes abound with statues moulded in Florence and Vienna. The arts flourish here, unseared by professional devotion and taste-withering anxieties. The future does not engulph imagination in cares and ambitious dreams, but leaves it at liberty to explore whatever is beautiful or sublime in surrounding nature, or in ancient monuments.

The use of arms is familiar to the community, who know that the arts and blessings of peace depend upon the warlike virtues; and who, as citizens of the state, may one day be called upon to protect the country in which they pride themselves, and in which they enjoy such manifold rights: regular days are appointed for drill, platoon exercise, and horsemanship, at which officers who have served in war generally preside. The boast of the institution is, to render every one of its members a benefactor to all the rest; to excite and foster emulation in as many useful arts of life as possible, that every one may excel in some one branch. This is the only division of labour—that each member being pre-eminent in some particular art or science, may confer the benefit of his acquirements upon the whole community. We have almost as many professors as members: and such is the diversity of human genius, when free to choose its own direction, that scarce two individuals manifest the same leading talent. The only professorships which we repudiate are those of ethics, philosophy, and divinity, from a persuasion that herein none of us can profitably take our guidance from another, but that we are all equally bound to be perfect in the knowledge of our duties, and to habituate ourselves to receive them from a higher source than nominated instructors. Oratory is not cultivated as a separate art; but is either a habit acquired by freedom and fearlessness of speech, or a spontaneous effusion springing from enthusiasm and the consciousness of virtue. Poetry, however, has its honours amongst us; for we hold it, to conjoin art and skill, with genius and feeling; to be something more than music and painting combined.

One half of our quæstors in London are replaced monthly, unless when it becomes necessary for any one to exceed that limited time for a specific object, such as medical study or tasteful pursuit. Most of our financial concerns are entrusted to their management, the investment of capital, the purchase of commodities, and the disposal of the productions of the Newhomians, whether literary, artistical, or mechanical. By good faith and management the funds of the society are in a flourishing condition; every member too has a thorough insight into our dealings, and is become, in a degree, conversant with mercantile transactions.

It may be thought exaggeration, that so small a sum as sixty pounds should be adequate to ensure all these advantages. But it must be considered, that all articles of consumption are laid in at wholesale price, or purchased for ready money in markets where they can be bought cheapest. Able workmen, supported by the institution, make up our clothing, without respect to fashion or extravagance. Every thing is of the best quality, and consequently elegant. Our diet is neither sparing nor luxurious, consisting of the best provisions purchasable in the cheap markets of St. Helier's or St. Maloe's. We bake, brew, and churn, at home. From the peculiar circumstances of the

island, we can procure colonial produce at almost importation price. But it is in the quantity we make the greatest saving: in fact the profit of the retailer is entirely merged; and that which would enrich the grocer or chandler, goes into the coffers of the institution. In the same manner every interventionary profit is cut off from agents, stewards, and jobbers. *Sic nos non nobis*, cannot be applied to us; for we reap what we sow to the uttermost sheaf, and enjoy, undiminished, all that we have exerted ourselves to obtain.

Objections have been raised against the institution, as if it were of a monastic and anti-social nature, and prevented the forming of alliances with the better part of creation; but these have been proved to be unfounded. They are the true respecters and adorers of women, whom regularity of life preserves from contaminating connexions. In their attachments to the charming sex, they evince infinitely more devotedness, than those to whom hourly contact exposes all the little foibles and contests of female vanity in the great world. Many of our companions, in their rambles through provincial parts of Great Britain, and Southern Europe, have found amiable and endearing partners, whose affections they have known how to secure; and have carried into domestic life that settled temper, and those providential habits, which guarantee its happiness, and enable them to look forward to the blessing of offspring, without repining at moderate incomes or baffled expectations. Such as have not been able to accomplish their secret aspirations after matrimonial alliances, are no worse off than thousands in society at large, who have no prospect of honourably overcoming the difficulties which poverty interposes; and, on an average, the prospects of success are in the favour of those, who, with views more moderate, unite qualities as cultivated, and more adapted to various stations of life. Far from being secluded from the possibility of forming connexions, they enjoy more extensive opportunities than they did previous to their entrance into the society; not only do they mingle familiarly with the respectable families of the island, but in London and abroad we keep up friendships, and make visits at a hundred leagues' distance, where a letter of introduction is sufficient to ensure us a hospitable welcome; for the friends of one soon become the acquaintance of all.

As to other objections of a speculative nature, this is not the place to answer them; when started by opponents, or persons seeking information relative to the institution, they shall be refuted or admitted, according as they are frivolous or valid. We are not beating up for recruits, for the republic is as populous as its territory will admit; but we are anxious that others should satisfy themselves of the practicability of this plan of mutual endeavour, and so be induced to attempt its execution, whether on a modified scale in the capital itself, or in full perfection in other parts of the United Kingdom, nearly, if not fully as eligible as NEWHOME.

QUÆSTOR.

THE WOMEN OF ITALY.

THOUGH the political degradation of Italy may be traced to a variety of causes, the deepest and most poisonous has never been sufficiently insisted upon. It is to be found in the toleration, or to speak more correctly, in the privileges granted to breaches of the sanctity of marriage, among people distinguished for rank and wealth. The observation of the fact is very old, and has been frequently repeated; sometimes with more severity by Italian writers than by strangers. Foreigners, on the other hand, fall into the error of subjecting all the women of Italy to one indiscriminating censure: they cannot distinguish the classes to which corruption is confined, from those in which circumstances concur to preserve the virtue of wives and mothers. Lastly, we have not found that any writer, whether native or foreign, has ever traced the causes of this state of manners in the history of the country, nor pointed out how greatly it has contributed, does contribute, and will contribute, to the subjection of that unhappy country. The subject, if not viewed under this aspect—if not treated with this design—would not deserve our attention. Having seen in what way it has been handled by other writers, we hope to give it a character at once new and useful; free from the gossip, the licentiousness, or the cant, with which every writer, according to his disposition and his views, has invested it, in the multitude of classical or unclassical “Tours in Italy.”

The system of Cavalieri Serventi, though at first sight it may seem to deserve nothing but ridicule and contempt, acted like one of the *negative powers* of mathematicians, condemning the more active powers to inertness. The custom was caused by the religious, and perpetuated by the political condition of the people of Italy. This anomalous personage disappeared almost instantly throughout the north of the peninsula, as soon as the lovely daughter of the King of Bavaria appeared there as the wife of Eugene Beauharnois, and the model of all the domestic virtues. The influence of her example, however, would probably have been comparatively slow and feeble, had she not strengthened it by the refusal to receive any lady at court who was not accompanied by her husband. Where will you find a woman who would not rather give up her cavalier servante than the society of a court. The effect of this attempt to employ vanity as a corrective of domestic vices, could, however, be but apparent, and was consequently very transient; while, in the southern provinces, manners underwent no change whatever. This was particularly the case in Rome, where the celibacy of the priests, who there hold the rank of sovereign princes, causes adultery to be tolerated as an incorrigible and necessary evil. This is the part of Italy from which almost all the accounts of the national manners—whether true or false—all the declamation, and all the exaggeration, are taken. Thither flock, from every country in Europe, women who have been too much or

too little favoured by fortune in their ties of love or marriage. They fly to the south of Italy as to a peaceful sanctuary; and when their days of gallantry are over, beguile their old age either with talking without restraint of the pleasures of their youth, or in displaying their zeal for virtue, in vehement indignation at the offences of their successors in the same career. These ladies, naturally soured by emigration, by domestic loneliness, by mutual jealousies, and, above all, by age, regularly meet in little *coteries* and *conversazioni*, where each of them introduces any traveller or countryman who may happen to fall in her way. It frequently happens that the traveller is wandering over the face of the earth with no other view than to make a book. By giving an attentive and believing ear to all their gossip, he thus accomplishes the double purpose of paying for the favour of an introduction, while he finds his own account in collecting matter which will swell volumes, and tickle the national vanity of his countrymen, by a comparison of their virtues with the vices of other countries. Lord Byron, who was the most accurate and impartial observer of the English and the Italians on this head, traces with the grace of a poet, but the rigorous truth of an historian, the origin of the numerous stories, forgotten in the country which gave them birth, but repeated over and over again to all Europe, in the volumes of travellers.

The pleasant scandals which arise next day;
The nine days' wonders which are brought to light;
And why no husband sues for a divorce,
Soon find their way to London-press, of course.

As we quote from memory, we must bespeak pardon for any unintentional misrepresentation of the illustrious poet. Let it not be supposed that it is from any puerile admiration of his genius, nor even of his acuteness in discovering truth, nor of the originality and manly courage with which he avowed it, that we subscribe to the sentiment he addressed to a reverend correspondent—"That all our words, manners, actions, religion, morals, our whole mind and existence in modern Europe, turn upon one single hinge, which the English, in one expressive word, call cant."* Doubtless, if the demon cant had been as omnipotent among the ancients as it is among us, they would have raised altars and temples to so tremendous a deity.

"Why an Italian husband does not sue for a divorce," appears a question definitively settled by the gypsies in their tents, and the decision is equally applicable to all cases among savage nations. But among civilized people, the Italians have some distinctive peculiarities in this matter; and we must first examine those variations by which our common mother has distinguished their women from those of other climes. The remark of Eustace on this subject, that "In Italy the beauty of the sex seemed more connected with sentiment than in our colder climate," appears to us to admit of no dispute.† The most interesting of all spectacles which nature can present to the eye or heart of man, are a young mother with her

* Lord Byron's letter to the Rev. C. Bowles, on Pope's poetry and character.

† Classical Tour.

bered that I am speaking throughout of the daughters of families of rank and wealth,) almost invariably depends on a husband who has pleased, not her, but her parents. It frequently happens, that the husband is chosen, and the marriage articles definitively settled by the father, before the girl knows any thing about the matter; her first-born at her breast, or a young girl who has the frank and cordial smile of her age on her lip, and at the same time the bashful and pensive expression of deep sentiment shed over her whole countenance. The former is rarely exhibited by the ladies of Italy; but in no country does love so early inflame and exalt the heart of woman. The passion, in them, is not mingled with romantic fantasies, still less with arithmetical calculations. Love, in their hearts, is nothing but love pure and unmingled—or if any other feeling is ever blended with it, it is that of religion. Their education, so different from that of English girls, conspires with this natural temper of their hearts. Society is not open to well educated young women till after their marriage; the habitual retirement in which they live, concentrates all their thoughts and sentiments in this one passion. At first it rarely takes the form of an individual attachment; love springs up vague and undetermined in their simple and ardent hearts. In this state of mind their affections soon find an object upon which to fix themselves; with true feminine instinct, they almost instantly guess the man by whom they are most beloved, and single him out as the object of their preference. Still the intercourse of hearts is carried on only by the eyes; nor are opportunities even for that very frequent. The interchange of letters is neither easy nor safe, surrounded as they are by mothers, grandmothers, aunts, and governesses, who irritate their passions by the excessive anxiety with which they watch them. If by any accident a girl meets her lover, or if he visits at her father's house, the law prescribed to Italian young ladies, to listen, but rarely to speak in company, is one which she is not only bound by decorum to respect, but which she would fear to break, where every indifferent word might excite suspicion and endanger her secret.

Madame de Stäel's observation, that female beauty in England attracts admiration at once, while in Italy, with slow but more magical enchantment, it kindles love,* is perfectly just, and goes far to explain one of the causes of the superiority of painting and sculpture in Italy.

In Englishwomen all the warmth of their hearts flows without fear or restraint to the surface, and appears in all their words and actions; whilst in Italians it is always suppressed, and labouring to burst its bonds—always lightening on their countenances, and then again checked and forced back. Englishwomen would frequently furnish more beautiful and more graceful models to an artist; but the serenity of their countenances borders upon an imperturbable coldness; whilst nature and education have combined to produce that expression in Italian women, which has furnished their painters and sculptors with a captivation and a soul elsewhere inimitable. Nevertheless, the future virtue and happiness of the Italian girl, (let it be remem-

* Corinna.

refusal then to sign the contract would render her guilty of an act of disobedience which would compromise her father's honour, and a perpetual seclusion in a convent would be the only effect of her persisting in requiring that the choice of a husband should be left to herself. Her consent is registered in the marriage contract, with legal forms, and every thing is conducted as in a treaty of partnership, which has no other elements or considerations but pecuniary interest and law. It is not difficult to guess, that such an union is embittered by hostility, by coldness, by perpetual suspicion.

But marriage is a matter of more worth
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship.

At the time of the Spectator, writers on domestic morals were obliged to avoid quoting the authority of Shakspeare against marriages, at which the only presiding deities are arithmetic and law. Some remains of romantic sentimentality were still existing, which might have led to an abuse of the text of the great bard, to the disregard of all the dictates of sober reason. But that danger is all over, and especially among the daughters of wealthy houses. The genius of our age, which is completely mercantile, leads them to look upon marriage as a means of acquiring a capital, which, in proportion to its bulk, will secure them against the attacks of fortune, and the neglect or contempt of the world. The ancient allegorical representation of Love would be ludicrous now, even in the greatest modern poets, if they were to venture upon it; and is barely tolerated in the master-pieces of painting and sculpture. The most girlish fancy no longer pictures him as a wicked urchin, laughing in his heart while he affects to weep; he is not even—

A little, curly-headed, good-for-nothing,
And mischief-making monkey from his birth;—

he has now the grave physiognomy and deportment of a wise man. Nor let it be imagined that he runs about naked, as he used to do. He is clad from head to foot in the dress of a lawyer. His quiver is turned into a blue bag, and his arrows into deeds and settlements—the most powerful weapons, both with men and women: such, indeed, was the idea which the Greeks implied in their personification. When the god wished to inspire an unsuccessful passion, he tipped his arrow with lead; but to excite a triumphant flame, he made use of gold.

As philosophers and prudent men, we must confess, that love is an inconstant and capricious passion, which vanishes with youth; whereas, that kind of calculation, mis-named avarice by romantic heads, thrives and increases with years, and is most vigorous in old age. These two passions, neutralizing each other, produce a third, very useful to the estate of matrimony. Whatever may be thought of this metaphysical disquisition of ours, it is unquestionable, that Cupid, even in his modern transformation, retains his former propensities, and plays many of his old tricks; which are not the less mischievous because they are less sportive. His laugh is no longer joyous, but malicious. His impudence is veiled under hypocrisy, and

his prattling lies converted into set speeches of systematic imposture; so that sometimes he might pass for a Jew—sometimes for a Jesuit—sometimes for a diplomatist.

Another still more striking alteration in Love, and thence in his matrimonial tendencies, is the want which all rich and fashionable couples now feel, of the amusements and pleasures of society.

There was a proverb, which had been handed down from generation to generation, all over the world, “that two lovers are sufficient to to themselves;” they admire nobody else, they speak to nobody else, care for nobody else. Now-a-days things are managed differently, and the tender bonds of marriage are strengthened by a mutual desire to assist each other in getting out of the retirement of domestic life, and in pushing, step by step, into higher circles of society. As society has many steps, each more important and more difficult to climb than the last, the joint undertaking requires a good deal of money, great perseverance, and a faithful alliance, offensive and defensive, between husband and wife. It necessarily follows, that a matrimonial union calculated to advance and establish a couple in high life, keeps up that good understanding between these parties, which very often would not be preserved, if it depended solely on conjugal affection in the seclusion of domestic life.

Now of all these thoughts and considerations which experience suggests in this country, there is not one which ever, by any chance, finds its way into the bosom of an Italian girl. She knows full well that the man she loves can never be hers, unless by some extraordinary accident, which she wishes, but never dares to hope for. Yet she loves on—and the more noble is her blood, the more ardently does she persist in her attachment. But every passion which is not nourished by some hope, either leads to madness or the grave, or yields to time and reason. She resigns herself, at length, to a marriage with a man chosen by her tyrants, and revenges herself by refusing him any share in her heart. Marriage, instead of surrounding her, as it does here, with increased *surveillance*, and more conventional restraints and decorums, invests her with complete liberty; so that, with greater facility and less innocence, she can converse with her first love, and see him where and when she pleases. Some few, out of a feeling of self-respect or of religion, rather than go to the altar with perjury on their lips, choose the melancholy lot of living and dying alone.

A young Englishwoman of condition who does not find a husband, sees society always open to her, and enjoys the privilege of being accompanied by a chaperon. This sort of protection, though not very agreeable to young ladies just introduced, becomes so to those of a certain age, as a distinction of youth, and an acknowledgment that they are still subjects for seduction or abduction, particularly if they live in expectation of a rich inheritance. And even if they grow old in single blessedness, they may open their houses to *conversazioni*, give parties, and balls, and dinners; and it rarely happens, that any body openly shows that sort of contempt which people are apt to feel for a woman who passes her life without husband or children. But in Italy a woman hardly attains her twenty-fifth year, before she

sees the utmost contempt in the faces, and hears it in the conversation, of all around her, and her most intimate friends hint that it is high time for her to bid adieu to the world. Nor in her seclusion is she allowed to retain the hope of being able to employ herself in those occupations which deaden or divert the ardour of the heart, remove the sense of isolation, and afford some food to the vanity.—We allude, of course, to literature and science. A learned lady in Italy becomes exactly the best game for the herd of vulgar men, who, in that as in every other country are unwearied in their endeavours to render women ridiculous. A single woman cannot, as here, take shelter either under her own literary fame, or under the celebrity of the learned and distinguished men who frequent her house.

Whether female education, pushed to the point which it has now reached in this country, is likely to conduce to domestic peace and virtue, is a question which we have often discussed, but never set at rest.

'Tis pity learned virgins ever wed
 With persons of no sort of education,
 Or gentlemen, who, though well born and bred,
 Grow tired of scientific conversation.
 I do not choose to say much upon this head;
 I'm a plain man and in a single station.

Another great poet, who could not boast of being a bachelor, taught his wife that Eve's curiosity to take the fruit of the tree of knowledge, condemned all her posterity to toil through life in one hell bad enough, only to die and go to a worse. Another, being importuned by his wife to teach her Greek, begun by explaining the word *δαίμων*, *dæmon*, and told her that in the masculine gender it signifies a *genius*, but in the feminine a *devil*.

Whether these stories be true or false, just or unjust, it is certainly the fact, that the Italians run into the opposite extreme from what is prevalent here. They do not absolutely debar women from literary and scientific acquirements; but they enjoin them to do like the Spartan children, to satisfy their appetite by crafty and secret theft. Yet Italy has seen several professors in petticoats. Not long ago, Signora Tambroni filled the Greek chair in the university of Bologna. The talent of improvisation, which may be called indigenous in that country, gave celebrity to two or three poetesses; and, indeed, it appears that the sweetness of women's voices, the mobility of their imaginations, and the volubility of their tongues, would render extemporaneous poetry better fitted to them than to men. But women of such celebrity are rare in Italy, and are looked upon not so much with respect as with wonder, as monsters of talent; nor are they privileged against the inexorable pains and penalties of ridicule. Every woman, therefore, who employs herself in literary pursuits, places herself in the dilemma either of being compelled to conceal her acquirements, or to expose herself to the lash of epigrams; and, unfortunately, either case equally supposes the complete sacrifice of their vanity. In England, an occasional blow to the self-love of women of literary reputation is more tolerable than the insignificant obscurity of single life. But, in Italy, satires fall upon learned women like hail; even the people, who in that country

are very keen observers, attack them inexorably in every direction. There is not a city in Italy, in which any individual who should affect to prefer the national language to the municipal dialect, would not find himself precisely in the predicament of the poet who lately attempted to write poetry in Greek hexameters. As to the other alternative—that of amassing a fund of literature and science, with no other object than our own secret satisfaction, and unknown to any human being, it supposes a resolution, a vigorous loftiness of mind, which human nature has never attained to, even in the persons of the greatest philosophers. Nor do we believe we shall be accused of severity towards the sex, when we say, that however great may be the intrinsic ornaments of their minds, their value for them would suffer great diminution, if they did not excite the applause of admirers and the envy of rivals. At any rate, in any other country than Italy, even without the graces or the aspirations of literature, any unmarried woman of thirty, with a few novels, a pianoforte or harp, a portfolio of drawings, a garden, a horse or two, and a pet lap-dog, may (if she is not naturally ill-tempered or splenetic) live long and die in solitary felicity, like the fairy being of Spencer—

Making sweet solace to herself alone;
Matter of mirth enough, though there were none
She would devise, and thousand ways invent
To feed her foolish humour and vain joliment.

Among her other privileges we ought not to have forgotten that of being the possessor of a mansion or a country house, or a *cottage residence* like those to which so many of these most independent spinsters return after the gay season of London, to live like little queens in their parishes. Even if they have not houses of their own, the hospitality of their countrymen is more peculiarly and graciously extended to them than to any other class of persons. They may travel for months from house to house, and rusticate among their various relatives or friends, in the perpetual enjoyment of society, and almost in forgetfulness of their isolated condition.

But an Italian in the same situation, however rich her family, or however numerous her connexions, cannot even imagine the possibility of possessing a house of her own so long as she is unmarried. Nor, on the other hand, can she avail herself of the hospitality of others. The life of Italians is not a country life—they live almost constantly in the great cities. They are solicitous about the architecture and the embellishment of their seats, but their going to them is a mere matter of state and ceremony, and only for a few weeks in the year. They take no delight in excursions, whether long or short, so that a journey to the next province is a more serious affair to them than a tour through France and Switzerland to an Englishman. Lastly, the same reasons of propriety which preclude an unmarried woman's free introduction into society, still more strongly prohibit her ever passing even two or three days under any other roof than the parental one. These domestic regulations combine with popular prejudices and time-hallowed customs; nor would any young unmarried woman dare to violate them, even though every circumstance were arranged for her by fortune, so as to ensure her complete independence.

Until she finds a husband, therefore, she must live like a burdensome ward in the house of her father or elder brother, or whoever may be the head of the family for the time being. She must always live, act, and speak under the direction of the mistress of the family, and under the *surveillance* of servants. Meanwhile, the probability of her becoming herself the mistress of a family diminishes every year, and the doors of her relations open to her more reluctantly. Very few can long endure this most exquisite torture of solitary imprisonment in the midst of the world, and among brothers and friends; they almost all return to a nunnery.

We say *return*; for they receive their first education within the walls of a convent, which they enter almost in infancy, and where often they learn all they are ever to know of the world—its name. After the French revolution, and especially during the reign of Napoleon, this practice fell, in great measure, into disuse. The number of religious houses of education, till then thickly scattered over every part of the peninsula, was considerably diminished; and at the very time of the expedition to Russia, all the establishments and congregations of monks and friars, without which religious houses for women would be more useful, or, to speak more properly, less pernicious, were abolished. Lastly, the Code Napoleon enacted that the property of a father should be divided into equal portions at his death among all his children, male and female. It is not difficult to see that, if these measures had been vigorously enforced, they would, in the course of one generation, have totally changed the system of education and of marriage among the noble and wealthy families of Italy. They would have improved manners in general; for, as we shall presently have occasion to remark, the first effect of this system was to demoralize, necessarily and completely, all the sons of these families; with the exception of the eldest, they were all predestined to a life of celibacy. But the governments which succeeded the dictatorship of Buonaparte in Italy, did not find their account in any of his laws, except those on finance. His civil and criminal codes were therefore summarily abolished, or partially retained in certain provinces, but with so many important modifications, that their efficacy was totally destroyed.

The number of convents for women is now becoming as great as ever, and that of religious houses for men greater, because they have recovered even the congregations which had been abolished by the emperors and popes who preceded the revolution. The number of young victims of fanaticism, hypocrisy, and avarice; of adulteries excused by necessity, and sanctioned by custom; of friars, priests, and laymen, condemned to celibacy, and all equally dissolute; must therefore go on to increase in the same ratio. What sense of domestic virtue, what energy of action, can be hoped for or desired by a nation, in which the influence of all the powerful families, and of religion, combine to produce and to perpetuate such base profligacy of mind and of morals? The consequences we have deduced will strike every man as true and inevitable who has an opportunity of observing with attention the *penetralia* of the house and heart of an Italian patrician. Not one word on this subject is to be found in any of the Tourists: it is probably one of those investigations in which

the curiosity inherent in the genus must have been invariably baffled. We might, perhaps, run the risk of assuming something, were we to assert positively how matters stand in this respect at the present moment; but if we describe them accurately, as they existed before the changes introduced by Napoleon, we cannot be far from the truth. It is perfectly safe to conclude, that the restoration of the old laws and governments must have been followed by the same effects on manners as they produced thirty years ago. We shall therefore describe them with as much brevity as is compatible with accuracy.

For many centuries, children have invariably been the subjects of Jewish speculation to the rich fathers in Italy. A reasonable pride of ancestry has always induced parents, in their testamentary dispositions, to assign to each daughter a marriage portion suited to her rank, and very burdensome, of course, to him whose estate was charged with it. As it could not be bequeathed in real property, which was all entailed on the eldest son, it must of course be paid in money. But the daughter did not acquire a right to the smallest possible fraction of her portion until after her marriage; a refusal, therefore, to accept the husband proposed to her, must leave her at the mercy of the eleemosynary bounties of her relations.

A young woman, to have any right to dispose of her own portion, or to choose a husband for herself, must be sole heiress, and in circumstances extremely unusual in countries where estates are entailed exclusively in the male line. The portion of all not thus peculiarly circumstanced is only a nominal bequest, administered by trustees not bound to render any account, and who generally dispose of it for the furtherance of their own interests. The principal aim of all heads of families is always to leave the bulk of the property to the eldest son, and to transmit it, increased, from father to son, for the aggrandisement of their house. From time immemorial, therefore, to avoid detaching from the estate many dowries for the daughters, they devised an infallible expedient for preventing the marriage of all but one: that one was invariably the youngest. The eldest sisters, educated from their tenderest years in the cloister, under the direction of their reverend governesses and holy father confessors, grew up schooled to abjure nature; whilst at the same time, the proneness of young girls to fall in love was alternately soothed and excited by the most alluring representations of the fairest of spouses, as they called the Redeemer, to whom they were exhorted to vow fidelity till he should invite them to celebrate their nuptials with him in Paradise. In plain language, they were to be persuaded to take the veil, only to repent when every word or sigh of repentance would be registered by their tyrants as an act of sacrilege or apostacy. From this mixture of religion and sensuality arose that enormous dissoluteness of imagination so disgustingly described in beatific visions and old legends, and which were afterwards more celebrated in the time of the illustrious Fenelon, who, with a purity of heart and good faith far removed from that knavish hypocrisy of friars, fell into this strange mysticism.

To avoid going into the details of this subject, and at the same time to defend ourselves against all charge of exaggeration, we must refer our reader to the life of Scipione Ricci, and the documents an-

nexed to it, lately published in Belgium, to the great scandal of the Jesuits, particularly in France.

This prelate, in our own times, devoted his life to correcting the abominations of the monasteries in his own diocese in Tuscany. But although he had the powerful protection and co-operation of Leopold II., his reforms went on very slowly, and were afterwards abruptly overthrown, in order that the congregations of monks and friars might return, under the cloak of religion, to the full indulgence of their four darling passions of sensuality, proselytism, dominion, and avarice. The holy mothers of convents, who had learnt by experience to make the best of a bad situation, and the friars, directors of their consciences, combine to assist the heads of rich families in imposing religious vows upon their daughters. They thus acquire a greater number of slaves, secure the protection and alliance of influential individuals, and increase the number of their religious communities. Every young nun who takes the veil pays into the treasury of the convent either a gross sum, or an annuity for her life; in either case, this kind of dowry is about ten times less than that assigned to them by will, or to the income it would have afforded them if put out to interest.

It sometimes happens, that one of these girls, doomed to celibacy from her cradle, finds a lover content to marry her without a fortune, or with very little. But this is only some widower or old bachelor, full of years and money, who buys a young girl under the title of a wife. He enjoys the illusion of passing many years of felicity with her, while she, naturally enough, is longing for the time when she may bless his memory for placing his whole fortune at her disposal. But if she revolts from the idea of being the subject of such a bargain, her persistence in a refusal is considered as an act of open rebellion and disregard for the sacredness of her father's promise, a fault which is sure to be punished by an intimation to return to her convent, without a hope of quitting it.

Many novels and sentimental dramas have treated this subject with great power, especially in France and Germany. But without any aid from the imagination, the forcible sacrifice of a creature, full of youth and beauty and warm affections, under the pretext of religion, is one of those situations in which nature speaks eloquently enough; and many of the events, registered in the chronicles of Italy, produce the strongest emotion, though written in the rugged style, and with the dry simplicity, of two centuries ago. From that period to the present, the Italian writers of the greatest genius have used every means, even that most potent one of ridicule, to shame their countrymen out of the custom of trading in their children. As a specimen, we will give an extract from a celebrated poem of the age of Leo X., the intermediate age between our own and the earliest at which we find the first records of their system in Italy.

Duro, per certo, e da non sopportare,
Che fra gli altri animai della natura,
La donna sola s'abbia a maritare
A modo d'altri, e non alla ventura,
O per dir meglio, a propria elezione,
Come le fiere fan, che han più ragione.
Han più ragione, ond' hanno anche più pace.

Ditemi, padri, che avete figliuole,
 E v' ha Dio d' allogarle il modo dato
 Onestamente, qual ragion poi vuole
 Che le date ad un vecchio, onde al peccato
 La tarda penitenza poi le mena?

Un altro, sotto specie di severo,
 Ma con effetto d' avaro e furfante,
 Metteranne una frotta in Monastero,
 E vorrà, che per forza elle sien sante :
 Ell' aran, fate conto, altro pensiero,
 (Come han le donne quasi tutte quante)
 E si provvederan di preti, e frati,
 Ed ecco in susta i Vescovi, e gli Abati *.

The last line, however satirical, contains no exaggeration ; it suggests to us the root of the whole execrable system, with all its poisonous ramifications—this root is the celibacy of the clergy. The evil now admits neither of remedy nor of palliatives. Rome reigns triumphant over this distinction of the social system, in every part of Europe subject to its ecclesiastical discipline ; a discipline in the hands of a hierarchy condemned to celibacy, with legions of monks and friars in their train. It ought not to excite our surprise, that the governments of Italy co-operate more cordially with them than those of other countries. These governments consist either of powerful foreign sovereigns, or of petty Italian princes, compelled by treaties and by armies to govern their subjects at the good pleasure of foreigners, interested in the demoralization of every influential family, and in that consequent enervation which destroys every spring of public virtue, and paralyzes every effort to restore the national independence.

Let us now consider the situation of a noble Italian girl, married according to the usages of the country. In the first place, the two heads of families (the fathers of the intended husband and wife, by means of mediators, who are generally old women,) contract the marriage without giving the slightest hint of their intentions to either party. We have already said, that the couple, with few exceptions, consists of the eldest son and the youngest daughter of two rich houses. Equality of age, rank, education, and fortune seem to promise a happy union ; but the fact is, that the young people are not permitted to attempt to contribute to each other's happiness. Even if they should have been fortunately preserved from the dangers which attend an engagement for life, without any previous knowledge of each other's characters, there is the insurmountable difficulty that, for years after their marriage, *they have no home of their own*. The bridegroom must take his bride to his father's house ; and it sometimes happens that, while he can keep an establishment for a mistress, he takes a young girl from a convent, swears fidelity to her at the altar, and then returns at the accustomed hours to visit his mistress, leaving his wife under the guardianship of her father and mother-in-law. Others, who would act with more honour, or at least with more decency, towards their wives, *cannot*. Every son in Italy is a minor as long as his

* Orlando Innamorato, lib. 2, cant. 27.

father lives, and cannot emancipate himself from this bondage without risking the loss of a great part of his inheritance.

Hence it follows, that the greater the affluence a noble bride finds in the house in which she is established, the less right has she to call any part of it her own, or to dispose of it as she pleases. She can never employ herself in household economy, nor provide for the domestic comforts of her husband. She is not mistress of her servants, and she sits at table like an invited guest. All the children of the same father, male and female, all the unmarried uncles and aunts, every member of the family, generally inhabit the same mansion, and dine at the same table. The constitution of this community is an absolute monarchy, of which the father and mother are the heads; and the various departments of administration are filled by confidential servants, who are the ministers, the privy councillors, and the secret inspectors of police. The jealousy of power increasing with years in old men, and the repugnance which every young woman, conscious of the dignity of a wife, feels to this state of subjection, embitter the intercourse and conversation among all the inhabitants of the house, from the very outset. So that the bride has scarcely entered it when she feels the necessity of seeking consolation out of doors.

Her young husband has neither the power nor the experience necessary to adjust these domestic differences; he gets weary of them; he is disgusted as well as his wife, and finds no other way of avoiding them than in dissipation and vice. The political situation of his country, rendered desperate by the inaptitude of the aristocracy for public affairs, dooms him to a life of complete indolence and insignificance. Hence the bad habits, the follies, the incurable mental diseases which seize upon him, and infect his youthful—his almost childish—wife. When the intellectual and moral pleasures have no attractions, the human mind necessarily abandons itself to the dreams and excitements of vanity, and to every species of sensuality. In this state every artful coquette, every courtesan or opera dancer, has more attractions for a man than an innocent, modest girl. As he has taken upon himself the character of a husband only in obedience to his parents, and to the interests of his family, he thinks he has a right to indulge his inclinations; he soon becomes a libertine by profession, without principles or heart. Who then can accuse the wife of such a being, if, sooner or later, she imitates him? Where is the country in which the women would sacrifice every feeling and passion of human nature, for the sake of a husband who does every thing in his power to show his disregard of their mutual obligations?

Public opinion is the most powerful instrument in every country for influencing the actions of the great; *law* is almost inoperative against their class of vices; *religion*, which ought to correct them, is made a means of corruption. The evidence of servants would have little weight in a court of law in Italy; often it would not be admitted against masters and mistresses; but without such testimony, offences of this kind could hardly ever be proved; and even if they were proved, the husband would not receive the consolation of a sum of money. Proceedings of this kind are, indeed, instituted in this country only with a view to obtain a divorce. But in Italy, such a proceeding, if

successful, would throw an intolerable load of expense on the institutor: marriage being a sacrament, divorce depends exclusively on the oracles of the pontifical court of Rome, which can only be consulted with the aid of exorbitant gifts. Remission of sins, on the contrary, is obtained with the utmost ease from any priest or friar whatsoever, because husband and wife do not confess their mutual infidelities to each other, but to their father confessor, who, quarterly, half-yearly, or yearly, weighs their accounts in the balance of the recording angel; equalizes them by means of absolution; and enables both parties to draw largely on their respective consciences at three, six, or twelve months' date. However dissipated the manners of a Catholic woman may seem, however she may laugh at the censures of the world, all her thoughts and feelings do, in fact, rise and fall like the mercury in a thermometer, according to every impression she receives from her confessor, who has only to adhere to one simple rule—to keep her passions in a perpetual state of oscillation, now agitated by the terrors of hell, now lulled with the hope of pardon and of heaven. In this way he infallibly obtains the dominion over the mind of every woman; a dominion which increases with the terror he inspires as the possessor of her secrets; at the same time that she believes him the infallible awarder of the mercy of God. The daily application of the above-mentioned rule soon teaches spiritual directors the mode of applying it according to the character, circumstances, and inclinations of each individual, and to employ it in the precise degree in which it is requisite. The graduated scale of the casuistical Jesuits was most dexterously contrived for this purpose. It sets out by being extremely indulgent to the dreams of platonic love, which it nourishes in such a manner as imperceptibly to lead to positive sensuality. But the theological distinction best calculated to promote and to varnish over the violations of the domestic virtues, is in the two words *sin* and *scandal*. By virtue of the scriptural and of the canonical texts, that the former is injurious only to the individual, and the latter to the whole of society, the director, while he labours to render sin inevitable and habitual, apologizes for it as the lesser of two evils. He therefore acts the part of mediator between the husband and wife, until they agree to dissemble their mutual offences, and to live in peace and quietness, that the report of domestic complaints may not get abroad to feed the animosity and malignity of the public, and the example of the rich and the noble may not justify the multitude in the commission of the same crimes.

While a young wife is thus goaded and disciplined to infidelity, she is surrounded by admirers more numerous and more captivating than the suitors of Penelope. As only the eldest son of every noble house marries, all his brothers are provided for by means of a very slender allowance, added to the incontestible right of inhabiting the same house with their father and elder brother, and sharing the comforts and luxuries of their life. This claim upon the house and table they forfeit for ever by marrying. The principles which guide this race of bachelors, seem not very dissimilar from those which govern the worthy fellows of rich colleges in English universities. Their situation gradually renders both classes egotistical, consequential, and epicurean; at once restless and lazy, subject to all the caprices of the passions,

and possessed of few means of gratifying them. In gallantry, however, the fellows must hide their diminished heads—they are mere bashful boys. The bachelors of Italy are not obliged even to affect to study. They rarely have any hope of advancement; and if they have, the example of the handsome Braschi, (Pius VI.) or of the gay and gallant Della Genga, (Leo XII.) prove that a youth passed in the indulgence of the tender passions, is no impediment to the mitre, the hat, or the tiara. These, however, are rare cases. A better and more practical reason is to be found in the non-existence of that great ally of reason and virtue—damages. The church, with all its numerous and opulent hierarchy, can hardly give employment to a hundredth part of them. Those who are destined to the religious profession, generally flock from all parts of the peninsula to Rome, where, without taking holy orders, they put on a clerical silk gown, obtained by family weight or interest, and take the title of prelates or monsignori. A few of them, by dint of talent, study, and, above all, of intrigue, attain to lucrative employments, and to the dignities of church and state; sometimes to that highest of dignities, which empowers its possessor to dictate infallible oracles from the chair of Saint Peter, and to fulminate anathemas against the kings of the earth. It was in Rome that the sight of the Italian ladies, surrounded by men of this class, suggested Eustace's rich and forcible description—"Beauty in the sex, is blended in Italy with intelligence, with benignity, animation of feature, dignity of gesture, a language all music, quickness of remark, a fine tinge of religion,—every female attraction is theirs, except, perhaps, the best. But, alas! can modesty be expected in a state where celibacy sits enthroned, and fills every post of authority and instruction? Must not the interest, the animal wants of the governors, discourage fidelity in the sex? Must not a government of bachelors of necessity form a nation of libertines?"*

If Cæsar said that he would never have violated his oath, except for the sake of acquiring the supreme power, we can scarcely deny the same excuse to the ladies of modern Rome. Though ostensibly administered by dignified priests, many departments of the government are, in fact, entirely in the hands of their mistresses. And farther, where men, from the moment they marry, must renounce every hope of rising to dignity or fortune by their own merits, they learn to accept, with less repugnance, the favours procured for them by the merits of their wives. This remark, however, is applicable only to the states of his Holiness. In the rest of the peninsula, women are not subject to the temptations either of ambition or avarice. The legion of their young lovers have only the miserable privilege of being called noblemen, marchesini, contini, or cavalieri. Their political influence is less than nothing. Their fortune consists principally in the right of being perpetual guests under the paternal roof. Their occupations, so far as the interests of society are concerned, are completely negative. The army and navy, in those states of Italy which are able to maintain any, are not sufficient to employ so many young men. The law, still less; both because it is not, as in England, an honourable profession, and because the mode of procedure is not

* Classical Tour.

such as to stimulate either talent or ambition. Every kind of commercial employment would, they think, contaminate the purity of their blood, and arouse the shades of their ancestors to curse them from their tombs. They grow up, therefore, and pass their lives, unfit for any occupation but that of visiting as many ladies as they can in their drawing-rooms in a morning, and visiting them again in their opera-boxes in an evening; while these ladies, on the other hand, are no sooner married, than they endeavour to assemble a troop of admirers around them; and the drawing-room or the opera-box best filled with assiduous visitors, is the object of universal envy.

From the facts now stated, our readers may infer, that every lady of rank is doomed, by the circumstances of her condition, to live in a course of intrigue, till every principle of virtue which nature had implanted in her heart gradually wears away, and passion becomes an excitement necessary to her existence, and an habitual vice which terminates only with her life. When she attains a certain age, she begins to think seriously of providing herself with a lover, called a *cavaliere servente*. She generally chooses him from among the numerous band of bachelors, now grey-headed, but who, in former days, paid their court to her. He was probably not the most fortunate, but the most persevering, and the most tractable, in submitting, without complaint, to the presence of any casual favourite. A true *cavaliere servente* is a constant guest at his mistress's house; he acts as her steward, and superintends her household; he always stands behind her while she sits at the piano-forte, and punctually turns over the leaves of her music-book; he sits by her, and assists her in her embroidery, or any other work; he never goes out without her; or if ever he does walk out alone, it is to take out her lap-dog to exercise. Lastly, as soon as the lady's eldest son marries, and brings home his wife, her mother-in-law lends her stayed *cavaliere servente*, provisionally, to the youthful bride, to accompany her into society, to initiate her into the ways of the world, and to report officially upon her conduct. It often happens, however, that the lovely young pupil succeeds in converting her mother-in-law's informer into her own trusty secretary, and the best and most useful friend of the lovers who begin to flock round her.

Thus, in a country in which nature has, perhaps, endowed her daughters, more liberally than in any other, with the treasures of the mind and heart calculated to render them the mothers of free citizens and the nurses of patriots, bad government, and consequent bad usages, have rendered them so degenerate, that their domestic life corrupts every germ of virtue in their children. We wish we may be false prophets; but until such an abominable system of marriage is wholly extirpated, it appears to us that the aristocracy, and the great land-owners of the country, will always be contemptible to themselves and others; inert and unfit for any attempt to liberate their country; that their lives will be spent in intriguing, their minds stupified by idleness, and their souls corrupted by sensuality. Who can expect that men who are indifferent to their own honour will undergo toil or danger for the honour of their country?

We cannot conclude without adding, that although the class we have been describing has the greatest influence in the political state

of Italy, the observations we have made upon it would be quite inappropriate to any other, and therefore afford no criterion by which to judge the general character of the sex. Those to whom wealth affords stimulus and impunity for the indulgence of every ungoverned fancy; and those, in the opposite extreme, whom necessity forces into vice; ought, in every country, to be put out of the question, in discussing the character of its women. Virtue is always found in that class in which mediocrity of fortune is of necessity accompanied by moderation in the desires, and, consequently, by domestic decency. This class, although numerous in Italy, is, of course, least exposed to the eyes of foreigners. Eustace, fearing that the dissolution of morals would be imputed to the Catholic religion, sees virtue in every house in Italy.* Another author complains that Madame de Stael, in her *Corinna*, has given a picture of Italian women not only exaggerated, but false, and observes, that—

Those who do not travel with pretensions to move in high life, could alone bear testimony how strangely the fair sex in that part of the world has been calumniated; It would be absurd to deny that there were, or that there are at present, many frail women in Italy; but the proportion is much smaller than the joint influence of climate, religion, and government, might have warranted one to expect. The generality of females are, perhaps, more respectable in Italy than elsewhere. I pity those whom particular circumstances have led to think otherwise: and I am extremely glad to have opportunities of forming a more favourable, and, I am sure, a more equitable judgment.†

As this traveller was a Swiss and a Protestant, he may be regarded as a credible witness, on the question of the general character of the women of Italy.

IRISH POLITICS.

Dublin, Sept. 16, 1826.

As the meeting of Parliament approaches, the political barometer begins to ascend with a considerable momentum in Ireland: the people naturally look forward with anxiety to the decision of the ultimate tribunal, which will take cognizance of the late proceedings in which they have taken so deep an interest. The quidnuncs accordingly exhibit the customary signs of their inquisitive malady, and ask each other, with the utmost simplicity, "Will not the Catholics be emancipated during the next session?" as if any person except William Cobbett could answer the question. All, however, as usual, agree in considering the present posture of affairs as one of unprecedented importance; and, assuredly, after witnessing the scenes of the summer campaign, Irishmen may well be permitted to indulge their propensities for loquacity and exaggeration on the state and prospect of their great cause. The concurrence of many novel and singular circumstances has, indeed, rendered it a period very favourable to a habit of speculation; and it could scarcely be expected that the noisy "Sons of Erin," who have always been disposed to let the world hear every nail which they drove in the ark of their political salvation, should be found tongue-tied on such an occasion. They are consequently revelling in the luxury of popular excitement, and enjoying the sympathetic sighs with

* Classical Tour.

† Galiffe's Travels in Italy, vol. ii. p. 82-83.

which mankind respond to their complaints. Meetings—county, parochial, and provincial, follow each other with dramatic regularity; petitions, Protestant and Catholic, fly abroad on the wings of newspapers; speeches of all dimensions, and resolutions of endless purposes, convulse the civilized world with the spasms of patriotic commiseration for the white slaves of Ireland. The voice of liberty, as Mr. O'Connell peculiarly expresses it, is heard on the winds of heaven; the festivity of North American dinners is saddened by the indignant recital of Irish wrongs; and at the other end of the continent, in Mexico, diplomatists throw off the reserve of their official character, and all but come to blows over their bottle and the discussion of the Catholic grievances.

The ministerial journal of France has become, of late, as much the organ of the Popish Parliament of the Corn Exchange, as of the Cabinet of St. Cloud; and the United States Gazettes all but announce the sailing of an armament to establish a Republic in the Emerald Isle. The operas and balls of London, it seems, are merged in the contemplation of the ruined huts of the forty-shilling freeholders; and the Baroness de Montesquieu, touched by the pathetic appeals of Mr. Shiel, instead of enriching the treasury of a theatre, flings her hundred pounds munificently into the relief fund for these humble martyrs of freedom. The philosopher, awakened from his reveries, grasps his pen and his purse, to contribute the sanction of both to the claims of disfranchised Irishmen; while the school-boy, eschewing his admiration of Brutus and Plumcake, encloses his pocket-money in a declamation on the "William Tells" of Waterford, to the new Catholic Rent. Wherever the name of Ireland is mentioned, the best feelings of the heart are roused; to hear of her wrongs is to be indignant; to think of her distress is to be generous; to reflect on her struggles is to wish her success.

But to forego levity on so serious a subject, what is this patronage which men, of all climes, creeds, and circumstances, bestow on the cause of Ireland? and by what means has it been thus extorted? It is simply the homage of mankind to truth; an emanation of that hatred of injustice infused by God into the human heart, and brought into action by the agency of many peculiar secondary causes, which deserve some consideration. A series of persecutions had reduced the people, who now so extensively share the good-will of the world, to the verge of barbarism; and in the opinion of some, even of their friends, they were beyond the reach of regeneration. The brand of slavery, however, burned but skin deep; and their desperate exertions, from time to time, to throw off the slough, showed a constitution still sound underneath. They never fully acquiesced in their degradation, resistance being one of the most frequent features to be found in their history. They suffered, rather than assented to, the ignominious laws by which they were not governed, but oppressed.

The exercise of moral force being prohibited by statutes, those energies which might have been exhausted in harmless discussion, were almost necessarily exerted in physical opposition. Thus driven to the perpetration of acts little calculated to conciliate esteem, while their failure but generated contempt, all that remained unhurt to the country, by such proceedings, was the immutable justice of its cause.

Upon this national wreck of intellect, the Catholic leaders, as they

have been called, had to operate. The material out of which they undertook to construct an engine to forward their designs, it must be confessed, was not of the most manageable description, and its nature may well palliate those numerous errors with which they have been charged. It came, in short, into their hands reeking with the blood of ninety-eight, and stigmatized with the odium of eighteen hundred and two. They had the sagacity, in the outset, to perceive the inefficacy of insurrection, and fortunately turned their attention to promote the attainment of their objects by the arts of peaceful remonstrance. One of their first essays in this new line of tactics was the establishment of the Catholic board, which the ultra-loyalty of Mr. Saurin and his compatriots helped to bring to an untimely grave.

Though this body reckoned many men of great talents amongst its members, it was clogged by the imperfections of an infant institution. Unaccustomed to freedom of discussion in public, the speakers plunged themselves into endless prosecutions, for they had not as yet learned that art, which has since been brought to so much perfection, of evading the meshes of the law. Though put down, its example was not lost, and ingenuity was immediately at work to invent another machine by which the spirit of the country might be wrought. As the result of this long deliberation, the old Catholic Association started at once into confirmed existence, and the extent of its influence may be calculated by the severe enactments to which it gave birth. Many who piqued themselves on their patriotism, doubted of the propriety of such a body in a free state, and, as an *imperium in imperio*, of course sanctioned its suppression. Had the conscientious guardians of the constitution only placed themselves in the condition of the Catholics, they might probably have arrived at a very different conclusion. But it is worse than folly to talk of reason or conscience having any thing to do with its suppression; its utility to the cause which it was organized to advance, made its death inevitable; and in putting it down, the legislature added another specimen of bad policy to an act of manifest injustice.

To deprive men of the means of promoting a measure, which a majority of the House of Commons, half of the House of Lords, a portion of the Cabinet, and the sense of the rest of mankind, consider not only just but expedient, is to tempt them to the commission of more criminal deeds; but, fortunately, their disposition led them to declamation rather than to civil war; and the mistakes of the government were defeated, when the "New," phoenix-like, arose out of the ashes of the "Old Association." This new body is virtually the same as its great prototype; and is composed of the old materials, constructed to suit the conditions required by an Act of Parliament. Its meetings are just as frequent and as well attended; its objects are precisely the same; its collection of money as extensive; and if Lord Liverpool has any desire of witnessing a perfect illustration of the futility of law opposed to justice, he has only to step across the Channel, and take a seat some Saturday or other on the benches of the Corn Exchange. To the united influence of these bodies, is attributable one of the most remarkable events in the history of Ireland, the conduct of the forty-shilling freeholders during the late elections; and if no other good had been accomplished by these Associations,

this would be quite sufficient to silence every objection that has been made to their existence.

No one unacquainted with the statistics of the country, can appreciate the value and difficulty of such a moral revolution. By a forty-shilling freeholder was generally understood a creature with scarcely any other attribute of humanity than its outward shape—a slave chained by the tenure of two pounds a year to the galley which floated his master into political importance. The very name excited in the hearer's mind the idea of a being in the lowest state of vassalage, inhabiting a hut as green as the fields with which it was surrounded, with a squalid family dependent for a miserable subsistence on the septennial prostitution of his conscience at the hustings. Such had been supposed the vile instrument by which the representation of Ireland had been conducted for years; and no doubt appearances were in favour of the opinion. Amongst the most violent of his traducers was Mr. O'Connell, the "man of the people!" who went so far as to make the disfranchisement of this class of men, a sort of recompense to the government for the loss which might be sustained, by restoring the statute rights of the people of Ireland. The writer by no means alludes to the circumstance, for the purpose of reviving a controversy which time has consigned to oblivion; but he must observe in justice to these slandered men, that Mr. O'Connell's Parliamentary evidence on the subject, must remain an inexplicable paradox, as long as he retains a name for virtue and talent; for it is quite incompatible with the general notions of his astuteness, to suppose that he could think the government would make any mistake in driving a bargain of a *quid pro quo*; or that in a question involving the violation of a principle, the dictates of the heart would not guard against the errors of the head. The time however arrived, when the prejudices entertained against them were to be removed; and under the disheartening recollections of past times, the elections commenced. The Catholic scarcely dared to hope for victory in so unequal a struggle, while the Orangeman smiled even at the attempt, as he cast his eye over the disposable forces marked out on the map of the family estate. But let no man in future dispute the virtuous capabilities of the human heart, or doubt the omnipotence of oratory. Its effects in Ireland rival the wonders attributed to the powers of music in the fables of antiquity, and raise the inspirations of Mr. Shiel almost to a level with the seductive lyre of Orpheus. The stream of patriotism issuing from the capital, circulated through the remotest parts of the island, and in its passage was caught up by the priesthood, who mingled it with the sacred drops of religion. The draught was irresistible—it inspired and intoxicated the peasant; and in the conflict of virtue and self-interest, he might have said to himself: "The bitter cup of my misery is full—malignity itself cannot add another drop to its plenitude—a change may better, but cannot deteriorate, my circumstances—my landlord, though he would, dare not, through shame, persecute me for revolt—my country, for the first time, earnestly appeals to my independence, and conscience confirms the justice of the demand. I have been the scorn of both my friends and enemies—the power of refutation is within my grasp, and I will exercise it."

Thus reasoned the peasant, and in a paroxysm of courage burst the fetter of his fief, exalted himself into a freeman, and advanced another degree nearer to the sun. The liberation of seven counties from hereditary representation, attests the magnanimity of such an exertion. The value of the triumph was not known until it had been accomplished. From considering themselves as non-entities in the state, the freeholders, now that they have learned their own strength, wonder at their importance. Converse with them on the subject of their conduct, and they speak of it with an enthusiastic pride. They seem like men let loose from a dungeon into the light of heaven, or freed from the horrors of a night-mare. Their minds are enlivened by a new impulse; a ray of hope has shot across the darkness of their soul; and in this shadow which freedom has cast before it, they almost enjoy the substance.

It were well, however, if their heroism had not raised them to the dignity of martyrdom, by subjecting them to the remorseless persecutions of their landlords. The plea set up to defend this odious practice is founded on the sentimental cant of "a natural tie existing between landlord and tenant," a something which has been called, "An understanding that the one contracts to give his vote to the other for two pounds a year." Admitting that such a tie exists, and that such an argument has been entered into, which of the parties is the more criminal—the premeditated guilt of a proprietor in forestalling the freedom of election, or the submission of the occupant to a compact extorted by necessity? Land the latter must have, or he perishes; is his poverty to subject him to move in a circle of eternal slavery? This is but the pretext; the real object of the persecution is to secure future compliance by present castigation; rather a fatuous sort of speculation, by the bye, as to punish now instead of intimidating into obedience is but to insure a more deadly hostility on the next occasion. Indeed, a penal provision of this kind seems to be quite a supererogatory display of cruelty, as no candidate of illiberal principles, after what has recently occurred, need ever attempt to represent a county in Ireland.

It is not one of the least features in this crusade against the freedom of election, that those who have persecuted most should be also most remarkable for their sanctity; men who traverse the country with a Bible in one hand and an ejectment in the other; rather an equivocal species of comment, no doubt, on the sacred volume. Their conduct exhibits a curious contrast to that of the Catholic priesthood of Ireland. "Liberty of conscience, and emancipation from priestcraft," exclaims Lord Roden; "Pay up the May-rent, or to the road," cries his law agent, by way of parenthesis to his Lordship's denunciations of Popery. Thus, while the Noble Lord is inflicting all the horrors of distraint on his tenantry, the poor pittance of the priest is generally given up to relieve the distresses of the peasant.

Much has been said and written on the propriety of the lay and clerical influence, by which this bloodless revolution has been achieved, and even a portion of the liberal press of England indulges occasionally in invective against priests and agitators, and represents their proceedings as offensive to the English people. These Journalists, however, should recollect, that the conciliation of their countrymen,

great as that object must be, is not the only one which the agitators have to secure. They have to rouse the spirit of their own countrymen to action, which cannot be otherwise effected than by the exposition of those grievances under which they labour, in bold and energetic language. If England chooses to bury past recollections in oblivion ; if she wishes that her repose be not disturbed by the clamour of demagogues, she can readily purchase an honourable exemption from the din of Irish eloquence at the cheap price of one act of justice.

For men placed in the situation of the Catholic boders, as they have been ridiculously called, great allowances are to be made ; and those at least embarked with them in the same great cause of giving the blessings of equal government to man, might, with a better grace, leave their faults to be discovered by the common enemies of both. That they have acted and spoken indiscreetly cannot be denied ; but is perfection to be expected from them alone, or are their errors the only items which should be reckoned up in the account of their public acts ? The arguments which apply to the part taken by laymen in this national-struggle, apply with equal force to the case of the priesthood. They saw their flocks excluded from political power for adhering to a religion which they taught them to believe true ; they saw them compelled to violate their consciences at the hustings, as often as such a sacrifice to immorality and slavery was required of them by their taskmasters ; they saw them walking in the paths of political turpitude, sitting in the shades of civil death ; and was the sacredness of the clerical character to prevent these priests from directing their misguided flocks into the road of political salvation ? The necessity which extorted their reluctant interference in such proceedings will more than justify them in the heart of every honest man.

But to what purpose, it may be asked, has this enthusiasm been excited in the minds of the people. Will the collection of a "Rent," the petitions from every parish in Ireland, the speeches of demagogues, or the return of sixty or seventy liberal members to Parliament, expedite the concession of Catholic Emancipation ? True, these manifestations of discontent may have no immediate effect on the question at issue ; but is it nothing that this excitement has taught millions of men that they are the only arbiters of their own destinies ; that these petitions proclaim to the world their painful sense of the degradation in which they are held ; that these speeches refute the calumnies which have been heaped on the country for centuries ; that this "Rent" screens poverty from the oppressor ; and that these members of Parliament, whom they have returned, will go into the House of Commons armed with the wishes, and supported by the voice, of an injured nation ? If this be not the way which Catholics are to pursue in the attainment of their object, those who agree with them on the justice of their claims should either point out a shorter road to freedom, or cease to embarrass their progress by petty objections, and agree with the poet, "*Est quoddam prodire tenus, si non datur ultrà.*"

J. C. F.

BUTLERIANA.

FROM UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPTS.

No. IV.

CHARACTERS.

A BUFFOON

Is a tavern-terræfilius, a pudding inappropriate without cure of puppets. He pretends to the long-robe, a fool's coat, and enjoys the privileges of it, to say what he pleases. He stains his impudence with scurrility, and a very little wit, that makes it sparkle briskly, and pass well enough with those that want judgment. He is a land-pug, that has common places of ribaldry for all persons and occasions, and has something to say to every one he meets to please the face he carries in his skull. His calling is to play upon somebody in the company, where he is like a fiddler; but his greatest skill consists in the right choice of his instrument, for if he chance to mistake, he has his fiddle knock'd about his pate, and is kick'd down stairs. He vaults upon a man like a wooden horse to shew tricks and the activity of his insolence and ill-nature. His business is to gain ill-will, and his pleasure to displease any man that he dares. He is a mortal enemy to all those, that have less, or more impudence than himself; as if his own forehead were the only sealed measure that had the mark burnt in it. His calling is to be rude and barbarous, and he is free of all companies where he comes. He is bound to his ill behaviour, and if he should be civil it is more than he can answer. He spares nothing that comes in his way; but whether it be true or false, right or wrong, sacred or profane, he is very impartial. Sometimes he meets with those, that break his privilege and his head, and then he is put out of his play, but never out of countenance, for his impudence is impenetrable. He is commonly a coward, but his want of shame supplies his want of courage, and makes him run himself into perpetual dangers, without considering how he shall get off. He will sometimes hit upon things to the purpose; for as all great wits are said to have something of madness, so that all great madneses have something of wit. His tongue runs before his courage, as well as his wit, and betrays him into quarrels before he is aware, which he is glad to undergo with much passive valour, or compound with miserable and wretched submissions. He will often take occasion to abuse himself for want of a better. He breaks jests as men do glasses, by mischance, and before he is aware, and many times pays for them against his will. He is like *Harry* the 8th, spares no man in his railing, nor woman in his ribaldry, for which he frequently incurs the curse of the devil, and has his head broken.

A CRUEL MAN

Has nothing of a man but the outside, as *Perillus's* bull had of a beast; the insides of both are fill'd with horror, torture, and destruction. He is a creature of all species; for man and beast are all one to him, and he has as much compassion for the one as the other. He approves of no law but the *forest law*, and would make

all men *feræ naturæ*, because he is one himself. He is a renegade to humanity, and being a proselyte . . . is very cruel to those of his former persuasion. He has no sympathy with mankind, but that their afflictions are his delight, and he endures his own pleasures with less patience than they do their pains. He loves a widow of his own making better than a virgin, to whom he professes love as he does friendship to men, only to destroy them. He is more delighted with ruins, like an antiquary, than a standing fabric, and, like a zealous catholic, worships the reliques more than the saint. He is a kind of a leech, that relishes no part of a man but his blood. He is a rebel against the law of nature; for he always does what he would not be done unto, which is the privilege both of a saint and the devil, as iron in the extremities of cold or heat does equally burn those that touch it. Nothing enables him more in his cruelty than religion; for the fire of his zeal and dull coldness of his ignorance renders his temper, like a piece of iron, proof against humanity, and that's the true reason why he's said to be hardhearted. The worse condition he can put any man into, the better he thinks of his own; flatters himself with other men's miseries, and will endure no parasites but hangmen and torturers. He is very humble in one thing, and desires men should take place of him and go out of the world before him, and he cares not how far he comes behind.

A CUTPURSE

Puts his life in his hand, and both into another man's pocket, out of which he picks his living, or his death. He quarters all his members upon his neck, and when he is surpriz'd that pays for all. The hangman is his landlord, of whom he holds in chief, and, when he fails, is served with a *distringas*, by virtue whereof he seizes upon all his moveables. He ventures choaking for his meat before he eats, and the outside of his throat stands engaged for all that goes down the inside. He runs the very same fate with a seaman, that is said to be remov'd but three fingers from drowing, and just so many is he from hanging; for upon those his life and death perpetually depend. Every man he deals with carries his destiny in his pocket, out of which, like a lottery, he draws his chance, either to live, or dangle. His chiefest qualifications are the same with those of a surgeon, to have the hand of a lady, and the heart of a lion; for if either fails, his life lyes at stake, and he swings out of one world into another, as seamen use to do from ship to ship. The sign is with him always in *Taurus* neck and throat; and Mercury is his ascendant with Saturn, which, argues that he will in time be burnt in the hand, or mount a cart, which, if the Sun interpose, is inevitable, for he thrives best in the dark. He differs from a highwayman as a thief does from a cheat; for the one does the same thing privately, which the other does openly in the face of the king's authority and his highway, and both in the end meet in the same hemp. He gives himself a commission of treasure-trove, to sound for hidden money in the bottoms of pockets, and when he lights upon his prey he handles it very gently, that it may go quietly along without making any noise; otherwise as spirits are said to keep hidden treasure, and hurt those that attempt to take it way, that dreadful hobgoblin the hangman takes possession of him.

A FENCER

Is a fighting master, that expounds upon a foyl, and instructs his pupils in the rudiments of blows, thrusts, and broken heads, and reads upon the subtlest point of a rapier. He teaches the theory of killing, wounding, and running through, and with the privilege of a doctor professes murder and sudden death. His calling is previous to a surgeon's, and he tutors his pupils to make wounds, that the other may cure them, and sometimes to the hangman's, when they venture to break the laws of the land (instead of breaking heads) which he breaks your necks for. He wears a parapet upon his breast, to which he directs the points of their weapons, till by often repeating their lessons upon it, they can hit him where he pleases, and never miss a button, at least that on the end of the foyl. He instructs them, as the professors of liberal arts do in schools, to practise that which is only useful upon the place, and no where else, as to stamp when they make a thrust, which makes a noise sufficient to terrify the foe upon boards, but is of no service at all in the field. He presses his documents upon his pupils with all vehemence, and they improve wind and limb. He infuses his precepts into them till they are quite out of breath, and their lungs profit more than their brains: but as no art can improve a man beyond his natural capacity, so no practise can raise his skill above his courage. He lays about him like another Orbilius in his school, where his disciples con nothing but blows, and cuts, and bruises. He instructs them how to carve men, as they do wooden fowl, with a good grace, to slay in mood and figure, without any illogical inferences, and to run a man through correctly and accurately, which he calls masterly strokes. He teaches the discipline of duels, to beat up quarters back and sides, charge a body through and through, and dispute a pass with the greatest advantage. He is a duel doctor, and professes to help nature by art, and his prescriptions, like those of other doctors, destroy as many as they preserve.

A FORGER

Is a master of the pen, that professes to write any man's usual hand, and draws and engrosses all sorts of business with such admirable care and secresie, that he does it without the knowledge of those, that he undertakes for. He has an art to bloat parchment, and make a spick and span new deed look old before its time. His chief dealing consists in importing men's last wills and testaments out of other worlds, and raising apparitions of hand and seal out of the grave, that shall walk and appear in the likeness of the deceased so perfectly, that their nearest friends shall hardly be able to distinguish. He has as many tricks to cheat the devil and his own conscience, as he has to abuse the world, as by writing with a pen in a dead man's hand, or putting a scroll of written paper in a dead man's mouth, and swearing those were the last words that came out of it, as if plain downright perjury were not more pardonable than that, which is meditated and prepar'd with tricks and finesses. He will bind a man's hand behind his back in a bond before he is aware, and make him pay before he is loose again. He endeavours to oblige as many as he can by giving their names as much credit as he is able, though without their knowledge. He does all his feats with other men's hands, like the monkey that scratch'd with the cat's paw. As soon as he is detected all his

devices fall upon his own head, which is presently laid by the ears in the pillory, where his lugs are set on the tenters, and suffer wrongfully for the fault of his fingers, unless holding his pen be sufficient to render them guilty as receivers. If he be towards the law, he only does the summersault over the bar, and is forbidden all other practice during life, that he may apply himself wholly to his own way, in which his abilities are capable to do his country better service than in any other. He is the devil's amanuensis, that writes what he dictates, and draws up his deeds of darkness.

AN HECTOR

Is master of the noble science of offence and defence, a mungrel knight-errant, that is always upon adventures. His calling is to call those to account, that he thinks have more money, and less to shew for their valour than himself. These are his tributaries, and when he is out of repair, he demands reparation of them. His skill consists in the prudent conduct of his quarrels, that he may not be drawn to fight the enemy but upon advantages. He is all for light skirmishes and pickeering, but cares not to engage his whole body, but where he is sure to come off. He is an exact judge of honour, and can hit the very mathematic line between valour and cowardice. He gets more by treaties than fights, as the French are said to have done by the English. When he finds himself overpower'd he draws up his forces as wide in the front as he can, though but three deep, and so faces the enemy, while he draws off in safety, though sometimes with the loss of his baggage, that is his honour. He is as often employed as a herald, to proclaim war, defy the enemy, and offer battle, in which desperate service he behaves himself with punctual formality, and is secured in his person by the law of nations. He is py-powder of all quarrels, affronts, and misprisions of affronts, rencounters, rants, assaults, and batteries, and invasions by kick, cudgel, or the lye, that fall out among the sons of Priam, the brethren of the hilt and scabbard, that have taken the croysade upon them to fight against the infidel, that will not trust; and he determines whether they are actionable, and will bear a duel, or not. He never surrenders without flying colours, and bullet in mouth. He professes valour but to put it off, and keeps none for his own use, as doctors never take physic, nor lawyers go to law. When he is engag'd in a quarrel, he talks and looks as big as he can, as dogs, when they fall out, set up the bristles of their backs, to seem taller than they are. It is safer for a man to venture his life than his conversation upon him.

AN HIGHWAYMAN

Is a wild Arab, that lives by robbing of small caravans, and has no way of living but the king's *highway*. Aristotle held him to be but a kind of huntsman; but our sages of the law account him rather a beast of prey, and will not allow his game to be legal by the forest law. His chief care is to be well mounted, and, when he is taken, the law takes care he should be so still, while he lives. His business is to break the laws of the land, for which the hangman breaks his neck, and there's an end of the controversie. He fears nothing, under the gallows, more than his own face, and therefore when he does his work conveys it ought of sight, that it may not rise up in judgment, and give evidence against him at the sessions. His trade is to take purses

and evil courses, and when he is taken himself, the laws take as evil a course with him. He takes place of all other thieves as the most heroical, and one that comes nearest to the old knights errant, though he is really one of the basest, that never ventures but upon surprizal, and where he is sure of the advantage. He lives like a Tartar always in motion, and the inns upon the road are his hordes, where he reposes for a while, and spends his time and money, when he is out of action. These are his close confederates and allies, though the common interest of both will not permit it to be known. He is more destructive to a grasier than the murrain, and as terrible as the Huon-cry to himself. When he dispatches his business between sun and sun he invades a whole county, and like the long Parliament robs by representative. He receives orders from his superior officer the seller, that sets him on work and others to pay him for it. He calls concealing what he takes from his comrades *sinking*, which they account a great want of integrity, and when he is discovered he loses the reputation of an honest and just man with them for ever after. After he has rov'd up and down too long he is at last set himself, and convey'd to the jail, the only place of his residence, where he is provided of a hole to put his head in, and gather'd to his fathers in a faggot cart.

AN HOST

Is the greatest stranger in his own house of all that come to it, for like an *Italian* cardinal, he resigns up the whole command of himself and his family to all that visit him. He keeps open house for all comers to entertain himself. His sign and he have one and the same employment, to invite and draw in guests, and what the one does by dumb shew without doors the other interprets within. He bids a man welcome to his own table, and invites him with hearty kindness and all freedom to treat himself. There is no ability so requisite in him as that of drinking, in which the whole manage of his affairs consists, and the larger his talent is that way the more he thrives in his trade: for his materials cost him nothing, and he is paid for his pains; beside the many opportunities he lights on to cheat and misreckon, and turn and wind the business of his cellar with a quicker trade. His hostler is both host and chamberlayn to the horses; and his province is to cheat and misreckon them in their meat, as the other does their masters in their drink. He is like the old philosopher or statesman choose ye whether, that was never less at home than when he was at home, that is when he had fewest guests, for being nothing of himself, the more he is of that, the less he is of any thing else. He is like the Catholic church, to which all men are welcome for their money, and nobody without it. He is the only true instance of that old saying—*nusquam est qui ubique est*, for by being the same to all people that come from all places, he is nobody himself, and of no place. He is a highwayman, for he lives upon it, but in a regular way; yet holds intelligence with all interlopers, and if there were no more that rob'd upon the king's highway it were well for the nation. He pays nothing for his lodging, that brings a horse into his stall, as rooks pay nothing that bring chouses to ordinaries, for the poor dumb creature pays for all.

A LAMPOONER

Is a moss-trooping poetaster, for they seldom go alone, whose occupation is to rob any that lights in his way of his reputation, if he has any to lose. Common fame and detraction are his setters, and as those describe persons to him he falls upon them; but, as he is for the most part misinformed, he often comes off with the worst, and, if he did not know how to conceal himself would suffer severely for doing nothing. He is a western-pug-poet, that has something to say to every one he meets, and there go as many of them to a libel, as there do slaves to an oar. He has just so much learning as to tell the first letter of a man's name, but can go no further, and therefore makes a virtue of necessity, and by selling all makes it pass for wit. His muse is a kind of owl, that preys in the dark, and dares not shew her face by day, a bulker that plies by owl-light, and he dares not own her for fear of beating hemp, or being beaten and kick'd down stairs. He is a jack pudding satyr, that has something to say to all that come near him, and has no more respect of persons than a Quaker. His muse is of the same kind of breed with his that rimes in taverns, but not altogether so fluent, nor by much so generous and authentic as a ballad-maker's; for his works will never become so classic as to be receiv'd into a sieve, nor published into the street to a courtly new tune. He loves his little tiny wit much better than his friend or himself; for he will venture a whipping in earnest rather than spare another man in jest. He is like a witch that makes pictures according to his own fancy, and calls them by the names of those, whom he would willingly do a mischief to if he could, without their knowing from whence it comes. He hears himself often called rascal and villain to his face, but believes himself unconcerned, because having abus'd men behind their backs he thinks he is only liable in justice to a punishment of the same nature.

A DETRACTOR

Is a briar, that lays hold on every thing, that comes within its reach, and will, if it can, tear off something that it is never the better for, or tear it self in pieces. He has no way to make himself any thing but that of a leveller, by bringing down other men to an equality with himself, which he does his unchristian endeavour upon all occasions to perform; and, like a needy thief, cares not how great a loss of credit he puts another man to, so he can make but ever so little of it to himself. He makes his own construction, that is the worst he can, of every man's actions; and when any thing appears doubtful, the worst sense always with him takes place of the better. He deals pretty fairly in one thing, and that is he never attempts to rob any man of his reputation, that has not much to lose, and can best spare it: as for those who have none they are of his own rank, and he lets them pass freely. When he has depriv'd a man of his good name, he knows not what to do with it, like one that steals writings which he can claim nothing by. He is a kind of common crier; for his business is to cry down a man's reputation, till he believes it is lost; and yet if he can but produce marks to the cryer that it is his, he shall have it again with all submission, otherwise he has the law on his side and takes it for his own. His general design is to make as much

of himself as he can, and as little as he can of another man, and by comparing both together to render himself something: but as all comparisons and emulations are ever made by inferiors on the wrong side, after all his industry of himself and others he is but where he was before, unless he be worse, that is more contemptible. For as nothing enables the poor to endure their wants with greater patience than finding fault and railing at the rich; so nothing supports him more in his ignorance and obscurity than detracting from those, that either deserve more, or are believed to do so than himself.

A CONJURER.

There is nothing that the general ignorance of mankind takes to, but there is some cheat or other always applies to it, especially when there is any thing to be gain'd, and where that amounts to little they will rather play at small game than sit out. Hence some cunning impostors observing that the generality of mankind, like beasts, do soon arrive to their height, and never outgrow the customs of their childhood, (which being for the most part brought up among all women, and imbued with stories of spirits and the Devil, that stick by them ever after) have found out this horrid way of cheat, to abuse their weakness and credulity. The histories of *Friar Bacon*, *Doctor Faustus*, and others of that nature are canonical enough to make them believe, that there is such a thing as the *black-art*, (mistaking *negromancy* for *necromancy*) and those that profess it cunning men. These are all that is left of the Devil's oracles, that give answers to those that come to consult him, not as their forefathers did by being inspir'd and possess'd, but as if they possess'd the Devil himself, and had him perfectly at command: for if they were not intrench'd in their circles, he would serve them as they did Chaucer's Sumner for daring to cite him to appear. He is the desperatest of all impostors next a hypocrite; for the one makes God and the other the Devil a party in all his practices. He calls himself a magician, and derives himself from the Persian magi, when the story of him who was chosen emperor by the neighing of his horse, and him that continued himself so by concealing the loss of his ears (which is all we know of them) proves clearly, that they were but cheats and impostors. He keeps the rabble in very great awe, who are persuaded he can do very strange things, which they are wonderfully delighted to hear of, and had rather believe, than try or disprove.

A TENNIS-PLAYER

Is a very civil gentleman, that never keeps a racket, but a racket keeps him. He is always striking himself good or bad luck, and gains, or spends what he has with the sweat of his brows, and makes, or undoes himself with the labour of his hands. He is a great critick, of profound judgment in a ball, and can tell by seeing it fly where to have it at the rebound, as the Frenchman did where the late comet would be three months after. He gains more by losing than by winning; for when he makes a confederate match, which is commonly for some very great sum of money, he allows a fortnight or three weeks time, to spread the news abroad, that the gulls may have notice to provide their money, and be ready against the day. When that comes, he has an officer with an unknown face, that appears with his pockets full of gold, that lays against him, and takes all bets that are

laid on his hand. When that is done the set is up; for he has nothing to do but to dissemble losing, and share the bets with his confederate, between whom and him the match goes for nothing. He strips himself of his cloaths first, and then of his money, and, when he has done his business is rub'd like a Presbyterian Holder-forth, until he is a clean gentleman. This is supposing him a gamester for his pleasure, that neither uses, nor knows tricks, but is to lose by his place. When he misses his stroke he swears, and curses the ball, as if it understood him, and would have a care to do so no more; and in that, indeed, he makes it plain, that the thing has as much reason as himself. The marker is register of the court, and more righteous than the register of a court of justice; for he crys what he sets down, and cannot commit iniquity, but with a forked chalk.

HEAD'S JOURNIES ACROSS THE PAMPAS.*

CAPTAIN HEAD is as extraordinary an equestrian as Captain Cochrane is a pedestrian. The expense of keeping the nether man in decent order, of which there are such grievous complaints in Captain Cochrane's travels, would have been absolutely ruinous to the galloping Captain Head, had he not at last resorted to that natural clothing of the limbs, which, by a wise provision in case of any abrasure, possesses the faculty of self-redintegration. "I cannot express," says he, "the delightful feeling of freedom and independence which one enjoys in galloping without clothes on a horse, without a saddle." Captain Head, after being landed at Buenos Ayres, took to galloping across the continent of America; he would start from the Atlantic and gallop to the Pacific, and then setting out from the Pacific, he would re-arrive in a gallop at the Atlantic. "Change" horses "and back again," was the perpetual figure of his country or continental dance. Six thousand miles did the captain gallop, rapid and rough, as he says, and so far from the fatigue injuring him, he declares that he rode "till he felt that no exertion could kill him." Though the pace of the Pampas is an impetuous gallop, Captain Head did not ride so fast as to prevent him from taking notes on the back of his horse—"rough notes" of course, but still very easy to read. His style is not particularly smooth—we fancy we can perceive the motion of the horse; but, nevertheless, the matter is not much injured by the totutation of the writer. It is true that the sketches are hasty, but they are striking—the eye knew the points for selection, and has almost invariably fixed upon the objects worth looking at for themselves, and which are characteristic of the scene to be described. These Rough Notes are a most agreeable specimen of the lighter kind of travels. In a small volume we cannot have, neither do we want, much scientific or statistical detail—nor much political or historical discussion: we are glad to find lively descriptions of manners, scenery, costume, and in short the general appearances of man and of nature. All this we have and more, and that too done in a hearty

* Rough Notes, taken during some rapid Journies across the Pampas, and among the Andes. By Captain F. B. Head. London, Murray. 1826. 12mo.

and generous spirit which we love, and which all mankind loves. Captain Head was an officer of engineers, when he became enlisted by the directors of one of the Bubble Schemes, as superintendant and manager of a mining adventure. This scheme seems to have been, what is called in the *lingua franca*, a regular *risco*. Miners and mining implements, commissioners, surveyors, and assayers, were all dispatched to America in the most beautiful order; nothing appears to have been omitted but the *mines*: they were to follow as a matter of course. Was not capital forthcoming, and where capital is, can any thing be wanting? Honest Head seems to have been very much begone on finding that no mines were to be found, where the directors at home had told him they were only waiting—impatiently waiting, to be worked. However, mines it was necessary to have; and though not, perhaps, the mines mentioned in the prospectus in such glowing colours, yet other mines that would do just as well, as the glowing colours were always ready to gild any mine—gold or silver. Accordingly the Chief Commissioner Head set off on a galloping tour in search of some convenient hole, down to which he might set his Cornish train: as, in the mean time, the Cornish men were likely to be doing little else but getting drunk, and as their wages were going on all the time, it was necessary to make haste and discover a mine as soon as possible. It is in this “Tour in Search of a Mine,” that these Rough Notes were made, and these were the reasons that induced the note-taker to get on as fast as he could.

The Pampas are extensive plains, which spread from the Rio de la Plata to the Andes—they are productive chiefly of long grass and thistles; roads are scarcely tracked through them; in some parts they are marsh, in some bog, in some loose sand. Inhabitants are thinly scattered over this vast and almost interminable extent of level territory; such property as they have, is in droves of wild horses and other cattle; poverty is much more common than property; but with a horse, and a lasso, and a pair of spurs, the galloping Gaucho, which is the name of the dweller in the Pampas, never knows, or at least never regards, privation. His food is strips of jerked beef, his drink is water; his pleasure is galloping, and his pursuit either catching horses and bullocks in his *lasso*, or throwing the *bolos* at the guanaco, or the ostrich. During the hours of exertion he is on horse, no fatigue can touch him; during the hours of repose he lies him down in the open air, and sleeps all night with no covering but his *poncho* (or cloak), and with no bedding but his saddle, or the skeleton of a horse's head for a pillow. His life is hard, but so is he; privations are his daily fare. His luxury is freedom. He lives the life of perfect liberty—restriction of any kind, excepting the natural ones of fatigue and labour, seems unknown in the Pampas. The Gaucho is as happy, and pretty nearly as uncivilized, as when “wild in woods the noble savage run.” The Pampas, as has been said, spread from the Atlantic, and are stopped in their course to the Pacific, by the Cordillera of the Andes, which runs down the continent of South America, pretty much after the manner of the chine in pigs, and the spine in man; excepting, indeed, that it is a good deal on one side, being much nearer to the Pacific than the Atlantic. Neither does the country on the other side of the Andes, in the least correspond with the Pampas,

as ribs correspond to ribs. On the Pacific side extend perpetually to the ocean, innumerable ramifications of the mountains, which consequently dissect the country of Chile into alternations of lofty hill and deep valley. Both sides of the Andes—both the Pampas and Chile, are the scenes of Captain Head's observations. He commences at Buenos Ayres; we shall follow him, and make a selection of some of his most amusing or characteristic passages.

There is a very interesting and well written description of the Pampas, of which we have been speaking, in the commencement of the book.

The great plain, or Pampas, on the east of the Cordillera, is about nine hundred miles in breadth, and the part which I have visited, though under the same latitude, is divided into regions of different climate and produce. On leaving Buenos Aires, the first of these regions is covered for one hundred and eighty miles with clover and thistles; the second region, which extends for four hundred and fifty miles, produces long grass; and the third region, which reaches the base of the Cordillera, is a grove of low trees and shrubs. The second and third of these regions have nearly the same appearance throughout the year, for the trees and shrubs are evergreens, and the immense plain of grass only changes its colour from green to brown; but the first region varies with the four seasons of the year in a most extraordinary manner. In winter, the leaves of the thistles are large and luxuriant, and the whole surface of the country has the rough appearance of a turnip-field. The clover in this season is extremely rich and strong; and the sight of the wild cattle grazing in full liberty on such pasture, is very beautiful. In spring, the clover has vanished, the leaves of the thistles have extended along the ground, and the country still looks like a rough crop of turnips. In less than a month the change is most extraordinary; the whole region becomes a luxuriant wood of enormous thistles, which have suddenly shot up to a height of ten or eleven feet, and are all in full bloom. The road or path is hemmed in on both sides; the view is completely obstructed; not an animal is to be seen; and the stems of the thistles are so close to each other, and so strong, that independent of the prickles with which they are armed, they form an impenetrable barrier. The sudden growth of these plants is quite astonishing; and though it would be an unusual misfortune in military history, yet it is really possible, that an invading army, unacquainted with this country, might be imprisoned by these thistles before they had time to escape from them. The summer is not over before the scene undergoes another rapid change: the thistles suddenly lose their sap and verdure, their heads droop, the leaves shrink and fade, the stems become black and dead, and they remain rattling with the breeze one against another, until the violence of the pampero or hurricane levels them with the ground, where they rapidly decompose and disappear—the clover rushes up, and the scene is again verdant.

Although a few individuals are either scattered along the path which traverses these vast plains, or are living together in small groups, yet the general state of the country is the same as it has been since the first year of its creation. The whole country bears the noble stamp of an Omnipotent Creator, and it is impossible for any one to ride through it, without feelings which it is very pleasing to entertain; for although in all countries "the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handy work," yet the surface of populous countries affords generally the insipid produce of man's labour; it is an easy error to consider that he who has tilled the ground and has sown the seed, is the author of his crop; and, therefore, those who are accustomed to see the confused produce, which in populous and cultivated countries is the effect of leaving ground to itself, are at first surprised in the Pampas, to observe the regularity and beauty of the vegetable world when left to the wise arrangements of Nature.

The vast region of grass in the Pampas for four hundred and fifty miles is without a weed, and the region of wood is equally extraordinary. The trees are not crowded, but in their growth such beautiful order is observed, that one may gallop between them in every direction. The young trees are rising up, others are flourishing in full vigour, and it is for some time that one looks in vain for those which in the great system of succession must necessarily somewhere or other be sinking towards decay. They are at last discovered, but their fate is not allowed to disfigure the general cheerfulness of the scene, and they are seen enjoying what may literally be termed a green old age. The extremities of their branches break off as they die, and when nothing is left but the hollow trunk, it is still covered with twigs and leaves, and at

last is gradually concealed from view by the young shoot, which, born under the shelter of its branches, now rises rapidly above it, and conceals its decay. A few places are met with which have been burnt by accident, and the black desolate spot, covered with the charred trunks of trees, resembles a scene in the human world of pestilence or war. But the fire is scarcely extinct, when the surrounding trees all seem to spread their branches towards each other, and young shrubs are seen rising out of the ground, while the sapless trunks are evidently mouldering into dust.

The rivers all preserve their course, and the whole country is in such beautiful order, that if cities and millions of inhabitants could suddenly be planted at proper intervals and situations, the people would have nothing to do but to drive out their cattle to graze, and, without any previous preparation, to plough whatever quantity of ground their wants might require.

We have already given a slight idea of the life and character of a Gaucho. Captain Head is well acquainted with it, and his delineation of it is peculiarly successful.

Born in the rude hut, the infant Gaucho receives little attention, but is left to swing from the roof in a bullock's hide, the corners of which are drawn towards each other by four strips of hide. In the first year of his life he crawls about without clothes, and I have more than once seen a mother give a child of this age a sharp knife, a foot long, to play with. As soon as he walks, his infantine amusements are those which prepare him for the occupations of his future life: with a lasso made of twine he tries to catch little birds, or the dogs, as they walk in and out of the hut. By the time he is four years old he is on horseback, and immediately becomes useful by assisting to drive the cattle into the corral. The manner in which these children ride is quite extraordinary: if a horse tries to escape from the flock which are driven towards the corral, I have frequently seen a child pursue him, overtake him, and then bring him back, flogging him the whole way; in vain the creature tries to dodge and escape from him, for the child turns with him, and always keeps close to him; and it is a curious fact, which I have often observed, that a mounted horse is always able to overtake a loose one.

His amusements and his occupations soon become more manly—careless of the biscacheros (the holes of an animal called the biscacho) which undermine the plains, and which are very dangerous, he gallops after the ostrich, the gama, the lion, and the tiger; he catches them with his balls: and with his lasso he daily assists in catching the wild cattle, and in dragging them to the hut either for slaughter, or to be marked. He breaks in the young horses in the manner which I have described, and in these occupations is often away from his hut many days, changing his horse as soon as the animal is tired, and sleeping on the ground. As his constant food is beef and water, his constitution is so strong that he is able to endure great fatigue; and the distances he will ride, and the number of hours that he will remain on horseback, would hardly be credited. The unrestrained freedom of such a life he fully appreciates; and, unacquainted with subjection of any sort, his mind is often filled with sentiments of liberty which are as noble as they are harmless, although they of course partake of the wild habits of his life. Vain is the endeavour to explain to him the luxuries and blessings of a more civilized life; his ideas are, that the noblest effort of man is to raise himself off the ground, and ride instead of walk—that no rich garments or variety of food can atone for the want of a horse—and that the print of the human foot on the ground is in his mind the symbol of uncivilization.

The Gaucho has by many people been accused of indolence; those who visit his hut find him at the door with his arms folded, and his poncho thrown over his left shoulder like a Spanish cloak; his hut is in holes, and would evidently be made more comfortable by a few hours' labour: in a beautiful climate, he is without fruit or vegetables; surrounded by cattle, he is often without milk; he lives without bread, and he has no food but beef and water, and therefore those who contrast his life with that of the English peasant accuse him of indolence; but the comparison is inapplicable, and the accusation unjust; and any one who will live with the Gaucho, and will follow him through his exertions, will find that he is any thing but indolent, and his surprise will be that he is able to continue a life of so much fatigue. It is true that the Gaucho has no luxuries, but the great feature of his character is, that he is a person without wants: accustomed constantly to live in the open air, and to sleep on the ground, he does not consider that a few holes in his hut deprive it of its comfort. It is not that he does not like the taste of milk, but he prefers being without it to the every-day occupation of going in search of it. He might, it is true, make cheese, and

sell it for money, but if he has got a good saddle and good spurs, he does not consider that money has much value: in fact, he is contented with his lot; and when one reflects that, in the increasing series of human luxuries, there is no point that produces contentment, one cannot but feel that there is perhaps as much philosophy as folly in the Gaucho's determination to exist without wants; and the life he leads is certainly more noble than if he was slaving from morning till night to get other food for his body, or other garments to cover it. It is true he is of little service to the great cause of civilization, which it is the duty of every rational being to promote; but an humble individual, living by himself in a boundless plain, cannot introduce into the vast uninhabited regions which surround him either arts or sciences: he may, therefore, without blame be permitted to leave them as he found them, and as they must remain, until population, which will create wants, devises the means of supplying them.

The character of the Gaucho is often very estimable; he is always hospitable—at his hut the traveller will always find a friendly welcome, and he will often be received with a natural dignity of manner which is very remarkable, and which he scarcely expects to meet with in such a miserable-looking hovel. On entering the hut, the Gaucho has constantly risen to offer me his seat, which I have declined, and many compliments and bows have passed, until I have accepted his offer, which is the skeleton of a horse's head. It is curious to see them invariably take off their hats to each other as they enter into a room which has no window, a bullock's hide for a door, and but little roof.

The journey across the Pampas is more than nine hundred miles. The huts, which are termed posts, are at an average about twenty miles, and whether the traveller is proceeding in a carriage or on horseback, the owners of these huts supply him with horses. The carriages which alone can stand the roughness of the tracks, are of a peculiar kind, without springs either of wood or iron, but suspended on hide ropes. Previous to starting, nearly the whole of the woodwork of the carriage, together with the wheels, the spokes, and even the felloes on the circumference of the wheels, are bound with strips of soaked hide. When the hide dries, it becomes perfectly hard, and by its contraction holds every thing perfectly tight. Raw hides seem indeed to be the most useful commodity known in the Pampas; of it they plait their lassos, make their harness, and bind their carriages. A raw hide serves for door and window-shutter, and sometimes for bed-linen, and always for a cradle. This is an account of the manner of travelling across this extraordinary country.

The manner in which the peons drive is quite extraordinary. The country being in a complete state of nature, is intersected with streams, rivulets, and even rivers, with pontanas (marshes), &c., through which it is absolutely necessary to drive. In one instance the carriage, strange as it may seem, goes through a lake, which of course is not deep. The banks of the rivulets are often very precipitous, and I constantly remarked that we drove over and through places which in Europe any military officer would, I believe, without hesitation report as impassable.

The mode in which the horses are harnessed is admirably adapted to this sort of rough driving. They draw by the saddle instead of the collar, and having only one trace instead of two, they are able, on rough ground, to take advantage of every firm spot; where the ground will only once bear, every peon takes his own path, and the horses' limbs are all free and unconstrained.

In order to harness or unharness, the peons have only to hook and unhook the lasso which is fixed to their saddle; and this is so simple and easy, that we constantly observed when the carriage stopped, that before any one of us could jump out of it, the peons had unhooked, and were out of our sight to catch fresh horses in the corral.

In a gallop, if any thing was dropped by one of the peons, he would unhook, gallop back, and overtake the carriage without its stopping for him. I often thought how admirably in practice this mode of driving would suit the particular duties of that noble branch of our army, the horse artillery.

The rate at which the horses travel (if there are enough of them) is quite surprising. Our cart, although laden with twenty-five hundred weight of tools, kept up with the

carriage at a hand-gallop. Very often, as the two vehicles were going at this pace, some of the peons, who were always in high spirits, would scream out, "Ah mi patron!" and then all shriek and gallop with the carriage after me; and very frequently I was unable to ride away from them.

But strange as the account of this sort of driving may sound, the secret would be discovered by any one who could see the horses arrive. In England, horses are never seen in such a state; the spurs, heels, and legs of the peons are literally bathed with blood, and from the sides of the horses the blood is constantly flowing rather than dropping.

After this description, in justice to myself, I must say, that it is impossible to prevent it. The horses cannot trot, and it is impossible to draw the line between cantering and galloping, or, in merely passing through the country, to alter the system of riding, which all over the Pampas is cruel.

The peons are capital horsemen, and several times we saw them at a gallop throw the rein on the horse's neck, take from one pocket a bag of loose tobacco, and with a piece of paper, or a leaf of the Indian corn, make a segar, and then take out a flint and steel and light it.

The post-huts are from twelve to thirty-six miles, and in one instance fifty-four miles, from each other; and as it would be impossible to drag a carriage these distances at a gallop, relays of horses are sent on with the carriage, and are sometimes changed five times in a stage.

It is scarcely possible to conceive a wilder sight than our carriage and covered cart, as I often saw them,† galloping over the trackless plain, and preceded or followed by a troop of from thirty to seventy wild horses, all loose and galloping, driven by a Gaucho and his son, and sometimes by a couple of children. The picture seems to correspond with the danger which positively exists in passing through uninhabited regions, which are so often invaded by the merciless Indians.

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In riding across the Pampas, it is generally the custom to take an attendant, and people often wait to accompany some carriage; or else, if they are in condition, ride with the courier, who gets to Mendoza in twelve or thirteen days. In case travellers wish to carry a bed and two small portmanteaus, they are placed upon one horse, which is either driven on before, or, by a halter, tied to the postilion's saddle.

The most independent way of travelling is without baggage, and without an attendant. In this case, the traveller starts from Buenos Ayres or Mendoza with a postilion, who is changed at every post. He has to saddle his own horses, and to sleep at night upon the ground on his saddle; and as he is unable to carry any provision, he must throw himself completely on the feeble resources of the country, and live on little else than beef and water.

It is of course a hard life; but it is so delightfully independent, and if one is in good riding condition, so rapid a mode of travelling, that I twice chose it, and would always prefer it; but I recommend no one to attempt it, unless he is in good health and condition.

When I first crossed the Pampas, I went with a carriage, and although I had been accustomed to riding all my life, I could not at all ride with the peons, and after galloping five or six hours was obliged to get into the carriage; but after I had been riding for three or four months, and had lived upon beef and water, I found myself in a condition which I can only describe by saying that I felt no exertion could kill me. Although I constantly arrived so completely exhausted that I could not speak, yet a few hours' sleep upon my saddle, on the ground, always so completely restored me, that for a week I could daily be upon my horse before sunrise, could ride till two or three hours after sunset, and have really tired ten and twelve horses a day. This will explain the immense distances which people in South America are said to ride, which I am confident could only be done on beef and water.

At first, the constant galloping confuses the head, and I have often been so giddy when I dismounted, that I could scarcely stand; but the system, by degrees, gets

† I was one day observing them, instead of looking before me, when my horse fell in a biscachero, and rolled over upon my arm. It was so crushed that it made me very faint; but before I could get into my saddle, the carriages were almost out of sight, and while the sky was still looking green from the pain I was enduring, I was obliged to ride after them, and I believe I had seven miles to gallop as hard as my horse could go, before I could overtake the carriage to give up my horse.

accustomed to it, and it then becomes the most delightful life which one can possibly enjoy.

It is necessary to travel armed, as there are many robbers or salteadores constantly on the look out for a prize. Some apprehensions are likewise to be entertained of the Indians, who lead a wandering and truly savage life. A meeting with them is fatal—they usually travel in considerable bodies, and the death and torture of stray travellers are some of the amusements by which they divert the ennui of a journey. But the greatest danger after all is from the holes of the biscachos, into which the horses frequently step, and consequently tumble. As they are always going at a gallop, such falls cannot be agreeable to the rider. Captain Head calculates that on an average his horse fell with him once every three hundred miles.

The biscacho is found all over the plains of the Pampas. Like rabbits, they live in holes which are in groups in every direction, and which make galloping over these plains very dangerous. The manner, however, in which the horses recover themselves, when the ground over these subterranean galleries gives way, is quite extraordinary. In galloping after the ostriches, my horse has constantly broken in, sometimes with a hind leg, and sometimes with a fore one; he has even come down on his nose, and yet recovered: however, the Gauchos occasionally meet with very serious accidents. I have often wondered how the wild horses could gallop about as they do in the dark, but I really believe they avoid the holes by smelling them; for in riding across the country, when it has been so dark that I positively could not see my horse's ears, I have constantly felt him, in his gallop, start a foot or two to the right or left, as if he had trod upon a serpent, which, I conceive, was to avoid one of these holes. Yet the horses do very often fall, and certainly, in the few months I was in the Pampas, I got more falls than I ever before had, though in the habit of riding all my life. The Gauchos are occasionally killed by these biscacheros, and often break a limb.

* * * * *

These animals are never to be seen in the day, but as soon as the lower limb of the sun reaches the horizon, they are seen issuing from their holes in all directions, which are scattered in groups like little villages all over the Pampas. The biscachos, when full grown, are nearly as large as badgers; but their head resembles a rabbit, excepting that they have very large bushy whiskers.

In the evening they sit outside their holes, and they all appear to be moralising. They are the most serious-looking animals I ever saw, and even the young ones are grey-headed, have mustachios, and look thoughtful and grave.

In the day-time their holes are always guarded by two little owls, who are never an instant away from their post. As one gallops by these owls, they always stand looking at the stranger, and then at each other, moving their old-fashioned heads in a manner which is quite ridiculous, until one rushes by them, when fear gets the better of their dignified looks, and they both run into the biscacho's hole.

Captain Head's sketches are peculiarly lively and picturesque—the Pampas and the Gauchos positively exist before us in his spirited pages. Is not this picture of the pursuit of the ostrich a proof?

As soon as my horse was saddled, I purchased the bridle of the Gaucho who had stolen mine, and then galloped on. The country, which from Mendoza is covered with wood, now changes to the long brown and yellow grass, which, excepting a few straggling trees, is the sole produce of the remainder of the province of San Luis, and of the two adjoining provinces of Cordova and Santa Fé. In the whole of this immense region there is not a weed to be seen. The coarse grass is its sole produce; and in the summer, when it is high, it is beautiful to see the effect which the wind has in passing over this wild expanse of waving grass: the shades between the brown and yellow are beautiful—the scene is placid beyond description—no habitation nor human being is to be seen, unless occasionally the wild and picturesque outline of the Gaucho on the horizon—his scarlet poncho streaming horizontally behind him, his balls flying round his head, and as he bends forward towards his prey, his horse straining every nerve: before him is the ostrich he is pursuing, the distance between them gradually diminishing—his neck stretched out, and striding over the ground in the most mag-

nificent style—but the latter is soon lost in the distance, and the Gaucho's horse is often below the horizon, while his head shews that the chase is not yet decided. This pursuit is really attended with considerable danger, for the ground is always undermined by the biscachos, and the Gaucho often falls at full speed; if he breaks a limb his horse probably gallops away, and there he is left in the long grass, until one of his comrades or children come to his assistance; but if they are unsuccessful in their search, he has nothing left but to look up to heaven, and while he lives drive from his bed the wild eagles, who are always ready to attack any fallen animal. The country has no striking features, but it possesses, like all the works of nature, ten thousand beauties. It has also the grandeur and magnificence of space; and I found that the oftener I crossed it, the more charms I discovered in it.

We cannot refrain from picking out more traits of the life and manners of the Gaucho. This is another specimen of that character:

I found the horses at the post in the corral, and the post-master, whose house I had several times slept at, gave me a horse with a galope largo, (a long gallop,) and a very handsome Gaucho as a guide. I had a long conversation with this man as I galloped along, and I found him a very noble-minded fellow. He was very desirous to hear about the troops which the government of Mendoza had sent to reinstate the governor of San Juan, who had just been deposed by a revolution. The Gaucho was very indignant at this interference; and as we rode along, he explained to me, with a great deal of fine action, what was evident enough,—that the province of San Juan was as free to elect its governor as the province of Mendoza, and that Mendoza had no right to force upon San Juan a governor that the people did not approve of. He then talked of the state of San Luis; but to some questions that I put to him, the man replied, that he had never been at San Luis! “Good heavens!” said I, with an astonishment which I could not conceal,—“have you never been to see San Luis?” “Never,” he replied. I asked him where he was born; he told me in the hut close to the post; that he had never gone beyond the plains through which we were riding, and that he had never seen a town or a village. I asked him how old he was: “Quien sabe,” said he. It was no use asking him any more questions; so, occasionally looking at his particularly handsome figure and countenance, and calling to mind the manly opinions he had expressed to me on many subjects, I was thinking what people in England would say of a man who could neither read nor write, nor had ever seen three huts together, &c. &c., when the Gaucho pointed to the sky, and said: “See! there is a lion!” I started from my reverie, and strained my eyes, but to no purpose, until he shewed me at last, very high in the air, a number of large vultures, which were hovering without moving; and he told me they were there because there was a lion devouring some carcass, and that he had driven them away from it. We shortly afterwards came to a place where there was a little blood on the road, and for a moment we stopped our horses to look at it; I observed, that perhaps some person had been murdered there; the Gaucho said, “No,” and pointing to some foot-marks which were near the blood, he told me that some man had fallen, that he had broken his bridle, and that, while he was standing to mend it, the blood had evidently come from the horse's mouth. I observed, that it was perhaps the *man* who was hurt, upon which the Gaucho said “No,” and pointing to some marks a few yards before him on the path, he said, “for see, the horse set off at a gallop.”

The skill of Zadig in interpreting the marks of animals left in their track, is contemptible, when compared with that of the Gauchos.

I often amused myself by learning from the Gauchos to decypher the foot-marks of the horses, and the study was very interesting. It is quite possible to determine from these marks, whether the horses were loose, mounted, or laden with baggage; whether they were ridden by old men or by young ones, by children or by foreigners unacquainted with the *bisacheros*, &c. &c.

The horse and the bullock are the two animals of the Pampas which are met with in every direction, dead and alive; sometimes a skeleton entire; sometimes a head, as a stool or a chair, or in the middle of the road, with a huge pair of branching horns; sometimes a corpse, with twenty or thirty mighty condors mounted here and there, pulling and hawling, and gorging the dead flesh; sometimes in droves of hundreds, and always galloping to and fro, in hunting on the road, or for their own amusement. The horse is the Gaucho's means

of moving, and the bullock his means of living. On foot the Gaucho is a savage; on horseback a gentleman. Captain Head gives a good account of their very summary mode of breaking horses.

As the carriage was many hours behind me, I resolved to see this, and getting a fresh horse, I rode immediately to the corral, and soon made friends with the Gauchos, who are always polite, and on horseback possess many estimable qualities, which at the door of their hut they appear to be devoid of. The corral was quite full of horses, most of which were young ones, about three and four years old. The capataz, mounted on a strong steady horse, rode into the corral, and threw his lasso over the neck of a young horse, and dragged him to the gate. For some time he was very unwilling to leave his comrades, but the moment he was forced out of the corral, his first idea was to gallop away; however, the jerk of the lasso checked him in a most effectual manner. The peons now ran after him on foot, and threw the lasso over his four legs, just above the fetlocks, and, twitching it, they pulled his legs from under him so suddenly, that I really thought the fall he got had killed him. In an instant a Gaucho was seated upon his head, and with his long knife in a few seconds he cut off the whole of the horse's mane, while another cut the hair from the end of his tail. This, they told me, is a mark that the horse has been once mounted. They then put a piece of hide into his mouth, to serve as a bit, and a strong hide-halter on his head. The Gaucho who was to mount, arranged his spurs, which were unusually long and sharp, and while two men held the animal by his ears, he put on the saddle, which he girthed extremely tight; he then caught hold of the horse's ear, and, in an instant, vaulted into the saddle; upon which the man who was holding the horse by the halter, threw the end of it to the rider, and from that moment no one seemed to take any further notice of him. The horse instantly began to jump, in a manner which made it very difficult for the rider to keep his seat, and quite different from the kick or plunge of an English horse: however, the Gaucho's spurs soon set him going, and off he galloped, doing every thing in his power to throw his rider. Another horse was immediately brought from the corral, and so quick was the operation, that twelve Gauchos were mounted in a space which, I think, hardly exceeded an hour.

It was wonderful to see the different manner in which the different horses behaved. Some would actually scream while the Gauchos were girthing the saddle upon their backs; some would instantly lie down and roll upon it; while some would stand without being held, their legs stiff, and in unnatural directions, their necks half bent towards their tails, and looking vicious and obstinate; and I could not help thinking that I would not have mounted one of these for any reward that could be offered me, for they were invariably the most difficult to subdue.

It was now curious to look round and see the Gauchos on the horizon in different directions, trying to bring their horses back to the corral, which is the most difficult part of their work, for the poor creatures had been so scared there that they are unwilling to return to the place. It was amusing to see the antics of the horses: they were jumping and dancing in different ways, while the right arms of the Gauchos were seen flogging them. At last they brought the horses back, apparently completely subdued and broken in. The saddles and bridles were taken off, and the young horses immediately trotted towards the corral to join their companions, neighing one to the other. Another set were now brought out, and as the horses were kept out a very short time, I saw about forty of them mounted. As they returned to the corral it was interesting to see the great contrast which the loss of the mane, and the end of the tail, made between the horses which had commenced their career of servitude, and those which were still free.

The horses of the Pampas are like the common description of Spanish horse, but rather stronger. They are of all colours, and a great number are pie-bald. When caught, they will always kick at any person who goes behind them; and it is often with great difficulty that they can be bridled and saddled: however, they are not vicious, and when properly broken in, will allow the children to mount by climbing up their tails. In mounting, it is necessary to be very quick, and previous to dismounting, it is proper to throw the bridle over one side of the head, as the horses almost always run backwards if one attempts to hold them by the bridle when it is over the head, as in England.

Although I rode many thousand miles in South America, I was quite unable to learn how to select either a good horse or an easy-going one, for by their appearance I found it impossible to form a judgment; indeed, I generally selected for myself the worst-looking horses, as I sometimes fancied that they went the best.

When first mounted, they often begin to kick and plunge, but by giving them a loose rein, and by spurring them, they will generally start, and when once at their pace, they go quiet. However, the kicking at starting is a most painful operation to undergo, for from hard riding the back and shoulders get so dreadfully stiff, that such sudden and violent motion seems to dislocate the limbs.

The captain's carriage breaks down; he, however, is considerably in advance on horse-back; and when he hears the news of his misfortune, he abandons it in the desert, and gaily gallops on. No thing can subdue his irrepressible gaiety and light-heartedness.

The carriage did not arrive, so I laid my saddle in front of the post, and slept there. It was late in the morning before one of the peons came to tell me that the two-wheeled carriage had broken down in spite of all its repairs; that it was in the middle of the plain, and that the party had been obliged to ride, and put the baggage on post-horses, and that they would be with me immediately. As soon as they arrived, they told me their story, and asked what was to be done with the carriage.* It was not worth more than one hundred dollars; and it would have cost more than that sum to have guarded it, and to have sent a wheel to it six hundred miles from Buenos Aires; so I condemned it to remain where it was, to be plundered of its lining by the Gauchos, and to be gazed at by the eagle and the gama,—in short, I left it to its fate.

I had been much detained by the carriages, and I was so anxious to get to Buenos Aires without a moment's delay, that I resolved instantly to ride on by myself. Three of my party expressed a wish to accompany me, instead of riding with the carriage; so after taking from the canvass bag sufficient money for the distance, (about six hundred miles,) I left the rest for the coach, and once more careless of wheels and axles, I galloped off with a feeling of independence which was quite delightful.

The captain soon knocks up his companions; and then, after riding one hundred and twenty miles in the day, spends the evening in a characteristic manner.

We travelled sixty miles that day, not losing one moment, but riding at once to the corral, and unsaddling and saddling our own horses. The next morning one of the party was unable to proceed, so he remained at the post, and we were off before daylight. After galloping forty-five miles, another said he was so jolted that he could not go on, and he also remained at the post to be picked up by the carriage: we then continued for sixteen miles, when the other knocked up, and he really was scarcely able to crawl into the post-hut, where he remained. As I was very anxious to get to Buenos Aires, and was determined to get there as quick as my strength would allow, I rode sixty miles more that day, during which my horse fell twice with me, and I arrived at the post an hour after sunset, quite exhausted. I found nothing to eat, because the people who live at this post were bathing, so I went to another part of the river, and had a most refreshing bathe. I then spread out my saddle on the ground, for the post-room was full of fleas and binchucas. The people had now returned from the river, and supper was preparing, when a young Scotch gentleman I had overtaken on the road, and who had ridden some stages with me, asked me to come and sing with the young ladies of the post, who he told me were very beautiful. I knew them very well, as I had passed several times, but I was much too tired to sing or dance: however, being fond of music, I moved my saddle and poncho very near the party, and as soon as I had eaten my meat I again lay down, and as the delightful fresh air blew over my face, I dropped off to sleep just as the niñas were singing very prettily one of the tristes of Peru, accompanied by a guitar.

He is off again before the dawn, and we have more about horses.

I had bribed the capataz to let some horses pass the night in the corral; we accord-

* After the party had left one of the posts about an hour, and when they were twelve or thirteen miles from it, they saw a man galloping after the carriage, endeavouring to overtake it. They stopped, and when he came up, they found it was the master of the post-hut where they had slept. He said very civilly that they had forgotten to pay him for the eggs, and that they therefore owed him a medio, (two-pence halfpenny.) They paid him the money, neither more nor less, and then galloped on, leaving the man apparently perfectly satisfied.

ingly started before the sun was up, and galloping the whole day till half an hour after sunset, we rode a hundred and twenty-three miles. The summer's sun has a power which, to those who have not been exposed to it, is inconceivable, and whenever we stopped at the corral to get our horses, the heat was so great that it was almost insupportable. However, all the time we galloped, the rapid motion through the air formed a refreshing breeze. The horses were faint from the heat, and if it had not been for the sharp Gaucho spurs that I wore I should not have got on. The horses in the Pampas are always in good wind, but when the sun is hot, and the grass burnt up, they are weak, and being accustomed to follow their own inclinations, they then want to slacken their pace, or rather to stop altogether; for when mounted they have no pace between a hand-gallop and a walk, and it is therefore often absolutely necessary to spur them on for nearly half the post, or else to stand still, an indulgence which, under a burning sun, the rider feels very little inclined to grant. As they are thus galloping along, urged by the spur, it is interesting to see the groupes of wild horses which one passes. The mares, which are never ridden in South America, seem not to understand what makes the poor horse carry his head so low, and look so weary. The little innocent colts come running up to meet him, and then start away frightened; while the old horses, whose white marks on the flanks and backs betray their acquaintance with the spur and saddle, walk slowly away for some distance, and then breaking into a trot, as they seek their safety, snort and look behind them, first with one eye, then with the other, turning their nose from right to left, and carrying their long tails high in the air. As soon as the poor horse reaches the post he is often quite exhausted; he is as wet as if he had come out of a river, and his sides are often bleeding violently; but the life he leads is so healthy, his constitution is so perfectly sound, and his food is so simple, that he never has those inflammatory attacks which kill so many of our pampered horses in England. It certainly sounds cruel to spur a horse as violently as it is sometimes necessary to do in the Pampas, and so in fact it is, yet there is something to be said in excuse for it; if he is worn out and exhausted, his rider also is—he is not goaded on for an idle purpose, but he is carrying a man on business, and for the service of man he was created. Supposing him to be ever so tired, still he has his liberty when he reaches the goal, and if he is cunning, a very long time may elapse before he is caught again; and in the mean while the whole country affords him food, liberty, health, and enjoyment: and the work he has occasionally performed, and the sufferings he has endured, may perhaps teach him to appreciate the wild plains in which he was born. He may have suffered occasionally from the spur, but how different is his life from that of the post-horse in England, whose work increases with his food,—who is daily led in blinkers to the collar, and who knows nothing of creation, but the dusty road on which he travels, and the rack and manger of a close-heated stable.

Our extracts have been solely confined to the Pampas; but there is much besides in the Rough Notes relating to subjects of more importance, if not quite so amusing. The captain crosses the Andes, and is as pleasant a fellow on the other side of them as on this. We have therefore a good account of the transit over the Cordillera, and many good descriptions of Chile, with much sensible observation on mines and mining. But we must take our leave of the captain, with a hearty shake of the hand; he to gallop in one direction, and we to creep in another. We will say this for him, that a pleasanter *compagnon du voyage* is not to be found; he may ride a little too hard at times, but when you come up with him he is always in a good humour, and has got something agreeable to tell. No fare is too rude for him; no fatigue too great: he is at home every where; and the freemasonry of a brave and generous spirit makes him every where acceptable. Though he travels a little too fast, his eyes are as open as his hand or his heart, and nothing escapes him. Fearing nothing, and suffering nothing, he is always in a cheerful humour, and looks upon every thing on the sunny side. Across a table, or across a horse, we should not choose to fall in by accident with a better man.

MUCH-A-DO ABOUT NOTHING ;

OR,

THE SPECULATIONS OF A CONNOISSEUR.

And thus I've made a landscape of a post.—*Dr. Syntar.*

It was in one of the narrow gloomy streets of Wapping, that I observed over a window the emblem of some non-descript animal, whose colour was certainly not, in my judgment, in keeping with nature ; for it was bright scarlet—a hue that belongs to no beast of the field, and is but sparingly vouchsafed to the creatures of the deep ; the species coctus of the cancer being almost unique specimens of scarlet fish, as I have been informed ; and I think I can rely upon the description given me of that species, to determine that this sign was not the representation of a coctus. Neither was it that of a flamingo nor parroquet, because in such a case, surely, the artist would have accommodated it with wings, to distinguish it from the brute and fish *genera* ; and if at all acquainted with the Linnæan system, he certainly would not have omitted those essential characteristics, the beak and claws.—However, being of an inquisitive cast, and despising not to avail myself of knowledge whencesoever obtained, it struck me, that the owner of the house must be the person best acquainted with the genus and species of that animal, which he had procured to be represented over his door ; and that some valuable information might be obtained from him, relative to this unknown denomination ; or possibly that the original might be found within—an opinion in which I was much confirmed by reading on the entablature of the shop-window, The Original Barclay Perkins and Co's Entire Brown Stout Red Lion. So I determined, if possible, to see this strange-formed brown red lion, since that was the appellation which these ignorant classifiers assigned him. Accordingly I entered the narrow passage, and meeting with an intelligent girl, inquired for Barclay and Perkins, upon which she directed me into an adjoining apartment, requesting me to take a seat : I thought this extremely civil of her, and entered the parlour. It was a low room of a dingy appearance, over which a ruddy gloom was thrown by a slip of scarlet fustian that curtained the window ; its walls were coloured with red ochre ; here and there the ceiling was marked with mezzo-tinto streaks, not unlike those sooty traces, which, in my college-days, I have pleased myself with branding upon the whitewashed walls of our cloisters and chapel-of-ease ; the floor was well sanded, and covered with reddish chairs and tables, occupied by the members of the groupe which I am going to describe.

After my introduction I stood somewhat abashed, conning over the words that I should use to Messrs. Barclay and Perkins, and hoping that either of those gentlemen would relieve my embar-

rassment by stepping forward, and smoothing the way to my inquiries. But no! scarce one of the six individuals moved more than an eyelid at my entrance. Each was seated apart at a small cross-legged table, with a pewter goblet before him. The attendant soon entered with a like vessel foaming over the brim, and placing it on a table similar to the rest, desired me to sit down. As I always conform to the customs of the *locale* in which I am, I obeyed her directions, and sat down, until I should learn something more of the ceremonies of the place. I could observe, that though my entrance had excited so little attention, that of the girl was attended with a considerable stir. I heard a confused clamour of "*hear, hear,*" just like the shouts we read of in the House of Commons, and I strained myself to catch any good thing that might be uttered; but no! the only articulate words which I could distinguish amidst a confused jingle of outlandish sounds, were Potuplis, Inanderpoot, Morale, Amutehkin, Porter, and Pot-O'Stout, mingled with cries of "*hear.*" Notwithstanding which direct appeal, the gentleman called upon declined coming forward; but all sat impatient, some rattling the empty bickers against the table, some grinding the sand with their feet, and some tapping the wood with their knuckles; all which symbols were as yet lost upon me, and I remained in a shiver of embarrassment, lest I should be called on for an inaugural speech, before I had witnessed any of the proceedings of the assembly. The usher of the pewter pots, however, who seemed to be familiar with these orgies, soon put an end to the clattering of the vessels, by supplying their place with brimming tankards like my own. Silence once more prevailed, interrupted only by an occasional guzzle and a loud whiff, as the fraternity paid their *devoirs con amore* to the pewter cornucopiæ before them. I too joined in the libation, and soon became wrapt in a brown study, that effaced all my curiosity respecting the monster, whose place in the system of beings I had come to investigate. The fact was, I felt myself in a strange conclave, and my whole curiosity turned upon the characters of the taciturn party in the room. There was a sombre air prevalent in the countenances of them all, that affected me with sympathetic gloom: the lurid aspect of the room, and its russet furniture, were both calculated to impress strangers with an obscure, mysterious apprehension, which was not a little increased by the overcoming smell and smoke of mundungus. I never more fully agreed with King James in the infernal character of that herb;—for a time I thought myself in the Tartaric regions, and that the very malt-liquor which I drank, had all the narcotic and oblivious effect of the river Lethe; but I soon recovered myself, and more rationally conjectured, that the beings around, were magi, cabalists, sorcerers, illuminati, rosicrucians, or mystics of some sort or other.

The most striking figure, who occupied the remote corner of the room, was, if my conjecture is well founded, the chairman of the meeting. Independently of his authoritative look, there were other infallible symptoms of his superiority. He wore a triangular cocked-hat, like that of a Chelsea pensioner, but vastly more imposing: in his left hand he held a staff of authority, with which he sometimes traced hieroglyphs upon the sand, at other times resting his extended

arm upon it in a proud, majestic manner. A black robe, with puckered sleeves, added state and solemnity to his person. One of his legs was thrown across the other, and his muscular body inclined backwards in an angle of supreme haughtiness. These were conclusive symptoms of presidency. But why was the meeting convened? why were these proceedings carried on in silence, or by such masonic signs, as none but the initiated could unravel? I will explain why, but the reader must first attend patiently to the externals of the whole divan.

The name of the above personage, I have reason to suppose, was Potuplis, both from its precedence in the order of the summonses, and from its analogy to Egyptian names, such as Potiphar; and in its termination, to Memphis, Sesostris.—His visage possessed all the Rembrandt-duskyness, shaded besides with reliefs and furrows, that greatly deepened its solemn cast. His nose was obtuse, his beard acute, and his eye-brows rectangular. A little glaring eye shone through each bushy cover-lid, like that of a shock-dog, giving to the beholder the idea of lurking treachery. His lips were firmly pressed against each other, as if he were a Pythagorean ascetic, or one of the Astomores; that mouthless people of whom Pliny speaks. The only movement in his face was an occasional spasm of contemptuousness, and a quick gliding of the iris from one to the other corner of his eye.

After having viewed his general aspect, I took a trigonometrical survey of his countenance by means of a Lavater's quadrant. The facial angle F. T. E., or angle contained under right lines, from the forehead to the teeth and from the teeth to the ears, closely approximated to phiz. perf. or physiognomical perfection; also the angle subtending the nose and upper lip was homologous to the facial angle, and denoted him, according to the same authority, a primordial genius. His nose indeed did not correspond in contour or dimensions, being of the undignified class, which the French term *camus*, and somewhat warty moreover, as must be admitted. I regretted this circumstance not a little, for the sake of science; but one or two exceptions should not overturn an ingenious system; and when I recollected that Socrates and Confucius had short noses, my veneration for the individual revived; especially when I considered that the shortness of his nose might at any time be mended by Taliacozzi's operation, should its diminutiveness, according to Riolan and others, prevent his obtaining orders in the Jewish or Roman priesthood; * as a layman, he might be better off without a long pullable handle to his face, in these profane modern times, when the nose is as little respected as the beard was in Lucian's days. We may remark *obiter*, that it must be a great pleasure to those who duly honour that primest feature of the human face, to see beards once more coming into fashion, and we recommend the wear of them to all those who value their noses, whether as the recipient organs of snuff, or the *fulcra* of spectacles, as undoubtedly the more pleasant and convenient gripe which a long beard presents, and will hereafter save many a nose from being pulled.

* See the the Man of Sin, p. 76; and Leviticus, cap. 21.

In Potuplis, the deficiency of this cardinal point, ~~this great-ass~~, as the etymological Dr. Beddoes* calls it, was supplied by ~~simple~~ conch-like ears, which denoted him a man of acuteness and intelligence, as being possessed in profusion of the receptacles of acute and intelligent things ; and though truly the ass can have as much said for him, yet Baptista Porta and others have asserted, that no man of intelligence ever was deficient of that symbol in all its bulk, unless he had undergone the pillorial operation.—Wherefore I hope one day to see the character of that organ vindicated also ; and not only it, but likewise the heart, the liver, the spleen, the pineal gland, &c. and that they will be readmitted to a share of the honour of secreting the soul, which is now monopolized, perceptions, passions, and all, by the brain. Why should not all the members of the body-corporation agree, as Menenius Agrippa recommended in another cause, and support the soul among them ? Would not this furnish a larger field for philosophic speculation, and enable metoposcopy, nasology, and judicial astrology, to come once more into play along with their supplanting sister-science phrenology. The more aids we have for prying into one another's characters, the more easily shall we perform our special business in this life ; since, according to Pope,

The proper study of mankind is man.

In the present instance, had I been left to craniology alone, how should I have been able to pursue my proper study of Potuplis, seeing that my *man* would have required to have been studied through his three-cornered hat, that obfuscated all his cerebral organs ? I did, indeed, for fear of being reproached with careless observation, note down in my tablets, that the caul of the said hat was an obtruncated spheroid ; and therefore, that if there was any homogeneity between it and the head which filled it, the zenithal organs of Potuplis must be exceedingly flat indeed. As for his brows, I have intimated before, that they were so shaggy and so puckered with loose plaits, that they would have required the exhibition of the razor and the scalp to render their bumps visible. I should therefore have studied in the dark, had I not been furnished with other equally good logs to sound the depths of this character by—but I beg the reader's pardon ; I have more figures to delineate, before I can give the result of my researches respecting him ; and I pray his close attention, since his concurrence in my deductions mainly rests upon his viewing the groupe with the same tutored eye as I did.

The figure on his left was a lank, bony, oversized man, whose legs were thrown forwards, and discovered a pair of naked shanks of colossal dimensions, terminating in small flat-bottomed boats or pontoons, for they were too vast to be termed shoes, though paved with large hob-nails ; the exact order of which, I regret to say, escaped my attention. I was so perplexed with the magnitude of his foot, that had it not been for the size of his body, I should have unhesitatingly classed him with the sciapodous Scythians, of whom Ctesias speaks, who had nothing to do in hot weather, but lie down pleasantly in the shade, by holding up one foot between them and the sun.

* Monthly Mag. July, 1796.

His attitude was that of supercilious contempt: he was sitting bolt upright, with his eye fixed keenly on the chairman; with his right hand he alternately stroked his chin, and raised his bicker to his mouth; his left rested with its knuckles on his hip, and exposed its brown palm in full projection. How I longed for a telescope, to trace upon this chart all the minute lines and mazes of this man's life and adventures! As it was, I could perceive gapes and defiles, that indicated great reverses. I began to think him some wandering prince like Ulysses, meditating mighty deeds in a beggar's disguise, for nothing but a Tartan frock enveloped his huge body, over which hung a belt, to which was appended a leathern wallet. On his head he bore, obliquely, a black bonnet with red selvage, which he carried with the high bearing of a morioned chieftain. His upper lip curled outwards, and was thatched raggedly with towey moustaches; his jetting cheek-bones served as a bulwark to his small grey eye, levelled point-blank against the foe; but the ornament of his face, the criterion of his nobility, was his august Cyrus-like* nose. Never was feature better developed—it would have served the Egyptians† as an hieroglyph for wisdom; and Dr. Johnson‡ as the emblem of great sagacity, which he calls the nose of the mind. The author of Tremaine would have venerated its aristocratic magnitude—Sterne would have written a chapter upon it—the Persians would have made a king of the man attached to it; the Jews a high-priest; the cardinals a pope.§ It was, as Aretine apostrophizes his friend's nose, in his Nasea, “*veramente Re de nasi.*” I warrant, with Ambrose Paræus and Mr. Shandy, that no “firmness and elastic repulsion of the nurse's breast” had prevented its expansion.|| The individual who bore this majestic nose, seemed fully aware of its significance; he was quite in character with his nose, and followed it in the moral sense of the phrase. His look was fierce and intimidating; intrepid daring portrayed itself in his every gesture, even when charging his nose with the pungent dust from his horn-mull; and yet he must have been a patient, enduring man, for that, according to Bouchet** and Camerarius†† is the Hebraic metonymy for long-nose, (Exod. 34,) and wherever our scriptural paraphrase long-suffering is used, the Spaniards and Antwerpeans use the literal expression long-nosed.‡‡ This nasal hero bore, apparently, the princely eastern name Inanderpoot, not much dissimilar to Rajapoot.

Near him sat, with his back turned to me, a most extraordinary figure, dressed in a red coat, the cape of which extended so high as not to allow me to perceive whether he had any head. So many peculiarities united in this strange animal, that had it not been for my reading, I never should have believed him one of the human species. Not that the want of head made any great difficulty with me, for I had St. Augustine's authority for the existence of such a

* Vide Dr. Garmann De Miraculis Mortuorum, p. 84.

† Taliacotius. De Curtorum Chirurgia.

‡ Boswell, v. iii. p. 599.

§ Taliacot. Garmann ut Suprà. Aretine's Nasea, p. 532 et seq.

|| Tristram Shandy, vol. 3, c. 38 and 41.

** Tom. 3, p. 110.

†† Horæ Subcesivæ, tom. 1, 253.

‡‡ Idem.

headless race, the *acephali*, to whom he assured his hearers he had preached in the wilderness.* It was the uncommon smallness of his size that created my astonishment: he might, with a little pressure, have been squeezed into the shoe of his neighbour, tail and all,—for he had such an hairy appendage depending from the *os coccygis*. He was, in fact, a compound of the varieties of man, which the system of Linnæus comprehends: he was both *homo troglodytus* and *caudatus*, a pigmy and a tailed man. It perfectly agreed with Pliny's account, that the troglodyte should be found adjoining the sciapodous or large-footed man; and as for the caudate man, he is indigenous in England. If any reader doubt the existence of these species, I can refer him to a host of authorities,† beginning with the prophet Ezekiel,‡ who mentions the pygmies under the name of Gammadins, as centinels of Tyre, down to Dr. Harvey,§ who explains the use and necessity of a tail to human creatures. St. Augustine not only testifies the existence of such creatures, but he extended the breed, according to Bulwer,|| endowing some of the Kentish men with that ornament. Whether the race exists in Kent still, I am unable to say; but unquestionably here was one of them; and though he had it not exactly of a size to suit Lord Monboddo's fancy,** yet it was a tail, and sufficient to verify the systems of those learned men who admit tails among the human properties. And why, pray, should a man not be furnished with one, as well as devils and inferior animals? Who is there presumptuous enough to say that it might not be of use to him? A greyhound turns himself round by the help of his tail; a water-dog steers himself by his tail—surely then Captain Clias, and the Monk Bernardo of Naples,†† will advocate tails for their running and swimming exertations; certainly man will never be a thorough gymnast, or amphibious animal, without one. A tail is never without its moral effect—no *homo caudatus* will turn tail in battle, for fear of being caught by that back-stay, or of having it cut off. Dr. Guindant, in his *Variations de la Nature dans l'Espèce Humaine*, 1771, asserts that the *Sieur de Cruvellier de la Ciotat*, who carried a natural tail, distinguished himself in several battles against the false three-tailed Bashaws. Our grenadiers formerly, for want of real, wore artificial tails; and a French petit-maitre was nothing without a long *queue*—every thing with one: for, What is a tail? Is it not an elongation of the spine? And is not the spine filled with marrow from the brain? Has not, therefore, a man with a tail, brain to the very end of it? Caspar Hoffman was so convinced of the utility of a tail, that he intimates that the species is truncated without it, and that properly the *os coccygis* is the stump, or mark of de-cauditation; others have asserted it to be a sprout, that only wants fostering to become sufficiently elongated to trail nobly in the dust, like the train of a dutchess. Certes, then, it behoves the benefactors

* Serm. ad fratres in eremo.

† Aristot. Hist. Anim. lib. 8, cap. 12. Pliny, lib. 8, c. 2. Solinus, c. 25. St Augustine, De Civ. Dei, lib. 16, c. 8, et alii; see Ferriar's Collection, in his Illustrations of Sterne, p. 203.

‡ C. 27, v. 11.

§ De Generatione Animal. Exercital 4.

|| Artificial Changeling, p. 410, et passim—Aldrovandus, passim.

** See Horne Tooke Epea Ptereonta.

†† Quart. Rev.

of mankind, the surgeons and anatomists, to turn their thoughts this way. Let them lay hold of some insignificant fellow, and slice him up for tails, as their precursors in Bologna* did their slaves for noses—and thus reproduce that useful, elegant, and, as Dr. Harvey vouches, modest ornament of men and women. The matter has undergone some high consideration already; and it is supposed the frequent voyages to the North Pole, of which many have doubted the utility, were not planned without some relation to this momentous concern: persons let into the secret, know that it is one of their primary objects to discover that tribe of Esquimaux, who are so unsophisticated by civilization, as to have preserved themselves undocked: and *that*, in order to dovetail and unite them with cultivated society. We may surmise too, that Major Laing's expedition has some such purpose in view. The ulterior advantage of incorporating such a race with our lower orders, will be very great, because the *homines caudati* are known to be exceedingly docile, and easily governable, like fishes, by the tail; and moreover to bear their burdens less complainingly (witness the ass and the mule) than your curtailed operatives; who have rid themselves of that fancied incumbrance, attached by the Apostle of Britain to their priest-ridden ancestors, the long-tailed John Bulls of Kent and Wiltshire.†

But *revenons à nos moutons*. Our little acephalous, caudatory, troglodyte, was called upon, as well as I could distinguish the gutturals of Inanderpoot, by the appellation Amutchkin, a term which I profess myself not sufficiently grounded in etymology to explain. I can just perceive that it is a diminutive by its ultimate syllable; but I hope that some philologist will give himself pains to ascertain its root, that it may throw some light upon this inexplicable monster; for of all the figures in the room, he puzzled me most. I could not unravel his gestures and dumb-shew; and as for words, he never uttered one; he seemed an alien in the groupe, for he neither smoked the calmet of peace, nor quaffed the pledge of welcome—further proof of his want of head—but now and then he snuffed, spat, and scratched his buttocks, and seemed to be amusing himself with his pedicularian subjects, the colour of which I would have given much to ascertain, as it would at once have settled whether he was descended from Ham, or not, as Mr. Latreille, the modern French entomologist, decides.‡ Should this description meet the eye of M. Bory de St. V. he may probably add another to the fifteen species into which he divides man.§

The fourth subject, who sat on the right of the chairman, was a lean melancholy figure, the iris of whose eye seemed to float in its circumambient moisture, giving him the air of one whose soul is absorbed in some fantasy unseen by others. His hair was disarranged, and several grisly locks mingled with its lustrous black. His hand now and then clasped his temples, as if he would subdue the rebellious organs throbbing there, and as he lowered it, he would raise a stumpy cigar from the table, light it, smoke a second or two, and then again drop the arm dejected by his side. He wore a laced

* Taliacot. ut suprâ. Dr. Gar mann, ut sup.

† Fuller's Worthies. Lochner's Miscellanea Curiosa.

‡ Lond. Lit. Gaz. Sept. 9, p. 571.

|| Idem.

green surtout, looped and windowed in many places, but folded close round him with his left hand, as if he dreaded some shocking exposure. Any pathologist must have discovered that he laboured under idiosyncrasy, and that in this congress, matters were discussed that powerfully affected his feelings. His name I gathered to be Morale, or probably Moralez, a common cognomen in Spain.

The fifth in dignity was a stout coal-heaver-like fellow, who, I am confident, in this session represented the labouring classes, for his name, as well as his occupation, was Porter. He was called upon by several of the group, and indeed seemed to be the only one of them inclined to jaw ; but he generally choked himself in his exordium by big oaths, and was obliged to supply the defect of his oratory by scribbling cyphers with ale upon the table. His pate alone would have furnished a solid study to the phrenologist, for it was paved with bumps as roughly as Old Bond-street, and not a whit better lighted : the mass of it lay in huge buttresses behind, indicating sturdy resistance, and *backwardness* in yielding to force. His short ears and scanty nose were emblematic of little shrewdness and much choler ; his straight flaxen hair and fair blue eyes, however, were characteristic of "ancient faith that knew no guile," and fair play, that *unique* jewel in the British *crown*. His mouth and cheeks pouted considerably, like those of an habitual grumbler, or a hungry man disappointed of his victuals. His huge mutton-fist was ostentatiously clenched upon the table ; and if there be sympathy between the different organs, as unquestionably there is, I venture to say, that the knobs upon the back of his head did not more surely indicate combativeness than the knuckles upon the back of his hand ; I am not sure that the proof would not be better established by these than by those, even to Dr. Spurzheim's satisfaction. All over, comparative physiognomy demonstrated him a pugnacious animal : his forehead had all the breadth of the fighting buffalo's, his neck all the muscle of the contentious bulldog, and his arm all the sinew of the warlike lion's paw. Bull, bull, seemed to be stenographed and stereotyped in all his lineaments, and his very oaths were bellowed out in the major key of *boo* natural ; being a long commination against corn-laws and malt-duties, as I interpreted it, abruptly broken off by his calling upon his neighbour, Pot O'Stout, to do justice to the same subject.

Pot, or Pat as I should pronounce it, was a tall, strapping, beardless boy, with a ruddy face, on which was impressed a natural stare of good-humoured simplicity, very much at variance with his small, ferocious, grey eyes. It was as difficult to establish any physiognomical propositions upon it, as it would have been to tell the character of a potatoe from its external configuration ; for to say truth, it was much the same in formation as that bulbous root, not only in its naked broad vulgarity, but in the circumstance of the *eye* being its most distinguishable peculiarity. A thick frieze jacket of loose fit served much to enlarge the breadth of his Atlasean shoulders. His knee seemed to have grown too large for his leathern smallclothes to button over it, and the surprise was how such legs and ankles could have passed through them ; but as all phenomena admit of solution, his nurse had probably thrust him into them when he assumed the adult garment, and the young Patagonian had continued growing in them ever since.

Under his arm he held tight a bundle, as if he had an instinctive dread of pilferers, and between his legs reposed a stout oaken cudgel, which, by the grasps he sometimes gave it, seemed to be one of his Penates, his *fetiché*, or amulet, under the protection of which alone he found himself secure. Here he sat as delegate from the savage tribes, if it be true, as I suppose, that these individuals each represented some distinct sect or condition of men, and that I myself was unconsciously guided by my stars to this council, that I might take part as the mystical seventh cabalist, and represent the lights and intellects of the age.

For a long time I felt, like a young diplomatist, quite at a loss to understand the outward gesticulations of the assembled plenipotentiaries. They cautiously avoided committing themselves by distinct phraseology; for, indeed, had they spoken out, there was not one of them but the president whose language would not have been set down as libellous and treasonable. As for him, he was one of the Ins, a Tory, a supporter of the *ancien regime*. His every movement seemed to say, "What do I care who hungers or thirsts: have I not bread and beer? (here he swilled away.) What are your plans for the good of the world to me? I want no innovation," and much more of the same sort, declared in signs as significant as Lord Burleigh's nod, and concluding with a "Confound you all for Radicals." Aye! that was his meaning, every iota of it; there is no interpolation by me, no apocryphal syllable or unauthenticated version. Con-found you all for Ra-di-cals. The sentence consisted of a pooh! a humph! a snort, a snap of his fingers, and a twirl of his staff semicircularly along the floor, all which are typical in the Tory dialect of the above ejaculation: and that it was so understood by the meeting I could have no doubt. The long nose of Inanderpoot wrinkled upwards in a sneer; his great foot stamped its proof-impression on the floor; he grasped his tankard round the middle, as if he meant to empty it at the head of Potuplis; but it was not worth while to waste so small a quantity, so he carried it to his mouth, and drank the Downfall of the Tories, and other toasts not to be rashly published. I knew him to be a political economist at once, furnished with a potent organ for smelling out corruption, but anxious to poke his own nose into a good situation. The above types and gestures of his, when expanded into words and the libel suppressed, read thus: "You booby! you deserve to be trampled under this foot, and kicked out of place. We alone possess talents to govern the state; we grasp every thing thus, within the span of intellect, and could sink and drown you if we chose to waste our powers in the trial; but saving and economy are our maxims, so I shall content myself with giving you a sentiment or two; here is, The maximum of population is the minimum of food; hip, hip, hurrah! Product is to labour as rent to capital; hip, hip, hurrah! hurrah! May absenteeism be to superabundant population what small notes are to currency; bravo! hurrah! three times three. I have got no more in the pot." His neighbour, Amutchkin, contented himself with spitting at Toryism, and jabbering in approbation after every one of his ally's toasts, right or wrong. I took him for some Jacobinical reformer, whom nothing would content but beheadings and retailings of our species. Moralez was a liberal, and in his dumb-show spoke like a

patriot; but there were in it curses deep, not loud, against his oppressors; his eye shot swords and daggers at the heart of Despotism, but he most often missed his aim, and gave Freedom a stab, or furnished Tyranny with arms. As for honest Porter, he was a real John Bull politician, always grumbling about corn and beer, and consuming both most lavishly, besides wasting his drink in drawing up scrips and omniums upon the table. He was not much concerned at heart for Ins or Outs, old systems or new-fangled doctrines, but ready for a *brise* or *spre*, just as it might happen, and longing to impinge his great knuckles in political affairs. This his gesticulation declared most emphatically, and more, which, for his sake, I must not repeat. Pat O'Stout hardly knew which side to take, nor indeed well what he would be at: he now hurraed for one faction and then for the other, sometimes threatening, by the hostile *sotto-flourish* of his shillelagh, extermination to both. A sign, of which he knew not the meaning, was enough to inflame him; and by the use of it, each party sported with his passions in turn, and then laughed at him. The chairman reproached him that his great great grandmother Joan was a Pope, and made monarchs kiss her big toe. The economist accused him of eating potatoes, a most dangerously prolific food, as he said; and hailed the prospect of a bad crop, by which some millions of potatoe-eaters might be annihilated. Honest Porter himself taunted him with worshipping wooden images, and particularly the staff in his hand. At this I could sit quiet no longer, nor indeed would it have become the philosophic spirit of the age; and though I knew but so much of their dumb language as enabled me to comprehend what was imaged forth, but not to express any thing *extempore* in it, I was determined not to be baulked by that consideration, but boldly to speak aloud and vindicate O'Stout. So I rose, and called upon the chairman for leave to address the meeting in plain English. This infringement of the mystical silence, which they had prescribed to themselves, seemed to astound them all; but I dashed at once into the subject, charged Potuplis with raking up the bones of old fanatical times to pelt them at the head of modern Popery; bid him remember his own Egyptian Isis and Anubis, and turn his hieroglyphs to better account than supporting bigotry; reproached Inanderpoot with overturning the soundest doctrine of Adam Smith, that population is the wealth of a country; reminded him of the population of the Persians under Xerxes, and asked him how he should like some millions more of his countrymen to be cut off now, as they were then, at Marathon and Platea; I then diverged into an eulogy upon the potatoe, and its first transplanter from Virginia; lastly, I attacked Mr. Porter for his credulity and assurance in calling my friend on the right an idolator and worshipper of wood; but what was my astonishment to hear a loud explosion of diabolical laughter from the whole group, but especially from the owner of the stick, whom I had risen to defend. Such monstrous ingratitude appalled me; I felt the learning and philosophy of these enlightened times insulted in my person, and determined no longer to sit in congress with cabalists, who derided every language but their own masonic symbols. So taking up my hat, I started forth, followed by loud and reiterated ha ha's; rushed out of the house, nor ever stopped till I reached my lodgings, where I sat down to pen this

account, hoping that some hardier philomath may be tempted to explore the same tabernacle, and study this Chaldean sect, who, for aught I know, may be evidences of metempsychosis; at all events, are possessors of that secret mode of communication said to prevail among beings of a higher order, and of which my study in the occult sciences has unfolded to me the rudiments.

SOMBRERUS.

ED. We have taken a trip to Wapping on purpose to authenticate, before we published, the account furnished us by our correspondent, Sombrerus. Without any disrespect to him, we must say, that his learning has made him magnify little things, and render clear matters obscure. The result of our visit was, that we found the small ale-house where his adventure took place, and had no difficulty in making out the sign, which was that of a Red Lion, painted by some Dick Tinto, of Wapping. We were ushered into the red-room, where the identical four first characters of his group happened to be. The haughty *Potuplis*, with his triangular hat and black stuff-gown; the fierce, long-nosed *Inanderpoot*, in his tartan plaid and kilt; alongside of whom was the troglodyte *Amutchkin*; and farther off, the woe-worn *Moralez*. We must pause here, to intreat our correspondent not to be offended with our plain speaking, and to consider, that if we assume to be better observers of common things than he is, in profound matters we yield the palm to him. The chairman, as he imagined him, was no other than a rich Jewish broker from Hanover, perfectly agreeing in all externals with the accurate picture drawn by Sombrerus, but in no greater respect a favourer of the old *regime*, than as one of the believers in the dispensations of Moses. The second portrait was equally true to nature, being the faithful representation of Sawney Macintyre, the Scotch bagpiper, and we imagine no further a political economist than as a countryman of Mr. M'Culloch's, and a man of scanty apparel. Near him sat the *homo caudatus*, and we verily believe the only foundation for such a vilifying species. Sombrerus, in observing him, should have recollected the proverb, that the *coat* does not make the *man*; for, on closer inspection, he would have found the wearer of this scarlet jacket to have been an ape, and moreover that it had a head, to the fresh confusion of St. Augustine. This same Jacko might legitimately enough have been a *Jacobin*, or any thing worse, since he had a chain round his body, and was the slave and vassal of Mr. Alexander Macintyre, who was laird of a monkey-show; but we must doubt whether he took any part in the debate which Sombrerus shadows forth. The wretched patriot in the green surtout is a poor Spanish emigrant, which may have suggested to the imagination of our correspondent the notion of his part in the discussion; for all his portraits have been founded upon a particle of reality, obscured by a mountain of fanciful conception. Thus we can fancy that the John Bull politician was in sober truth a dustman or coal-porter, and that the young Patagonian savage was an Irish spalpeen in quest of labouring work: the rest of the theory must be sought for in the embellishing imagination of Sombrerus, who was probably obnubilated, and in a *brown-stout* study at the time. As to his strange vocabulary of names, which he adapted with such moulding ingenuity, we all along suspected from his statement that they were

but ordinary terms distorted by his fancy. Thus, *Hear Porter*, could have been nothing but the summons, *Bring some porter here*; *Pot-O'Stout* needs no comment, nor *More-Ale* either; *Amutchkin* is a mutchkin, or Scotch pint of ale; *Potuplis* must have been a foreign corruption of, A pot, if you please; and *Inanderpoot* is likely the Germanism *ein ander*, another, and *poot* for pot. Thus we have explained the enigma to our correspondent, at the same time we have no wish to show up or discourage so ardent a cultivator of occult lore from reviving speculations allied to some modern sciences, and very pleasant withal.

MEMOIRS OF CASANOVA,

BY HIMSELF.

[THE following narrative is translated from the memoirs of Jacob Casanova de Seingalt; a work but little known in this country. Casanova was a Venetian, descended from an ancient but decayed family of Spanish origin; he spent a life of vicissitude and adventure, in which he passed through every gradation of poverty and wealth. In the latter part of his life he retired to Dux, in Bohemia, where he left a manuscript of memoirs. This manuscript is the property of the well-known firm of Brockhaus at Leipsic; and from it have been published translated "Extracts," in several volumes, edited by Schütz. A gamester and a libertine, born and residing for a considerable period of his life in a country celebrated for the profligacy of its morals, he has, though certainly unintentionally, produced a work which, judging even from that part which M. Brockhaus thought it prudent to publish, is for the revolting nature of many of the anecdotes, we think nearly unparalleled in modern literature—the limited acquaintance with the German language in this country, has hitherto prevented it from becoming much known. Perhaps the only Extract of the same length in the work, which we could have ventured to present to an English public, is the following history of his escape from the prisons of Venice, which will, we think, be found interesting to our readers. We should, however, in justice mention, that though, as we have stated, Casanova was a man of the most unbounded passions, and of exceedingly loose morals, which he had never been taught to subdue, his vices were rather those of his country and times, than the result of any baseness peculiar to himself. He was certainly a man of considerable talent, and possessed many redeeming virtues, even fully allowing for the colouring which vanity must always lend to the writings of autobiographers.—T.]

It was on the morning of the 25th of July, 1755, just at break of day, when messer grande* entered my chamber. To awake, to see him, and to hear the question, "whether I were Jacob Casanova," was but the work of an instant: I had hardly answered in the affirmative, when he demanded all my papers and letters, and desired me to rise and follow him. I asked by what authority he acted; he replied, by that of the tribunal of the State Inquisition.

* Chief executive officer of the Venetian police.

The word tribunal overpowered me; all my customary resolution yielded to the most implicit obedience; my writing-desk stood open; my writings lay on the table; I told the officer "he might take them." A bag that was carried by one of his assistants was immediately filled with them: I was then required to produce the bound manuscripts which were suspected to be in my possession; I surrendered them, and was at no loss to guess at my infamous accuser. These writings of magical and cabalistical contents, were the "*Clavicula Salomonis*," the "*Zecor-ben*," "*Picatrix*," essays on the planetary periods in which magical incantations were to be performed, and other works of a similarly learned nature; whoever knew me to be in the possession of these, would consider me as a magician, and that I did not by any means regret.

The books also on my table, Horace, Ariosto, Petrarch, a manuscript, and the works of Aretin, were not overlooked.

While the chief of the police was searching for my papers, I dressed myself mechanically; caused myself to be shaved and my hair to be dressed; and put on a silken suit; and messer grande, whose eyes were never turned from me, seemed to feel no surprise at my dressing with so much care.

On my leaving the chamber, I was not a little startled by seeing from thirty to forty officers of police; they had done me the honour to consider me worthy of their attendance, though according to the proverb, "*Ne Hercules quidem contra duos*," two would have been quite sufficient. Is it not extraordinary that in England, where courage is innate, one man is considered sufficient to arrest another, while in my country, where cowardice has set up her home, thirty are required for the purpose? Probably a coward is still more one when he attacks, than when he is attacked, and that makes the person assaulted bolder; the truth is, in Venice one man is often seen opposing twenty *sbirri*, he gives them a good beating, and escapes.

Messer grande desired me to enter a gondola, and seated himself by my side; four men remained with him, the rest were dismissed; we proceeded to his dwelling, where, after offering me coffee, which I refused, he locked me in a room; I remained there four hours; when the clock struck three* the head of the *sbirri* entered, and told me he had orders to take me to the "*Camerotti*."† I followed him, and after passing in a gondola through many bye canals, we entered the "*canal grande*," and stopped at the quay of the prisons: a flight of steps led us over a high, enclosed bridge, which connects the prisons with the ducal palace, and is thrown over the canal, called "*Via di Palazzo*;" from hence a gallery, leading through a chamber, brought us to another, in which I was presented to a man in the dress of a patrician; he cast a glance on me and said, "It is he, secure him well;" this was the secretary to the state inquisitors, Domenico Cavalli.

I was delivered over to the superintendant of the *Camerotti*, who, accompanied by two of his men, led me up stairs through three long chambers, two of which were locked, into a dirty garret. It was about

* The time throughout the narrative is reckoned after the Italian method.

† This is the name these celebrated prisons are known by in Venice; in the German the original word signifies "lead-chambers," from a cause noticed in the narrative.

six yards long and two broad, and received light through a hole in the roof. I concluded that this was to be my prison, but I was mistaken; my jailer seized a large key, and opened a strong iron-bound door, about three feet and a half high, and which had a hole in the middle, eight inches square; on being desired to enter, I observed with curiosity a machine of iron, fastened to the wall: my attendant, on noticing my surprize, said, laughing, "The signor is puzzled to guess the use of this machine; I can help him; when the illustrious inquisitors command a prisoner to be strangled, he is obliged to sit on a stool with his back against this iron, which incloses half of his neck; the other half is surrounded by a silken cord, which is passed through these two holes in the wall, and is fastened to a windlass, which is turned till the culprit has given his soul back to God; but the confessor does not leave him till life is fled."

"Ingeniously contrived! and probably you have the honour of turning the windlass," I replied; but my worthy companion was silent.

As I was five feet nine inches high, I was compelled to stoop double to enter the door, which was immediately closed on me. The jailor asked me, through the grating, what I would have to eat; I answered, I had not yet thought about it; he left the place, and I heard him lock door after door as he went.

Sullen and overwhelmed, I leaned on my elbows against the grating of the window, reflecting on my fate; six iron bars, each one inch thick, crossing each other, formed sixteen small holes five inches square, in an opening of two feet square; my dungeon would have received light enough through these, if it had not been for a beam eighteen inches thick, which crossed before the opening in the roof. I discovered on groping about, and stooping my head, so low was the place, only three sides of the room; the fourth seemed to form an alcove, in which a bed could be placed; but neither couch, table, nor chair were to be found—I made use of a shelf, about a foot broad, which was fastened to the wall, and there laid my fine silken mantle, my gala dress, assumed in an unlucky hour, with my hat and plume. The heat was intolerable, and drove me to the grating, where at least I could rest, leaning on my elbows; the window itself I could not see; but by the light from it, I saw rats as large as rabbits running about the garret; these disgusting creatures, at the sight of which I shuddered, were bold enough even to come close to the grating; I immediately shut the opening in the door, for my blood ran cold at the idea of their approaching me. I sank into a deep reverie, and leaning with folded arms against the grating, stood silent and motionless.

The clock striking twenty-one, raised anxiety in my mind at the non-appearance of any human being; I was left without food, without a bed, or a chair; I had not even bread and water: I was not in truth hungry, but none could know that, nor seemed to care whether I were or not. I felt, though, a bitterness in my mouth I never experienced before; I still hoped that some one would appear before the end of the day; but when it struck four-and-twenty, and none came, my rage broke loose; I howled, stamped, cursed, and screamed as loud as I could, and made as much noise as was possible; I passed an hour in this occupation, but neither did any one show himself, nor had I

any reason to hope that I was even heard ; involved in darkness, I shut the grating to keep out the rats, and binding a handkerchief round my head, laid myself at full length on the floor.

So complete a neglect of me, even if my death were resolved on, seemed impossible. I thought a moment to try to remember the crime that had drawn down this punishment, but I could recollect no great fault I had been guilty of ; that I was licentious, and spoke whatever came into my mind, and that I sought every enjoyment of life, did not render me guilty ; nevertheless, I was treated as a criminal of the worst description. The reader may conceive what hatred and desperation rage inspired me with, against a despotism that could be familiar with such oppression : nevertheless, neither the violence of my anger, nor the depth of my grief, nor the hardness of the floor, hindered me from falling asleep ; my body required rest ; and when a man is young, he often obtains as much as he requires when he least would expect it.

The midnight bell aroused me ; dreadful is the waking that causes us to lament the unreality of the deceptions of slumber. I could hardly imagine that I had spent three hours free from the feeling of any misery. Without rising, while lying on my left side, I reached my right arm out to get my handkerchief, which I remembered confusedly to have put near me ; but oh, Heavens ! what did my hand encounter—another, cold and stiff as ice. Fear penetrated me from head to foot, and my hair stood on end ; never had I felt before such a trembling ; I lay for five minutes motionless ; at last recollecting myself a little, it occurred to me that it might be imagination only, which had deceived me ; in this persuasion I reached forth my arm again, and again encountered the same hand, which, with a cry of horror, I dropped from my grasp ; I trembled still ; but on reflexion, I concluded that a corpse had been laid by my side while I was sleeping, for I was certain when I first laid down there was nothing on the floor. I stretched my hand out a third time to be convinced, by feeling, of the truth of this supposition ; but when I leaned on my elbow to effect this, I found, on touching the cold hand, that it began to move ; I was now convinced that what my right hand grasped, was only my own left one, which, by my lying on it for so long a time, had lost all feeling and warmth.

This discovery was in itself laughable enough, but instead then of enlivening me, it rather suggested the gloomiest reflexions. I saw myself in a place, where if what was false seemed true, truth itself became a dream ; where reason lost half her powers, and where the fancy fell a prey to delusive hopes or fearful despondencies. I began to be distrustful of the reality of every thing which presents itself to our senses, or our mind. Approaching my thirtieth year, I summoned philosophy for the first time to my aid. All the elements lay in my soul, but no occasion had ever called them forth into action, and I believe the majority die without ever attaining a correct judgment.

I lay till eight o'clock : the dawn of day began to appear at a quarter after nine : the sun must rise : I impatiently anticipated the approach of morning. I had a feeling, which seemed like conviction, that I should be dismissed to my home ; and I could not suppress the longing for revenge that glowed in my bosom. The time ap-

peared to be come when I was to place myself at the head of the people, and annihilate the aristocracy; it seemed to me as if the order for the destruction of my persecutors would not content me; I must myself aid in butchering them. Such is man! And he doubts not the least that it is reason that speaks in him; but it is his worst enemy, anger, who thus imitates the voice of reason.

The less I expected from the moment I hoped for, so much the more did my rage subside. The drawing of bolts in the passages which led to my prison, broke, towards half-past eight, the deep stillness of this hell, invented by man for his fellow men; I saw the jailer appear before my grating; he asked me whether I had had time enough for consideration of what I would have to eat: one is fortunate when the insolence of inferiors takes the disguise of a jest. I demanded rice soup, boiled meat, roast meats, bread, water, and wine. It surprised the fellow to hear me ask none of the questions he expected from me; he went, and returned in a quarter of an hour, to express his wonder that I had not asked for a bed, or any other furniture, "for I deceived myself if I supposed I should only remain here for one night."

"Bring me, then," I replied, "all that in your opinion I shall want."

"Where am I to get them from? here is pencil and paper, write down the address where I am to apply." I described the place where bed, linen, night-dress, slippers, night-caps, arm-chair, table, glass, razors, pocket-handkerchiefs, and the books which messer grande had taken from me, together with other papers, were to be found. I read this inventory to him, for the fellow could not read himself, and he told me I must omit books, ink, papers, looking-glass, and razors, for they were forbidden to the prisoners. He then demanded money to procure my food: I gave him one of the three zechini which constituted all my wealth; he quitted me, and in half-an-hour I heard him leave the prison. I afterwards learned, that in that time seven other prisoners had been secured, to each of whom, as to me, a separate cell was allotted, to hinder any communication between us.

About noon the keeper came, accompanied by five assistants appointed for the service of the state prisoners, as we were called; he opened the door to bring in my furniture and food; the bed was placed in the alcove, the dinner on a small table; I had only an ivory spoon, bought with my own money, to eat with; for knife and fork, as well as all other articles of metal, were proscribed.

"Tell me what you will have for to-morrow's food, for I can only visit you once a day, that is at sun-rise; and his excellency the secretary bids me inform you, you shall have other books more fitting for your state, for those you wrote down are forbidden."

"Present my thanks to him for the favour of having given me a room to myself."

"I will do so if you desire me; but you ought not to jest with him."

"I do not jest; it must be a favour to be left alone, and not to be put into the company of rascals, such as I suppose to be in these dungeons."

"How! signor! rascals! I am astonished; here are none but people of condition, and reasons known only to the illustrious inquisitors,

compel them to place them apart from one another; with you this has been done as a severer punishment, and am I to return your thanks for that?"

"I did not know this."

The fellow was right, as I learnt, some days afterwards, but too well. I then found, that a man who is alone in his confinement, without the power of employing himself, in a cell nearly dark, and where he only sees the person who brings him food, once in a day, and in which he cannot even walk about upright, becomes the most miserable of living creatures; he may at last even long for the company of a murderer, a madman, or even a bear. Solitude in these prisons brings despair; but none know that who have not had the experience. If the prisoner, however, happen to possess some knowledge, and is allowed pen and paper, his misery is diminished a tenth.

When the jailer was gone, I approached my table to the grating, for the sake of the scanty light which penetrated the aperture, but I could not swallow more than a spoonful of soup; after fasting five-and-twenty hours, my sickness was not surprising. I passed the day tolerably quietly in my arm-chair, and waited till morning expecting the promised books. I was kept awake all night by the noise of the accursed rats in the adjoining garret, and by the striking of the clock in the tower of St. Mark, which was as audible as if it had been in my room; added to which, that a host of fleas attacked my flesh and blood, with an energy without parallel, that nearly produced convulsions.

At day-break, Lorenzo, my jailer, appeared: he ordered my bed to be made, and my room to be swept out and put in order, while one of his people brought me water to wash. I wished to go into the garret, but he told me that it could not be allowed. He gave me two large books, which, intentionally, I would not open before him; probably he would have informed the spy, if I had manifested any dislike to them. After he had arranged my meal, and cut two lemons, he left me.

I ate the soup directly, that it might not grow cold. I held one of the books up to the light of the grating, and found it was just possible to read in this manner: the title of the work was, "The mystic town of the sister Maria of Jesus, called Agrada." I could not conceive what could be the contents of the work. The second book was the work of a Jesuit; I have forgotten his name. His object in it was to found a new and more particular veneration for the heart of our Saviour. According to him, this, before all other parts of the body of the redeemer, should be held sacred: the first page revolted me; the heart seemed to me to be no more worthy of especial veneration than any other of the entrails. The first work somewhat attracted my attention; it contained the ravings of the overstrained fancy of a very pious, but very melancholy nun, of Spanish origin, whose ignorant superiors had flattered her delusions. All her chimerical and extraordinary visions were delivered as revelations, inflamed with love for the holy virgin, and, as her confidential friend, she had received from God himself the direct command to write the life of his holy mother; the Holy Ghost had afforded her the needful instructions for this purpose, which no mortal could have obtained by other means. The writings contained no intentional fictions, for invention could not go

so far; all was written in perfect belief, as is usually the case in the visions of an exalted and overstrained imagination, which, far removed from pride, is perfectly convinced of the truth of the communications, which it believes the sacred spirit to have instilled into it. The work excited in me neither a greater thirst for nor devotion to religion, but rather induced me to regard every doctrine as erroneous that contains any thing either dogmatical or mystical.

Nevertheless, I soon felt the effect this reading had on my spirits. A mind more susceptible than mine, and more inclined to the wonderful, would have become as visionary as that of the nun itself. I devoted a whole week to the work, till I could read no farther; on going to sleep, I felt the influence of the disorder which the nun of Agrada had ingrafted on a mind depressed by melancholy and bad food. I smile now when I recal my fantastic dreams. If I had possessed pen and paper, a work might have been produced in the prisons of the Camerotti, more extraordinary than that Signor Cavalli had sent me.

I have ever since been persuaded of the error of those who boast of the strength of the human intellect. If mankind were to observe narrowly, it would discover more of weakness than of strength in the mind. Notwithstanding mental derangement is a rare occurrence, I am convinced how easily the mind may be overturned: our reason is like gunpowder, easily inflamed, and but requiring a spark for its explosion. Such a work as that of which I have been speaking can upset a man's reason, if, like me, he were a prisoner in the Camerotti, and deprived of every employment, and every other mental occupation.

At the end of nine days I was destitute of money. Lorenzo asked to whom he should apply for some; I answered to no one. My silence and reserve were in the highest degree repugnant to this gossiping and avaricious man. On the following morning he announced to me, "that fifty sous per diem were allotted me by the tribunal; as receiver of this sum, he would keep a reckoning of my expenditure, and account with me at the month's end, and I might dispose of the overplus." I requested to see the newspapers twice a week, but I was informed that that was forbidden. Seventy-five livres monthly were far more than I could spend, for I hardly ate any thing: the overpowering heat of my room, and the want of proper food, had exhausted me; the destructive time of the dog days now began, and the sun's rays acting on the leaden roof of my prison, converted the atmosphere of my cell to that of a sweating-stove; I remained entirely unclothed, and the perspiration streamed down on both sides of me on my arm chair as I sat in it; violent accesses of shivering announced the approach of fever: I remained in bed and was silent. On the third day after the first attack, when Lorenzo found all my food untouched, he asked me how I found myself? "Well," I replied. "That is impossible, for you eat nothing; you are ill, and you will be astonished to hear of the bounty of the tribunal, for you shall have a doctor, surgeon, and medicines, without its costing you any thing." In three hours he reappeared, carrying a lighted taper before a man, whose appearance proclaimed him a physician. For three days I had been in a burning fever; he wished to interrogate me, but I declared, that to my confessor and physician I could only speak without witnesses. He ordered Lorenzo to withdraw, and on his refusing, he quitted me, declaring me

in danger of my life. This was what I wished ; it was a satisfaction to me to show my inflexible tyrants the consequences of their persecution.

In four hours the physician returned alone with the light, Lorenzo remaining without. I was so exhausted that I felt really at ease. When we are seriously ill we no longer experience ennui ; I was even vexed my tormenting spirit remained without, for since he had explained to me the use of the strangling machine, I had conceived a horror of him.

I shortly explained my situation, and what I needed. " You must banish your melancholy, if you would get well," said he. " Write a receipt for that purpose, and bear it to the only apothecary who can prepare a dose of it for me," I replied ; " Signor Cavalli has been the fatal physician who prescribed for me the ' Heart of Jesus,' and the ' Mystic Town : ' those works have reduced me to this." He prepared for me himself a lemonade, of which he advised me to drink copiously, and then left me. I passed the night more easily, though with troublesome dreams.

On the following morning my medical attendant returned, accompanied by a surgeon, who bled me ; he gave me some medicine, which I was to take at evening, and a draught ; he also had obtained permission for me to sleep in the garret, where the heat was not quite so overpowering ; but this I declined on account of the rats, which I feared might come into my bed. He compassionated my condition, and told me that he had represented to Cavalli the consequences of my reading the books he had sent me, and that Cavalli had promised to send me others ; in the mean time he had brought me Boethius. I thanked him for his kindness, and he went, after leaving me elder and barley water to drink.

After four visits of this man I became convalescent, and I regained my appetite. At the beginning of September I was tolerably restored ; nothing tormented me but heat, vermin, and ennui, for I could not read Boethius eternally. Lorenzo told me I might, while my bed was being made and my room swept out, in order to destroy the fleas who consumed me, wash my face and hands out of the cell : this was a favour, and I employed the eight or ten minutes that was allowed me in walking violently up and down the garret ; the rats, frightened at this, were not visible. On the same day Lorenzo granted me this indulgence, he settled his accounts with me ; there remained about thirty livres coming to me, but I gave it to him, telling him he might have masses said for it ; he thanked me as if he had been the priest who had to say them. At the end of each month I repeated this gift, but I never saw any receipt from a priest ; without doubt, it was among Lorenzo's least crimes that he appropriated this money to his own use.

I remained in this condition, ever nourishing the hope of speedily returning to my liberty ; scarcely an evening passed without my retiring to rest with a conviction that on the morrow my freedom would be announced to me ; but as I saw my hopes constantly disappointed, it occurred to me that probably a stated term was fixed for my imprisonment, and I conjectured the first of October to be that term, because on that day the inquisitors were changed. My confinement would last till then, I further concluded, from my not seeing the

secretary, who, I had supposed, would have come to announce to me the crime of which I was accused, and the extent of my punishment. This seemed but natural and probable; but I deceived myself; for in the Camerotti nothing ever passes that is either natural or probable; I imagined that, aware now of my innocence, they were ashamed of their persecution, but that they still detained me in order to save their own reputations; and that they would free me at the termination of their reign, that their successors might not discover the injustice they had been guilty of towards me.

But all this and other reasoning was totally fallacious, as applied to the inquisition. Every citizen becomes guilty as soon as he is treated by this court as such. What use then to examine him? Why give him the unpleasant information of his conviction and condemnation? His confession is not needed; they therefore leave him hope; the tribunal judges and condemns; the culprit is but a machine, a nail, to drive which through a plank only requires a hammer.

On the night of the thirtieth of September I could not sleep: I longed for the approach of day, for I was convinced it would bring me freedom; but morning broke, and Lorenzo brought me my food without a word. Five or six days I passed in rage and despair; I began to think that, from causes totally inexplicable to me, I was to be confined for life. This fearful thought excited a laugh, but nothing more: I resolved to free myself, or perish in the attempt. "*Deliberata morte ferocior.*" I determined, at the beginning of November, to leave a place by stratagem where I was unjustly detained by force. This became my only thought. I resolved in my mind the means of accomplishing, what doubtless many had attempted, but none had ever succeeded in. A curious circumstance disclosed to me the effect confinement had had on my mind. I stood in my cell, with my eyes turned up towards the hole in the roof, and contemplated the large beam: Lorenzo had just left the cell with two assistants, when I saw the huge timber not only shake, but bend to the right, and then resume its place; at the same moment I lost my equilibrium: I knew it must proceed from an earthquake, and the alarmed jailers concluded the same thing. Joyful at this discovery, I remained silent; in five minutes the shock was renewed, and I exclaimed, "Another, another, great God! but stronger." The attendants were astonished, for they supposed me deranged, and fled. On reflection, I was aware that it had occurred to me, that in the destruction of the ducal palace, I might effect my escape: I did not seem to doubt the possibility, that the falling building would leave me unhurt and free on the pavement of St. Mark's place! The same earthquake it was that, on the same day, laid Lisbon in ruins.

To render intelligible my plans for escape, a description of the "locale" is necessary.

The cells for the state prisoners are on the highest floor, in the roof of the ducal palace; which roof is neither covered with slates nor tiles, but with plates of lead three feet square and about a line in thickness; hence the name *Bleikammern*. The only access to them is through the gate of the palace, and through those galleries along which I had been brought, and in the way up to them the council-hall of the state inquisitors is passed. The secretary alone keeps the key,

and the jailer returns it to him every morning after he has performed his service for the prisoners. This arrangement was made, because at a later hour of the day the council of ten assembled in an adjoining chamber called *La Bussola*, and the jailers would have had to pass through an anti-room, where people in attendance on that council were in waiting.

These prisons occupy the two opposite sides of the building; three, among which was mine, towards the west, and four towards the east. The gutter on our side ran along the inner court; on the other it overhung the canal "*Rio di palazzo*." The cells on that side are very light, and a man can stand upright in them; but it was not so with the others, which were called "*trave*," from the beams which crossed the windows in the roof. The floor of my cell was the ceiling of the hall of the inquisitors, who, according to rule, assembled only at night after the meeting of the ten, of which they were all of them members.

I was aware of all this, and my knowledge of the locality afforded me the only hope of escape. It would be necessary to dig through the floor of my cell, but to effect this tools were required, which I had no means of obtaining, deprived as I was of all means of communication with others; all visits and writing materials were absolutely forbidden; gold to bribe the jailers I had none; and if they would have had the complaisance to let me murder them, I had no weapon; besides, one of them stood centinel at the closed passage, and before even a comrade could be let out he must give the pass word. Flight remained the object of my constant thought; and since I could derive no assistance on the subject from Boethius, I ceased to peruse his writings; but I had ever been convinced that there is no object a man may not attain by constantly devoting his thoughts to it.

In the middle of November I was informed, that, a new state prisoner having been taken, and being condemned to the worst cell, I was to have him for a companion. The information was of course agreeable to me. Accordingly, after the third hour, I heard the drawing of bolts, and Lorenzo, accompanied by his two assistants, appeared, conducting a young man, who was dissolved in tears: they shut him in with me, and left us. I lay on my bed in the alcove, so that the stranger could not see me. I was diverted at his surprise; he was fortunate enough to be only five feet high, so he could stand upright: he looked on my arm-chair, which he concluded was intended for him, with attention; and seeing my Boethius laying on the shelf over the grating, he dried his eyes and opened the book, but pushed it away discontentedly on finding it a Latin work. He was still more surprised at observing clothes, and on approaching the alcove he stretched forth his hand and touched me, instantly apologizing. I bade him to sit down, and in this manner our acquaintance commenced. He told me he was the son of a coachman, had been valet to a count, and had fallen in love with his master's daughter; that when the father found that she returned his attachment, and that they meditated a secret marriage, the count had exerted his influence, and got him sent here.

He was an agreeable, honest young man, but in love to desperation, and all his tears and sighs seemed vented more on account of his mistress's than of his own situation. I pitied his simplicity, and shared my provisions with him, but he ate nothing; and at night I lent

him my mattress to sleep on, as he could get nothing for himself till morning. On the morrow, Lorenzo brought him a mattress, and informed him that the tribunal allotted him fifteen sous daily for his provisions. I told the jailer he would always eat with me, and that he might keep the money to have three masses weekly said for his soul. Lorenzo congratulated my companion on my kindness, and gave us permission to walk every day half an hour up and down in the gallery: this was not only of great use to my health, but enabled me to further my plans for escape, which, nevertheless, did not ripen till eleven weeks afterwards.

At the further end of this magazine for rats, I found a quantity of old lumber, on each side of two old chests, laying tumbled together on the ground; a heap of papers and writings lay before them. Among the rubbish was a warming-pan, a brazier, a fire-shovel and tongs, an old candlestick, and a tin watering-pot; probably some illustrious predecessor of mine had obtained permission to have these for his convenience; I also observed an iron bolt, about the thickness of my thumb, and eighteen inches long; but I touched nothing: the time was not yet arrived for fixing my attention on any thing.

One morning, at the end of the month, my companion was removed from me; Lorenzo said he had been ordered to the prisons called La Guattri: they are in the interior of the building, and belong likewise to the inquisitors. Those imprisoned in them enjoy the privilege of calling their jailers at any time, if they want any thing. It is true, that there is no day-light, but an oil-lamp supplies the place. I afterwards heard that poor Maggiorino passed five years in them, and was then banished for ten more to Lerigo! The loss of his society affected me exceedingly. Left again to myself, I again fell into dejection, but I still was allowed the privilege of walking in the gallery for a short time, and I found means to examine every thing that was there; more particularly in one of the chests I found some blank paper, paste, undressed goose feathers, and twine; the other was locked. A piece of black smooth marble, about one inch thick, six long, and three wide, I managed to secrete and convey into my cell, where I hid it under my shirts.

Eight days after Maggiorino's departure, Lorenzo told me I might expect another companion. This jailer, who was an inveterate gossip, was impatient at my reserve; and as I never gave him an opportunity of showing his discretion, he concluded that I asked him no questions, in the belief he had nothing to tell me worth knowing. This hurt his vanity; and to prove that I was mistaken, he let fall hints of many things, of which I had asked no information, respecting the prisoners and the rules of the place; he also boasted his own virtues, but they were for the most part negative.

This was the first conversation he had honoured me with; it diverted me, and his information was afterwards of use to me; I also gathered from it that his folly prevented him from being baser than he otherwise might have been. I was fully aware that I might profit by this folly.

The following morning my new companion arrived, and the same scene as with Maggiorino was repeated. I now found that I should want two ivory spoons, for the first day I always had to treat the strangers.

I saluted the present one immediately; and my beard, already four inches long, imposed more on him than my stature; for though I was allowed scissors occasionally to cut my nails, I was not permitted to cut my beard; but use is every thing, and I became used to this.

The stranger was a man of about fifty, thin, and stooped much: he was shabbily dressed, and had a sinister expression of countenance; he was reserved towards me the first day, though he ate my victuals, but on the morrow he changed his system. A good bed and linen belonging to him was brought him. The jailer asked about his food, and demanded money for it.

“I have not even a sous.”

“Good,” replied Lorenzo; “then you shall have a pound and a half of ship’s biscuit, and excellent water.” He fetched both directly, and then left me alone with the spectre. He sighed, and that awaked my compassion. “Be not dejected,” said I to him, “you shall eat with me; but you have been imprudent to come here absolutely without money.” “I have money,” he replied, “but one must not let these harpies know it.”

I learnt from him that he was an usurer, who had been sent here most justly for an infamous piece of roguery he had practised towards a Count Serimon, to whom he had refused restitution of some money he had been intrusted with by him. After being condemned in a process with costs, he was committed here till he should pay. On the fourth day, at about four, Lorenzo summoned him to the presence of the secretary. He dressed immediately, and put on my shoes without my being aware of it; he came back in half an hour in great grief and agitation, and took out of his own shoes two purses with three hundred and fifty zechini in them, with which he returned to the secretary. Lorenzo told me he had been liberated on paying this sum, and his things were sent for on the following day. I concluded that the threats of torture had brought him to confession, so there may be some use even in this tyranny.

On the 1st of January, 1756, I received a new year’s gift. Lorenzo brought me a beautiful dressing-gown, lined with fox fur, a silken coverlid quilted with wool, and a case of bear skin to put my feet in; for in proportion as it was hot in summer was my prison cold in winter. At the same time he informed me, that six zechini monthly were placed at my disposal, and that I might buy what books or newspapers I pleased. He added that this present came from my friend and patron, the Patrician Bragadino: I begged of him some paper and a pencil, and wrote on it, “My thanks for the clemency of the tribunal and the generosity of Signor Bragadino.”

A person must have been in my situation to be able to appreciate the effect this had on me: in the fullness of my heart I pardoned my oppressors; indeed I was nearly induced to give up all thoughts of escaping; so pliant is man, after misery has bowed him down and degenerated him.

One morning, as I was walking up and down the garret, my eyes rested on the bolt, which still lay on the ground. I saw that it could be made to supply me with an offensive and defensive weapon. I picked it up, hid it under my clothes, and brought it into my cell, at the same time taking in my hand the piece of marble I before men-

tioned to have secured: I recognized it now for a whetstone, and trying the bolt on it, I resolved to make a weapon of the latter, though every convenience for so doing was wanting. The difficulties I had to overcome were but an incentive to my perseverance: I was obliged to perform my work in nearly perfect darkness, and to hold the stone in my hand, for want of something to lean it against; and instead of oil, I was compelled to use my own spittle. I worked fourteen days to convert the bolt into an octangular stiletto, and a sword-maker could not have done it better; but it is impossible to form an idea of the fatigue and patience it cost me: it was a work, "*quam Siculi non invenere tyranni.*" I could hardly move my right arm, and my left hand was become one blister; but I would not give up my work. At length it was finished. Proud of my labour, and yet uncertain of what use it would be to me, I was puzzled in what manner to conceal it, so as to escape discovery. I hid it in the straw of my arm-chair; no one could find it there unless he knew of its situation. In this manner I was provided with one step towards an escape, which, if not wonderful, was at least remarkable.

After four days of reflection, I concluded that the only thing that remained for me to do, would be to dig a hole through the floor of the cell. I knew that under it must be the chamber in which I had seen Cavalli; I knew that this chamber was every morning open, and that if I could effect the opening, I could let myself down by means of my bed-clothes, then conceal myself under the table of the tribunal, and escape the following morning when the door was opened. I hoped to be able to reach a place of safety before I were pursued: if I found a sentinel, placed by Lorenzo, in that chamber, I would with my weapon kill him; but if it should turn out that the floor of the cell was doubly, and perhaps trebly boarded, the work might occupy me many months, and how should I be able to hinder the sweeping of my room so long? To forbid it would excite suspicion, for I had at first most strenuously insisted on it, for the sake of exterminating the vermin.

Nevertheless, I did forbid it; and after some days, Lorenzo was curious to know the reason; I replied, that it raised a dust that was prejudicial to my lungs: he proposed first sprinkling it, but that I reprobated still more, because dampness caused spitting of blood. At the end of a week he commanded it to be swept, had the bed taken out of the cell, and brought in a light, under the pretence of seeing it well swept; I saw that he harboured some suspicion, but I remained quite indifferent in appearance, and took my resolution accordingly.

I stained my handkerchief with blood, which I obtained by cutting my thumb, and waited in bed his coming. "I have coughed so violently," I said, "that I have burst a blood-vessel: see how I have bled; pray send for a physician." One soon arrived, bled me, and gave me a receipt. I declared to him that Lorenzo was alone to blame, because he would persevere in having the place swept. He was desired to desist, which he agreed to; and it became a rule among the under-jailers, only to sweep the rooms of those they meant to ill-treat!

I had gained much, but the time was not yet come for beginning my work; it was so cold, that I could not hold the iron without my hands being frozen. My undertaking required great circumspection: the

long winter nights made me inconsolable; I had to pass nineteen hours in darkness, for on the foggy days, which are common in Venice, the light that was able to penetrate to me was not sufficient to enable me to read. I again sunk into despondency; a lamp would have made me happy. I thought, and thought, how I could supply the place of one: I required a lamp, wick, oil, flint and steel, and tinder, and I had not one of them all; the lamp, however, I supplied by means of an earthen pipkin, in which butter and eggs were prepared, and which I managed to conceal: I saved the oil for my salad, and wicks I made out of cotton from my bed: I then pretended to have a violent tooth-ache, and persuaded Lorenzo to give me a flint to steep in vinegar, to apply to the tooth, and he was present when I laid three flints in vinegar for that purpose. A buckle in my girdle served for a steel, but I had neither matches nor tinder; these, at length, I managed to obtain, through contrivance and fortunate circumstances. An inflammation caused me an intolerable itching; I requested Lorenzo to procure from the physician a receipt to cure it: he prescribed "diet for a day, and three ounces of oil of sweet almonds, to cure the irruption; or rub the part with flower of brimstone; but the last to be used with caution." I laughed at the danger, and desired Lorenzo to buy me the salve, or rather to buy the sulphur, and I would make the salve myself with butter; this he did: but now for the tinder; to contrive a substitute for that was the work of three days. It at last occurred to me that I had ordered my tailor to stuff my silken vest, under the arms, with sponge, to prevent the appearance of the stain; the clothes, quite new, lay before me; my heart beat,—the tailor might not have fulfilled my orders; I hesitated between fear and hope. It only required two steps, and I was out of suspense; but I could not resolve on those two steps: at last I advanced to the place where the clothes lay, and feeling unworthy of such a favour, if I should find the sponge there, I fell on my knees, and prayed fervently. Comforted by this, I took down the dress—and found the sponge.

I was no sooner in possession of it, than I poured the oil into the pipkin, and put the wick in, and the lamp was ready. It was no little addition to the pleasure this luxury afforded me, that I owed it entirely to my own ingenuity, and that I had violated one of the strictest laws of the prison. I dreaded the approach of night no longer: but I was obliged to renounce salad, my favourite dish. I determined to begin my operations on the first Monday of Lent, for during the extravagance of the carnival, I was daily liable to have companions sent me. On Ash-Wednesday Lorenzo announced to me, that I was to expect the annual visit of the secretary, which was made for the sake of receiving any complaints of the prisoners, and to enable them to confess, and receive the sacrament; he desired me, therefore, to dress and receive him. When he came, I begged to have a confessor sent to me on the morrow, but I made no other request, and preferred no complaint. I regretted that I could not forbear shivering from cold, as the secretary might take it for a sign of guilt; when he found I had nothing to say to him, he made me a slight salutation, and left me, and I returned to my bed again to get warm.

I now began to cut through the deal boards of my floor with my

stiletto; at first the chips were not bigger than a grain of corn, but by and by they increased to respectable splinters; the deals were about sixteen inches broad. I dug my hole where two of them joined, and was obliged to be expeditious,—for what was I to do if another prisoner had come, who would have insisted on having the cell swept out. I had moved my bed on one side, lighted my lamp, and lay on the ground, my stiletto in one hand, and a napkin to collect the chips in the other; fortunately I met with no nail nor cramp to impede my progress. After six hours' work, I tied the napkin together, intending to empty the chips behind the lumber in the anti-room, and I put the bed back again in its place. On continuing my work on the following day, I discovered a second deal under the first, and of the same thickness; I had no interruption, but was in continual dread of it. In this way I laboured daily for three weeks: three planks were now cut through, and under them I found a pavement of small pieces of marble, called "terrazzo marmorin;" against this my weapon was ineffectual. I recollected Hannibal's contrivance for passing the Alps, and resolved to try it on this occasion. I found that the vinegar, aided by my perseverance, enabled me, if not to dig through the marble, at least to get out the mortar that cemented the pieces together, and in four days I accomplished my purpose, and had not broken my stiletto. I now found, as I expected, another plank, probably the last, but with which I had greater difficulties, for the hole was already ten inches deep.

It was on the twenty-fifth of June, as in the afternoon, after working three hours, laying on my stomach on the ground; and quite naked, dropping with sweat, and my lamp standing lighted in the hole, when I heard the rattling of the bolts in the anti-rooms. What a moment! I blew out the lamp, left the stiletto and napkin in the opening, pushed the bedstead into the alcove, threw mattress and bedding upon it, and sunk on the floor, nearly dead, just as Lorenzo entered; he would have trod on me if I had not cried out. "Ah, my God!" exclaimed he, "how I pity you, signor; this place is like an oven. Get up, and thank heaven for having sent you such a companion. Your Excellency may now come in." He said this to the unfortunate man who followed him, without thinking of my nakedness; the stranger, however, perceived it, and turned away, while I searched in vain for a shirt. The new comer must have thought himself in hell, and he exclaimed, "Where am I? and where am I to be confined? What a heat, and what a smell! With whom am I imprisoned?" Lorenzo called him out of the cell; begged me to put on a shirt, and to go out into the garret. He told the stranger he had orders to get him a bed, and whatever he might want, directly; in the mean time he might walk up and down in the room, and the smell in the cell would go off: this smell, in fact, came from the lamp, which I had blown out. Lorenzo made me no reproaches on the subject, though I was certain he suspected the truth, and I began to respect him a little for this forbearance.

At length I went out into the room with my shirt and dressing gown on: the new prisoner wrote with a pencil what he wanted; but as soon as he saw me, he exclaimed, "You here, Casanova!" I recognised him immediately for the Count Abbé Fanarola, from Brescia: he was

an agreeable, much-esteemed man, fifty years of age, and rich. I embraced him with tears, and said he was the last man I expected to see there. I told him, when we were left alone, that I would, when his bed came, offer him the alcove, but begged him to refuse it, and to forbid the sweeping out of the room. I would tell him afterwards my reasons. I mentioned the blowing out of the lamp: he promised secrecy, and rejoiced that he was confined with me. I learnt from him that no one knew the crime of which I was accused; and that, therefore, there were all sorts of reports and conjectures afloat about it. Towards the evening his bed, chair, linen, perfume, an excellent dinner, and good wine, were brought him. He could eat nothing, but I was far from following his example. His bed was placed without moving mine, and we were shut in together.

I now brought my lamp out of the hole, and laughed at finding my napkin soaked in oil; when an adventure that might have had tragical consequences ends with a trifling one, we have a right to laugh: the Abbé joined me in my mirth when he heard the story, as I set it to rights again, and lighted it. We never slept the whole night, less on account of the vermin, as that we had numerous questions to ask of one another. From him I learnt that the cause of his arrest was an insignificant but indiscreet observation of his, made at a public place. I told him he might expect to remain here a week, and that then he would be banished to Brescia for a few months; but he would not believe he would be kept here even a week; he afterwards, however, found my prophecy correct. I did my best to console him for the mortification of his confinement.

In the morning early, Lorenzo brought us coffee, and the count's dinner in a basket; the latter could not understand why he must eat at this hour. We were allowed to walk in the gallery for an hour, and were then shut in. The fleas which tormented us, induced the Abbé to ask me why I would not have the place swept? I told him, and showed him every thing. He was astonished, and mortified that he had compelled me to the disclosure. He, however, encouraged me to persevere.

The eight days quickly passed; but how unwilling I was to lose my companion may be conceived. It was superfluous to enjoin him to secrecy at his departure; I should have offended him by the mention of it. With much toil I completed my work by the twenty-third of August; an unfortunate discovery had retarded me till then. When I had made a small hole in the last plank, I found I was right in my supposition, that it was the chamber of the inquisitors that was beneath; but I perceived that I had made the aperture just above a large cross-beam, a circumstance that I had all along feared. I was, consequently, obliged to widen the hole on the other side, to escape this. I stopped the small hole in the plank with bread, that the light of my lamp might not be perceived, for I resolved to postpone my flight till the night before St. Austin's day, for then I knew that the great council assembled, and that therefore the Bussola would be empty, which adjoined the chamber I must escape through.

But on the twenty-fifth of August an event happened that even now makes me shudder at the recollection of it. I heard the bolts drawn, and a death-like fear seized me; the beating of my heart shook my

body, and I threw myself almost fainting in my arm-chair. Lorenzo, still in the garret, said to me through the grating, in a tone of pleasure, "I wish you joy of the news I bring." I imagined he had brought me my freedom, and I saw myself lost; the discovery of the hole I had made would effectually debar me from liberty. Lorenzo entered, and desired me to follow him; I offered to dress myself, but he said it was unnecessary, as he was only going to remove me from this detestable cell, to another quite new, and well lighted, with two windows, from which I could overlook half Venice, and could stand upright in; I was nearly beside myself. I asked for some vinegar; begged him to thank the secretary, but to intreat him to leave me where I was. Lorenzo asked me if I were mad, to refuse to exchange a hell for a paradise; and offering me his arm to aid me, desired my bed, books, &c. to be brought after. Seeing it was in vain to oppose any longer, I rose, and left my cage, and heard him, with some small satisfaction, order my chair to be brought with me, for in the straw of that was my spontoon hid. Would it had been possible for my toilsome work in the floor to have accompanied me also!

Leaning on the shoulder of Lorenzo, who tried by laughing to enliven me, I passed through two long galleries, then over three steps into a large light hall, and passed through a door at the left end of it, into a corridor, twelve feet long and two broad; the two grated windows in it presented to the eye a wide extensive view over a great part of the town, but I was not in a situation to be rejoiced at the prospect. The door of my destined prison was in the corner of this corridor, and the grating of it was opposite to one of the windows that lighted the passage, so that the prisoner could not only enjoy a great part of the prospect, but also feel the refreshment which the cool air of the open window afforded him; a balsam for any creature in confinement at that season of the year; but I could not think of all this at that moment, as the reader might easily conceive. Lorenzo left me and my chair, into which I threw myself, telling me he would go for my bed.

I sat like a statue; I saw all my labour lost; I could yet hardly lament it: not to think of the future was all the alleviation I could find for my misery. I acknowledged my situation as a punishment for having delayed my escape for three days; but did I deserve to be so severely punished, for listening to the most prudential dictates of reason, instead of following the suggestions of my habitual impatience?

In a few minutes, two under-jailers brought me my bed, and returned to fetch my other things; but two hours elapsed without my hearing any thing further, though the door stood wide open; this delay excited many reflections, but I could come to no resolution; as I had every thing to fear, I endeavoured to bring my mind to that state of composure that might arm me against whatever might happen.

Besides the "Camerotti," and the prisons in the inner court, there are also nineteen other frightful subterraneous dungeons in the ducal palace, destined for prisoners condemned to death. All judges and rulers on earth have esteemed it a mercy if they left the wretch his life, however painful that life might be for him. It can only be a mercy when the prisoner considers it himself as such; and he ought to be consulted on the subject, or else the intended mercy becomes injustice.

These nineteen subterraneous dungeons are really graves; but they are called "wells," because they are always two feet deep in water, the sea penetrating through the gratings that supply the wretched light that is allowed to them. The prisoner, who will not stand all day long in salt water, must sit on a trestle, that serves him at night for a bedstead; on that is placed his mattress, and each morning his bread, water, and soup, which he must swallow immediately, if he do not wish to contend for it with large sea-rats, that infest these wretched abodes. In these fearful dungeons, where the prisoner remains for life, some have, notwithstanding the misery of their situation and meagreness of their food, attained a considerable age. I knew of a man of the name of Beguelin, a Frenchman, who having served as a spy for the republic in a war with the Turks, had sold himself as an agent also to them: he was condemned to death, but his sentence was changed to perpetual imprisonment in the "wells;" he was four-and-forty years of age when he was first immured, yet he lived seven-and-thirty years in them; he could only have known hunger and misery, yet thought "*dum vita superest, bene est*," and to this misery did I now expect to be condemned.

At last I heard the footsteps of one approaching in a towering passion; it was Lorenzo, absolutely mad with rage; foaming with passion, and cursing God and all the saints, he demanded of me the axe with which I had made the hole, and insisted on knowing the sbirri who had furnished me with it; and he ordered me to be searched. I stood up, threatened, stripped myself, and told him to search as he pleased. He ordered my bed, my mattress, every thing to be examined, and when he found nothing—"So," said he, "you won't tell me where the tools are you used to cut through the floor; I'll see if you'll confess to others." "If it be truth I have cut through the floor, I shall say that I had the tools of yourself, and that I have given them back again to you." At these words, which obviously were concurred in by his followers, he began literally to howl; he ran his head against the wall, stamped and danced about like a madman; he then left me; and after his people had brought me my books, clothes, bottles, and in short every thing, even to the piece of marble and the lamp, he shut the widows of the corridor, so that I was deprived of the fresh air; yet I had reason to rejoice in having escaped so cheaply; experienced as he was at his trade, he had neglected searching the under side of my arm-chair; I still possessed my stiletto, on which I might rely for achieving my escape.

The heat and change of situation prevented my sleeping: early in the morning, sour wine, stinking water, stale salad, tainted meat, and hard bread, were brought me; my room was not swept out; and when I begged for the window to be opened, I got no answer: a jailer examined the walls and the floor, especially under my bed, with an iron bar; fortunately he forgot the ceiling, for I resolved to effect my escape through the roof; but to effect this I should require co-operation, which I could not yet hope to obtain; every thing which I did would be obvious to the eye, as the room was quite new.

I passed a dreadful day; towards noon the heat increased so much, that I felt as if I should be suffocated; I could neither eat nor drink, for all that was brought me was spoil; perspiration, that literally

dropt from me, hindered me from reading or stirring, but no change was made; the meat and the water that were brought me on the following day, were equally repulsive; I asked whether it were commanded that I should be killed through heat and noisome smells, but Lorenzo would give me no answer; I dipped some bread into some cypress wine, to support me, and to enable me to stab my tormenter when he appeared next day; however, I contented myself with saying, that as soon as I regained my liberty, I would certainly throttle him; he laughed, and left me without a word; I concluded that I was treated thus by command of the secretary, whom he had told of my attempt at escape; I was nearly overcome by the agitation of my mind and the exhaustion of my body.

On the eighth day, I demanded in a rage my monthly reckoning before the under-jailers, and called Lorenzo a cheat; he promised to bring it next morning; the window, which he opened for a moment through necessity, he shut again, and laughed at my cries; but I determined to persevere in using a violent behaviour, as I had gained a little by it; but on the morrow my rage subsided, for before Lorenzo gave me the reckoning, he handed me a basket of lemons, which Bragadino had sent me, with a bottle of good water, and a chicken; an attendant opened the window. I looked only at the balance of my account, and except one zechin, which was to be divided among his men, I desired the rest to be given to Lorenzo's wife: when we were alone, he said to me calmly, "You have told me that you were indebted to me for the work-tools you made the great opening in the floor of your cell with; I am not therefore curious to know any thing more of that; but who gave you the lamp?"

"You yourself—you gave me oil, flint, and sulphur; the rest I had already."

"That is true; can you as easily prove I helped you to the tools to break through the floor?"

"Just as easily; I got every thing from you."

"Grant me patience! what do I hear? did I give you an axe?"

"I will confess all, but the secretary must be present."

"I will ask no further, but believe you; be silent, and remember I am a poor man, and have a family." He left me, holding his hands to his face. I rejoiced to have discovered something by which I could keep in awe a man to whom I was apparently indebted for my life; I knew that his own interest would keep him silent about what I had done. Shortly after, I commissioned him to buy for me the works of Maffei; he was vexed at the laying out of so much money, but he did not venture to own it, but asked what use I could make of more books, since I already had so many. "I had read them all," I replied; he then promised to borrow others of another prisoner, to whom I could lend mine in return, as he assured me they should not be romances, but learned works, since there were many people of education in the prison; I agreed to his offer, and gave the Chronology of Petand to get another book in exchange for it.

In four minutes he returned with the first part of Wolff's writings; this suited me; I recalled the commission for Maffei's works, and he left me, exulting in the advice he had given me. I was not less pleased at the circumstance than him, not so much on account of the books,

as because it opened a channel for communication by writing, with some prisoner, who might aid me in my plans for escape. On opening the book I found a sheet of paper with six good verses, a paraphrase on Seneca's words, "*calamitosus est, animus futuri anxius.*" I made the nail of my little finger of my right hand, which I had kept long, into a sort of pen, and wrote, with mulberry-juice, some verses on the same paper; I wrote a list of my other books on the last leaf of the volume; and on the reverse, under the title of the book, I wrote "*latet.*" Anxious for an answer, I told Lorenzo, on the following morning, that I had read the work, and would be glad if the prisoner could lend me another; he returned immediately with the second part; a loose leaf, which lay in it, contained the following, written in Latin.

"We, both confined as we are in one place, must rejoice at the folly and avarice which gives us an unexpected advantage. My name is Marino Balbi; I am a Venetian nobleman, and belong to the brotherhood of Somascus; my fellow prisoner is Count Andreas Asquina, from Undine, in Frioul; he desires me to say that you may dispose of his books also, a list of which is subjoined on the other side: we must be cautious to conceal from Lorenzo our little correspondence."

I laughed at the recommendation of caution, because the loose leaf with the list of books was no proof of it on his part; Lorenzo might have found the paper, and needed only to get it translated for him to detect us. I gathered from this circumstance that Balbi was not very discreet. After I had read the catalogue, I wrote on the blank half of the page who I was, and all I knew of the origin of my detention, and that I hoped soon to be freed: in the next book I found a letter of sixteen pages, containing the whole history of the cause of his imprisonment. I concluded from this, that he was an affected, whimsical, false reasoner, wicked, stupid, thoughtless, and ungrateful; for example, he mentioned how unhappy he should be, without money and books, if without the company of the old count, and then filled two pages with jests and ridicule of him. I would never have corresponded with a man of this character, had not necessity compelled me to avail myself of his aid. At the back of the volume I found paper, pen, and pencil; I now had the means of writing conveniently. Balbi had mentioned, among other things, that Nicola was the jailer who attended him, and who told him of all that passed in the prison; that he had informed him of what I had done to the floor of my cell, and that Lorenzo had been employed two hours in getting the hole I had made repaired, enjoining the strictest secrecy to the carpenter and smith whom he had employed to do it. Balbi requested my full confidence as to the plan I meant to adopt, to effect my escape. I had less doubts of his curiosity than of his prudence, for his request was suspicious; but I was under the necessity of managing this man; at least, I supposed him able to execute the part in our escape I should entrust him with. I employed the whole day in writing an answer; but suspicion induced me to delay sending it directly: it was possible that Lorenzo might have favoured our correspondence, only to ascertain what instruments I had used to attempt my escape, and where they were to be found: I therefore said that I had used a knife, which still lay in the window of the garret before my cell; Lorenzo had not looked there, but he would do so if he examined our letters.

Balbi wanted to know whether I had not always had the knife with me. As he understood I had not been searched, Lorenzo would have justified his innocence of having been at all negligent, by alleging that he naturally supposed every prisoner sent him by messer grande, to have been previously searched; but in truth the latter had no pretence for searching me, as he saw me rise from my bed. Balbi begged me to send the knife to him by Nicola, as this man was to be trusted.

The incaution of this monk astonished me; as soon as I was convinced that our letters were not intercepted, I wrote to him to say, I would trust my secret neither to Nicola, nor even to paper; this suspicion however gradually left me, and I reflected that my stiletto was an excellent means of effecting my escape; but as I could not use the weapon myself, since, excepting the ceiling, all the rest of my cell was daily searched by an attendant with an iron bar, I could only escape by somebody's breaking through this ceiling from without, who could rescue himself as well as me, through a hole we might make, in the same night, in the roof of the ducal palace: but I must have a companion to help me to attain the roof, where we could consult what was to be done further; consequently, though I could find no one more able to execute my directions than this monk, who was only twenty years of age, and of weak intellect, he must know every thing, and even be put in possession of my iron bolt; I therefore asked Balbi in a letter, whether he were really anxious for freedom, and whether he would be ready to do all I desired him to do, in order to rescue himself and me. He answered me, that he and his companion were ready to attempt every thing that was practicable, but described to me in four pages the impediments and difficulties we should have to encounter. I answered, that common considerations I cared not for; my plan was arranged, and that he should partake of my freedom on promising on his honour to obey me in every thing; he did so promise. I now wrote to him about my iron stiletto, which I would contrive to send him, that he might dig through the floor, break open the wall, and draw me up to him through the opening; that then I would achieve all the rest, and free him as well as the count.

He answered me, that when he had drawn me up to him, I should still be a prisoner, only in another cell. I answered, I knew that well, and had no intention of escaping through any door; my plan was made, and would succeed; I only expected from him punctuality in fulfilling my directions: at the same time I bid him obtain from the keeper fifty prints of sacred subjects, and stick them up against the walls of his cell; these would not excite Lorenzo's suspicion, and we could conceal by means of them the hole through which we should escape, as it would only require a few days to accomplish, and Lorenzo would not be aware of it: I could not do this for myself, for I should be suspected, and no one would believe that I got the prints for the sake of devotion.

Having already planned how to convey to Balbi my iron bolt, I ordered Lorenzo to procure for me a folio edition of a work I specified: the size of this book induced me to hope, that I could conceal the stiletto between the binding and the back, but it was unfortunately two inches longer than the book. Balbi wrote soon to tell me he had hung up the prints. I was determined to send him the stiletto

in the book, but with some contrivance to conceal the part that would project.

I told Lorenzo I was desirous of celebrating Michaelmas-day, with two great plates of macaroni, dressed with butter and Parmesan cheese, and that I wished to give one to the prisoner who had lent me his books. He answered, that the same prisoner had expressed a wish to borrow my great book; I told him I would send it with the macaroni, and ordered him to procure me the largest dish he could; I would myself fill it. While Lorenzo went for the dish, I wrapped up the bolt in paper, and stuck it behind the binding; I was convinced, that if I put a large dish of macaroni on the top of the book, Lorenzo's attention would be so occupied in carrying that safely, that he never would perceive the end of the iron projecting; I informed Balbi of all this, and charged him to be particularly cautious to take the dish and book together.

On Michaelmas day, Lorenzo came with a great pan, in which the macaroni was stewed; I immediately added the butter, and poured it into both dishes, filling them up with grated Parmesan cheese; the dish for the monk I filled to the brim, and the macaroni swam in butter. I put the dish upon the volume, which was half as broad in diameter as the book was long, and gave them to Lorenzo, with the back of the book turned towards him, telling him to stretch out his arms, and to go slowly, that the butter might not run over on the book. I observed him steadily; he could not turn his eyes away from the butter, which he feared to spill; he proposed to take the dish first, and then to return for the book, but I told him by so doing my present would lose half its value; he consented to take both at last, observing that it would not be his fault if the butter ran over; I followed him with my eyes as far as I could, and soon heard Balbi cough three times, the concerted signal of the success of my stratagem. Father Balbi employed eight days to make the opening, which he daily covered over with a print; he wrote constantly to me, complaining of the slow progress he made, though he worked all night long, and that he thought we should only render our condition worse, as he feared we should have no success; my answer to him was, that I was persuaded of the contrary, though I was by no means so in reality; but I well knew we must either persevere, as we had begun, or give up every thing.

On the 16th of October, at eight o'clock, as I was translating an ode of Horace, I heard a noise over head, and then three taps; I answered with as many: this signal had been agreed on between us, if we had not deceived ourselves as to our relative position. Balbi wrote next day to tell me he should soon finish, if my ceiling did not consist of more than two planks, at the same time reassuring me he would not cut quite through the last, as I had particularly dwelt on the necessity of my ceiling's presenting no trace of our labours. I had already resolved to quit my prison on the night of the next day but one; now I had an assistant, I was confident of being able to effect an opening through the great roof of the ducal palace, in four hours; and when we had climbed out on that, to choose the best means that might present themselves of descending.

But on the same day, it was a Monday, two hours after our eat-

ing-time, while Balbi was working, I heard the door of the hall which adjoined my prison open; my blood ran cold, but I did not lose my presence of mind; I gave two taps, the signal to Balbi that he must cover the hole up. In a minute Lorenzo appeared, and begged my pardon, but he was obliged to bring me a scoundrel for a companion; at the same time I saw a man about thirty to forty, small, thin, and very plain, with a wretched dress and a round black wig, appear, led by two jailers; I observed, that the tribunal had the power of commanding there; Lorenzo desired a mattress to be brought for him, and left us, after he had told the new comer that ten sous daily were allotted for his provision.

This man, whose countenance and manners by no means belied the character Lorenzo had given of him, had been a common informer and spy of the basest kind; but having deceived the council in a treacherous piece of information, in which he had betrayed his own cousin, he had been sent here for his pains. His ignorance, superstition, and gluttony, were on a par with his rascality, and I was alternately tormented with his absurd and revolting devotions, his nonsense and his voracity; for having at first, out of compassion, let him dine with me, he spent none of his ten sous, but entirely lived on my provisions: his name was Sorodaci. I had written to tell Balbi, that for the present we must give up our efforts at escape. I kept my new companion in good humour, by condoling with him on his imprisonment, and flattering him with hopes of a speedy release; while I procured, through Lorenzo, crucifixes and images to feed his superstition, and plenty of garlic and strong wine to feed his appetite.

One night I wrote to Balbi to inform him, that when the clock struck eighteen he should begin to proceed with his work, and cease as the clock struck three-and-twenty; he had nothing to fear, and the hopes of our escape depended on his punctuality. It was now the twenty-fifth of October, and the day was approaching when the attempt must be made or given up altogether. The inquisitors and the secretary visited, on the first of November, some villages on the main land; Lorenzo was accustomed to get gay on that evening, and did not rise till late the next day to visit his prisoners; that night must therefore be the one destined for our flight.

It now only remained to work on the superstition of Sorodaci so effectually as to overawe him, and prevent his betraying or marring our plot; accordingly, after he had eaten with me one evening, I assumed the air of one inspired, and bid him seat himself and listen to me. "You must know," said I, "that this morning early, the holy virgin appeared to me in a vision, and said to me, that as you were a fervent worshipper of her holy rosary, to reward your devotion, she would depute an angel in human form, who would descend through an aperture in the ceiling to you, and free you in the space of five or six days: this angel, she told me, would commence his work at the stroke of nineteen, and continue at it till half an hour before sun-set, that he might ascend to heaven again by daylight. Accompanied by this angel, you and I were to quit your prison; and if you swore to renounce the trade of a spy, and reformed, I was to take care of you for the future."

I observed with the most earnest attention the countenance of the

fellow, who seemed petrified at my information. I then took my prayer-book, and after sprinkling the cell with holy water, pretended to pray, and repeatedly kissed the image of the virgin. My rogue remained silent for an hour, and then asked when the angel would descend, and whether we should hear him as he broke through the prison. "Certainly," said I, "he will come at the nineteenth hour; we shall hear him at work, and after four hours, which in my opinion are sufficient for an angel to perform his task, he will retire." "Probably," said he, "you have dreamt this." I denied it, and asked him whether he were determined to renounce the trade of a spy? Instead of answering directly, he asked me whether it were not time for him to renounce his profession some time hence. I gave him for consideration till the coming of the angel, but assured him that if by that time he had not taken the oath, he should not be rescued. I was astonished at the calmness of his mind; he seemed certain of the non-appearance of the celestial visitor, and pitied me: I was impatient for the clock to strike nineteen, and enjoyed the idea of the confusion and terror which I was certain this credulous man would manifest at the promised noise; my plan could not fail, unless Lorenzo had forgotten to give the book containing my instructions to Balbi.

At our meal at noon I drank nothing but water; Sorodaci drank all the wine, and ate a great quantity of garlic. As the clock struck nineteen, I threw myself on the floor, and cried out "the angel comes;" he imitated me, and we remained an hour silent. I read for three hours and a half, and he prayed to the rosary, every now and then falling asleep; he did not venture to speak aloud, and kept his eyes fixed on the ceiling at which Balbi was working, with the most comical expression; as it struck three-and-twenty, I bid him imitate me, as the angel was about to retire; we cast ourselves on the earth, Father Balbi ceased, and all was quiet: on the following morning fear, more than rational surprise, was legible on the countenance of my companion. In two hours I had informed Balbi of all that had passed, and told him when he had finished, he need only push in the ceiling of my cell, which he was to do on the night of the 31st of October, and at four we would escape together with his and my companion.

I kept Sorodaci in a continual excitement by my discourse, and never left him to go to rest, till he was nearly drunk and ready to fall asleep. Every thing succeeded to my wish; the 31st was come, and I endeavoured to persuade myself of the probability of our success.

But here I must pause, and endeavour to justify myself in the opinion of the reader, who may else doubt the sincerity of my religious feelings; since I could thus trifle with the mysteries of our religion, in feigning the vision of our Lady, and in playing on the weakness of my credulous companion at the time; and now, in venturing to record it: but I could not suppress this, if I intended to give a faithful account of my escape; and I conscientiously declare, that I feel no compunction at what I then did, though I do not pretend that it was a very honourable proceeding. I adopted it much against my will, and only because had no better means to employ; but I confess that if it were to do again, and my freedom depended on it, I could not resist the temptation of acting in a similar manner. If nature prompted me to endeavour to escape, certainly religion did not forbid me: I had no time to

lose ; I had a traitor for a companion, whose very trade would induce him to betray me to Lorenzo ; I must therefore either paralyze his mind by the agency of fear, or—murder him, as many others, who possessed less remorse, would have done in my place ; I could easily have asserted that Sorodaci had died a natural death, and no inquiries would have been made. If any of my readers should declare this to have been the least reprehensible mode of acting, God enlighten them ; their religion will never be mine ; I did what seemed to me my duty, and eternal Providence did not frustrate my endeavours. Sorodaci's cowardice hindered him from sharing our flight, as will be seen, so I was freed from my oath of supporting him ; but had it been otherwise, I will confess to my readers, that I would not have prejudiced myself ; I will even own, that on the first appearance of danger, I would have freed myself from the wretch, if I must have tied him up to a tree ; as I had sworn to him constant support, I knew his fidelity would last no longer than I could influence his fears, which would probably terminate at the appearance of the angel and monk. “Non merta fé, chi non la serba altrui.” A man is more justified in sacrificing all to self-preservation, than kings are, who maintain their right to sacrifice all to the good of the state.

At length the seventeenth hour strikes, and the angel approaches. Sorodaci was about to prostrate himself, but I told him it was needless ; in three minutes a piece of the plank fell at my feet, and Balbi precipitated himself into my arms. “Now your work is complete, and mine begins ;” he gave over to me my stiletto : impatient to reconnoitre, I desired Balbi to remain with Sorodaci, whom I was unwilling to trust alone ; I forced myself with difficulty through the opening into the cell of the count, whom I embraced. I found in him a man whose person did not seem adapted for exertions like those we had to make ; and accordingly, when I told him my plan, he asserted he had no wings, which must be necessary to descend from the leaden roof, and declared he had not courage enough to accompany me, but he would remain behind to pray for us. I betook myself to the roof, to examine with my stiletto the timber and planking under the lead work, and found it break easily. In less than an hour I could effect a tolerable opening ; I then returned to my cage, cut up clothes, napkins, and sheets, to make a rope of ; I myself fastened the knots by nooses, for one bad one might have precipitated us headlong ; I got a hundred feet of rope. In situations like mine a fortunate circumstance often decides all, and he alone deserves success who relies solely on his own exertions for attaining it.

I bound my clothes, my silk mantle, and some linen together, and we all betook ourselves to the count's cell ; the latter wished Sorodaci joy of having been confined with me, and of now being able to escape with me. I laughed at laying aside the *Tartuffe's* mask I had carried for a week, in order to impose on my worthy companion ; he now discovered that he had been cheated, but still could not comprehend how I had maintained an intercourse with the pretended angel, who came so punctually to our rescue. The count's assertion, that we exposed ourselves to imminent danger, made him anxious, and coward as he was, he determined not to hazard the perilous attempt. I exhorted the monk to make up his package, while I finished the opening in the

roof; at the second hour of the night it was ready. I felt, indeed, that the plates of lead were rivetted to, or at least bent over the marble gutter; but with Balbi's assistance, and with my bolt, I succeeded in loosening one of the plates sufficiently, so that with the help of one's shoulder it could be raised up. I saw with regret, as I looked out, the light of the new moon, and we must now wait till midnight, when she would set; for in such a night, when the serenity of the weather tempted all the world to walk in St. Mark's-place, we dared not venture to be clambering about the roof; at five the moon would set, and at half-past thirteen the sun would rise, so we had seven hours of perfect darkness.

I told Balbi we would pass the three hours in conversation with Count Asquino, and that the former should beg him to lend us forty zechini, which would be as necessary to our success as my stiletto had been. He performed my commission, and said, after some minutes, the count would speak with me alone: the poor old man represented to me that I needed no gold for my flight; that his family was numerous, and that if I should die he would lose the loan, together with other excuses, to conceal avarice. My answer lasted half an hour; I alleged excellent reasons, but these never will prosper while the world stands; for what can philosophy avail against the passions? It occurred to me, "*nolenti baculus*," but I was not cruel enough to put this proverb in practice, and concluded with the promise, that if he would escape with us I would bear him on my shoulders; weeping and sobbing, he asked if two zechini would be enough. I answered I must be contented with any thing, and he conjured me to promise to restore them to him, if, after wandering about some time on the roof, we should be obliged to return to our prisons. This I promised, though surprised he should imagine I should ever think of returning; I knew very well that would never happen.

We now called our companions, and brought our packages to the opening. I divided my hundred fathoms of line into two parcels; we passed the remaining hours in discourse over our past sufferings. Balbi already began to show the selfish folly of his character, in accusing me repeatedly of not keeping my word with him, for that I had written in my letters to him that I was certain of success, which was by no means the case; and he scrupled not to declare, that if he had known as much as he did now, he never would have united with me in the attempt. The count said, with the caution of a man of seventy, that he thought I had much better remain where I was, for that I should certainly lose my life in attempting to descend from the roof. I gave no heed to his advice; but he still persisted in the hopes of rescuing his two zechini; he described the difficulties of climbing along the roof, and the impracticability of getting in at any of the windows, which were all guarded by iron bars, or of finding a place where we might fasten the rope to; and even if we succeeded in finding such a place, he conceived we should be unable to let ourselves down by the ropes, so that one of us must sacrifice himself by letting down the other two, and then return to his prison; that further, if either of us was capable of such generosity, it then remained to be considered on which side we could descend, without being seen; on the side next the church we should be inclosed in the court-yard, where

there were centinels; there only remained, therefore, the side of the canal, and there we could not have a boat ready for us. I listened to all this with a patience which was foreign to my nature. What provoked me the most were the impudent reproaches of the monk; but as I could not hope to succeed without the aid of one at least, I restrained myself, and contented myself with saying, I was certain of success, though I could not explain all the particulars of my plan.

I sent Sorodaci, who had been in silent bewilderment all this time, to see how near the moon was to her setting, he returned with the information, that in a quarter of an hour there would be no moon to be seen, but that a thick mist would make it dangerous to ascend the leaden roof. "As long as the mist is not oil, I am content," said I, and desired Sorodaci to put on his mantle, and take a part of the rope; on this he began to weep, and begged me not to require his death; he should but fall into the canal, and be perfectly useless to us; he therefore desired to be left behind; he would remain and pray the whole night to St. Francis for us: I had it in my power, he said, to kill him, but alive he would never go with us.

He little knew that I was glad to be quit of him, as I was sure he would be more burdensome than useful to us; I dismissed him, therefore, on condition he would pray to St. Francis, and that he would bring all my books, with a hundred dollars, to the count; he did so; the latter offered to restore them all on my return; I observed he would never see me again. "The wretch deserves not to share in such an undertaking as ours; does he, Balbi?" I wished by this speech to arouse a spark of feeling and honour in the other, and he was obliged to acquiesce in my assertion.

I now begged of the count, pen, ink, and paper, which he possessed, notwithstanding the prohibition to that effect, for Lorenzo would have sold St. Mark himself for a dollar. I wrote a letter, which I could not read over, as it was dark, and gave it to Sorodaci. It began with the following appropriate verse: "Non morar, sed vivam, et narrabo opera Domini." Our lord inquisitors may employ every means to detain a prisoner in their dungeons; but if he be fortunate enough not to be pledged by his word, he is justified in taking all steps to effect his liberation; the former justify themselves by law, the latter by nature; they do not require his concurrence for his imprisonment; he does not require theirs to his freedom. I wrote as follows:

"Jacob Casanova, who writes this in the agony of his heart, knows that the misfortune may befall him of falling again into the hands of those from whom he is now endeavouring to escape; should this be the case, he supplicates the humanity of his high-minded judges not to make his condition more wretched, in punishing him for an attempt that reason and nature equally prompted him to; he begs that if he should be re-taken, all his property be restored to him, and that he may be confined again in the cell from which he now breaks out. Should he, however, succeed in escaping, he gives all he left behind him to Francisco Sorodaci, whom the love of freedom did not inspire like himself, and who, therefore, remains behind, and whom Casanova begs would not attribute this present to him.

“Written, an hour before midnight, without light, in the cell of Count Asquino, the 31st of October, 1756.”

Castigans, castigavit me Deus, et morti non tradidit me.

I gave the letter to Sorodaci, with an injunction to deliver it into the secretary's own hands, who would certainly visit the prisons himself. The count thought the letter would not fail in its effect, and he promised, when I was brought back, to return me every thing. Sorodaci even said he hoped to see me again, and to give me back also what I had left him.

But it was time to depart, as the moon was no longer visible. I placed on Balbi's shoulder the bundle of cord, and on the other his packet, and loaded myself in the same manner; we then, dressed in our vest only, and our hats on our heads, looked through the opening I had made.

E quindi uscimmo a rimirar le stelle.—Dante.

I went first; notwithstanding the mist, every object was visible enough; kneeling and creeping, I thrust my weapon between the joints of the lead plates, holding with one hand by that, and with the other, by the plank on which the lead-plate had laid, which I had removed, I raised myself on the roof; Balbi, in following me, grasped my band behind, so I resembled a beast of burthen, which must draw as well as carry; in this manner I had to ascend a steep and slippery roof-side. When we were half-way up this dangerous plane, Balbi desired me to stop a moment, for that one of his bundles had fallen off, and probably had only rolled down to the gutter; my first thought was to give him a push that would send him after it, but Heaven enabled me to contain myself; the punishment would have fallen on me as well as him; for without his help I could do nothing. I asked if the bundle was gone? and when I heard that it contained his black gown, two shirts, and a manuscript, I consoled him for its loss: he sighed, and followed me, still holding by my clothes.

After I had climbed over about sixteen lead plates, I reached the ridge of the roof; I set myself astride on it, and the monk imitated me; our backs were turned towards the island of S. Giorgio maggiore, and two hundred steps before us was the cupola of St. Marks, a part of the ducal palace, wherein the chapel of the doge is, more magnificent than that of any king. Here we took off our bundles; he placed his ropes between his legs; but on laying his hat upon them, it rolled down the roof, and fell into the canal; he looked on this as a bad omen, and complained he had now lost hat, shirts, and manuscript; but I reminded him, that it was fortunate that the hat had fallen to the right and not to the left, for otherwise it would have alarmed the sentinel in the arsenal.

After looking about me a little, I bid the monk remain quite still here till my return, and climbed along the roof, my dagger in my hand; I crept in this manner for an hour, trying to find a place to which I might fasten my rope to enable me to descend; but all the places I looked down into were inclosed ones, and there were insuperable difficulties to getting to the canonica on the other side of the church; yet every thing must be attempted, and I must hazard it without allowing myself to think too long on the danger; but about two-thirds of the way down the side of the roof I observed a dormer

window, which probably lit some passage leading to the dwelling-places not within the limits of the prisons, and I thought I should find some of the doors going out of it open at day-break. If any one should meet us, and take us for state prisoners, he would find, I determined, some difficulty in detaining us. With this consideration, with one leg stretched out towards the window, I let myself gently slide down, till I reached the little roof of it, that ran parallel to the great one, and set myself upon it. I then leant over, and by feeling, discovered it to be a window with small round panes of glass, cased in lead, behind a grating; to penetrate this, required a file, and I had only my stiletto. Bitterly disappointed, and in the greatest embarrassment, I seemed incapable of coming to a determination, when the clock of St. Mark's striking midnight, awakened my fainting resolution; I remembered that this sound announced the beginning of All Saints day. When misfortune drives a strong mind to devotion, there is always a little superstition mingled with it; that bell aroused me to action, and promised me victory; laying on my stomach and stretching over, I struck violently with my dagger against the grating in the hope of forcing it in; in a quarter of an hour were four of the wooden squares broke, and my hand grasped the wood work; the panes of glass were speedily demolished, for I heeded not the cutting of my hand. I now returned up to the top of the roof, and crept back to my companion; I found him in a dreadful rage, cursing me for having left him two hours; he at last thought I must have fallen over, and was about to return to his prison. He asked me what were my intentions; "you will soon see," said I, and packing our bundles on our necks again, I bid him follow me. When we reached the roof of the window, I explained to him what I had done, and what I intended to do. I asked his advice as to the best mode of getting in at it: it would be easy for the first man, the second would hold the rope; but what would this last one do? in leaping down from the window to the floor he might break a leg, for we knew nothing of the space between. The monk instantly proposed I should let him down first, and afterwards think how I should get in myself; I was sufficiently master of myself to conceal my indignation at this proposal, and to proceed to execute his wish; I tied a rope round my companion, and sitting astride of the window-roof, let him down to the window, telling him to rest on his elbows on the roof, and to put his feet through the hole I had made. I then lay down again on the roof, and leaning forward, told him to be satisfied that I would hold the rope fast. Balbi came safely down upon the floor, untied himself, and I drew the rope back to me, but in doing this, I found that the space from the window to the floor was ten times my arm's length; it was impossible, therefore, to jump this. Balbi called to me to throw the rope to him; but I took care not to follow his absurd and selfish counsel. I now determined on returning to the great roof, and I discovered a cupola at a place where I had not been; it brought me to a stage laid with lead plates, and which had a trap-door, covered with two folding shutters. I found here a tub full of fresh lime, building tools, and a tolerably long ladder; the latter, of course, attracted my particular attention; I tied my rope round one of the rings, and climbing up the roof again, drew the ladder after me; this ladder I must contrive to put in at the win-

dow, and it was twelve times the length of my arm. Now I missed the help of the monk; I let the ladder down to the gutter, so that one end leant against the window, the other stood in the gutter; I drew it up to me again as I leaned over, and endeavoured to get the end in at the window, but in vain; it always came over the roof, and the morning might come and find me here, and bring Lorenzo soon after it; I determined to slide down to the gutter in order to give the ladder the right direction. This gutter of marble yielded me a resting place, while I lay at length on it; and I succeeded in putting the ladder about a foot into the window, which diminished its weight considerably, but it was necessary to push it in two feet more; I then should only have to climb back to the window-roof, and, by means of the line, draw it entirely in; to effect this, I was compelled to raise myself on my knees, and while I was doing so, they slipped off the gutter, and I lay with only my breast and elbows upon it. I exerted all my strength to draw my body up again, and to lay myself on the gutter: I had, fortunately, no trouble with the ladder; it was now three feet in the window, and did not move. As soon as I found I lay firm, I endeavoured to raise my right knee up to the level of the gutter; I had nearly succeeded, when the effort gave me a fit of the cramp, as paralyzing as it was painful. What a moment! I lay two minutes motionless; at length the pain subsided, and I succeeded in raising one knee after the other upon the marble again; I rested a few minutes, and then pushed the ladder still further into the window. Sufficiently experienced in the laws of equilibrium by this adventure, I returned to the window-roof, and drawing the ladder entirely in, my companion received the end of it, and secured it; I then threw in the rope and bundle, and soon rejoined him; after short congratulations, I felt about to examine the dark and narrow place we were in.

We came to a grated iron door, which opened on my raising the latch, and we entered a large hall; we felt round the walls, and met with a table, surrounded by arm-chairs. I at length found a window, opened the sash of it, and looked, by starlight, down a fearful depth; here was no descent by rope practicable. I returned to the place where we had left our things, and sat down in an arm-chair, and was seized with such an invincible desire to sleep, that if I had been told it was death, I should have welcomed it; the feeling was indescribable. At the third hour the noise of the monk awoke me; he said my sleeping at such a time and place was incomprehensible; but nature had overcome me; I, however, gained a little strength by the rest.

I said, as I arose, that this was no prison, and that there must be, therefore, somewhere an exit; I searched till I found the large iron door, and opposite to it was a smaller one, with a key-hole; I put my stiletto in it, and exclaimed, "Heaven grant it may not be a cupboard." After some efforts the lock yielded, and we entered a small room, in which was a table with a key upon it; I tried it; it opened, and I found myself in cupboards filled with papers; it was the archive-chamber. We ascended some steps, and passing through a glass-door, entered the chancery of the doge; I now knew where I was, and as in letting ourselves down we might get into a labyrinth of small courts, I seized an instrument with which the parchments are pierced to affix the seals; this tool I bid Balbi stick into the chink in the door, which

I made with my bolt, and worked it about on all sides, not caring for the noise, till I had made a tolerable hole ; but the projecting splinters threatened to tear our skin and clothes, and it was five feet from the floor to the opening, for I had chosen the place where the planks were the thinnest ; I drew a chair to it, and the monk got on it ; he stuck his arms and head through the opening, and I pushed the rest of him through into a chamber, the darkness of which did not alarm me ; I knew where we were, and threw my bundle through to him, but left the rope behind. I had no one to aid me, on which account I placed a chair on the top of two others, and got through the aperture to my loins ; I desired Balbi to pull me through with all his force, regardless of the pain the laceration of my flesh gave me. We hastened down two flights of steps, and arrived at the passage leading to the royal stairs, as they are called ; but these, wide as a town-gate, were, as well as those beyond, shut with four wide doors ; to force these would have required a petard, and here my dagger seemed to say, "*hic fines posuit.*" I sat down by Balbi, calm and collected, and told him that my work was done, and that God and fortune would achieve the rest for us.

*Abbia, chi regge il ciel, cura del resto
O la fortuna, se non tocca a lui.*

"To-day," I continued, "is All Saints day, and to-morrow, All Souls, and it is not likely any should come here ; if any one do come to open the doors, I will rescue myself, and you follow me ; if none come, I will remain here and die of hunger, for I can do no more."

Balbi's rage and desperation knew no bounds ; but I kept my temper, and began to dress myself completely. If Balbi looked like a peasant, his dress at least was not in shreds, and bloody, like mine ; I drew on my stockings, and found on each foot large wounds, for which I was indebted to the gutter and lead plates ; I tore my handkerchief, and fastened the bandages with thread I had about me ; I put on my silk dress, which was ill assorted with the weather, arranged my hair, and put on a shirt with lace ruffles, and silk stockings, and threw my old clothes into a chair ; and now looked like a rake, who is found after a ball in a suspicious place. I approached a window, and, as I learnt two years afterwards in Paris, some loiterer below who saw me, informed the keeper of the palace of it, who, fearing that he had locked some one in by mistake, came to release us ; I heard the noise of steps coming up the stairs, and looking through a chink, saw only one man, with some keys in his hand. I commanded Balbi to observe the strictest silence, and hiding my stiletto under my clothes, placed myself close to the door, so that I needed only one step to reach the stairs. The door was opened, and the man was so astonished at my appearance, that I was able, silently and quickly, to pass by him, the monk following me ; assuming then a sedate pace, I took the direction to the great staircase ; Balbi wanted to go to the church to the right, for the sake of the sanctuary, forgetting that in Venice there was no sanctuary against state crimes and capital offences, but at last he followed me.

I did not expect security in Venice. I knew I could not be safe till I had passed the frontiers ; I stood now before the royal door of the ducal palace ; but without look

or b

erved in

return, I crossed the "Piazzetta," and reaching the canal, entered the first gondola I found there, and cried out, "another rower, I wish to go to Fusina." Another gondolier soon appeared, and I threw myself negligently on the centre seat, while the monk sat on one side: the gondola put off.

The figure of the monk, without a hat, and wrapped in my cloak, might have caused me to be taken for an astrologer, or an adventurer. We no sooner passed the custom-house than my gondoliers began to exert their strength to cross the waves of the great canal, through which the way lay, as well to Fusina as to Mestre, whither in reality I meant to go. In the middle of the canal I put out my head, and asked the man, if in fourteen hours we should get to Mestre?

"You wished to go to Fusina, did you not?"

"No, blockhead, I said Mestre;" the other rower, however, maintained the contrary, and Balbi was even absurd enough to contradict me. I affected to laugh, and said I might have erred, but that my wish was to go to Mestre. The gondoliers acquiesced; they were ready to go to England, if I required it; and told me we should reach Mestre in three quarters of an hour.

I cast a look behind us, and saw no gondola in pursuit of us. I rejoiced in the fine day, which was as glorious as could be wished, shining with the first rays of an incomparable sun-rise. Reflecting on the dangers of the past night, on the place where I had spent the preceding day, and on all the fortunately concurring events, which had so favoured me, gratitude filled my soul, and I raised, in silence, my thanks for the mercy of God; overcome by the variety of emotions, I burst into tears, which relieved my heart from the oppression of a joy that seemed likely to burst it.

At present it is sufficient to add, that after many difficulties and narrow escapes, Casanova succeeded in eluding pursuit, and safely quitted the Venetian territory. We shall return to the subject.

TABLE TALK.

HONOURABLE MEN.—There are certain absurdities in France, which in England we could scarcely believe it possible to exist. An instance of this occurs to my recollection at this moment. One morning while we were in Paris, our lacquey de place did not appear as usual. Breakfast passed, the carriage drove to the door, still no lacquey, and Colonel Cleveland, in a passion, had sent to engage another, when, panting with exertion, the gentleman appeared. "He was very sorry—he begged ten thousand pardons—he had hoped to have got his little affair over sooner." "Your affairs, you scoundrel, what are your affairs to us? Do you think we are to sit waiting here, while you are running after your own affairs;" "Pardonnez moi, monsieur," said the lacquey with a low bow, and laying his hand on his heart; "but it was an affair of honour!" And the man had actually been fighting a duel that morning with swords, with another lacquey, in consequence of some quarrel while waiting for us at the French Opera the night before! On inquiry, we found this was by no means extraordinary, and that two shoe-blacks have been known to fight a regular duel, with all the punctilios of men of fashion.—*Continental Adventures.*

PIG-DRIVING IN BUENOS AYRES.—I was one day going home, when I saw a man on foot select a very large pig from a herd, and throw a lasso over his neck; he pulled it with all his strength, but the pig had no idea of obeying the summons: in an instant a little child rode up, and very quietly taking the end of the lasso from the man, he lifted up the sheep-skin which covered the saddle, fixed the lasso to the ring which is there made for it, and then instantly set off at a gallop: never did any one see an obstinate animal so completely conquered! With his tail pointing to the ground, hanging back, and with his four feet all scratching along the ground like the teeth of a harrow, he followed the boy evidently altogether against his will; and the sight was so strange, that I instantly galloped after the pig, to watch his countenance. He was as obstinate as ever until the lasso choked him, and he then fainted, and fell on his side. The boy dragged him in this state, at a gallop, more than three-quarters of a mile over hard rough ground, and at last suddenly stopped, and jumping off his horse, began to unloose the lasso:—"Sta muerto!" (he is dead,) said I to the boy, really sorry for the pig's fate. "Sta vivo!" exclaimed the child, as he vaulted on his horse, and galloped away. I watched the pig for some time, and was observing the blood on his nose, when, to my great surprise, he began to kick his hind leg: he then opened his mouth, and at last his eyes; and after he had looked about him, a little like Clarence after his dream, he got up, and very leisurely walked to a herd of ten or twelve pigs of about the same size as himself, who were about twenty yards off. I slowly followed him, and when I came to the herd, I saw they had every one of them bloody noses.—*Head's Rough Notes.*

THE GLACIERS OF THE ALPS.—Glaciers have been most inaccurately termed mountains of ice:—They are on the contrary more properly *vallies of ice*.—They are uniformly found in the deep vallies or ravines between the mountains—and in the deep hollow cliffs in the sides of the mountains themselves.—They have been obviously formed by the immense avalanches of snow which fall in spring and summer from the precipices and sides of the bordering mountains, into the ravines below. The percolation of the melted water through the snow, which is again frozen in that state, renders it an entire mass of ice.—As the enormous heaps which fall are not nearly melted before the close of summer, and the winter's snow still increases the mass—which the avalanches of the succeeding summer again continue to augment—it is not wonderful that in the course of ages, the enormous vallies of ice, we now behold, many of which are six or seven leagues in length, and of unknown and incalculable depth,—(which however in some places has been ascertained by the fissures to be upwards of three thousand feet,) should have been accumulated. The *surface* of the glaciers of the Alps from the Tyrol to Mount Blanc, is now computed to exceed twelve hundred square miles. As the declivity of these vallies or ravines which the glaciers occupy, is always rapid, their lower extremity pressed onward by the enormous weight of ice above, has always a tendency to descend lower and lower into the larger valley or plain, in which the ravine terminates.—But in proportion as the glacier advances to lower and warmer regions—the dissolution of ice becomes more rapid—consequently during hot summers, and often even during those winters in which the fall of snow has been trifling, they are frequently known to *recede*—that is, the ice is dissolved faster than it is pushed forward. In severer years, on the contrary, their progress is often alarmingly rapid.—In winter, while they are bound by frost, they are of course quite stationary—and the stream of water which in summer flows from their base, is then either completely stopped or dwindled to a very small runlet.—*Continental Adventures.*

HOSPITALITY OF THE GAUCHOS.—The character of the Gaucho is often very estimable; he is always hospitable—at his hut the traveller will always find a friendly welcome, and he will often be received with a natural dignity of manner which is very remarkable, and which he scarcely expects to meet with in such a miserable-looking hovel. On entering the hut, the Gaucho has constantly risen to offer me his seat, which I have declined, and many compliments and bows have passed, until I have accepted his offer, which is the skeleton of a horse's head. It is curious to see them invariably take off their hats to each other as they enter into a room which has no window, a bullock's hide for a door, and but little roof. The habits of the women are very curious: they have literally nothing to do; the great plains which surround them offer them no motive to walk, they seldom ride, and *their* lives certainly are very indolent and inactive. They have all, however, families, whether married or not: and once when I inquired of a young woman employed in nursing a very pretty child, who was the father of the "creatura," she replied, "Quien sabe?"—*Head's Rough Notes.*

THE JEWS OF POLAND.—The Polish Jew is generally of a pale and sallow complexion, the features small, and the hair, which is mostly black, is suffered to hang in ringlets over the shoulders. A fine beard, covering the chin, finishes the oriental character of the Jewish physiognomy. But few of the Jews enjoy a robust and healthy constitution; an evil resulting from a combination of physical and moral causes,—such as early marriages, innutritious food, the filthiness of their domestic habits, and the perpetual mental anxiety which is so strikingly depicted in their countenance, and forms the most onerous part of the curse of the Almighty to which they are subject in their dispersion. Their breath is absolutely intolerable; and the offensive odour of their apartments is such, that I have more than once been obliged to break off interesting discussions with their rabbins, in order to obtain a fresh supply of a rarefied air. Their dress commonly consists of a linen shirt and drawers, over which is thrown a long black robe, fastened in front by silver clasps, and hanging loose about the legs. They wear no handkerchief about their neck, and cover the head with a fur cap, and sometimes with a round broad-brimmed hat. In their walk the Jews discover great eagerness, and are continually hurrying towards some object of gain, with their arms thrown back, and dangling as if loose at the shoulder. They generally marry at thirteen and fourteen years of age, and the females still younger. I have heard of a rabbi, who was disposing of his household, preparatory to his departure for Palestine, that gave one of his daughters in marriage who had but just completed her ninth year. As a necessary consequence of this early marriage, it often happens that the young couple are unable to provide for themselves; and, indeed, altogether incapable, from youth and inexperience, of managing the common concerns of domestic economy. They are, therefore, often obliged to take up their abode at first in the house of the husband's father, except he be in reduced circumstances, and the father of the bride be better able to support them. The young husband pursues the study of the Talmud, or endeavours to make his way in the world by the varied arts of petty traffic for which this people are so notorious. It is asserted to be no uncommon thing among the Jews, for a father to choose for his son's wife some young girl who may happen to be agreeable to himself, and with whom he may live on terms of incestuous familiarity during the period of his son's minority. Comparatively few of the Jews learn any trade, and most of those attempts which have been made to accustom them to agricultural habits have proved abortive. Some of those who are in circumstances of affluence possess houses and other immovable property; but the great mass of the people seem destined to sit loose from every local tie, and are waiting, with anxious expectation, for the arrival of the period, when, in pursuance of the Divine promise, they shall be restored to what they still consider *their own land*. Their attachment, indeed, to Palestine, is unconquerable; and it forms an article of their popular belief, that die where they may, their bodies will all be raised there at the end of the world. They believe, however, that such as die in foreign parts are doomed to perform the *Gilgul Mehiloth*, or trundling passage, through subterraneous caverns, till they reach the place of their "fathers' sepulchres;" on which account, numbers sell all their effects, and proceed thither in their life-time, or remove to some of the adjacent countries, that they may either spare themselves this toil, or, at least, reduce the awkward and troublesome passage within the shortest possible limits. Instances have been known of their embalming the bodies of their dead, and sending them to Palestine by sea; and in such veneration do they hold the earth that was trodden by their ancient patriarchs, that many of the rich Jews procure a quantity of it, which they employ in consecrating the ground in which the bodies of their deceased relatives are interred.—*Henderson's Travels in Russia*.

A GAUCHO'S TREASURE.—In the morning, before day, we started, and for many a league my companions were riding together, and discussing the merits of their partners. The country we rode over was mountainous, and it was very fatiguing both to mules and riders. I had just climbed up a very steep part of the mountain, and, with one of my party, was winding my mule through some stunted trees, when I suddenly met a large-headed young man, of about eighteen years of age, riding his horse at a walk, and with tears running one after another, down his face. I stopped, and asked him what was the matter, but he made no reply. I then asked him how many leagues it was to Petorca, but he continued crying; and at last he said, "He had lost" "Who have you lost?" said I, debating whether it was his mother or his mistress. The fellow burst into a flood of tears, and said, "Mis espuelas," (my spurs,) and on he proceeded. One cannot say much for the lad's fortitude, yet the loss of spurs to a Gaucho is a very serious misfortune. They are in fact his only property—the wings upon which he flies for food or amusement.—*Head's Rough Notes*.

ORIGINAL LETTER FROM NUHAMANNA, QUEEN OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS, TO CAPTAIN KOIZERUF.—I love you with all my heart, and more than myself, and therefore cannot express in words the pleasure I feel at seeing you again. You will find every thing altered: when Tamumaah was alive, the country flourished; but with his death these blossoms faded, and every thing in the islands fell into the greatest disorder. The young king is now in London; Karemaku and Kabumanni are at *present absent*; and the chief who supplies her place has too little influence with the people to receive you in a becoming manner: he cannot send you as much tarro, nor as many yams and pigs as you will want. I am heartily sorry that my large possessions in the island Mowee are at so great a distance from here across the sea; if they were nearer, you should daily be surrounded with swine. When Karemaku and Kabumanni return, they will supply you with every thing. The king's brother will also come with them; but he is still a boy, without any experience, and not able to distinguish right from wrong. I beg you to embrace your emperor for me, and to tell him with what pleasure I would do it myself; but, alas! a whole sea lies between us. Do not forget cordially to recommend me to your countrymen. As I am a Christian, like yourself, you will forgive my bad writing. Hunger obliges me to conclude my letter; and I wish that you may also eat your swine's head with a good appetite.

With royal constancy, ever yours,

NUHAMANNA.

HONESTY OF THE SWISS.—The traveller in Switzerland should remember, that even a solitary female, alone and unattended, will always be perfectly safe throughout the whole country, and in the wildest and most lonely passes of the Alps, by trusting to the native guides, upon whose fidelity and honesty the most perfect reliance may be placed. All the Swiss themselves, from the highest to the lowest, will confirm this statement. The author is well acquainted with a Swiss lady, of high character and respectability, who every summer mounts her mule, and, without any servant of her own, makes a new tour (always varying the route) among the mountains, to indulge her passion for botany. No injury, insult, or impertinence has she ever met with, nor will any be offered to the most unprotected stranger. Robbery and murder are wholly unknown, though there is no country in the world which affords the same facilities for their successful perpetration, both from the inexhaustible retreats for banditti, which its forests, its mountains, its rocky caves, and impregnable fortresses present, and from the extensive foreign frontiers which invest it on every side. Austrian Italy, Sardinia, France, Bavaria, and numerous German States, lie ready to receive the fugitive and the outlaw.

As somebody once said of a different country, "one good thing about Switzerland is, that wherever you are placed in it, you can very soon get out of it." With such temptations and security to the robber, it surely says much for the morals and character of the people, that robbery is unknown.—*Continental Adventures*.

PARISIAN FEMALE EDUCATION.—A smart little French girl of sixteen, returning with her father and mother, after finishing her education at a Paris Penrion, to her home in Provence, chattered away with me. I made many inquiries into the nature and extent of her studies, and found she had studied—orthography, (upon this she laid great stress,)—and geography, (of which she had certainly a most original, but somewhat confused notion.)—That she had moreover acquired a smattering of grammar—a considerable experience of dancing—a very little music—a good deal of embroidery—and a most complete critical and ardent taste for dress—and in this last accomplishment her whole soul and mind, thought, and observation, seemed absorbed.—"But what did you read at school—what books?"—"Oh pour les livres!"—she read her lessons and school books."—"Mais par exemple,"—I enquired what they were about?—were they history?—"Ah l'histoire mon Dieu—oui." She declared she had read three *gros* volumes of history nearly all through! "And what history?—What history? she did not exactly know. "But what was it about?" It was about some kings and battles—but what kings and what battles she really could not say. "Did she happen to remember the author?" "No—she was not sure that it had any author—did not think it had." But she said with great simplicity, that she had all the books that she had learned locked up in her trunk, and she would go and fetch them for me to look at.—Not wishing to penetrate further into the learned stores of a young lady who carried all her knowledge about with her in her trunk, we abandoned our learned discussion, and talked of caps and quadrilles—but our learned discussion on these subjects was speedily interrupted by being again stranded.—*Continental Adventures*.

NEW AIR SPECULATION.—A paragraph from a Brighton Journal is now going the rounds of the press, containing a project for cheap and expeditious travelling, by means of an artificial current of air, which is to propel passengers and luggage through a tube or tunnel, at the rate of one hundred miles an hour. The principle of this invention differs from that of a pop-gun, as the body is to be shot on by the exhaustion of the air, instead of by the condensation of it. We have heard of another project, by which it is proposed to blow the public from place to place at a rate still more rapid, and in some respects more agreeable to the party; as the traveller, instead of being shot through a close, dark tunnel, will be forwarded through the open air, and gratified with a bird's-eye view of the country over which he makes his momentary passage. Certain large brass tubes are to be prepared at convenient stages of two miles or so. Into one of these a composition of an expansive power is to be rammed, and the traveller is then to creep in and to lie at his ease at full length, with his feet next to the composition; the tube being then directed to the next stage, the composition is to receive its expansive force, and the traveller is to be propelled through the air at a very slight curve, at the rate of about ten miles a minute. On his arrival at the next stage, he will instantly be put into another tube ready charged with the travelling powder, and again shot on "*bang up to the mark*" at the next post; and so he will proceed to his journey's end. This cheap and expeditious travelling through the air is proposed in opposition to the Brighton scheme for conveying the public by hurricanes through tunnels. The former will undoubtedly be the least expensive and the quickest mode of being blown home; but it is liable to some objections. For example, if two travellers should chance to meet on their respective roads, the jostle would be disagreeable. Invalids, too, might prefer the close tunnel with the hurricane at their backs, to the more rapid passage through the open air with the wind in their faces. But if some prefer the one, some will prefer the other, and thus there may be encouragement for both. The Brighton scheme is in a state of great forwardness—it wants nothing of completion but a Joint Stock Company to create a vacuum in the pockets of the public (the true bags of Ulysses)—the principle on which it proceeds being to raise the wind by exhaustion. Its passengers will start from "*The Swan with Two Necks*," a sign expressive of the uncommon personal endowments essentially necessary to the traveller who goes by this conveyance. Most of the members of the defunct Equitable Loan Company will embark in this undertaking, and will thus be engaged in their favourite business of turning the penny by things "*put up the spout*."—*Atlas*.

SOLITUDE OF AN AMERICAN TOWN (MENDOZA) DURING THE SIESTA.—The people, however, are extremely indolent. A little after eleven o'clock in the morning, the shopkeepers make preparations for the siesta; they begin to yawn a little, and slowly to put back the articles which they have, during the morning, displayed on their tables. About a quarter before twelve they shut up their shops, the window shutters throughout the town are closed, or nearly so, and no individual is to be seen until five, and sometimes until six o'clock, in the evening.

During this time I used generally to walk about the town to make a few observations. It was really singular to stand at the corner of the right-angled streets, and in every direction to find such perfect solitude in the middle of the capital of a province. The noise occasioned by walking was like the echo which is heard in pacing by oneself up the long aisle of a church or cathedral, and the scene resembled the deserted streets of Pompeii.

In passing some of the houses I often heard the people snoring, and when the siesta was over, I was often much amused at seeing the people awaken, for there is infinitely more truth and pleasure in thus looking behind the scenes of private life, than in making formal observations on man when dressed and prepared for his public performance. The people generally lie on the ground or floor of the room, and the group is often amusing.

I saw one day an old man (who was one of the principal people in the town) fast asleep and happy. The old woman his wife was awake, and was sitting up in easy dishabille scratching herself, while her daughter, who was a very pretty-looking girl of about seventeen, was also awake, but was lying on her side kissing a cat.

In the evening the scene begins to revive. The shops are opened; a number of loads of grass are seen walking about the streets, for the horse that is carrying them is completely hid. Behind the load a boy stands on the extremity of the back; and to mount and dismount he climbs up by the animal's tail. A few Gauchos are riding about, selling fruit; and a *beggar on horseback* is occasionally seen, with his hat in his hand, singing a psalm in a melancholy tone.—*Head's Rough Notes*.

INFLUENCE OF MUSIC.—Amphion made such uncommon progress in music, that he built the walls of Thebes at the sound of the lyre; and Gale, in his *Court of the Gentiles*, from some other authority, states, “that he fitted his verses, composed with great suavity, so exactly thereto, as that the stones ran of their own accord.” As inhabitants of a sea-port, this is easily understood; most of us must be aware of the power music has over the souls of our seamen—the well-known music of “Yo! heave ho!” trips the anchor of the largest vessels from the ground; and the enlivening notes of the fife send the topmast aloft, or hoist the beer and water aboard. The martial sound of the drum, when beating to quarters, fills the head of the ship with the crew; and the thundering music of the cannon drowns all reflection on past or future; whilst the two instruments just named raise sensations of delight the moment the performers strike up “*Oh the roast beef of old England, and oh the old English roast beef!*”

When Napoleon was at Elba, it is reasonable to infer that he was under the influence of the celebrated tune called the *Rans de Vaches*,—an air so dear to some that it was forbidden, under the pain of death, to play it to the troops, as it made those who heard it desert, or die of what is called *la maladie du pais*—so ardent a desire did it excite to return to their country. Now, had a full military English band been placed on the island, it would have been ordered to play *Oh stay! o—h stay!* which tune would have prevented the grand musical festival of Waterloo. However, experience made ministers wise; and when again under the influence of the tune *Rans de Vaches*, at St. Helena, the band struck up the harmonious sound, *Oh stay!* he died of *la maladie du pais*.—*Burnet's Word.*

TRAITS OF AN EARTHQUAKE.—As I rode along the streets I thought they looked very mean and dirty. Most of the houses had been cracked by earthquakes; the spires, crosses, and weathercocks upon the tops of churches and convents, were tottering, and out of the perpendicular; and the very names of the streets, and the stories “*Aqui se vende, &c.*” which are over all the shops, were written as crooked and irregular as if they had been inscribed during an earthquake. They were generally begun with large letters, but the man had apparently got so eager about the subject, that he was often obliged to conclude in characters so small that one could hardly read them, and in some places the author had thoughtlessly arrived to the end of his board before he had come to the end of his story.—*Head's Rough Notes.*

A SAILOR'S TERRESTRIAL PLEASURES.—We have seen Jack come on shore, with a bag like an opossum, loaded with the hard earnings of two or three years. With the ambition of Alexander, he must have all the world to himself. Women, a fiddle, and some rum, are indispensable requisites: the last fires his brain, and sets all reflection at defiance. A thousand days' hard labour on the most dangerous element, battling his country's foes, have often been spent in less than a week by an individual in the most licentious manner possible. If money did not go fast enough, watches were fried, bank-notes eaten between bread and butter, and every practice resorted to for the purpose of its riddance. The paying off at Plymouth always gives seamen a treat which they cannot obtain elsewhere; that is, the glorious opportunity of riding in hackney-coaches, or standing on their roof when going full speed, and of which they always avail themselves. Every one must have witnessed the alacrity with which a seaman spies a coach on such occasions: he cannot resist the temptation, and when a quarter of a mile off, he strains his lungs with the cry of “*coachee, coachee.*” I once witnessed a sailor, with a string of twenty-five coaches behind him, moving through the town to the beach, being the whole number on the stand, all of which he had engaged. He was standing on the roof of the foremost, waving his hat, and seemed as much rejoiced as Napoleon is said to have been when the garrison of Ulm, with all the nobles it contained, marched out before him. The sailor exhibited his prowess to his companions much in the way of the great Macedonian: “*Oh! ye Athenians, could you believe to what dangers I have exposed myself, to be praised by you.*”—*Burnet's Word.*

SOUTH AMERICAN TOILET.—While I was sitting on a horse's head, writing by the blaze of the fire, I saw two girls dressing for the ball. They were standing near a stream of water, which was running at the back of the hut. After washing their faces, they put on their gowns, and then twisting up their hair in a very simple pretty way, they picked, by the light of the moon, some yellow flowers which were growing near them. These they put fresh into their hair, and when this simple toilette was completed, they looked as interesting, and as nicely dressed, as if “the carriage was to have called for them at eleven o'clock;” and in a few minutes, when I returned to the ball, I was happy to see them each with a partner.—*Head's Rough Notes.*

CLERICAL AMUSEMENTS IN SOUTH AMERICA.—The priests at Mendoza lead a dissolute life; most of them have families, and several live openly with their children. Their principal amusement, however, odd as it may sound, is cock fighting every Thursday and Sunday. I was riding one Sunday when I first discovered their arena, and got off my horse to look at it. It was crowded with priests, who had each a fighting-cock under his arm; and it was surprising to see how earnest and yet how long they were in making their bets. I stayed there more than an hour, during which time the cocks were often on the point of fighting, but the bet was not settled. Besides the priests, there were a number of little dirty boys, and one pretty-looking girl present. While they were arranging their bets, the boys began to play, so the judge instantly ordered all those who had no cocks to go out of the arena; upon which the poor girl and all the little boys were immediately turned out.

I soon got tired of the scene; but before I left them, I could not help thinking what an odd sight it was, and how justly shocked people in England would be to see a large body of clergymen fighting cocks upon a Sunday.—*Head's Rough Notes.*

PROOF OF A GOOD NOVEL.—In our last number, we copied a paragraph from the *Edinburgh Observer*, in which it is said that *Vivian Grey* is a much better novel than *Tremaine*; and that a proof of its being so is, that it will not be so frequently found on the drawing-room table, or on a lady's lap; that pet books of drawing-room tables and ladies' laps are always silly books; and that one should never read a book one finds on every drawing-room table, or venture on a work recommended by half-a-dozen ladies. These are very fallacious indications of a bad book, and the tests of a good one here described are still more defective. The *Edinburgh Observer* knows nothing about the matter. In the first place, *Vivian Grey* is not a better novel than *Tremaine*, and *Tremaine* is not found so frequently as *Vivian Grey* on the drawing-room table or lady's lap, nor is this circumstance always an unfavourable sign. We must consider the nature of the book, before we condemn it because it is to be found on every drawing-room table. We should not be prejudiced one way or the other, in the case of a philosophical work which enjoyed this drawing-room favour; and in the instance of a novel or production of imagination, it would operate certainly rather as a recommendation than otherwise. The popularity of such books raises a fair presumption of merit. We should say indeed to the subscriber to the circulating library, never read a book, (unless it be one just published,) with a fresh clean look, and sharp rectangular corners to the leaves. Choose a novel, on the contrary, the pages of which are worn quite round at the corners, and which has a frowsy, musty smell. A few leaves torn and carefully stitched together again, are a very good sign; and the binding should be rendered perfectly supple by use, and like the leaves, worn round at the corners. Such a book as this you may carry home under your arm, on a long wet evening, with a full assurance that its well-thumbed pages, redolent of bread and butter—the true smell of a novel of merit—will give wings to the heavy hours.—*Atlas.*

POSING QUESTION.—One of the party had a horse's leg in his hand. He told me that he had never been so tired in his life; that his mule, in mounting the hill, had become quite exhausted; and that, when he got off to lead her, she would not follow him: that, in despair, he made her drink up his flask of brandy, and that then, taking as a whip a dried-up horse's leg that was lying on the ground, he remounted the mule, which had gone very well ever since; "But, Sir," said my honest companion, "whether it be the brandy that has got into her head, or the notion of being beaten with a horse's leg that has urged her on, I cannot tell you."—*Head's Rough Notes.*

PREJUDICE, THE SPIDER OF THE MIND.—There is something exceedingly curious in the constitution and operation of prejudice. It has the singular ability of accommodating itself to all the possible varieties of the human mind. Some passions and vices are but thinly scattered among mankind, and find only here and there a fitness of reception; but prejudice, like the spider, makes every where its home; it has no choice of place, and all that it requires is room. There is scarcely a situation, except fire and water, in which a spider will not live: so let the mind be as naked as the walls of an empty and forsaken tenement, gloomy as a dungeon, or ornamented with the richest abilities of thinking; let it be hot, cold, dark, or light, lonely or uninhabited, still prejudice, if undisturbed, will fill it with cobwebs, and live like the spider where there seems nothing to live on. If the one prepares her poisoning to her palate, and her use, the other does the same; and as several of our passions are strongly characterized by the animal mind, prejudice may be denominated the spider of the mind.—*Thomas Paine.*

CHURNING COMPANY.—We had all sorts of English speculations in South America, some of which were really amusing. Besides many brother companies which I met with at Buenos Aires, I found a sister association of milkmaids. It had suddenly occurred to some of the younger sons of John Bull, that as there were a number of beautiful cows in the United Provinces of Rio de la Plata, a quantity of good pasture, and as the people of Buenos Aires had no butter to their bread, a Churning Company would answer admirably; and before the idea was many months old, a cargo of Scotch milkmaids were lying becalmed under the Line, on their passage to make butter at Buenos Aires. As they were panting and sighing (being from heavy rains unable to come on deck) Neptune as usual boarded the ship; and the sailors who were present say that his first observation was, that he had never found so many passengers and so few beards to shave; however, when it was explained to him, that they were not Britannia's sons, but Jenny Bulls, who have no beards, the old god smiled and departed. The people at Buenos Aires were thunderstruck at the unexpected arrival of so many British milkmaids; however, private arrangements had been made, and they, therefore, had milk, before it was generally known that they had got cows. But the difficulties which they experienced were very great: instead of leaning their heads against patient domestic animals, they were introduced to a set of lawless wild creatures, who looked so fierce that no young woman who ever sat upon a three-legged stool could dare to approach, much less to milk them!—But the Gauchos attacked the cows, tied their legs with strips of hide, and as soon as they became quiet, the shops of Buenos Aires were literally full of butter. But now for the sad moral of the story:—after the difficulties had been all conquered, it was discovered, first, that the butter would not keep!—and secondly, that somehow or other the Gauchos and natives of Buenos Aires - - - - - liked oil better!!—*Head's Rough Notes.*

DESCRIPTION OF A FUNERAL IN BUENOS AIRES.—Certainly the way in which the people were buried at Buenos Aires appeared more strange to my eyes than any of the customs of the place. Of late years, a few of the principal people have been buried in coffins, but generally the dead are called for by a hack hearse, in which there is a fixed coffin, into which they are put, when away the man gallops with the corpse, and leaves it in the vestibule of the Recoleta. There is a small vehicle for children, which I really thought was a mountebank's cart: it was a light open tray, on wheels painted white, with light blue silk curtains, and driven at a gallop by a lad dressed in scarlet, with an enormous plume of white feathers in his hat. As I was riding home one day, I was overtaken by this cart, (without its curtains, &c.) in which there was the corpse of a black boy nearly naked. I galloped along with it for some distance; the boy, from the rapid motion of the carriage, was dancing sometimes on his back and sometimes on his face; occasionally his arm or leg would get through the bar of the tray, and two or three times I really thought the child would have been out of the tray altogether. The bodies of the rich were generally attended by their friends; but the carriages with four people in each were seldom able to go so fast as the hearse.

I went one day to the Recoleta, and just as I got there, the little hearse drove up to the gate. The man who had charge of the burial place received from the driver a ticket, which he read, and put into his pocket; the driver then got into the tray, and taking out a dead infant of about eight months old, he gave it to the man, who carried it swinging by one of its arms into the square-walled burial-ground, and I followed him. He went to a spot about ten yards from the corner, and then, without putting his foot upon the spade, or at all lifting up the ground, he scratched a place not so deep as the furrow of a plough. While he was doing this, the poor little infant was lying before us on the ground on its back; it had one eye open, and the other shut; its face was unwashed, and a small piece of dirty cloth was tied round its middle: the man, as he was talking to me, placed the child in the little furrow, pushed its arms to its side with the spade, and covered it so barely with earth, that part of the cloth was still visible, he walked away and left it. I took the spade, and was going to bury the poor child myself, when I recollected that as a stranger I should probably give offence, and I therefore walked towards the gate. I met the same man, with an assistant, carrying a tray, in which was the body of a very old man, followed by his son, who was about forty; the party were all quarrelling, and remained disputing for some minutes after they had brought the body to the edge of the trench. This trench was about seven feet broad, and had been dug from one wall of the burial-ground to the other: the bodies were buried across it by fours, one above another, and there was a moveable shutter which went perpendicularly across the trench, and was moved a step

forwards as soon as the fourth body was interred. One body had already been interred; the son jumped down upon it, and while he was thus in the grave, standing upon one body and leaning against three, the two grave-diggers gave him his father, who was dressed in a long, coarse, white linen shirt. The grave was so narrow that the man had great difficulty in laying the body in it, but as soon as he had done so, he addressed the lifeless corpse of his father, and embraced it with a great deal of feeling: the situation of the father and son, although so very unusual, seemed at the moment any thing but unnatural. In scrambling out of the grave, the man very nearly knocked a woman out of the tier of corpses at his back; and as soon as he was up, the two attendants with their spades threw earth down upon the face and the white dress of the old man, until both were covered with a very thin layer of earth: the two men then jumped down with heavy wooden rammers, and they really rammed the corpse in that sort of way that had the man been alive he would have been killed; and we then all walked away.—*Head's Rough Notes.*

SINGULAR CITY.—Fribourg is an ugly, but most extraordinary old place, in a beautiful but most extraordinary situation. The romantic Sarine rushes by its grotesque and antique walls, which inclose not only an immense extent of ground, but romantic dells and solitary scenes, more like the wilds of a desert than the interior of a city; while astonishing precipices of sand-stone, forming another wall of nature, rise around, in the sides of which curious chambers and cells, and chapels, have been hollowed out, fit for the abode of pious anchorites. The few inhabitants the enormous site of this strange old city contains, present a curious contrast with each other, one half of them living on the top of a rocky precipice, the other at the bottom of it, so that the pavement of one street literally serves as the roof for the houses of another: while it is a curious fact, that these two divisions, though fellow citizens, are yet as distinct as if they belonged to two different kingdoms, speak different languages, and cannot understand each other; the high dwellers speaking French, and the low German.

But the extraordinary sight of monks, in their long white robes, and friars, with shaved crowns, and bare sandalled legs, and ropes round their waists, walking solemnly about the streets—and *sœurs grises*, habited like nuns, gliding along; the host borne in state through the market, and all the dirty fishwomen and cabbage-hucksters falling down on their knees in the dirt, to adore it; the tinkling of bells, the saying of masses, the worshipping of images, the figures of Saints and Madonnas that adorn the gloomy, dirty, old-fashioned streets, and the quaint antiquated dresses of the people, altogether present a spectacle so extraordinary, that I am convinced Fribourg has not its parallel on the face of the earth. One cannot help thinking, that its honest citizens have contrived to lock up the sixteenth century within its walls; for you seem as if you had suddenly got into a place which was going quietly on in that primitive age, while all the rest of the world are living in the nineteenth.—*Continental Adventures.*

SWISS SCENERY.—Certainly, going from France into Switzerland, is like passing through purgatory to get to paradise. And Switzerland is an earthly paradise. The majestic trees, the verdant fields, the blooming enclosures, the deep blue waters of the wide expanded lake, its richly cultivated shores, with picturesque cottages, cheerful country houses, sweet villages and hamlets reposing on its banks;—the woods, the rocks, the half-seen opening vallies—the lofty mountains—the Alps in all the majesty of nature—the hoary summit of Mont Blanc, crowned with its eternal snows—No! vainly should I seek to give you an idea of this land of surpassing beauty!—All that is lovely, romantic, glorious, and sublime in the works of nature, are combined in these scenes of varied enchantment!

Nothing can be more animated than the scenery of Switzerland. The whole country is overspread with rural habitations. Here you see the wealthy substantial farm house, compactly built of wood, with its steep projecting roof, covered with wooden shingles, secured with poles and stones—unpainted, but well varnished with its own native brown coat of exuded resin; perchance carved over with quaint texts of scripture, and always sheltered under venerable umbrageous walnut trees, from the fruit of which the peasants extract their oil. Turn aside, and there, in a deep pastoral valley, at the base of some beetling mountain, which seems to threaten its humble roof with the terrific avalanche—stands a sweet lowly cottage, filled with busy inmates, and surrounded with every appearance of rural labour and contentment. High above, perched on some aerial summit, accessible only to the shepherd and the chamois, you behold the Alpine Chalet, or mountain dairy, tenanted only in summer, while the cows are grazing on the hills.—*Continental Adventures.*

CONTEST WITH A CONDOR.—Got to Mendoza, and went to bed. Wakened by one of the party who arrived: he told me, that seeing the condors hovering in the air, and knowing that several of them would be gorged, he had also ridden up to the dead horse, and that as one of these enormous birds flew about fifty yards off, and was unable to go any farther, he rode up to him, and then, jumping off his horse, seized him by the neck. The contest was extraordinary, and the rencontre unexpected. No two animals can well be imagined less likely to meet than a Cornish miner and a condor; and few could have calculated, a year ago, when the one was hovering high above the snowy pinnacles of the Cordillera, and the other many fathoms beneath the surface of the ground in Cornwall, that they would ever meet to wrestle and “hug” upon the wide desert plain of Villa-Vicencia. My companion said he had never had such a battle in his life; that he put his knee upon the bird’s breast, and tried with all his strength to twist his neck; but that the condor, objecting to this, struggled violently, and that also, as several others were flying over his head, he expected they would attack him. He said, that at last he succeeded in killing his antagonist, and with great pride he showed me the large feathers from his wings; but when the third horseman came in, he told us he had found the condor in the path, but not quite dead.—*Head’s Rough Notes.*

**PRICES OF SHARES IN THE PRINCIPAL CANALS, DOCKS,
WATER-WORKS, MINES, &c.**

| CANALS. | | Amt. paid. | Per share. | INSURANCE OFFICES. | | Amt. paid. | Per share. |
|------------------------------|--------|---------------|---------------|-----------------------------------|-----|---------------|---------------|
| Ashton | 100 | 170 | | Albion..... | 500 | 50 | 54 |
| Birmingham | 17 10 | 255 | | Alliance..... | 100 | 10 | 7 10 |
| Coventry | 100 | 1040 | | Ditto Marine | 100 | 5 | 4 |
| Ellesmere and Chester..... | 133 | 100 | | Atlas..... | 50 | 5 | 8 |
| Grand Junction | 100 | 265 | | Globe | 100 | 100 | 137 |
| Huddersfield | 57 | 17 | | Guardian..... | 100 | 10 | 15 10 |
| Kennet and Avon | 40 | 23 | | Hope | 50 | 5 | 4 10 |
| Lancaster | 47 | 36 | | Imperial | 500 | 50 | 90 |
| Leeds and Liverpool..... | 100 | 370 | | Ditto Life | 100 | 10 | 10 |
| Oxford | 100 | 650 | | London | 25 | 12 10 | 19 |
| Regent's | 40 | 30 | | Protector..... | 20 | 2 | 1 5 |
| Rochdale..... | 85 | 84 | | Rock | 20 | 2 | 3 5 |
| Stafford and Worcester | 140 | 775 | | Royal Exchange | 100 | 240 | |
| Trent and Mersey | 100 | 1850 | | | | | |
| Warwick and Birmingham..... | 100 | 240 | | | | | |
| Worcester ditto | 78 | 42 | | | | | |
| DOCKS. | | | | MINES. | | | |
| Commercial..... | 100 | 66 | | Anglo-Mexican..... | 100 | 70 | 20 |
| East India | 100 | 83 | | Ditto Chili | 100 | 8 | 2 |
| London..... | 100 | 84 | | Bolanos..... | 400 | 175 | 120 |
| St. Catherine's..... | 100 30 | 5 | | Brazilian | 100 | 20 | 33 |
| West India | 100 | 186 | | Castello | 100 | 5 | 4 |
| | | | | Chilian | 100 | 7 10 | 2 10 |
| | | | | Columbian | 100 | 15 | 5 |
| | | | | Mexican | 100 | 15 | 2 |
| | | | | Real Del Monte | 400 | 400 | 320 |
| | | | | United Mexican..... | 40 | 25 | 13 |
| WATER WORKS. | | | | MISCELLANEOUS. | | | |
| East London | 100 | 107 | | Australian Agricultural Comp..... | 100 | 6 | 9 |
| Grand Junction | 50 | 72 | | British Iron Ditto..... | 100 | 32 10 | 4 |
| Kent | 100 | 28 | | Canada Ditto, Ditto..... | 100 | 10 | 10 |
| South London | 100 | 90 | | Columbian Ditto..... | 100 | 5 | 2 |
| West Middlesex | 60 | 60 | | General Steam Navigation .. | 100 | 10 | 2 |
| | | | | Irish Provincial Bank | 100 | 20 | 15 |
| | | | | Rio de la Plata Ditto | 100 | 10 | 5 |
| | | | | Van Diemen's Land Ditto .. | 100 | 2 10 | 1 10 |
| GAS COMPANIES. | | | | | | | |
| City of London | 100 | 90 | 150 | | | | |
| Ditto, New | 100 | 50 | 90 | | | | |
| Continental..... | 100 | 8 | 2 | | | | |
| Imperial..... | 50 | 46 | 36 | | | | |
| United General | 50 | 18 | 10 | | | | |
| Westminster | 50 | 50 | 50 | | | | |

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LIST OF PROJECTED WORKS.

The History of the Reign of Henry the Eighth ; being the first part of the modern History of England, by Sharon Turner, F.A.S., &c.

Protestant Union, or a Treatise of true Religion, Heresy, Schism, Toleration, and what best Means may be used against the Growth of Popery, by John Milton.

Practical Hints on Light and Shade in Painting, illustrated by finished Etchings of thirty-nine Examples, from the Italian, Flemish, and Dutch Schools, by John Burnet.

Early in November will be published, the English Gentleman's Manual, or a View of a Library of Standard English Literature, with notices Biographical and Critical, including many curious Original Anecdotes of eminent Literary Men of the Eighteenth Century : with Estimates for furnishing Libraries, and Lists of Books adapted for Persons going Abroad, Regimental Libraries, &c.

The author of the Gate to the French, Italian, and Spanish, unlocked, is preparing for publication the Gate to the Hebrew, Arabic, Samaritan, and Syriac, unlocked, by a new and easy Method, with Biographical Notices of celebrated Oriental Scholars ; and interesting Collections, relative to Oriental Literature, for the Use of Biblical Students.

We understand that Mr. Hawkesworth has been some time engaged collecting materials for a History of France, from the earliest period.

Ellis's Tour through Hawaii, or Owhyhee, with Additions. Second Edition.

Our readers will be pleased to learn that, among the Literary Annuals preparing against the approach of Christmas, Friendship's Offering, edited by T. K. Hervey, Esq. will have to boast of very high literary merit, as well as of a most splendid series of Engravings. In the Literary Department will be found, among many others, the following names as contributors :—R. Southey, Esq., Mrs. Hemans, James Montgomery, Esq., Miss Mitford, Rev. G. Croly, Hor. Smith, Esq., Lord Porchester, L. E. L., Thomas Hood, Esq., B. Barton, Esq., Rev. T. Dale, H. Neele, Esq., Rev. W. L. Bowles, the Author of "Gilbert Earle," J. Bowring, Esq., T. K. Hervey, Esq., W. Jerdan, Esq., Thomas Gent, Esq., W. Sotheby, Esq., D. L. Richardson, Esq., Miss Roberts, &c. &c. &c. The Illustrations consist of Engravings, from original Pictures, by Messrs. Danby, Martin, Eastlake, Wright, Harding, Davis, &c. &c, executed in the first style, by Messrs. Heath, Finden, Romney, Humphreys, Cooke, and others.

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The Odd Volume. 8vo.

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| ENGLISH FUNDS. | HIGHEST. | LOWEST. | LATEST. |
|--|-------------------------|-------------------------|------------------|
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|------------------------------------|------------------------|------------------------|------------------|
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| Brazil ditto, ditto | 67 | 61 | 66 |
| Buenos Ayres ditto, 6 per Cent. .. | 62 | 52 | 61 |
| Chilian ditto, ditto | 44 | 36 | 43 |
| Columbian ditto 1822, ditto | 38 | 31 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 35 |
| Ditto ditto 1824, ditto | 39 | 32 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 36 |
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| French Rentes, 5 per Cent. | 99 ex. div. | 99 | 99 |
| Ditto ditto, 3 per Cents. | 66 $\frac{3}{4}$ | 66 | 66 $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Greek Bonds, 5 per Cent. | 14 | 12 | 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Mexican ditto | 55 | 41 | 52 |
| Ditto ditto, 6 per Cent. | 65 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 47 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 62 |
| Peruvian ditto, 6 per Cent. | 29 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 25 | 26 $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Portuguese ditto, 5 per Cent | 74 | 72 | 75 |
| Prussian ditto 1818, ditto | 94 $\frac{1}{4}$ | 93 $\frac{3}{4}$ | 94 $\frac{1}{4}$ |
| Ditto ditto 1822, ditto | 93 | 92 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 93 |
| Russian ditto, ditto | 84 $\frac{3}{4}$ | 81 | 82 $\frac{3}{4}$ |
| Spanish ditto, ditto | 10 $\frac{3}{4}$ | 9 $\frac{1}{4}$ | 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ |

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NEW SERIES. No. XXIII.

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thodoxical manner. What a withering look she would cast upon the presumptuous suppliant! And yet, is it his fault? Must he burn everlastingly and not marry? Pooh! it is all nonsense, mere squeamishness, anti-nuptial mannerism! An offer is an offer, howsoever made; and if it be really a good one, why should it be rejected because it comes a little out of the common course? For my part I maintain, a proposal, like a challenge, to be always a serious and *per se bonâ fide* thing, let it be made or sent in any way soever, provided it have been post paid, if by letter; if *vivâ voce*, provided a witness or short-hand writer have been present; only two days in the year being *dies non*—St. Valentine's, in the first case of serving the process; April-fool's-day in the second. And like a challenge, I think one hour cannot be honourably wasted in replying to it. On or off should be the word; and for her own sake the lady should remember that—

'Tis best to be off with the old love,
Before you're on with the new.

Whether it be old or new, it is my intention never to undergo the bondage of a courtship two days long.—I should hate the witch who could allow me to burn away such a length of time unpitied,—but love the little saint or vestal who would trim the holy lamp or blaze, and herself adore and moderate the flames she kindled.—There have been times when a natural intelligence supplied the place of formal words and letters; when a man had not to wade through periods and paragraphs, to extract a simple assent—paper and parchment were not always the materials of which Cupid formed his arrows and his wings; nor were vowels and consonants always employed as small shot by him. We have read of a Haidée who could neither spell nor write, nor understand the language her lover spoke: and yet he declared his passion and she understood it; and in the sight of heaven, it was a contract, though a British jury might not have assessed damages for a breach of promise. But with us matter-of-fact people, it is the tongue or hand that take all the diplomacy of the heart upon them; and miserable envoys they prove. We hear of nothing but prolonged treaties, crooked policy, and base infractions, through their ministry.—But, *n'importe*, there must still be some unmachiavelized daughters of Eve, who will dispense with the formalities of a regular congress of parents, aunts, and brothers. If not, God help me! I must die a bachelor: for I swear, a single rebuff or demur would give me a surfeit for ever—for as I never mean to run such a hazard without ample encouragement having been given me, a refusal would imply treachery and guile.

How can any but an absolute slave in heart persist in teasing a lady to compliance who has once said him nay? Does the fool imagine she can be better inclined towards him for persevering? Impossible! If she have him after one denial, the coquette! depend upon it, it is either through spite or self-interest, or because no one else will have her. It is all very plausible to say, she but refused, to try him: if she refused at all, she could have had no *penchant* towards him, and in honesty should have told him so—but to try him! paltry jockeyism! that is the way of dealing for a horse, not a husband. How would

she like to be tried herself? It is that very trial that I object to; for of all trials in life, it is the most trying, to be kept dangling in suspense at a lady's apron-string, merely because she cannot make up her mind to snatch you out of the fire. It is cruel torture to you, though sport to her. Instead of trial, it is prolonged execution; and I am quite convinced that such trifling destroys as many good; heaven-formed marriages, as any other antimatrimonial cause whatever. Many a female has led apes in hell, for sporting with a lover's feelings in this way—Aye! just for *trying* him a little too long: in the mean time some kinder creature lets him off for half the torment; and who can blame him for choosing the least of two evils? upon my word, not I. Hence we may explain in some measure the scorn, which the world pays to old maids.—Some of your over-liberal gentry have questioned the justice of visiting with contempt a race of beings, whom all concur in thinking sufficiently unhappy. Why then, it has been argued, add insult to misfortune? This is, indeed, putting the case very strongly; but besides the obvious fallacy of begging the question, it is by no means clear, that insult is the proper term for a requital of scornful behaviour. I make out my proposition this way: I assume that the whole sex is so lovely that none of them escape having at least one offer made to them. Now all systematists, to arrive at a general deduction, are allowed to calculate by average, and thus to balance one little anomaly by another; adjusting this theoretic scale to the quantity sought—always keeping it in mind, that every lady is a most unexceptionable partner at the time she is first proposed for—the number of unexceptionables will be equal to the number of unmarried ladies under a certain age in any country. *Quis negat?*—Now, the number of proposers must be contained in the gross number of unwedded gentlemen of all ages in the same country: this is evidently a greater number than the former; the question is, in what proportion greater.—By the best tables of population, the males are born in the proportion of four to three females: suppose one half of the males married men; the remaining half, the bachelors, will be exactly double the number of unmarried females; including old maids, and widows, who have small chance left, even though the prizes in this lottery are so numerous. The more marriages there are, the greater will be the ratio, which the single men bear to the marriageable females: this is the inevitable result of births, and infers the necessity of wars and shipwrecks, to lop off the redundant bachelors. Now putting aside the number of confirmed old celebrities, woman-haters, fortune-hunters, half-pay officers, snuff-takers, and gaiter-wearers, whom no woman can be blamed for refusing, I think we may assume, that the number of agreeable and acceptable proposers is at least equivalent to that of the unexceptionables of the other sex. If this average be fairly drawn, and I confess I can see no loop-hole in it, more than in a thousand averages struck every day by your deep thinking people; I say, if it be fairly drawn, every lady receives at least one offer in its fit season from an agreeable man—I say nothing about his being a suitable match; for all that is quite capricious and matter of taste; what would not *suit* at eighteen, would be quite acceptable at twenty-eight. Now an offer is seldom made, without

some little spice of provocation, as a fire seldom bursts into a blaze without some little stirring with the poker—true—my amanuensis suggests very shrewdly, or blowing with the bellows. Well then, morally speaking, every lady who receives a proposal has, by poking or blowing, or fanning, kindled the flame with which her suitor burns, and should therefore be bound to extinguish it by marriage, in the most expeditious manner possible, especially if her own premises are on fire, of which she must be the best judge. Now those who have entered into an insurance policy, or are too hard-hearted to give timely succour, cannot complain upon being ever after pointed at and despised by those, who have been scorched, baked, broiled, and wilfully ignited by them. This is putting the case in its mildest form: it is supposing them merely accessory to the combustion of one poor gentleman, whereas they are precisely the persons, who are guilty of this kind of arson the greatest number of times. Miss Asbestos, for instance, has been in her day one of the most incorrigible incendiaries, if you credit her own account, that ever fired a human heart: she boasts that wherever she appeared in her *blaze* of diamonds, she scorched the wings of a dozen fashionable moths that fluttered round her—the bravest guardsmen could not stand her fire: one of them who approached too courageously was actually charred alive, and continued so black, that he was obliged to sell out, and go into orders, quite broken-hearted—she blew up several adventurers who carried all their ammunition in their pockets—she melted the heart of a great iron-founder of Worcestershire, which was thought as difficult to fuse as his own metal; however, she wasted so much time in assaying the proportion of base to noble metal in his compound, that he actually ran off, in that liquefied state, into the lap of Miss Alloy, with whom he was most happily and chemically united, and by whom he was restored, before the end of the honey-moon, to his usual temperature. Miss Asbestos lost much caloric by this precipitation; a few more such combustions, along with some frosty winters, dissipated so much of her electricity, that she scarce retained power enough to inflame an half-pay ensign, let her poke and blow away never so much. All that she can as yet boast of, is, that she herself has remained unconsumed in the midst of the smouldering piles she kindled. It is evident she has not another spark left, consequently cannot command another burnt-offering.—True it is, she has several coal mines in Glamorganshire, and some noble forests of wood, along with a considerable quantity of bank-paper here and there, which might, if all collected together, furnish fuel enough for a hecatomb, let alone the sacrifice of some needy victim. It is supposed therefore, that in the end, some cinder-hearted miser will devote himself to those artificial flames, and endure hell upon earth for the sake of the Asbestos property; but, my life for it, the amianthas cloth in which the Romans wrapt their dead, did not more surely preserve the ashes unmixed with surrounding matter, than the arms of his bride, Miss Asbestos, will keep him, who is enclosed in them, from the enjoyment of every thing about him. Let me ask, who can rationally pity her case, brought upon herself by dawdling and trifling with men on fire? And is not every old maid who has treated our sex in the same obdurate manner, (and how many of them

can disclaim it) justly liable to be repaid by us with coldness and frosty looks ever after? It is a mere reaction. I never see an elderly gentlewoman, but I compute, by her own aridity, the number of hearts that she has parched up, and left as dry as tinder; when, by timely acceptation, they might between them have furnished heat and blood enough for half a dozen embryo lovers. I take it, as a conclusive fact, that those caustic creatures termed old bachelors are nought but the *scoriæ* of young wooers, who have been smelted in the furnace of unsuccessful courtship: for it is a fact set at rest for ever by the testimony of historians and naturalists, that every perfect man, at least once in his life, kindles and glows at the shrine of some earthly divinity, at whose option it is, either to clap an extinguisher upon him, or to ignite him lawfully at the altar with the torch of Hymen.

This is so incomparably the greatest impediment to marriages, that I reckon all the others as merely consequential to it; I mean the difficulty of persuading the lady to make up her mind on the subject. This will be found really at the bottom of all breaks-off, breaches of promise, &c. And besides, it is unknown what numbers of bashful men are deterred from proposing by the dread of being refused; or, if accepted, of being tantalized throughout the fiery ordeal of a long courtship. As for prudential motives, deference to parents, we should attribute no more to them, than is exactly their due. As for the first, it is a great pity that people cannot know what is prudent until it is too late. I have known many a prudent act repented of, in marriage affairs particularly; and have long suspected that *prudent* is not the proper word to express matches made up for convenience; but the only word that can well be substituted is so rude, that we must retain the epithet in common use. If a lady, however, is determined to be *prudent* in a matrimonial alliance, it is rather hard it should be at the expense of a score of gentlemen whom she allures too close to rays, only to send them down headlong, like Icarus, with molten wings. If she be under the control of relatives in that delicate matter, she has no business whatever to set fire to any body but those whom her relatives point out; not even to shoot a glance at any one. She should be allowed no free-agency; but remain like the cold flint in their hands, to strike fire only when they choose. It is playing a very double part, to raise a conflagration in a poor fellow's bosom, and when he begs her to put it out, to refer him to papa and mama. Papas and mamas usually make a great deal of smoke by damping down the coals, and sometimes put the fire out altogether with cold water; but that does not at all absolve miss for having lighted it, when she felt incapable of acting for herself on the occasion. I contend, therefore, that it is the *prudence*, or coquetry, or artifice, or indecision of the young lady, that most frequently frustrates the projects of Hymen; and for a remedy, I have recurred to a plan for correcting the mischiefs arising from those defects. It is the old manœuvre of advertising; and whatever nice minds may urge against it, I think it has become necessary by the spirit of speculation and match-making abroad. It is but right, that since marriage has become a branch of trade, it should be conducted like other com-

mercial affairs, by the dealer setting forth what he has to sell, and the buyer what he wants to buy; and leaving it to those whom it may concern to inquire after the goods. It is evident that none will apply but those seriously inclined to drive a bargain; and there will be no unnecessary sighing and dying, sonnetting and serenading, in the transaction.

As a warning to future adventurers, I will relate the first accidents that occurred to me on entering into this line of business; and that they may be spared from similar mishaps, it is my intention, without any quackery, to set up a Connubial Agency Office, for which my subsequent experience has fully qualified me.

Having been seven months in London, without forming any *liaison*, I came to the conclusion that I was losing time, and sinking in value every day of my life. Being precluded by circumstances from entering extensively into society, or spending much time in exploring or winning a lady's affections; and feeling nevertheless the great impelling motive, the *besoin d'aimer*, I resolved to shorten preliminaries, by stating my qualifications in the newspapers, and challenging the notice of female philogamists. Accordingly I inserted the following advertisement, taking care to underrate all my good qualities, in order to obviate disappointment after marriage.

MATRIMONY.—A middle-aged gentleman, [*I was but thirty,*] of agreeable person, [*I was five feet ten,*] and elegant manners, [*I had learned to waltz,*] with a respectable income, [*it was 200*l.* per annum, Jamaica currency,*] and large expectations, [*the good will of an unmarried aunt,*] desires to enter into a matrimonial correspondence with a lady of conformable age, income, manners, and disposition. Address, A. B. 1, Little Hoax Street.

I watched the day of insertion, and to leave no chance of success neglected, bought the New Times, and went the entire round of my limited acquaintance. At each house I pulled out that rare, and by no means vulgar paper, and cursorily pointed out the paragraph. This I did, charitably to promote the circulation of the journal, and to forward my own affair at the same time. In the evening too, I dropped in at my aunt's, the lady alluded to in the notice, at whose house I was privileged occasionally to sip tea without a formal invitation. Every thing happened here according to my wishes. I found a petticoat party assembled, and the conversation turning upon plum-cake; from this to wedding, the transition was but slight; and once there, my advertisement was easily dragged in, in a parenthesis, drawn by an *à propos*; as, "*à propos* to weddings, have you seen the invitation to the unmarried ladies, in that very scarce and genteel paper the New Times?" Not one of them seemed sensible of the existence of this most undefiled vehicle of news; so I produced it as a novelty from my pocket. Some laughed at the advertisement, and thought it a humbug; others said, if the address was real, the man must be a simpleton to fancy that he could get a good wife in that way; others affirmed, that no woman of any virtue or delicacy would present herself, and that he would probably get united to some abandoned creature, who would have the effrontery to accept such a public offer. Upon my conscience, I felt inclined to think so too, for there were some women of experience among them. Above the rest, my

good aunt, who had been reading Tremaine, alarmed me by the high-wrought delicacy of her sentiments. I left the company, almost persuaded that the old system was best; sighing deeply at the forlorn prospect I had of getting a wife by adhering to refinement. "Cruel creatures," cried I; "if their timidity must be approached with so much deference, how comes it to be so soon dispersed after marriage? Why in the very ceremony itself do they permit such a fuss? Well, positively, I am sorry that I did not slip in a caveat against gloves and favours; it would deter all who are fond of the ostentation of a wedding, and render my candidates more select." I slept very uneasily that night upon my solitary couch, and had a singular dream. I fancied myself a *pigeon*, upon whom some thoughtless urchin had fastened a pair of jackdaw wings, and whom he had flung into a poultry-yard, where I was nearly pecked to death. In the morning I had scarce arrived at my friend's lodging, which I had selected for a direction, when a two-penny postman knocked at the door. It was for A. B., and conceived in these terms:—

Sir,—Having casually heard of your advertisement this evening, I avail myself of the earliest opportunity to request, that you will enter into no definitive engagement, until you have heard further from the writer, whose person, manners, and circumstances, are exactly such as are comprehended in your description. A line to Y. Z. 2, Great Hurry St. will oblige.

Past midnight of Wed.

This *billet* excited much fluttering in my breast, and made me feel well inclined towards the dear creature, whoever she was, who had so expeditiously hastened to secure me to herself. I even felt flattered at her manifest anxiety, identifying myself so completely with my assumed initials, that I forgot that all the world had as good a right to them as myself, and consequently, that there was no particular condescension towards me. But I was yet a mere novice in this business. I returned Y. Z. thanks in good set phrases, and wasted not a few romantic aspirations after conjugal delights—concluding with—"Oh! that it were my lot to find that perfect love, ineffable desire, and confidence unbounded, in the arms of her, who has evinced such warmth of disposition and benevolent promptitude in replying to my wishes! Be assured, kind lady, as yours is the first application, I shall hold myself tied up from concluding any engagement until I hear further from you. I conjure you to be explicit; grant me an interview; and throw no unnecessary impediment between me and felicity.—P. S. I set my face against all parade, particularly favours."

In the fullness of my heart I opened my counsels to my friend, and tried to inspire him with a portion of the sanguine hopes that filled my own bosom. My warmth overcame some strong objections of his, and he consented to engross my letter for me, and it was sent off immediately. I then resumed my argument to make him a convert to my method; but its prospects of success, more than my reasons, had weight with him: for regularly as the postman went by, there came one or two letters for A. B.; so that we both agreed it would be hard, if I could not pick one good one out of so many bidders. Indeed I was determined to be very nice, seeing that chances rained so thick upon me—and such chances—there was scarce one of them, but had

all the desirable qualities which constitute an excellent wife ; fine person, beautiful voice, and fascinating accomplishments. Heavens ! thought I, how come so many plain, ill-tempered creatures, to get married, when such lovely beings as these want husbands. My friend, who sat at the window, remarked several ladies on the opposite side of the way, staring up at him ; some of whom passed up and down repeatedly. On reconnoitering from behind the blinds, I recognized most of the ladies, whom I had heard the evening before descanting upon the indelicacy of A. B.'s proceeding. It could be nothing but simple curiosity, I guessed, which could induce them to try and get a sight of the Advertiser ; for it never fell into my head to conceive, that any of them could be the inditers of the epistolary samples before me : their persons were so dissimilar to the portraitures drawn there.

I had now plenty of business on hand to answer my various correspondents. Some I treated very cavalierly. On finding that one lady had omitted all mention of her property, I returned this laconic answer : " N. E. G. No. 4, Tune St. need not apply further." Q. E. D. had nothing to say for her good looks, a plain demonstration that they could not be commended—she would not *do*. One had shown herself a little too inquisitive about my pecuniary affairs, and the establishment I meant to keep for her ; this smacked of worldliness, and I wrote, " L. S. D. will not answer." A fourth mentioned her jointure ; a fifth her three small children ; to both of whom I signified, " No widow need apply." In brief, I retained only the addresses of such as could sport a few superlatives—most agreeable—very charming—extremely well-bred—perfectly independent. These epithets to be sure were qualified with a " has been thought ;" but such modesty only made their descriptions of themselves the more alluring. Some were afraid that they were " too young and inexperienced, but hoped to render themselves amenable to the directions of a well-informed protector in A. B."

My friend was so enchanted with these autographical sketches, that he resolved upon advertising too ; but as I was proud of having made him a proselyte to my method, and moreover felt a strong partiality for him, I offered to share my present stock with him ; as the picture I had drawn of myself, would pass very well for a flattering likeness of him. He accepted the offer with much gratitude, and we sat down to divide our parcel. Of course I made a reserve of my dear Y. Z., and took first choice of the remainder. I culled out the picture of an exemplary wife in M. S., which might vie in eulogistical epithets with any epitaph in the Abbey, and in truth, as a piece of writing, it was worth much, though the composer herself should turn out to be worth nothing. I have no doubt but that I could dispose of it to-morrow, to any compiler of biographies or obituaries for the next deceased countess ; but I am reserving it as a dedication to some living example of conjugal virtues. My friend then chose L. E. L. for her exalted tenderness, and so we divided the female attributes, according to their transcendancy, between us.

In the course of the evening a second letter came from Y. Z., stating herself to be tall and well-made, with a much admired expression of

face ; a complexion, which, if not the most beautiful, would at least wear well ; bright blue eyes ; fine features ; nut-brown hair. In short, the face and person of my unknown were described with the accuracy of a French passport ; each feature separately so good, that it was impossible to suppose the *tout ensemble* could be any thing but exquisite. She was besides mistress of 400*l.* a year, quite at her own disposal, and the dear generous creature only required to know what my *future* expectations were, as she was willing to forego *present* affluence with a young man, whose prospects were such as I had described mine to be. I fell into such an ecstasy, that I could not afford a thought to any of the other fair applicants, whose letters were consigned unanswered to my pocket, while I replied in rapturous terms to my sweet Y.Z. I told her my present income was 200*l.* per annum, and that I was heir expectant to 800*l.* a year from a maiden aunt, who was too old to marry, and who was actually troubled with an asthma, which her doctor had assured me would, please God ! carry her off in six months. I concluded in my usual strain, imploring an interview as early as possible. To expedite matters, I sent a messenger with my letter to Great Hurry Street. All that night I dreamed of my unknown charmer, forming a thousand assemblages of blue eyes, brown ringlets, and *soupçon de blonde* complexion, sylph-like form, &c. ; each succeeding personification more enchanting than the former ; so that in the morning, all the romantic feelings were uppermost in my heart, and nothing but lover-like accents in my mouth. My friend somewhat dashed this agreeable delirium, by coming to inform me, that at ten the preceding night, a smart servant girl had inquired at his lodgings for A.B., and conceiving her to be a messenger from some of *his* customers, he had admitted her to an interview, and professed himself to be A.B. That then she told him, that she was sent by Y.Z. to say, that from the lateness of the hour she could not write, but would do so next day. “ I guessed,” continued my friend, “ that she merely came as a spy, and endeavoured to pump her, by assuming to be the principal concerned. The name of your Dulcinea is Dorothea ; she is all that you can desire in face, figure, and fortune. Would that my first adventure in this lottery might turn out so good a prize ! ” This account, while it irritated my desires, excited my uneasiness : I began to be afraid of being disparaged by the report, which the maid would make of me to her mistress. My friend wanted two inches of my height, and, without vanity, was a very inadequate representative of my figure. I could not help telling him, that I was afraid he had *done* me. He replied, that the trick would not be discovered till all was concluded ; and insinuated, that I ought to feel myself happy, in having been personated by so clever and adroit a fellow as himself, for that he had won the maid’s good graces. Here was consummate self-love for you !—It seems he had further encroached upon my privileges, by sending a loving salute by the maid to the mistress : but this is the danger of making love, as monarchs do, by proxy. On reaching Little Hoax Street, I found the greater part of the evil I apprehended, removed by a letter from Y.Z., stating that she was satisfied with my account, and would consent to an interview ; and naming the hour and place. I now con-

ceived a new alarm, mingled with jealousy, which was not a little promoted by the vaunts of my friend. It was evident that he had made a strong impression on the maid, which had been transmitted to the mistress, and had induced her to this speedy appointment; and I began to apprehend that she might prefer a short, dapper fellow, to a man of becoming stature. But I had not much time to dwell on these comparisons, for the rendezvous was at twelve, at the house of a milliner in Taytate Street. I had only two hours for the toilet, which passed in curling, dressing, and perfuming.

At length I turned out all in a flutter, scarce able to master my legs in a regular pace, and quite uncertain which side of the way to keep: but I gained the door at length, and gave a most aguish rap, of which I was heartily ashamed. I had just breath enough to inquire for a lady, Y. Z. "What name shall I announce?" demanded the servant. "A. B." said I, with a blush. "O fye! sir," said she, in an arch manner; "but I'll acquaint the lady." In a few moments she returned, telling me that Y. Z. was awaiting me in the back drawing-room. I handed her some loose silver, and begged a glass of water—brandy would have been more welcome, but then the smell! As soon as I had swallowed a mouthful, I ascended, and tapped at the room door. A gentle voice desired me to come in. Heavens! how it thrilled through my veins, and animated me all over! Entering briskly, I perceived a veiled lady, sitting on the sofa behind the door. Her face was modestly averted, but in return a slender ankle was rather prominently displayed, and a small hand, in white kid, drooped gracefully over the arm of the sofa. Could I do less than seize it passionately, and convey it to my lips, exclaiming, with a transport half-felt, half-feigned, "Fairest Dorothea, shall I not be blest with a sight of my angel's face?" Without answering my request, she started up, and prest both hands to her side, with a groan that chilled me; but I was well-nigh petrified when the form of my aunt Dorothy met my view. Though she had sunk back, half fainting, I was too bewildered to stir; nay, I secretly wished she might swoon away, to give me time to collect myself: but she had not come unprovided with scents and smelling-bottles, the use of which she prolonged, as well as her moans, till she had gathered a little reflexion. "Oh! Oh! you undutiful nephew! Oh! have I found you out?" were her first articulate expressions. "My dear aunt, we have found one another out; so the least said, is the soonest mended." "Oh! you mercenary wretch! to calculate upon my income, and to wish me dead in six months!" "My dear aunt, that was all flash and humbug, to take in Y. Z., whom I could never have imagined to be you, by your description." "Well, sir, and what was there misplaced in that description?" At this I gazed upon her, and strove hard to suppress a burst of laughter, as I ran over in my memory a catalogue of her charms: bright blue, for twinkling grey eyes; fine, for thin, pinched features; good wearing, for manufactured complexion; and nut-brown locks, for vendible fac similes to be had in any hair-dresser's shop: as for *tall* and *well made*, they were tolerably accurate, the one referring to a spare lathy figure, and the other to a well-padded pair of stays. Finding, therefore, that there was something to swear by

in her epithets, I made no bones of assuring her that they fitted, and became her very well; but it was the misstatement of her income that puzzled me. "Aye!" said she, "you men are so self-interested—you thought you had a good catch now; but know, that one-half of my income has been assigned over to a friend, and cannot be touched without my consent; and no husband on earth should have wormed that out of me." I was glad to hear this, and chimed in with the old lady, both as to the prudence of that step, and the means which she had taken to procure a partner to share the remainder. I acted with all the *bon hommie* imaginable, and insinuated, that as this rencontre had laid us open to one another, and might expose us to ridicule if divulged, it was best to be friends, and hush up matters. I promised to give her a clue, by which she might know my advertisements in future. I stretched my confidence still further, for I showed her, boastingly, the various letters I had received from my other applicants. She deliberately read that of M. S. through. "Why! this is the handwriting and signature of old Maud Scripton, whom you heard declaiming at my house against matrimony. She is precisely the reverse, in every particular, of the picture drawn here; cross, fasty, pedantic, and ill-natured in spirit; yellow, wrinkled, and deformed in exterior." I found the rest of my budget nearly as bad, according to my aunt's testimony. P. A. and A. D. were the two Miss Annums, who gave themselves out for young heiresses, on the strength of not having attained their fortieth year, and enjoying life-annuities of a hundred a year each. N. B. was one of the B—e family, the same who had prophesied that none but abandoned women would deign to notice a matrimonial advertisement. She had been herself *talked of*, as my aunt emphatically whispered me, and could by no means be warranted sound in character. I was profuse in thanks to my aunt, and intreated her direction in future cases, offering my services to her in her little affairs of this nature. She did not exactly accept my proposal, but was so well pleased with my polite behaviour, that she promised to look out for a wife for me; and as I declared my reluctance to a protracted suit, whether in love or Chancery, she promised to stipulate for an immediate capitulation with any young lady whom she might approve. I then returned to my ally's, somewhat comforted for the loss of Y. Z. &c. &c. &c.

To my friend's inquiry I barely answered, that the lady would not have me, but that he might try his chance, and that I was privileged to introduce him. He was obliged to me, but just now he had a previous engagement on hand. F. P. had graciously consented to visit him that afternoon, and he momentarily expected her. I was still reading over the flaming announcement, which I took care not to undervalue to my friend, when a thundering rap announced the visitor. I was thrust into the back room, and desired to find my way down stairs, as soon as the lady entered. But I was too curious to find out whether Fortune had favoured him more than me, not to make the best use I could of eye and ear. I heard silks rustling into the room, and at that moment caught a view of Harry's face, through the key-hole. That I could but describe the air of dilemma and mortification which it exhibited! He seemed nailed to the floor, and kept snuffing with his pocket-handkerchief to conceal his confusion.

This sight, associated with my morning's adventure, was too much for my over-burdened spleen, and I sought relief in a loud, convulsing laugh, which must have rendered his situation still more distressing, but for the world I could not have refrained. When the first explosion was over, I heard the lady storming at my friend, for exposing her, and Harry protesting his innocence with so much *niaiserie*, that it brought on a second fit. My ecstasy was at its height, when bounce open flew the door, and the enraged lady, with flushed cheeks and flaming eyes, stood before me. "I beg pardon, madam; but ha! ha! ha! I beg pardon for he, he, he!—but only look at A. B. there, and you will ho, ho, ho!—Oh my sides, how they ache! You'd have laughed, Harry, at my sweet Y. Z., and now I cannot help laughing at your charming F. P.; upon my soul I cannot, madam—ha, ha, ha." The contagion had by this time spread to my friend's nerves, and he chuckled and apologised in a most diverting manner. Meanwhile the lady, bloated with rage and disappointment, vented herself in terms more spirited than genteel. She was one of your plump, red-faced Pomonas, who would have done credit to an apple-stall; she had been ripened by good fifty summers, and exhibited a most voluptuous contrast to my lean sallow friend. Her passion was quite exalted enough for tragedy, and would have produced a tolerable catastrophe had she found any weapons, or had we not sidled round the table, out of her reach, begging pardon at every step for our unavoidable mirth, and declaring ourselves sorry that she had given herself so much trouble in calling. At length, her vocabulary of abusives being exhausted, and she herself tired out with menacing vengeance, she retreated down stairs. When composed, I related my adventures with Y. Z., which furnished fresh fuel to our merriment. We agreed to manage our future interviews in a cleverer and more serious manner, forsooth, by each of us receiving the visits destined to the other, in the character of agent. By the contrivance of a small pane cut in the door, we might previously inspect the applicant; this might be concealed from view, by placing a table, with books and scientific apparatus, against the door. It has been so neatly effected, that the glass appears to belong to a camera-obscura, standing against the wall, and a thick curtain at the back of the door prevents the light from being transmitted. We gave meetings to all correspondents; but the difficulty of choice seems to have increased with the number. But though they do not suit our taste, we are convinced they would be quite acceptable to other men in search of wives. This has suggested to me the idea of opening a commission-room in the wholesale line, since joint-stock companies are out of fashion. To prevent all puffs and imposition, each customer shall produce a certificate of birth from the parish register; also a regular attestation, sworn before Sir Richard Birnie, that he or she is a proper character; besides a report, from the Lord Chancellor, that he or she has been tried in his court, and found to be of good temper and sane mind, and no bankrupt. The fees shall be regulated on a moderate scale; so much for advertising; so much for a peep; an interview, so much. Prospectuses shall be forthwith published, to be had of all booksellers and newsmen. Inquire, for cards, of the Union Insurance Office.

CÆLEBS, *Agt.*

THE EPIC AND THE ROMANTIC.

THIS is not intended to be a lecture upon comparative poetical anatomy; nor do we propose to measure the proportions of the epic and the romantic, by the foot-rule of Horace, or Boileau, or Castelvetro. All the world knows that an epic poem is the most beautiful, the most perfect, and the most sublime work, of which the human mind is capable; and all the world very discreetly regards it as a point of religion to be in ecstasies whenever the name of Homer or Virgil is mentioned. But ecstasies, however orthodox, are not always at command; and there are few more painfully laborious efforts, than that of working one's self into a fine frenzy of admiration for the occasion; so that we have sometimes thought it would be a mercy, if means could be devised, to relieve good people from the necessity of fevering themselves in their anxiety to maintain a character for classical taste. With this charitable end in view, we design, at a convenient season, to invent some sobriquet, or some disparaging phrase, for each of the heroic bards—something short and pithy, but not too definite in meaning, like "*Le clinquant de Tasse*;" which, aided by a damning shake of the head, and with nose upraised to the proper angle of contempt, might be drawled out with quite as much effect as could be produced by the most elaborate panegyric.

With regard to the romantic, the difference is, that no one considers himself under any obligation to admire it; and yet enjoy it we do, with an intensity of enjoyment as boundless as it is unforced. We luxuriate in it; we feast upon it in silence and in secrecy; we put it under our pillows; we curtail our twelve hours' natural rest, and wake up to read it; it supplants the very newspaper on our breakfast table. We speak not here of the modern mongrel romance, in which ghosts, charnel-houses, monks, inquisitors, and thumb-screws, in all their various combinations of horror, stir up the morbid imaginations of young damsels lounging on sofas; but of the genuine old chivalrous romance, which sings of—

Loves and ladies, knights and arms,
Of courtesies, and many a daring feat.

Metaphysicians explain our extravagant delight in these brilliant creations of the fancy by observing that the germ of romance is deeply rooted in our nature; and that in short we all romance, each according to the measure of his gifts. Sismondi sagaciously conjectures, that our pleasure arises from the utter impossibility of deriving any instruction from the romantic; a recommendation, by the bye, which, however strong, might perchance be sometimes found to apply to works in other branches of literature. Be this as it may, it is strange, that while there are directions without number for the composition of an epic poem, so that every school-boy knows all about unity and entirety, beginning, middle, and end, no chart has yet been laid down for the guidance of the romantic writer. We shall endeavour to supply a few hints upon the subject.

The first thing the author has to do, is to bespeak unlimited cre-

dence ; to insinuate that none but a dolt, or a vulgar fellow, could venture to disbelieve whatever he, in the plenitude of his pen, thinks fit to advance :—

Why then should *witlesse* man so much misweene,
That nothing is, but that which he hath seene ?

Che'l *volgo sciocco* non gli vuol dar fede,
Se non le vede, e tocca chiare e piane.

Having thus cleared the ground, the next step is to provide his characters. And here he will derive much assistance from Johnson's accurate description of the component parts of a drama. "To bring a lover, a lady, and a rival into the fable ; to entangle them in contradictory obligations, perplex them with oppositions of interest, and harass them with violence of desires inconsistent with each other ; to make them meet in rapture, and part in agony ; to fill their mouths with hyperbolical joy, and outrageous sorrow ; to distress them as nothing human ever was distressed ; to deliver them as nothing human ever was delivered, is the business, &c." The only improvement that can be suggested, in order to render this outline available to the romantic writer, is, that instead of one lover, one lady, and one rival, there should be a score of each at least ; for the peculiar merit of the genuine romance is, that it disdains unity ; it is as fond of pluralities as a parson.

The lovers should, generally speaking, be constant to their mistresses, until they are transfixed by brighter eyes. If, however, the author is daring enough to introduce a paragon of constancy, "true as the needle to the pole," poetic justice demands, that the paragon should go mad. And this he must do, whether his mistress repays his affection with kindness or ingratitude. For, as he of *La Mancha* says : "This is the point and refinement of the design : a knight, who turns madman, because he cannot help it, can claim no merit from his misfortune ; but the great matter is, to run distracted without cause."

But the delineation of madness is attended with no small difficulty, as well on account of the thousand varying shades of insanity itself, as of the dim evanescent line, which separates the madman from the transcendant genius. For example, when Orlando, that most classical of maniacs, offers his dead horse in exchange for a living one, and requires boot :—

Con qualche aggiunto il ronzin dar mi puoi—

There appears nothing very mad in the request ; seeing that persons who are acknowledged to have their wits about them, are constantly in the habit of selling and exchanging horses as good as dead. The only part of the transaction that borders upon insanity, is the candour with which he acknowledges the single defect of an animal, unexceptionable, as it would appear, in every other respect. The safest course therefore is to follow precedent. It would not appear to be of much consequence, whether the lunatic upon the first access strips off his armour, as Orlando did ; his breeches, as Don Quixote did ; or his boots, according to the example of Bombastes. He is bound, however, to travel naked right a-head, like a mad dog, without declining to the right, or to the left, "from one to other Ynd ;"

swimming seas ; tearing up forests by the roots ; destroying man and beast ; sacking cities by way of a melancholy, gentleman-like recreation ; kicking donkeys to such a height, that they appear like birds in the air ; feeding on bears and wild boars—not Westphalian hams—but wild boars raw, with their hides on:—

E di lor carne, con tutta la spoglia,
Più volte il ventré empì con fiera voglia.

These are the general outlines, which may be filled up, *ad libitum*, with frantic extravagancies.

As it may be necessary at the conclusion of the work to cure the madman, a few words as to the mode of effecting this.—Great writers are at variance respecting the treatment of Orlando. Ariosto, following that most veridical of chroniclers, Turpin, “*che mai non mente*,” relates, that the Paladin’s loving friends ducked him well in the sea:—

Lo fa lavare Astolfo sette volte,
E sette volte sotto acqua l’attuffa ;—

whence, no doubt, is derived the modern practice in cases of hydrophobia ; and that then Astolfo presented to the nostrils of the well-soused Paladin, a smelling-bottle, or snuff-box, containing his wits, for which, the said Astolfo had had the kindness to travel to the moon on a hippogriff. Fortiguerra, on the contrary, insists that Orlando underwent the merciful discipline of our private mad-houses—a good drubbing every hour, spare diet, and abundance of water:—

Cinquante bastonate a ciascun’ora
Gli davano i *pietosi* Paladini,
E pane asciutto, ed acqua della gora ;
E ritornaro Orlando in sanitate
Molta acqua, poco pane, e bastonate.

We are bound to confess, that highly as we approve of the ducking, the latter part of Ariosto’s cure appears to us somewhat far-fetched, like the whale in Scott’s “*Pirate* ;” and that considering the decay of the breed of hippogriffs, and the very remote chance of a renewal of our communication with the moon by means of balloons, we are inclined to give the preference to Fortiguerra’s prescription ; perfectly agreeing with him, that nothing has such miraculous power in bringing people to their senses, as fasting and blows.

Ma il mangiar poco, e il molto bastonare,
E l’*unguistara* sì miracolosa,
Che fa tornare il senno ad agni cosa.

It is scarcely necessary to observe, that the lovers should be fierce fiery warriors, breathing death and defiance. A suit of Hector’s or the fifth Harry’s armour ; the breast-plate of Solomon ; a sword tempered by David, that will slice rocks as easily as a cheese-paring ; a diamond shield like that possessed by Spenser’s Prince Arthure:—

Men into stones therewith he could transmew ;
And stones to dust, and dust to nought at all.

A steed “*Whose rapidity the lightning even envies*,” or like unto that of Hudibras—

That beat, at least three lengths, the wind.

These are every-day matters, which will naturally occur to the poet's mind. "Impenetrable armour," says Hobbes, "enchanted castles, invulnerable bodies, iron men, flying horses, and other such things, are easily feigned by them that dare." We only mention them, because they may be serviceable, when the hero faces an army singly, which he will do upon an average once a week. "In those days," observes the unaffected biographer of the illustrious Antar, "there were knights who could encounter a thousand, and even two thousand, of the most obstinate horsemen; having always the advantage, and ever unhurt." On these occasions he will take heads from their shoulders, as he would pluck apples:—

——— Del capo lo scema,
Con la facilità che terria alcuno
Dal arbor pome.

Ariosto, with a degree of modesty—an amiable dread of offending the most incredulous ears—insinuates, that *perhaps* the force of an earthquake might have equalled the force of Rogero:

Forse il tremuoto le sarebbe uguale.

There are some exploits in that pattern of romances, "Antar," which are worthy of the consideration of the romantic writer, as well on account of the simple style in which they are narrated, as because they are no vulgar, common-place feats. The following may serve as a specimen: "He raised her up in his hand like a sparrow in the claws of a devouring hawk; and as he dashed her violently to the ground, *her length nearly entered into her breadth*."....."He cleft his vizor and wadding, and his sword *played away* between the eyes, passing through his shoulders down to the back of the horse, even to the ground; and he and his horse made four pieces; and to the strictest observer it would appear that he had divided them with scales." This has been imitated by Ariosto:—

E gli nomini fendéa fin sul cavallo;
E li mandava in parti uguali al prato,
Tanto dall'un, quanto dall'altro lato.

And by Fortiguerra.—

E lo divide in due veracemente.
Parte il cavallo, e ficca nel terreno
La spada dieci palmi, o poco meno.

"He wrested a horseman from the back of his horse; he raised him in his hand like a pole; and whirling him round as a sling, he struck a second with him down; he precipitated the two, and made them drink of the cup of death:"—which exploit also has served as a model to the romantic writers of Europe.

Among the rest he takes one by his heele,
And with his head knocks out another's brain,
Which caused both of them such paine to feele
As till doom's-day they never shall complaine.*

"Where he struck he cleaved asunder, and where he pierced, he annihilated; and when he shouted at the horses, their feet shook

* Sir John Harrington's translation of the Orlando Furioso.

with horror; and when the warriors crowded upon him, he severed their skulls." "In horror and fear of me," says Sudam, "even the wild beasts of the waste shrink into the obscurity of caverns; and were Death a substance, *I would steep his right hand in the blood of his left.*"

It were needless to remind the romantic writer that he must be provided with "Store of ladies, whose bright eyes rain influence;" they are the very spice of romance. Nor need he be embarrassed as to the manner and place of their introduction. A hero meets them at every turn; by sea, by land, on the tops of mountains, in subterraneous caverns, in the lairs of wild beasts.

——— Che nei valloni,
Nelle scure spelonche e boschi fieri,
Tane di serpi, d' orsi, e di leoni,
Trovavan quel che nei palazzi altieri
Appena or trovar pon giudici buoni;
Donne che nella lor più fresca etade
Sien degne di aver titol di beltade.

—Indian princesses, of course; wandering in various climes, without the slightest imputation on their fair fame. Of kings also he may have as many as will serve his purpose, without even the aid of poetic licence; as is testified by the authentic chronicles of Ireland. Dr. Hanmer informs us, that at the battle of Garrestown, four Irish kings, and twenty-five sons of kings, were slain; and as the Irish were the victors, it is to be presumed, that this number bore but a small proportion to the royal brood that appeared in the field.

A romance without a battle, would be a stranger monster than any that was ever concocted in the busy brain of romancier.

The battles of the epic poets are, notwithstanding the cunning dissection of bodies, the rattling of armour, and the talking as well as neighing of horses, but tame proceedings.—The only description that can be borrowed from them is the single line in Homer, which has been thus diluted by Pope:—

Through the black horrors of th' ensanguin'd plain,
Through dust, through blood, or arms and hills of slain.

But what can exceed the boldness and inspiring energy of the following imagery from "Antar?"

"Every horseman roared in terrors, and the King of death *dispatched his messengers to grasp lives*. Every sharp sword continued its blows, till the heart and mind were bewildered, and the earth rocked under the weight of the armies."....."The armies were thronged together, and the flame of war blazed. Necks were cleft by the sword;—armour was clotted with gore—*hope itself became despair*. Chests were pierced with the spear; and souls fled from bodies; hands and arms were torn asunder, *heads flew off like balls, and hands like leaves of trees*. The blades and lances played a tunc, and the dancers moved to the clash of the edged sword. The cups of death passed round with *wine of the liquor of perils*."....."They bellowed like the roar of lions, and their feet pounded the stones and the rocks whilst they wrestled and struggled;

and the sweat poured down their bodies like the froth of cauldrons, and their *feet stamped up furrows like graves*. Their deeds would *have turned infants grey*."....."The dust arose and thickened—the horses' feet played with the skulls as if with balls—and all that were present that day, wished they had never been born, had never stirred, and had never moved on the earth. A combat took place, that sickened the eyeballs, and amazed the stoutest hearts. The sea of death waved and rolled its stormy surge. The complexions and constitutions of all were convulsed: shame fell upon the coward, and the brave were painted with crimson gore. Lords became slaves, and the desert and rocks were agitated." The rest of the machinery of the romance will consist of hurricanes,—"*la solita tempesta*,"—of "forests and enchantments drear;"—fastidious sea-monsters, glutting their appetites with the delicate limbs of beauteous virgins; dragons, from the wounds of which will issue

"A gushing river of black gory blood,
The stream of which would drive a water mill;"

Fatte le arene son si sanguinose.
Che una barchetta sopra vi può ire;—

whales, compared with which those of the north seas would shrink into minnows—which may readily be mistaken for islands—

Basti di dir, che spesso là riesce
Equivocar tra un'isola ed un pesce.

Then there will be palaces of steel, of rock-crystal, of touchstone, of silver and of gold; splendid robes:—tourneys, marriages, and pomp, and feast, and revelry. At Antar's wedding banquet there were slaughtered twenty thousand he camels; twenty thousand she camels; twenty thousand sheep; and twenty thousand goats, and a thousand lions. And such was the dazzling brilliancy of the scene, that "the sun shone with reflected rays." The whole will be seasoned with the requisite number of heart-rending scenes; of melting meetings, and agonizing adieus; of dire discoveries and unlooked for recognitions. A few words with respect to the latter. The family *eclaircissement* in the "Critic," concluding with—"these are all thy near relations," has been justly considered a masterpiece in its kind.

There is indeed in it an unadorned simplicity; a plain natural energy, the very soul of pathos, which is altogether captivating. But high as are its merits, it cannot compete with a scene in the Arabian Nights, the beauty of which has never been justly appreciated, and which we strongly recommend to the study of the romantic poet.

It is the scene where the widow of the Vizier Nouredin Ali discovers her son by the affecting incident of a cheese-cake: "She broke off a piece to taste it, but it had scarcely touched her lips, when she uttered a loud cry and fainted away.—As soon as she was recovered from her fainting, 'Oh God!' cried she, 'it must have been my son, my dear son Bedreddin, who made this cake.'"—

The violence of our emotion must be an apology for so abrupt a conclusion.—

TRUEMAINE.

MAN WITHOUT REFINEMENT. 1820—6.

CHAP. X.

I WAS sitting upon a bench in the side alley of Kensington-gardens, digesting the ungracious answer of his lordship, when two ladies approached the cypress alcove, in the height of wordy contention. "You shall go back," said one, with emphasis. "I will not," answered the other convulsively. They started on finding the small recess tenanted, and hesitated to advance or retreat; but the weak state of the younger of them rendered it absolutely necessary that she should repose herself. Struck with her face and form, for an instant I forgot what politeness required of me, and did nothing but gaze upon the beautiful creature. While I was yet absorbed, she made a motion to gain the seat, apparently unable to utter her wish, or to struggle against the efforts of her companion to force her onwards. I now rose, and glancing at the countenance of the elder lady, which seemed the vehicle of bad passions, was about to retire, when a look—of entreaty, I thought—from her lovely companion, detained me. It immediately struck me that instinct had directed that look, and that this was some poor sufferer, who dreaded being left alone with her oppressor, in moments when nature was about to withdraw her support. "Madam," exclaimed I, "the young lady is fainting." "No, sir," answered she, gruffly, "it is nothing but gammon—forward, you hussy!" "She must not go," resolutely cried I, "in that weak state." As I said this, she reeled, and fell into my arms. I placed her on the seat, and looked at her conductor, to ascertain whether she meant to do any thing for the relief of her charge, being utterly inexperienced myself, and shackled by that degree of conscious awkwardness which a stranger to women naturally feels in the like predicament. I was afraid that I had gone too far already; for never before, since my mother clasped me in her embrace, had the form of woman pressed mine, a rude outcast as I had been from female society!

She whom my look appealed to, seemed as much overcome by terror and surprise as myself. She contrived, however, to undo the lady's bonnet, and to fan her with it, ejaculating all the while, "Who'd have thought it? What's to be done?" and directing me to fan the reclining beauty, while she undid her dress, a task which she set about as unconcernedly as if no male person were by. But whatever unfavourable notions it excited of her delicacy, compassion for the object of our cares made me heedless of other considerations. Though all that either of us suggested in the way of chafing and loosening had been done, she seemed as distant as ever from recovery. At length we thought of water as the sole resource, and I was entreated to fetch some from the pond. I hastened thither, not sorry to be discharged from an office, in which I would have been shocked at being detected by the patient on her revival. As I neared the recess, with a hat half full of water, I heard the voices of two persons, and hesitated whether it was right to approach. During a moment or two of

reflection, I distinctly caught the words, "You have brought me to this, you wretch! Go and tell him I will die rather than see him again. I hate him and you; leave me. Oh! that I had any one to fly to!" and then followed a burst of crying. "Hush! hush!" returned the other voice, soothingly, "the gentleman will hear you." "What do I care?" exclaimed the first speaker; "I'll tell him all—I'll tell the whole world." Urged on by various feelings, I now advanced hastily to the bower. The beautiful girl sat dishevelled and disarranged, tears streaming down her bosom. My own blushes first recalled her to a sense of its exposure, and she hastened to veil it from my eyes, pettishly rejecting the officiousness of the elder female. This last now turned round to me with a load of thanks, and hints that my services were no longer desired; all of which I made light of, telling her that I would wait to see if I could be of any use, "But your hat will get spoiled," said she. "By no means; it is water-proof." "But you'll catch cold!" "By no means; I am amphibious." "Well then, sir," murmured she, "my niece is ashamed while you are by; be so good as to leave us alone." "If my presence is disagreeable to the young lady," said I, aloud, "I shall immediately retire." I could not comprehend the effort that she made to answer, it was so indistinct with sobs, and began to think that what I had overheard had been used as a mere childish threat to her guardian. As a last expedient, I pushed before the old woman, and addressed the young one directly,—“You seem very unhappy, madam; can I be of service in seeing you home, or at least to your carriage?” She raised her eye, glistening with a film, and scrutinized me an instant—“That is, if you have a carriage waiting—or a home”—added I, hesitatingly. “I have neither,” sobbed she, bitterly. “Come, miss,” interrupted the old woman authoritatively. “It is time, sir, for my niece to return home; there are coaches enough at the gate.” “I am no niece of yours, you detestable creature,” answered the young woman with spirit, “and will never return back again with you.” “I will let you know that you shall,” replied the ancient spit-fire. “Up! this moment, or I’ll—” “You shall do nothing violent while I am present;” pretty well assured, by this time, of the quality of her matronhood. “Sha’n’t I?” vociferated she; “you shall see. Out of my way! or I’ll have your eyes out.” “Softly, good dame!” rejoined I, “I am no such simpleton as you take me for. If you have a rightful claim to this young lady, I am not going to interfere with it: all I said was, and I repeat it, you shall do no violence to her in my presence. If your intentions are just, you need not speak so harshly; I dare say the young lady will be amenable to persuasion.” “To be sure, she ought,” answered she, softened; “and you seems to be a gentleman, that knows the world. I shall be glad to have your company home with us. We keeps a very genteel house near hand. Mayhap you’ll join me in persuading miss to return, and you shall—” “I see,” said I, reddening at her offer; “but would I not have a better chance of prevailing, if you removed to a little distance? Leave me but ten minutes alone with her, and we’ll see what can be done.”

She demurred a little; but at length, after many injunctions, and vile propositions, she retreated. “I have but ten minutes,” said I to

my still weeping companion, "to converse with you. That base woman has explained your situation to me; and I can believe you are the victim of her tyranny. Speak what can be done to relieve you from it?" Her sobs seemed to choak her utterance. "The time wears away," continued I: "your oppressor will be back immediately. Can you devise nothing to render your situation less wretched? Can I inform your friends—intercede with them?" "I have none," said she. "Will this purse, with its poor contents, be of service to you? Be not afraid to take it; I ask no requital. I would not buy your love, with all your charms. Come, accept it, and deal freely with me; my advice may avail you. Who is he to whom you dread to return?" She shuddered. "Your seducer?" She assented. "Has he sold you to this wretch?"—another assent. "She has given me the option of going home with you; do you give me leave?" "No!" said she, releasing the purse that I had pressed into her hand, and darting a fierce look at me. "You need not join in teasing me to return." "Far from being in league with your enemy," said I, "'twas but to sound your inclination that I asked. Refuse not this trifle, as it may enable you to escape from the villanous hag."

"Will it so?" demanded the fury, who had crept softly within hearing, and now burst upon us blue with rage—"Will it so, you traitor? Begone! or I'll punish you, for seducing away my girl."

"Yours? infamous wretch!—and by what title yours?" "By the best of titles; I bought her, fed her, have clothed her, and every stitch on her is mine. Let me see who dare touch my property?"

"Polluted creature! do not you dread the law?"

"Tut, tut, let them indict me; I have lawyers enough to defend me; and if you don't be off, I'll get them to serve you out."

"I defy you and them; and in spite of both, will get this young woman out of your clutches," retorted I, in proper knight-errant style.

"Oh! will you indeed?" exclaimed the object of this vaunt; "I'll be your servant—your slave—your creature till death."

This animation excited my sympathy, while I was sensible of all the rashness of my declaration, which, in truth, was rather meant to daunt the old villain, than to hold out a protection that it was not in my power to afford.

"You would, but you dare not," sneered old purple-face; "you dare not offend Lord Champetre and Colonel Standfire, to whom she is engaged."

"They! the puny libertines! I'd eat up a dozen such. Go bring them here; I'll make them resign her to your face."

"I have noblemen and gentlemen enough to protect me; and if you don't be gone, I'll have you trounced," spoke my opponent.

"Bring them here! Let me see the man of them that will prevent my carrying off this lady, if she wish it."

"Indeed, I do," cried she; "and shall ever be grateful to you, sir."

"Decamp then, thou old bawd!" exclaimed I, elevated to the proper pitch, by the cling of this distressed damsel to my arm—"Decamp, or I'll do thee a mischief."

But the greater inclination to do mischief seemed to be on her side; she ran at me furiously, and with a grasp, intended for my nose, tore my collar clean off. In return, I caught her arm, and gave it a

scientific wrench that caused her to squeak out. "Oh! you coward! you monster! You have broken my arm; you have twisted it out of the socket—Oh! murder! I will call for help!" and she slunk back with pain, not intending to execute her threat in the least. I had enough to do to rescue my hat entire, from her feet and hands. I seized it, however, before the water was entirely spilt, and jerked it in her face. "Take that," said I, "it will cool your passion; and now go home and dry yourself. If you give me the least opposition, I will call up the park-keepers, and deliver you to them as an improper character."

"I'll stick by you, and dog you wherever you go, you robber," returned she. "Swinge me, but you'll suffer for this, if I once catch you in the street."

I began to be alarmed, lest she should keep her word, and track us; therefore, though my *protégée* seemed anxious to get away, I dreaded leaving the park, and encountering a rabble in the road. We stood mutually defying and abusing each other, while the chattering of the teeth of my poor ally reminded me of the unfitness of this situation for one so indisposed as she had been. One time I thought of settling the old woman by a stunning blow and running off while she was insensible; but no argument of convenience could overcome the instinct that rendered such a step revolting to me. At another time, I thought of committing her to the rangers; but the doubt was, would they meddle with her; or might they not detain us all, and give publicity to the whole adventure. I had formed and renounced a hundred plans, when two gentlemen appeared at the top of the walk, and I instantly determined on seeking their assistance. When they had approached, I moved hastily up to them, and begged their aid in detaining the old woman until I had got away with the young one, stating the case as one of choice on the part of the latter. They were astonished at the oddness of the request, but did not absolutely decline, until they should have examined the parties, which was very equitable. Here a fresh dilemma occurred. "Had you not better manage the old fury," whispered one, "while we convey the young lady to any place appointed?" I studied the proposition for a few moments, during which poverty, prudence, and virtue, said yes; while an unknown but powerful pleader at the bottom of my heart, said no. I knew what the proposer meant by undertaking such a trust, but still I must not appear to see through it.

"If the young woman consent, I cannot have the smallest difficulty in complying."

"—— because, you perceive," continued he, in the same low finical tone, "you have already intimidated the old Hecate, and she stands in awe of you, if violence be required; but I trust a little deceit will do. Not that I have the smallest fear or compunction in obeying you—but then—where would you like the lady to be taken?"

"We have not inquired yet," quoth I, "whether it be agreeable to her to put herself under your protection, though I have not the smallest doubt of your honourable intentions."—I had thought; but if the coin was bad, it was borrowed from him.—"Aye, true! I'll speak to her aside," quoth he, "that the old devil may not hear, and I'll report her answer to you."

He'll outdo me, thought I; but let him try. He went up to her, and whispered her, as she afterwards informed me, in this strain—"My dear madam! that fellow is a mere scrub, as you may observe; unfit to yield you protection—and he consents to give you up to me. Come with me then, my sweet girl, and I will keep you in ease and splendour all your days."

"She shall not," interrupted the old eaves-dropper, who had broken off her narrative to his companion, in order to hearken. "She shall not go with you, nor with any one, for she is mine—my girl—and whoever sees her home, shall have her this blessed night."

The gentlemen looked at each other, and then at me, as much as to say, "that is the best thing we can do; let us never mind *him*."

"I do not mean to control her," exclaimed I; "but against her will she shall go with no one here."

"With you, sir, if you allow me; and with none else will I go," asserted she.

"That being the case, sirs," said I, "it is neither honourable nor safe for you to interfere, unless as required; if disinclined, why then go your ways." They conferred a moment, and I saw there was a contest between them, on which I drew cards from my pocket, and presented, but without hostility, one to each, saying, "they would find they had to deal with a gentleman, who knew how to make a proper return for their services."

"We by no means seek to frustrate your intentions," said the little courtier, who had addressed me; "but might we inquire of what nature they are towards this lady?"

"I should find it difficult to specify—merely, I presume, to afford her immediate protection from this savage."

"If that be the case," rejoined the smooth little personage, handing me a card, "might I beg that you will give me notice when you are inclined to transfer her to the charge of another?"

I could have kicked him for his honourable commission, but restrained myself, in hopes of obtaining an immediate auxiliary. "You may give her your address," observed I, "and put it in her power to intimate what she pleases to you."

"Well then," assented he, pulling me aside, "my tutor and I will detain the old hag, after I have explained a few words to the lady." The tutor had, in the mean time, very serviceably detached the old lady, and pacified her by some artful representations. "Now then, mother abbess," said the young gentleman, after having finished his ineffectual advances,—“Now then, my friend and I will go home, and have a roistering evening of it at your house; never mind those bad ones, let them go about their business.”

"You have my warmest thanks, gentlemen," offering my arm to the shivering fair, who eagerly clung to it; "I shall find a way of repaying the obligation."

"Unhand me, villains!" roared out the Jezebel, lustily, while they each seized an arm of her's, and drowned her accents in boisterous laughter. "A handkerchief to her mouth, my friends, and her arms over the back of the scat, so—farewell! Come, lean on me, sweet, and fear not. How shall I call thee, my fair prize?"

"Olivia," said she; "let us hasten by the Bayswater side, in a con-

trary direction to her house. Oh! am I out of her power once, and shall I fall into it again for want of strength?"

"Not if you avail yourself of mine;" and I bore her slender form along, almost poised upon my arm. We passed the gate, and continued to fly along the road with nearly the same precipitation. At first, my exultation was too great to allow me to utter more than exclamations of pleasure; but when I felt the throbbing of her heart against my frame, I was lost in a whirl of novel sensations. As her forces declined, and they were failing fast, anxiety usurped the place of all other emotions. She had relinquished all attempts at progression, and passively permitted her whole frame to lean upon me, but still any motion was too much for her, and she cried out faintly, "Stop, I cannot go further: what shall we do?"—That simple question dispersed all my airy transports. I had scarce put it to myself, nor once thought what I was about; into what connection I had entangled myself; how I was to dispose of her. And now that it was suggested, a host of evil anticipations rushed into the place of my fading passions. I saw vice, misery, and want before her, and communicating their contagion to me. There was an alternative indeed—to rid myself of my incumbrance before she acquired claims upon my affection and support. Alas! she had already the strong claim of the desolate, which, added to the empire of her charms, were too much for the suggestions of prudence. Fallen angel as she is, thought I, she may have been thrown providentially in my path for her retrieval; and of all the sisterhood of women, she is the first from whom I am likely to obtain any return beyond the cold formalities of general society. Though the outworks of virtue have been broken down, the fortress may be defensible still; for have I aught but an obscure notion of her worthlessness, while the display of feeling that I have witnessed is a clear voucher of better qualities than the guilty usually get credit for?

"You shall remain where you are," replied I, at length, "until a coach arrives: this little boy, for some trifle, will fetch one." I claimed back my purse from her, and despatched the messenger. She gave me a grateful look, and exclaimed, "How could you leave yourself so unprovided on my account?"

The coach reached us about sun-set, while we still lingered nearly in the same place. "Where shall I drive to?" inquired the coachman. I looked at my companion for an answer, but she only lowered her eyes. "To Hyde-park gate," answered I, until we should have settled that point more definitively. "You shall remain at an hotel to-night," said I, "and to-morrow go into lodgings, which I will provide." She took my hand and pressed it in speechless thanks. "While I have the power, you shall not be reduced to infamous subsistence." She shook her head mournfully. "You think my protection includes the same thing, but you may be free. All-charming as you are, I will never make your love the price of my paltry services." "I did not doubt your goodness," said she, "but can I overcharge it so; might I not procure work and support myself?" "Well, be it so; it is an honest purpose, and may save you from utter ruin; only promise to use me on every emergency as a friend, till you can provide for yourself." She gave another pressure, and I read in her eyes her tearful

gratitude. I endeavoured to animate her by recalling her fortunate escape, and tracing prospects of future comfort, and succeeded in calling up a smile upon her pale cheek ; but I studiously suppressed all freedoms, lest they should appear an outrage on misfortune, and a violation of those disinterested sentiments which I professed ; not without hopes, however, that the delicacy of such forbearance would weigh more in my favour than any exhibitions of transport. We stopped at an hotel in that part of the town ; and mine host, or his deputy, not without some silent demur, admitted us to a sitting-room. I silenced his scruples by ordering dinner, and making an unusual fuss about his wines, the vintage of which he could not explain to my satisfaction ; so I contented myself with desiring him to bring a pint-bottle of pale sherry, and be sure it were the true Andalusian wine. To which he replied, “ Yes, sir, certainly, we have no other but the Delusion wine in the house.” “ And, hark you, send up the chambermaid to show this lady to a bed-room for the night—mind the Delusion.” I told Olivia with a blush, that, to save appearances, she must treat me with as much familiarity as if we were man and wife, and then consigned her to the female attendant. On her return we sat down to dinner, dismissing the running gentry as soon as possible, and enjoying ourselves as cheerfully as could be expected from her retrospections, and my anxieties for the future. I found her full of vivacity as well as sensibility, and with a degree of culture that astonished me for one of her condition ; but she explained it to me in her simple but extraordinary story.

Her seduction had been planned while she was but eight years old, at which time her surviving parent died, leaving her and a very small property in the trust of a guardian, whom the testator fixed on for his tenderness of disposition. This person took her from school shortly after, and brought her up under his eye, as she verily believed, with a view of making her his *chère amie* under the name of wife. He selected a particular course of instruction for her, tending to awaken feeling at the expense of understanding, for he was a voluptuary in sentiment as well as in passion, and desired that she should supply food to his tenderness as well as to his pleasures. The French novelists chiefly composed his library, from whom he always selected lessons for her study ; and was in the habit of reading to her, with tears in his eyes, the affecting passages of love-tales, before she could comprehend whence such intensity of feeling arose. She loved him habitually, as a child would love a governess who was gentle, and whose cares replaced those of a mother. As for him, he descended even to the regulation of her dress, and the order of her person. No office seemed unbecoming to him, to create for himself an *unique* sort of a wife, uncorrupted by feminine sophistications. He retained but one elderly female in the house, who did the menial offices, while all the neater and more skilful branches of domestic management were consigned to his ward, he himself directing her with epicurean nicety. Custom had reconciled her to this lonely life, or rather she had never known any greater pleasures than in fulfilling its duties ; and the only change she anticipated was, in transferring her attentions to the house of some Emilius or St. Preux, when he should arrive ; an event that did not press much upon her patience, because she had never felt the shock of

any of those budding passions, unfolded in society. She was already seventeen before she began to feel shame at the caresses which her tutor lavished upon her in his mawkish moments of sensibility, and one day very simply asked him what pleasure he could have in such foolery. The old satyr grinned libidiously, and answered, that it was high time to teach her. He then entered upon certain explanations of his views with respect to her, which were utterly as yet incomprehensible to her, and he was obliged to put Crebillon and other authors into her hands to assist her natural sagacity; for, though she knew from books what sentimental love was, she had been carefully kept from the knowledge of such a passion as lust. She was not long in forming an idea of it, however, and in interpreting, by its means, all that was inexplicable in her good old guardian; but, far from feeling a reciprocal excitement, she conceived absolute disgust for the first time in her life towards him. He was so different from the being her imagination had conjured up in secret as the object of her love, that his pathetic recitations had always appeared to her a mere excess of sympathy for others, and no ways indicative of any lurking inclination in his bosom; else, she would probably long before have become aware of the new passion now revealed to her, and have repulsed its developments as energetically as she would have rejected the pulings of his love. Her discovery formed a sudden revolution in their way of life: she could no longer submit to his reading or caresses, and he, in proportion as she withdrew her concurrence from his fantastical plan, became morose and imperious. He wept and raved by turns, till she was obliged to shun his society, become dangerous by the frenzy of disappointment. She still tended her daily occupations, and plied her household affairs with meekness, degraded now to the rank of a servant, and reproached with ingratitude and dependence. At length, when he thought her spirit humbled, he proposed marriage to her; offered to keep a coach for her; to take her into the world—all that could influence female ambition; but all these weighed lightly with her against natural aversion to such a mate, and she decidedly refused his offers. As his tenderness was vice, his severity was wantonness. He locked her up in solitary confinement; withheld books, clothes, and even food for trying periods, from her; and only released her, after many unmanly attempts, that she might wait upon him in a severe fit of illness, brought on by frantic agitation. She nursed him affectionately during a long sickness, throughout which he wrung her heart, by laying his death, as he expressed it, at her door. About the period of his crisis, his nephew was admitted to take leave of him, and formally reconciled, (after having been disinherited for his profligacy,) because, as the uncle said, his murderess should gain nothing by his death. This stranger saw Olivia, and became enamoured of her person. He condoled with her upon the old man's proceedings, and his dying bitterness; and mixed sympathy so adroitly with feigned passion, that she believed his affection, particularly as he began where the uncle had ended, by offering marriage, according to her idea of it. Her idea of it was, that it was a voluntary contract, to live together in love and constancy; for her guardian had never once mentioned a civil or religious obligation. As she felt for the young man something undefinable, a timid bashfulness, per-

haps, which the old one had not inspired, she conceived it to be love, and consented to become his wife. He would scarce defer making her *his*, as he termed it, while the uncle was still in the agonies of death; but nothing could persuade *her* to comply while her protector, harsh as he had been, required her attendance; nor after his death, while the memory of his former kindness overcame her with grief. As he renewed his solicitations one day very earnestly, she had no plea left, but to desire him to fix the time for the ceremony, having heard by the freer intercourse occasioned by the death of the solitary, that marriage was a solemnity. He paused a moment, and then artfully drew from her the extent of her information, which was, that the parties went to church together and were married. "Well," said he, "though that step does not make it more binding in my sight, still, if you insist upon it, we will go through that ceremony to-morrow." As there were none but his creatures about her, she remained undeceived, and the day following attended service, for the first time, in her life, that she recollected. There they interchanged whispered vows of love and constancy, and he carried the mockery so far as to put the ring upon her finger, and to proclaim her to his household as his wife. The reprobate had not long enjoyed his triumph, when satiety and libertinism induced him to invite, one after another, a set of abandoned women to his house, which became at last a den of infamy. Olivia soon learnt from these visitors how she had been deluded; and on reproaching her deceiver, was openly laughed at, and her artlessness made the sport of his whole harem. As she was unsuspecting of the consequences of her ruin, she forgave him as often as he repented of his infidelities and dismissed her rivals, towards whom she felt rather jealousy than disgust. But his inconstancies were too numerous not to alienate her entirely from him, especially when she found herself a prey to his debaucheries. When he had rendered her an unfit object of his pleasures, he used every art to reduce her to the most abject condition of female degradation. Nothing but disease saved her from the pollution of his low and infamous colleagues in vice. At length, finding her far gone in pregnancy, and believing her incurably infected, he made a stipulation with the owner of a notorious house to take her off his hands. She was transferred to London, under pretence of medical aid, and there happily restored, by proper treatment, to perfect health. In the meantime she became the object of several bargains, which were only postponed until her delivery should have taken place; previous to which she was treated with amazing kindness by the mistress of the house and her visitors. But the scenes which she witnessed there were of the most revolting kind; and had she not been in the most helpless condition, she would have fled from them. At length, the design with which she was kept there was unfolded to her by her companions in misery, and it determined her to fly with her infant as soon as she should be able to move, and seek an asylum any where rather than remain. Heaven spared her the burden of a living child, but not the anguish of a mother at its loss. She was no sooner able to walk than she made an attempt to abscond, which was frustrated by the accident of meeting with a frequenter of the house, who put her into a hackney-coach under pretence of taking her to his house, but only carried her to a brothel, when he pressed her to con-

sent to his desires. As she resolutely refused his dazzling offers, illness and apprehension supplying strength to her virtue, he treacherously drove her back to her former abode. From that hour, constraint was used with her, until she appeared to conform to their views. She was obliged to use deception, the last resource of the feeble, and to obtain, through the intercession of one of her destined paramours, a month's reprieve to recover strength, at the termination of which time she promised to yield to his suit. When the town thinned, the inmates of the house scattered themselves about at watering-places, and the conductress herself removed to Kensington, with a few of her worn, emaciated dependants.

Olivia was among these; and as the visitors became less numerous, and as there seemed no likelihood of faith being broken with her, she postponed her projects of escape till the end of the month should draw near, in hopes of being able to fix upon a retreat before then. In time she gained the confidence of one of the forlorn creatures in the house, who informed her of all that was passing in regard to her. A long list of libertines had stipulated in succession for her person, and the old wretch calculated upon the fruits to be collected from the sale of her victim, day after day, on the expiration of the month; but even this term was not to be allowed to expire, without a conspiracy, that chilled her with horror but to hear of. Her seducer, whom she looked upon as the murderer of her child, and the author of her miseries, had been informed of her recovery, and pledge; and had repaid the information with such *thanks*, that it was agreed to violate the engagement with her in his favour. She also learned that she was narrowly watched, notwithstanding her apparent freedom, and would find it useless to attempt an escape. After this account, the poor girl suffered so much from terror and despair, that she could scarcely move, much less take any vigorous step for her extrication. She would readily have placed herself under the protection of any one gentleman, at any price, rather than encounter the multiplied miseries that awaited her: but even this was out of her power, as she was now secluded from the sight of the male visitors. The nearer the time approached for her sacrifice, the more were means used to cheer and strengthen her; she was taken out daily in a coach, and made to walk, when arrived at some solitary part of the road. Art alone could accomplish her rescue, and she feigned so much contentment, that the old beldame was often induced to accompany her in short walks about the neighbourhood. It was on one of these occasions, while they sat that afternoon on a bench in the park, that Olivia perceived the corner of a letter sticking out of her companion's reticule; and her thoughts being filled with fears and suspicions, she adroitly drew it out unperceived, and pretending to have dropped a bracelet where they last had reposed, induced the old woman to step back and fetch it. As soon as she was gone, Olivia opened the letter, and read an intimation from her seducer, that he was coming the following night. She had scarce time to conceal the letter under her, when her companion returned, and charged her with having purloined it. It was useless to deny it, or to feign any longer, even if she had been able to do it. She was forced to rise—the letter was discovered—and it was insisted upon, that she should move home-

wards, which led to the altercation I had heard, and the scene of anguish I had witnessed.

I was moved even to tears at this affecting narrative, which she told with so much simplicity, and with such tones of unsuppressed feeling, where the recollection of her sufferings drew them forth, that I could no longer view her in a worse light, than as a deeply injured and betrayed woman. The scenes of contamination in which she had lived, might have worn away the brilliancy of that gem which gives the greatest lustre to the female sex, when education tends to polish and refine it: and, whatever were her defects, they had been instilled and stamped into her by others, and there was a hope of her reclamation when their influence should be removed. At present she spoke of profligacy less as a pollution of the mind, than as a source of pain and bodily suffering; and I know not what unaccountable chillness came over me, when I found her lamenting, that it might be her lot to sink at length into that state of complicated wretchedness; as if she had not fortitude to withstand temptation and distress. It was, that I could have wished her to possess that degree of perfection, which would justify my love, already fast growing to her; if mingled desire and tenderness can deserve that name. After all, there are as many kinds of love as there are of natures in men: even the best do not always feel it in its most exalted character: and heaven forbid that it could not be modified to suit that class of society in which we may be driven to select its object! But I was yet a boy, taught to love none but angels, fully imagining, at my setting out in life, that I should find angels to love me. As I became conscious of my own defects, I abated considerably in those high-wrought pretensions; and at this very time had seen so much meanness and deforming intrigue in the most esteemed conditions of society, that I was ready to transfer much of my reverence to the less reputable classes, among whom I saw the virtues abiding which had deserted the former.

We sat all the evening, communing upon her prospects, and I inquired narrowly into those matters which inexperience made her glide over as unimportant. From her replies, I conjectured that there must be some little property of hers, unaccounted for by her guardian, or his administrator, and I promised that I would leave no means untried to arrive at the fact and reinstate her in her rights. This gleam of hope threw an animation over her countenance that made it inexpressibly captivating, after the dejected air which it had hitherto worn. She kissed my hand, and called me her preserver in tones that bound me for ever to her interests; and folding her in my arms, I swore that I would never desert her, while she trusted to my protection. I went further, and, carried away by the first transports of affection that I had ever felt for woman, I declared my love to her, but with timidity and respect, vowing that I would take no ungenerous advantage of her gratitude. She received my declaration with blushes, but without repulsing my advances. I was too young in the passions, and too romantic, to augur any thing from her behaviour, that could induce me to press for larger concessions, and was about taking leave, animating my resolution with a few pompous maxims of a magnanimous nature. Her look was downcast while I spoke, and she suf-

ferred me unresistingly to give her the last straining caress; after which I flung out of the room, as if fearful of my firmness.

I gained the street under the impulse of this sudden effort, and advanced under the pouring rain; but every step was feebler and more faltering than the last; and I walked on heedlessly, seeing nothing but her face, as if it were still before me. Methought I could trace a smothered regret upon it, that deepened to absolute mortification, as I proceeded. Coward that I am, said I to myself, I have neither strength enough to be generous, nor courage enough to be sincere. I will return, and brave a refusal. On reaching the hotel, I found all the official spies of the establishment collected in the hall; and I easily conjectured that my hasty flight had been the cause. Mrs. Chambermaid was among the number. "We thought you had gone, sir," said she, as she lighted me up. "Why should you think so? I mean to remain here to-night, if you can give me a bed." "Lord, sir, the lady ordered a room for two, four hours ago." Never had I been so surprized, and so agreeably relieved from embarrassment. I bribed her unsparingly with loose silver, as the only means of hushing her remarks upon my confusion; and then entered the room where I had left Olivia.

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TRUEMAINE,

OR THE MAN WITHOUT REFINEMENT. 1820—6.

CHAP. XII.

One morning I took Olivia some fine paste-board for her work, and finding the door ajar, I pushed in quietly, and bent over her shoulder. She was finishing a handsome fire-screen that I had seen designed the evening before. It was surprisingly well executed, and made me think her an artist of no mean abilities, when I considered the rapidity with which she must have worked, even supposing that she had risen with the sun to her task. As she dipped her pencil in one of the saucers, I grasped her little hand, lest surprise should cause her to disfigure the work. She started up with a faint cry on seeing me, and threw her arms round my neck. "I am now happy," said she, her face resplendent with smiles. "You have made me happy."

"What?" said I, grudgingly, "happy! and I away? Can this employment then compensate for my society?" "No, indeed," said she, "but remember Julie's maxim, *s'abstenir, pour jouir*; the more I relish your company, the more I should do to earn it." "You have done admirably, my love, and I declare I think I must prize this pretty hauble, as an indemnity for the restless night that I have had away from thee, on condition, however, that you make me no more presents at that price. But how expeditious you have been to gratify me!"

"I cannot claim your thanks on that score," said she, smilingly, "for till this moment I never thought that you would place any value upon such a *bauble*; but now I shall feel double pleasure in finishing its companion, since you agree to accept them." "I thought you talked of earning, by some self-imposed task, my society. What did you mean by that?" She looked a little confused, but answered, that "she had imagined that she would do something towards earning my love, by depriving herself of the greatest pleasure in the world, when it was essential to both."

"How essential to both?"

"Why! the nights I spent from home," she argued, "would create unfavourable surmises; and, while I remained with her, it prevented her doing any thing towards her own subsistence."

"Surely you can paint while I am by your side?" retorted I.

She shook her head: "But would you be as contented with me?"

"That I should!"

"I feared not," said she; "and yet I might have guessed as much. Our intimacy has been of so different a nature from that carried on in the only school in which I have observed the sexes; in which the poor submissive thing is bound to divert her employer. I carry a taint about me from that school," sighed she, "that makes me unfit to appreciate your worth!"

"Oh! never, dearest Olivia, assimilate our connection to that mercenary compact. Once, indeed, your misapprehension made me happy; but have I ever since reminded you of your complaisance? Have I valued you the less, for having then identified yourself with those wretched slaves of our caprice? No, my beloved, assume your rights as my mistress, not as my creature. Every independent act of yours, though it deprive me of wonted happiness for a time, will endue me with lasting esteem. I was glad at heart, you little tyrant, when you resisted my persuasions yester-evening; but, I pray you, make not too harsh a use of this confession."

"Never," said she; "the more power you concede, the less I can bring myself to use. Can I not be your slave by the dearer claim of love?"

"No; my equal at the very least. Come now, finish your painting under my eye."

"No," said she; "I am to have my own way in this, and will now recreate myself awhile with your conversation."

"You are tired, no doubt, and have been at it long?"

"I did not think it long," returned she; "but what do you think I may get for it?"

"A sovereign, probably, for the pair."

"A sovereign!" exclaimed she. "What misery have I not seen endured for that sum! And you think I could earn a sovereign in a day?"

"Yes, if you can complete two such medallions as that in one day: but I should scarce have thought it possible, if I had not seen you begin it last night. What a rapid hand you must have? Let me see you at work." Her eyelashes fell, as I said this, and this mark of a sincere spirit, disclaiming undeserved commendation, did not escape me.

"You have not done it since last night, t'was the fellow of it that I saw!"

"No!" said she, "it was the same. I sat up some time by candle-light, preparing it for the colours."

"You have done wrong," said I, observing for the first time her pale cheeks. "How long did you sit up, cruel girl?"

"Nay," said she, "no chiding, nor tasking. If it has displeased you, I will offend no more."

"But how long?" insisted I. "Till midnight?"—"Yes."

"Till one?"—"Yes."

"Till two?"—"Yes."

"Good heavens! Had you no compunction on my account, if not upon your own? Speak, till what hour?"

"I dare not deceive you," said she, "though now I feel I have done wrong; but if you knew the price I set upon my undertaking, you would pardon my doing what I wished to conceal from you. I remained up till four, and rose at seven, forgetting the anxiety that you would feel upon learning it."

I felt a tear gathering in my eye as she spoke, for I fully appreciated her perseverance, though determined to check it. "Olivia," said I, impressively, "you are not so degraded as you think yourself. You cannot, my love, require such efforts to replace you in the road of virtue; and to make them to ensure my esteem is a censurable doubt of my candour. Am I better than an accomplice, if this state in which we live be so criminal? Do you mean to reproach me with having reduced you to it? with keeping you in it?"

She wept, and sobbed out, "I have not yet felt degraded by your favour, but ——"

"But what?"

"But doubtful of retaining it."

"Call it love," exclaimed I, "and be sure I must be worthless ere I could withdraw it: think better of yourself and of me. I object not to your laudable attempts to become independent, even of me; but to overstrain your powers, is to lose prematurely that energy which must serve you to attain gradually the summit, towards which spirits like yours invariably tend. The slower your ascent, the surer. And one word for all, be persuaded you shall always have that dignity in my sight, which you can without affectation assume."

"I shall always have enough," said she, "while I preserve your favour—your love."

I made it a request that she would not resume her work till evening; in the mean time we would walk out, and ascertain its probable value. Here again, the sense of self-depreciation acted upon her. She again identified herself with the unfortunates, among whom she had been domesticated, and spoke their inspirations rather than her own impressions, in objecting to going abroad in my company, as it might affix disrepute upon me to be seen with—

"Utter it not," exclaimed I, pressing my hand upon her mouth; "utter it not, whatever it be? You *shall* go with me, if it be but to rid you of such abasing thoughts of yourself. Those who could think ill of me for walking with thee, would be equally severe if they saw

me arm in arm with Saint Cecilia. Only we will take care to baulk their malice, by not being seen too frequently together."

Alas! her skreens, when finished, would bring but seven shillings the pair, though superior to those labelled one guinea. I told her, with a show of earnestness, that "I was not sorry for it, as it would punish her for having lost her rest over them, and guard her against such a sin in future." She replied, that, "if they were twice as valuable, she would not transgress my injunctions for the time to come." As I was that day to dine with my relative, General —, I left her, promising to bring her some books for her perusal. The difficulty was to select such as suited her malady. If I put into her hands those that overstrained virtue, till they rendered it unattainable, torturing poor humanity on the bed of Procrustes, I feared that she might begin to despair of ever, by any discipline, recovering her self-esteem. The seldom-pointed-out path of return, was what I wished, without wounding her, to indicate. A deplorable self-love made me over-rate her fall; and I repeated to myself with a degree of stupid conviction; that vulgar jargonism, that a woman has lost all who has once lost her virtue, without closely examining what was meant by the word, or inquiring by what treachery it might have been trepanned. *Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute*, ejaculated I to myself. Thus it was that my head endeavoured to counteract my heart, that felt the sentence to be unjust and illiberal. Thus it is, that seducers justify their desertion of the poor victims of their wiles; mocking them with the taunt, that they have foolishly relinquished their *all* of virtue, for a shadow of affection; for real affection, says their crooked moral, cannot consist with want of purity. Till I could find out authors who treated human nature with more respect, than to conclude it irretrievably lost after the first plunge, I pitched upon such as painted us a compound of good and evil, compensating every bad quality by something that was redeeming, even in the most depraved. I left her a volume of Marmontel, and another of Sterne, on my way to General —'s, where I arrived about seven.

How different was every thing here from my ordinary fare! What a confused medley of *ragouts* and pic-nic dishes were served up upon silver, and eaten off plates of the same metal. The cookery was fine—exquisite! every one admitted: but then, you had to submit to have your plate snatched away from you a dozen times, before you could get enough; for as much meat and sauce as would barely cover over the coat of arms engraved in the middle of the plate, seemed to be the guage of a fashionable stomach. I have ever detested bright plates and bright covers; wherever you turn, your mouth seems so large and hideous in the convex reflection, that it actually is enough to appal a good trencherman. When overpowered with the sense of the trouble that I was giving to the servants, as well as the guests, I left off eating, though but half-fed, and began to pay some attention to the company. My distinguished friend had sported a number of anecdotes, not one of which had I caught the spirit of, amidst the din of plates and glasses, though I joined in the laugh quite sympathetically, affected by the grinning visages around me. But now during a *hors d'œuvre*, I criticised his stories with true dramatic spirit, and felt how

much more depends upon the mode of telling, than upon the point or newness of a story. Some men are too bad actors to deliver even a good thing well; whereas another gives us pleasure, like a good actor, every time we hear him repeat the same matter over again. My relative was of that stamp; it was not the anecdote we dwelt upon, but the man; but neither happened to be much to the taste of the company assembled, which consisted chiefly of military men, filled with their own importance, and able to relish nothing but what tended to raise them in the admiration of others. The substitute which they wished to introduce, was of all others the most wearying—their campaigns, and companions on service—as if to exclude all but martial heroes from a share of the talk. “Did you know colonel this, or captain that?” was the invariable prelude to some inconclusive history of themselves, their horses, their uniforms. One veteran seemed to me to be a walking army list, acquainted, besides, with the biography of every hero in that martial register. “Hoot!” he would puff out after one of the classical *bon mots* of the general. “That is gude, but vera auld! but I’ll tell you a recent circumstance of and about Sir Joshua Truncheon: you knew Sir Joshua, G.C.B., K.B.? He was in the 69th, in Corsica at the siege of Caluè and Bastia;” and then, after a long circumlocutory detail of those sieges, the good thing would come out at last, that Sir Joshua and himself had actually eaten a bit of a dead ass, at a dinner given to the English, by the French general who had signed the capitulation; the said general having nothing better left to treat his besiegers with. “And do you know, I liked it vera weel; as well as your sirloin, general: but when I reminded poor Sir Joshua of it, the other day at dinner, he could no swallow another morsel.” “He lost a second dinner then by an *ass*?” observed my inviter, drily. “Yes he did, he did indeed,” replied this perambulating chronicle, who sat next to me, and annoyed my sense of hearing by his accent, as much as he offended that of taste by his story; telling me *à propos* to sauce for partridge, that “Marshal Hogou used to affirm that appetite was the best sass.” His very fluency in citing names was suspicious to me, and I soon had an opportunity of detecting its character.

The conversation at the upper end of the table turned upon the attack of Seringapatam, in which the word *tope* incidentally occurred. “Pray, sir,” said his right-hand neighbour, “might I take the liberty of asking what is a *tope*?” “Liberty! surely, sar; you are not long in the army, I presume, sar, to ask the meaning of a *tope*?” “I have but recently been honoured with a commission,” replied the young man, mildly. “Well, sar,” returned the other, repulsively, “when you come to study fortification, you will find a *tope* to be a thing—a thing that it would be impossible to describe accurately in a general conversation.” “But a faint idea might be given of it,” said I, “from its derivation; *tope*, from the French *taupe*, signifies a mole, and a mole is a sea-battery.” “Vera right.” “Ah! but,” said Newcome, “the attack was a land one.” “Weel, and is not a mole a land animal, that digs entrenchments, and throws up little mounds termed mole-hills, whilk may have given origin to the *tope*, as this gentleman observes!” I was convinced by his vehemence that he was serious,

and I hazarded the remark, that a full description of it might be found in the nine-and-thirtieth article of Burnet's book. After this display of military learning, he appealed to me with much condescension during the evening, and contrived, on adjourning to the drawing-room, to seat himself alongside of me, and to pester me with an inexhaustible fund of gunpowder stories. I found myself not only overmatched, but almost silenced, and resolved to make one desperate *sortie*, and either be cut to pieces or come off with flying colours: "That last *manœuvre*," said I, "can only be equalled by the famous retreat of Major-General Xenophon, at the head of ten thousand, in which he showed himself such a remarkable tactician." "Na doubt! you mean in the peninsula?" I nodded. "It was vera fine, indeed! fine officer! I knew him weel." "You remember his own account of his march through the defiles of Mydia, when the vast army of the enemy was but a few parasangæ off? The allied troops, a suspicious set, in his rear; 'his own light corps in advance upon the heights;' and the main body enfilading the narrow pass: frightful position!" "Vera exceedingly frightful indeed. My friend, Colonel O'Dogherty commanded the rear-guard, and had a great deal to do to keep back Marshal Soult; Captain Neysmith was in command of the rifle and guerilla troops on the left flank, and —" I was heartily glad when my aged relative advanced, and gave me an opportunity of relinquishing my seat to him. I made a circuit of the room, and contrived to get, unobserved of the historian, within ear-shot of the sofa. "Major-General Xenophon! at the head of eleven thousand men! Peninsula!" repeated my relative dubiously, throwing me a look of connivance, "I think I remember hearing the name in my boyish day—but what of him?" "Have you na recollection of the famous *détone* he made in the passes of Almeida, when Soult was but a few parasangs off?" "I beg pardon, what is a parasang?" "Why a Spanish mile." "Thank you, I would not have betrayed my ignorance to another, but you, I know, will not divulge it," said the General, in a composed manner that made me retreat for fear of springing the mine too soon.—"You dog, you!" said this last to me, on my taking leave shortly after, "you will never do for the army if you play such tricks upon field-officers. I'll warrant, Mr. Parasang, it was you furnished him with his illustration of a tope?" "It was." "By my honour 'twas good! Well, my boy, for this once your joke was not misplaced, but beware of the character of a banterer."

I hastened back with a light step to Olivia, and found her proceeding with her skreen, not at all daunted by the poor profit which she expected to reap. "But, my love, how do you like Marmontel's three vials?"

"Very much; but how delightful if he had formed a fourth of all the three combined!"

"I see you are not satisfied to rest the happiness of attachments upon simple feelings; but what think you of the single-hearted Sterne as a lover?"

"I have not yet come to any *trait* of his love, unless his *tendresse* for the *fille-de-chambre* can deserve the name; but I should say, that he wanted not the delusion which constitutes all the romance of love.

He discerned feeling in every even involuntary gesture of those around him, and must consequently have endowed his mistress with an abundant share of heart and soul. If you will not rebuke me, I will own that all through that adventure, I was wishing that you could be as blind and partial to my defects as he to those of his *fille-de-chambre*; but I have since reflected, that such self-deception could not last long." I did not rebuke her; for I felt the more that I knew of her intrinsic worth, the more I loved her. I added gallantly, that the more she granted the more I would sue; that she need not fear to overcharge the debt, and make me ungrateful by excess of bounty.

Next morning I kept an appointment at a tavern, and overheard a gentleman in a black stock and flowing frill, talking of Colonel Wellesley, and the affair in the tope.

"Pray, sir, what is a tope?"

"A small mound-battery with covered ways to it, like a mole-hill, from the French *taupe*, a mole."

I shook my head, and begged pardon for doubting that an Indian word could have such a derivation.

"You may depend upon it," assevered he; "you will find it described at large in the nine-and-thirtieth article of—of—"

"Do you mean the Articles of War?"

"Tut! no, sir; I mean a work upon Fortification, by Bar—Bur—"

"Burnet?"

"Aye, Burnet, that is it precisely."

"I have read a Burnet upon the Articles, but they are the thirty-nine articles of the established church: I do not remember Bishop Burnet mentioning a tope."

"Bishop Burnet! odso! it cannot be him. No, sir, my memory must have deceived me."

I made every allowance for the badness of a retention that seemed at least upon a par with his understanding, whose informant I immediately smoked; and, after apologizing for intruding in the conversation, I drew it gradually to the Peninsular war, in which I was, as might be expected, quite *au fait*, thanks to the walking monument with whom I had conversed the day before.

"Sir," said he, at length, having exhausted a store of similarly re-tailed information, "did you ever hear of a Major-General Xenophon, and the famous retreat of ten thousand, before an army of twenty thousand men?"

"Yes, I have read his account, but I was not prepared to hear him styled Major-General"

"Yes, sir, that was his rank; he covered the retreat through the defile of Almeida, and made a most signal *évasion*. Sir, he had planted his sharp-shooters on the heights, whence they did tremendous execution."

"I remember the Toxotæ, or Cretan archers, with their long arrows."

"Arrows! you jest, sir; their small arms."

"Small arms? upwards of two thousand years ago? Impossible! Xenophon's retreat with the ten thousand Greeks took place some

hundred years before the Christian era. It is called the Anabasis; every school-boy knows that. I appeal to this gentleman."

"Perfectly correct."

"By the Law, that's very good! I all along suspected the fabrication; for there was no such name under the major-generals, for these ten years back, in the Army List. And yet Colonel Drapeau, from whom I had it, could not have invented it. No, dam'me if he had wit enough for the imposition. Some one has gulled him with a flam, and given him the Thirty-Nine Articles of our religion for problems upon fortification; and most likely the whole club has been enlightened by him before this. Good joke! Be so good, sir, as write down that long word for me; I'll expose him. Good evening, gentlemen. Sir, I thank you for correcting my mistake. Farewell."

He hurried off; I returned to my lodging out of spirits quite, for Olivia had availed herself, though with diffidence, of the charter that I had given her, of excluding me when she pleased; and I would not disobey her mandate, as I really wished to destroy in her the sense of subserviency and obligation.

(More odd Chapters in our next.)

ADVENTURES OF A FOREIGNER IN GREECE.

No. IV.

MAVROCORDATO was at that time indefatigable in his efforts to introduce greater order and activity into affairs. He saw that four months had been consumed in useless deliberation, and that nothing had been decided; and endeavoured by every means in his power to redeem the lost time. Colonel Tarella, who was, as I have said, truly attached to the cause of independence, wrought such a change in the regiment, that they became as brave as lions, and were eager for an engagement in which they might see the effect of the bayonet. The colonel has frequently said to me: "If the Greek soldiers were but supplied with bare necessities; if they had one half of what our European soldiers receive, they would be perfectly content. They are unacquainted with luxury or indulgence—unwearied in the march;—the earth is the only bed—bread, olives, and water, the only food they require. If they are owners of a few paras, they take care of them, and husband them against the hour of need; not like our soldiery, squander all they get in debauchery." The colonel having received orders to hold himself in readiness to set out, used great exertion to render the regiment fit for the field, although these poor soldiers were really objects of compassion—wretchedly clothed, and many of them without shoes. The colonel encouraged them to hope, that they would get all they wanted from the enemy, so that they looked forward with pleasure to the day of battle. The government saw that Attica was the part of Greece which it was most important to defend; as in case of the slightest

invasion in that quarter, the enemy would form a junction with the Turks who were shut up in the fortress of Athens. They therefore sent us Colonel Voutier, who had been raised to that rank by Prince Ypsilanti. He had come to Greece on principle, to fight the cause of her independence, and had some knowledge of the artillery service. He had been a midshipman in the navy, and afterwards sub-lieutenant in a French corvette. In the great dearth of men who had any knowledge whatever of gunnery, of which Prince Ypsilanti himself was totally ignorant, he made him a colonel of artillery. Many superior officers, who afterwards came from Europe, who had purchased their rank with their blood, were disgusted at having to serve under colonels who had no experience or merit. Colonel Voutier had a great deal of trick and pretension; and had the art of throwing dust in the eyes of the Greeks, who looked upon him as an extraordinary man. The primates of Athens, who had come to Corinth for engineers, set out on their return, taking with them this colonel, and some other artillery officers, who were to draw up a plan of attack, and at the same time to direct the blockade. I must leave this blockade, and Colonel Voutier's conduct at it, for the present; when I have to narrate my own adventures in Athens, I shall give a few details on that subject.

Mavrocordato despatched many other chiefs to different points which were threatened by the enemy. The Frankish officers in Corinth, at that time, might amount to about two hundred: dissensions were of course frequent among men, every one of whom wanted to take the lead, and to establish his own claims to rank and seniority. In short, after much experience, and much reflection, I must candidly declare, that considering the mode of warfare to which the Greeks are accustomed, and their jealousy and distrust of the more western Europeans, I am of opinion, that the latter, while they are so small a body, do positive harm to the Greeks; while they expose themselves to be disliked, ill treated, and insulted, without any means of avenging themselves. Their numbers are too inconsiderable to enable them to make themselves respected, or to strengthen the hands of government, in its attempts to curb the haughtiness and license of the chiefs. Until at least three regiments of a thousand men each and a squadron of five hundred horse are sent into Greece, who may be under the immediate orders of the government, and assist it in humbling the insolence of the chiefs, the Franks will always be in a state of humiliation and wretchedness. Three thousand regular bayonets might strike some effective blow; they would be feared by all, and might fight in the open field, where the excellence of European tactics would be available; but so long as they are a small body, and yet endeavour to fight in the European manner, they are sure to be sacrificed, as they were at Peta and other places. They had much better adopt the Greek method,—conceal themselves behind heaps of stone, which serve as entrenchments, and when the enemy passes, fire with the greatest certainty of hitting—just as we do in wild boar hunting.

Another still greater evil was, that, as we were of different nations, continual disputes arose out of past events;—for example, the Germans and French, being sworn enemies, could not endure each

other. The consequence of this was innumerable duels, which did us great injury in the eyes of the Greeks, and gave them occasion to say we were always quarrelling and killing each other, while we pretended to have gone there to fight for them. This may not be very agreeable to Europeans; but it is a part of the impartial testimony I think it my duty to give. A few Greeks of good family were admitted into the two sacred companies, with the rank of sub-lieutenant. Colonel Doria appointed me *foriere** of the first sacred company; not from any claims of mine on the score of merit, or of seniority; but solely because I had a tolerable knowledge of the language, which enabled me the better to prepare provisions for my company.

My departure was now at hand, and I knew not how to leave my unfortunate Turkish lady. Many of my comrades were so intent upon the war, that they thought nothing about their Turkish women, though they knew perfectly well they would be murdered by the Greeks when they left them. But the good qualities of this woman had attached me to her, and I promised to find her some situation before I went. She, however, would not hear me speak of going; she declared she would never leave me,—that she would go with me wherever I went, and fight by my side. I spoke to Mr. Coletti, minister at war, entreating him to take into consideration the fate of this unfortunate creature, and telling him how she had fallen into my hands. He replied, that I, who was a soldier, had no business to attach myself to any woman; but that, to do me a pleasure, he would take her into his family as a slave, and would protect her from death and from insult. I was not much pleased at his proposal of making her a slave, which I let him see; I therefore thanked him, and told him I would give him an answer. On the following day, at the coffee-house, I made acquaintance with a captain of a Leghorn vessel, who had brought biscuit for the Greek government. After a good deal of conversation we took coffee together, and I begged him to accompany me home to my lodging. I introduced him to my Turk—he was enchanted with her appearance, and said, “If I had such a companion, I would never quit Corinth.” I seized the moment when I saw him half in love with her, (though he was of a middle age,) and related to him her melancholy history, my present situation, and the danger she would be in when I left her: knowing that sailors are very religious, I remarked to him that he might have her baptized in Leghorn, and thus restore a soul to God. The captain caught at my plan, and said, “Yes, my friend, I will be a benefactor to this woman; I will take her with me to Leghorn; I will make her a Catholic. I am not married;—who knows? if I find her possessed of all the excellencies you describe, I may marry her?” As he spoke a little Greek, he began to talk to her. I told her, that, to oblige me, he would take her to Leghorn, where she would be in peace and safety. When she found that I was really going to leave her, she began to weep, saying that she was determined to go

* A serjeant in each company of a regiment, whose duty it is to precede his company, and provide quarters and rations. As there is no corresponding functionary in our army, there is no corresponding word. The French have it,—*fourier*.

wherever I went, and to die near me. The captain was the more pleased with her for these proofs of an affectionate heart. On the following day, with great difficulty, I prevailed on her to accept his offer, by promising that I would soon rejoin her at Leghorn. I took her on board, where the captain had prepared an excellent dinner: she would eat nothing. In the evening, when I told her I must go, she threw herself on her knees before me and kissed my feet: she thanked me for all I had done for her; but said, she had rather have died with her husband and children, had she known she was to undergo so great a sorrow as the parting from me. I thanked the captain for thus relieving me from a great weight of anxiety. I cannot deny that I did violence to my own feelings in parting from her; but I was going to fight for liberty, and the thought that I had placed her in safe hands consoled me. My comrades laughed at me for taking so much trouble about this poor deserted creature, but I felt the greatest satisfaction at having provided for her; and when they heard that those they had left were all massacred by the Greeks—when it was too late—they felt the greatest pain and regret.

All being ready for our departure, the regiment descended into the plains of Corinth, where the two sacred companies were assembled. The order of the day was read. It set forth that we were to swear to remain in the service six months, and that those who did not like to accept this engagement were to leave the ranks. There were eight who did so. We thought the government was right to make sure, that it might rely upon the regiment and the two sacred companies. After we had taken the oath, Mavrocordato delivered the colours to the respective colonels, and we defiled along the shore of Corinth, where was expected some Calassidiote vessels to convey us to Vostitza. That same evening we embarked on board some old ships which sailed at the rate of about a mile in an hour, so that we were four days in making a passage which usually is performed in one. We were provisioned for two days. The Greeks never seem to think it necessary, when they embark troops, to provide against the uncertainties of the sea. We were consequently two days without eating.

My readers will forgive me for interrupting the course of my narrative, while I give a succinct account of Curchid Pachà's invasion of the Peloponnesus, and the measures adopted on that occasion by both parties. The situation of the Morea and of Romelia is too well known, their passes, capable of being defended by a handful of men, are too celebrated in history, to make any description of them necessary here.

The Greeks, instead of concerting any plan for the defence of these passes, so important to the common safety, abandoned them. After a considerable time had elapsed, they sent some captains with a few troops, to guard them, but without provisions; so that they frequently threatened to abandon their posts, if they did not receive the necessary supplies. They were constantly amused with promises; but at length the soldiers, finding that no food arrived, put their threats in execution. The captains, hearing that the other chiefs were enriching themselves, while they were starving on the mountains,

left every thing to its fate. Ulysses, who guarded the pass of the Isthmus, either through jealousy of his countrymen, or in consequence of a treacherous understanding with the Turks, (I have never been able to ascertain which,) abandoned this important pass, when he knew that Curchid Pachà was marching with thirty-two thousand men upon the Morea, and that the Greeks would thus lose the fruits of all the toils and dangers they had hitherto encountered.

Scarcely had Mavrocordato left, when the chiefs refused to acknowledge the government, and every thing fell into the utmost confusion. Every man did what seemed right in his own eyes. Intelligence soon arrived that Ulysses had deserted his post, yet no steps were taken to obstruct the enemy's passage. As soon as Curchid Pachà learned that the Isthmus was evacuated by the Greeks, and that he could pass at pleasure, he marched on without reflecting that he was entering a country nearly desert, and destitute of every thing required for the maintenance of an army of thirty-two thousand men. Intoxicated with the idea of reconquering the Morea, he trusted to the Turkish fleet, then stationed in the gulf of Patras, and calculated on their landing provisions for his whole army. He passed the Isthmus triumphantly with twenty-four thousand men, under the command of Dram-Ali, and divided the remainder of his army to guard the passes, and to escort the artillery. The Turks reached Argos without firing a gun. The Greeks, who occupied the fortress of Corinth, not having provisions to stand a siege, did not wait to be attacked, but retired in the night, thus abandoning a fortress which it had cost them so much to get possession of. It is hardly credible that there were men calling themselves patriots, men who had got immense sums by plunder, and not one among them would spend a shilling to provision the garrison of Corinth.

The Greeks who were blockading Napoli di Romania did not wait for the enemy's arrival, but, as soon as they heard that he had passed the Isthmus, abandoned the blockade.

All the chiefs of the Morea, all the members of the government, embarked with their treasures on board the blockading ships, whence they could watch the movements of the hostile army, and in which they could, if occasion required, proceed to Europe to enjoy their wealth, totally indifferent to the fate of the poor wretches who would fall victims to their avarice and cowardice.

The Turkish fleet, consisting of eighty vessels, which had quitted Patras, now appeared off Napoli. Nothing could have been better conceived than this movement, if it had been executed with rapidity; but as the Turks must do every thing in slow time, smoking their pipes with the greatest composure, all Curchid Pachà's schemes came to nothing. The fleet might have provisioned Napoli and the army, and have thus put a speedy termination to the war. If Curchid Pachà, instead of loitering in Argos and Corinth with his whole army, had left strong garrisons in those cities, and marched on upon Patras, Modon, and Coron, where he might have got provisions, and have reached Crio-Nero without firing a shot; it would there have joined the army of Romelia, commanded by Reschi Pachà and Omer-Vrioni, and the whole of Greece would thus have been subdued with the

greatest ease. Curchid Pachà immediately sent intelligence to the Porte of the subjugation of the Morea, although he had not yet conquered a twentieth part of it.

The Greeks, being wholly without leaders or discipline, were beaten by the enemy in several slight encounters. Ypsilanti, who had lost all his weight and popularity, tried to regain them, by shutting himself up in the little fortress of Argos, with two hundred men, on the presumption that the Turks would blockade it, and that some time might thus be gained, during which the Greek fleet might come up and attack the Turkish fleet. I cannot deny, that, on this occasion, Ypsilanti behaved extremely well, and that the success answered his expectations. Curchid Pachà, instead of marching on and conquering the country, gave orders to blockade the fortress of Argos, whither he imagined the Greeks had conveyed a great deal of treasure, and where he hoped to seize Ypsilanti, whom, as the author of the proclamation, he was particularly desirous of taking prisoner.

The Greeks to whom the defence of Tripolitza was entrusted were on the point of abandoning it, thinking that an army of thirty-two thousand men would not leave it untouched. When, however, they found that Curchid Pachà had turned his forces against Argos, they took heart a little, and began by cutting off the communication between Corinth and Argos. The latter place hardly deserves the name of a fortress. Its only strength consists in its great height, being out of the reach of cannon-shot. The walls were broken in many places, which the Greeks had repaired, as well as they could, with stones.

Curchid, instead of following up his successes, amused himself with attacking small detachments of Greeks, over whom he frequently obtained slight advantages. The Greeks could not fight in the plain, as they were ignorant of the use of the bayonet, and could not form into square to resist a charge of cavalry.

Meanwhile there were thirty-two thousand men who must eat daily. Curchid Pachà saw the fleet, but gave no orders about the disembarkation of the provisions. Napoli was completely drained, and the troops were becoming extremely impatient. The Hydriotes, Spezziotes, and Ipsariotes, seeing that it was now in their power to save Greece, set sail to meet the enemy, whom they resolved to attack. The Turks were well aware, that, if they left the coast, there were no possible means remaining of provisioning the land forces, or Napoli; notwithstanding which the Capitan Pachà was struck with such a panic at the sight of this little Greek fleet, consisting of seventy brigs, that he immediately gave orders to fire in all directions; not with any idea of injuring the enemy, who were out of the reach of their shot, but merely that he might escape under cover of the smoke, before any Greek vessel could get near him. The Turks, in their terror, thought every Greek vessel was a fire-ship. Their fleet escaped to Tenedos, covered with disgrace and infamy.

The illustrious chief, George Canaris, knowing that they were detained at Tenedos by bad weather, took two fire-ships, dressed his men in Turkish uniforms, and sailed towards the Turkish fleet, with two Hydriot brigs in a feigned pursuit of him. The fire-ships

fired a shot from time to time, to make it appear that they were chased; when they were within a short distance of the Turks, the Greek ships sheered off; and the fire-ships steered, the one right towards the admiral's ship, the other towards that of the Capitan Bey. When they were almost alongside, the Greeks jumped into their boats. The Turks thinking this was from fear, suspected nothing. The Capitan Pachà succeeded in escaping by cutting his cables, and fled with the rest of the Turkish fleet to the Dardanelles, leaving the vessel of the Capitan Bey a prey to the flames, with twelve hundred men on board. Curchid, seeing himself abandoned by the fleet, and being without food for his army, endeavoured to collect all his troops, for fear he should be hemmed in on the plain of Argos, without any means of obtaining provisions. The Greeks knowing that the Turks were returning to Corinth, waited for them in the pass of the Trete. This was destined to be the grave of almost the whole Turkish army.

The English government in the Ionian Islands, or, more properly speaking, Governor Maitland, had sent an English colonel to the little island of Calamos, where some thousands of Greek families had taken refuge, and insisted on their all returning to the Pelopponesus; with the utmost indifference to the probability, nearly amounting to certainty, of their being massacred by the Turks.

The Greeks had usually only fled to the mountains in times of great danger and extremity; but seeing that the case was now one of the last urgency, and that if they did not defend their families all was lost, day after day they fought, and obtained a victory over a detachment which Curchid Pachà endeavoured to march to Patras by way of Vostizza. I cannot say that the conduct of Governor Maitland was deserving of much commendation; however, as the event proved, good came out of evil. Curchid Vizir soon found himself hemmed in on the plain of Corinth; his troops, without provisions, compelled to devour their horses, daily thinned by the plague, and exposed to the attacks of the Greeks, were reduced to ten thousand men.

The Turks had no sooner evacuated Argos than the Greeks commenced the blockade of Napoli, cutting off all communication both by sea and land. Curchid resolved to make a last effort to gain Patras. He saw there was no other way of escape; he could not return by the Isthmus, as he came, as Ulysses, with some other chiefs, had resumed the command there. Five hundred men, therefore, quitted the fortress, and advanced towards Patras.

They met with no resistance till they came to the pass which separates Corinthia from Achaia, where Captains Nikitas and Pentionessa, with four hundred Greeks, were expecting them. As they had nothing for it but to conquer or die, they fought desperately, and effected a passage. At the pass of Santa Irene, a very mountainous spot, and full of streams, the mere attempt to force a passage cost the Turks a thousand men, without advancing a single step. The Greeks offered them terms if they would surrender, but the Turks knowing what dependence is to be placed on the word of a Greek, refused them all. The following day they fought like desperate men, and but very few made their way through. The rest found a grave at Acrata. Such was the destruction of an army of thirty-two

thousand men, and of a formidable fleet; and I put it to my readers, whether, as far as the army is concerned, this is to be attributed to the bravery of the Greeks, or to the ignorance and cowardice of the Turks?

In many actions of which I was an eye witness, I have observed that fortune protected the Greeks, and that the Turks are unworthy to occupy the smallest corner of Europe. They are centuries behind us in tactics, and in every thing that regards the commanding or providing for an army. When I come to the siege of Missolonghi, I shall show to what a pitch Turkish stupidity can be carried.

To return to ourselves.—On the fourth day, as I said, we landed at Vostitza. I cannot express how famished we were. We found a number of Greeks upon the shore, selling wine, cheese, salad, and bread. We all fell to eating, and thought neither of the service nor of our rations. After we were somewhat refreshed, we went to bivouack under a plane tree on the sea shore, opposite to the place where Mavrocordato and his staff were stationed. This plane could, without the least exaggeration, shelter eight hundred persons. The circumference of its branches is a hundred and eight yards; the trunk is twenty feet in diameter; though a principal arm was destroyed by lightning, so that it is said to have lost nearly a third of its size. Near to this enormous plane there are twelve springs of water of incredible excellence and coldness; all the ships go to water there, as it is a most convenient place. After I had arranged every thing, and procured rations for my company, consisting of bread and meat, I wished to go to see Vostitza. I ascended by a street almost inaccessible. Vostitza is built upon the ruins of Ægeum, where the Greek kings are said to have met, to swear the destruction of Troy. I found all the houses burnt and ruined by the Turks in their passage. The Greeks, however, as soon as they returned, fitted up the shops as well as they could, that they might lose no time for commerce. Though I cannot but applaud their great activity in this matter, it had its inconveniences. They were often so intent on their shops and money-getting, that they neglected opportunities of gaining the most important advantages over the enemy.

The fields surrounding the city are extremely beautiful and fertile; they produce wine, and silk. In the year 1817 this place suffered dreadfully from an earthquake, which nearly ruined it; but as it was chiefly inhabited by opulent people, it was quickly rebuilt. The next day, before he set out, Mavrocordato reviewed us; he manœuvred the two sacred companies and the regiment. The drum-major of the regiment had bought a beautiful Turkish woman for two piastres, (about four shillings.) He had had her baptized, and had solemnly married her at church; he then dressed her in men's clothes, and took her with him. This poor woman having gone to a little distance from her husband to gather herbs to cook, some Greeks saw her, and fired at her twice;—she fell dead on the spot. The drum-major was almost frantic at her loss, but as he could never discover the murderers, he was obliged to bear it as he might.

We received orders to set out for Patras, where Colocotroni and Nikitas were commanding the blockade. At day-break we began our

march. I was sent with an advanced guard of twelve men to provide rations, and at the same time to keep a look out. Mavrocordato had never gone by this road, and did not know the distance. The chiefs, in order to teaze, insult, and fatigue us, made us march eighteen hours without halting half an hour. There was not the slightest necessity for a forced march; and when we reached the plains of Patras, at midnight, we all began to complain that this was not the way of conducting a march, and that the troops ought to have been allowed three days, at least, for the distance they had been compelled to go in one. Mavrocordato made some apologies to us, and said that he had been deceived. "Then," said a Dutch captain, "I must take leave to say, that a general who affects to conduct an army, ought to know the country through which he means to pass." Mavrocordato was conscious that he was wrong, and took this reproof in silence.

The Turks who were in Patras, and on the walls, seeing us defile over the hills, at about two miles' distance from them, fired a few shot at us, to let us see they were not asleep. Captain Nikitas saw that the regiment was tired, and the men almost without shoes, and that the two sacred companies were both in a state of great exasperation. He therefore called the *forieri*, and gave us some skins of wine to refresh our men, promising that, on the following day, we should receive plentiful rations. It was useless to make any more clamour, as nobody could give us any redress. We shall very likely be censured or laughed at for making such grievous complaints of one day's forced march. I have only to say, that the Europeans would willingly have marched for a month, to do any good; but when they saw this was done solely to weary and annoy them, they thought they had a right to complain. We bivouacked near Nikitas's troops. At day-break we received orders to march to the opposite side of Patras, next the sea shore, where Colocotroni was encamped; and to hold ourselves in readiness to embark for Missolonghi in the evening. Colocotroni received us very coldly, and showed his usual hatred of Europeans, and of every thing like discipline or order. He put on an appearance of cordiality with Mavrocordato. He knew too well the general esteem in which that Prince was held, to venture to do otherwise. He could not help, however, betraying his dissatisfaction at seeing the supreme command taken out of his hands, and those of Mavromicalis, bey of the Spartiates. Although Mavrocordato was thoroughly aware of the falsehood and treachery of his character, yet, as he was so rich as to be able to keep a formidable body of men in his pay, and thus thwart the designs and operations of government, he thought it necessary to keep on good terms with him. Colocotroni was then the most powerful individual in Greece; so he is still—and so he will always be, till some man has the courage and the virtue to rid the country of him. He used publicly to say, "Who are these men who are come to Greece? They try to get power into their own hands, and to give the law to us. Is it because they have acquired knowledge in Europe? We don't want learned men. We want men who were learning to fight in the mountains, while these gentlemen were living in ease and idleness in Europe."

Colocotroni, who was a captain of Klephts, had succeeded, during

many years of the Turkish domination, in eluding or defying their power, and frequently carried terror into the cities. Being at length compelled to yield to force, he resolved to quit the life of a robber, and to go to the Ionian islands, where he entered the Greek troops in the service of the British government. He was totally uneducated, his father being all his life a brigand in the mountains; yet his natural talents were such, as frequently to enable him to laugh at more civilized and instructed men, and to give to affairs any appearance he pleased. He is extremely crafty and politic, and treats a man with cordiality to-day, and with the utmost contempt to-morrow, as it happens to answer his purpose.

Notwithstanding his aversion to us, he thought proper to behave remarkably well, sending us sheep, lambs, wine, brandy, &c. in abundance, though we knew he would gladly have poisoned us all, beginning with Mavrocordato.

Under pretence of paying us a compliment, he came with Mavrocordato to request the two sacred companies to execute some manœuvre. I shall never forget the odious face of the traitor, and the sardonic smile with which he looked at our movements. After we had manœuvred for about ten minutes, he thanked us, and wished us well. We spent that day very agreeably, not only from the abundance of our fare, but from the beauty of the place. Nothing could be more delightful. We were sheltered from the rays of the sun by trees; and fanned by a refreshing breeze. Opposite to us was Patras, which we flattered ourselves it was impossible the Greeks should not attack, so easy did the conquest of it appear. We made a proposal to Colocotroni to lead the attack, which he, from jealousy, constantly opposed; beside which, Mavrocordato could not defer going into Romelia, where his presence was indispensable. In the evening we went down to the beach; we found eight Hydriot vessels at anchor in the gulf of Patras, where they maintained a strict blockade. We embarked, but as it was a dead calm, we were two days in reaching Missolonghi. I must return a moment to Colocotroni, to give my readers an opportunity of judging whether his solicitude was greater for the fate of Greece, or for that of his own purse.

I am sure that every body who is at all acquainted with the affairs of Greece, must agree with me, that no man living has done so much injury to her cause as Colocotroni. He was so indignant at not receiving the rank of generalissimo, to which he considered himself fully entitled by his services, that he resolved to be revenged. When Patras, after a blockade of four months, was nearly destitute of provisions; when it was manifestly the moment for him to redouble his exertions and vigilance; the Hydriote vessels engaged in the blockade began to call out for pay, and threatened to quit their station. It was surely his duty, as commander of the blockade, to find supplies for the ships, and by making himself master of a most important place, to reap the fruit of the months that had been consumed there. On the contrary, when he heard that the Turks in Napoli were so closely besieged as to be obliged to eat horses, cats, and even more loathsome food, and that they demanded terms of capitulation, he thought no more of the siege of Patras, of the time

that had been wasted there, nor of the inevitable result of his abandonment of his post,—the desertion of it by all. He knew that there were vessels laden with provisions lying off Zante, only waiting for an opportunity to pour supplies into Patras, where they would sell their cargoes for four times their value. Yet, in spite of all these considerations, no sooner did he hear that Napoli was likely to capitulate, than he abandoned Patras, without saying a word to any body, and flew to share in the spoil. This was his revenge for the affront he had received in not being appointed generalissimo. Such was Colocotroni;—nor was there any point so important to Greece, which he would not have abandoned at any moment to gratify the slightest impulse of avarice or of ambition. The other captains, of course, took leave to follow his example; the ships, receiving no pay, returned to Hydra, and the Turks were instantly relieved. The Pachà, who was besieged in Napoli, entirely changed his mind when he heard of the invasion of the Morea by Curchid Vizir; nothing more was said about capitulation, so that, in this instance, Colocotroni was completely balked. I am convinced, however, that though he might regret the loss of his expected prey, he felt no remorse at having abandoned Patras.

We landed at Missolonghi. Mavrocordato, at the head of seven hundred bayonets, and four hundred Moreotes, was received by the Missolonghites with the greatest possible enthusiasm; for however they may affect to despise military discipline, it is easy to see that regular troops are, in fact, regarded with the greatest awe. If Mavrocordato had possessed sufficient firmness and decision not to suffer himself to be prevailed on by the chiefs and the Missolonghites to send us up the country to be sacrificed, he might have made himself formidable to all parties, and have assembled around him a band of Europeans who would have enabled him to command obedience and respect.

It is much to be regretted, that not one of the numerous works which have been written on the affairs of Greece, has entered into details of the errors which have been committed, and which have hitherto so lamentably retarded the achievement of her independence. As I was there from the beginning of this campaign till after the siege of Missolonghi, and was an eye-witness of all that was passing in the army, I am enabled to give very minute particulars of all the various intrigues that were going on, and of the conduct of Mavrocordato with respect to them.

The Missolonghites, who were obliged to furnish rations for the troops, saw the consumption of their provisions with great dissatisfaction, and persuaded Mavrocordato to send the regiment to Natalico, and to leave only the two sacred companies to do duty at Missolonghi. They alleged that they would be better quartered in Natalico, which is a little island, six miles from Missolonghi; and I do not think the prince committed any error in acceding to this, as the regiment could be recalled at any moment.

The third day after our arrival, he demanded of the Missolonghites a hundred and fifty thousand Turkish piastres, to pay the troops. They refused, alleging that they could not raise the money, upon which Mavrocordato said in the council, "Very well; if you will not

give me the money, the Europeans must find it." At this the primates looked at each other, and the following day the money was forthcoming. This circumstance convinced me of what I have repeatedly asserted,—that Mavrocordato might have enforced all his orders, if he had retained us about him.

Colocotroni had promised to send his son, with two thousand men, into Romelia, but in a few days this young man arrived at Missolonghi with Captain Biliapopulo and five hundred men. Mavrocordato saw this conduct of Colocotroni's with great indignation, at a time when the necessity for taking the field was so urgent;—but he was incapable of comprehending the intrigues of his countrymen, and did not see that this was a concerted scheme for getting rid of the Europeans, whom the chiefs regarded as peculiarly attached to him, and who shared with himself their jealousy and hatred.

The three most important points of defence were given to the local forces. Pindus, which separates Epirus from Macedonia and Thessaly, dividing at Mount Agraphus into two parts, the one lying along the gulf of Ambracia, the other bounding the straits of Thermopylæ, formed a barrier which might yet have arrested the progress of the enemy, however superior in force. The three principal roads through which he was advancing were by Tritouni, Carperitze, and Arta, in order to open a passage for the Albanians. Mavrocordato saw what a tremendous situation we were in, but could do little with such a force as he commanded. He, however, despatched the Annatolites to occupy the most important passes; their number was too small to do much good; and as he was obliged to entrust the command to chiefs who were Greeks in name, but Turks in heart, he could not entertain very sanguine expectations of the result—but with his character he could do no otherwise. He was not a man of sufficient resolution for such a post; and he had the fault, or the misfortune, of trusting too easily, and too readily believing that others were actuated by the same sentiments and motives as himself.

The Missolonghites now joined the chiefs in their cabals against us. As we knew there was no want of provisions in Missolonghi, we insisted on having full rations, which greatly incensed them. Never did I lead so detestable a life as while I was *foriere*, particularly in Missolonghi. I cannot describe the difficulty I had in obtaining the rations. When I went to the primates to sign the orders, it seemed as if I demanded immense sums. They frequently said, "Who asked you to come here? We cannot give you food. Go into the country, and take it from the Turks." We reported this to Mavrocordato, who ordered that we should receive what we wanted. As we were able to enforce his orders, they were compelled to obey.

The council of primates now urged Mavrocordato to take the field with the European troops; they promised that they would send him necessaries, and that he should want nothing, and insisted greatly on the magnitude and imminency of the danger. Mavrocordato ought certainly to have taken the field, but he ought to have kept the Europeans near him as a corps de reserve, upon whom he could depend for having his orders executed. He ought to have insisted on receiving the necessary supplies; he ought not to have suffered himself to be led by the idle clamours of the Missolonghites, who had

nothing in view but to get rid of us, and send us into the country, where we might remain without food, as, in fact, we eventually did. There were some honest men who advised Mavrocordato to be on his guard against the Missolonghites, who would promise every thing and perform nothing. In spite, however, of these warnings, we received orders to march, without waiting to be joined by the regiment, and with only two four-pounders. The Missolonghites were delighted at our departure; they little dreamt how often and how fervently they would wish us back again.

The command of the whole body of Europeans had been given to General Normann. We set out on our march, and on the fourth day passed the Acheloüs, near the village of Stanna. The Acheloüs, from its breadth and impetuosity, is called the king of Acarnania. In some places it is a mile across. The Greeks call it Aspro-Potamos, (the white river,) from the quantity of foam on its surface. We next marched towards Loutraki, in our way to take up a position before the pass of Acrinoro. From this point we saw the Ambracian gulf, in which lay two gun-boats, commanded by the celebrated Corsican corsair, Bassano.

We were perfectly able to make an attack upon Arta, and if there had been unanimity among the troops, and no treachery, we might have marched upon Joannina.

While we were losing time in collecting a few troops, the Turks profited by our delay to assemble a large army, which was daily increased by men coming in from all parts. On the 2d of July, a company of the regiment which was on the left of the army, was attacked by a body of two hundred Turkish horsemen. I believe this was a mere experiment to try our fire, and see what European fighting was. The company formed immediately and opened a regular fire. The sacred companies and the regiment, put themselves in motion for a charge. A good many Greeks, who were near us with their captains, marched on our right along a chain of hills. The Turks, who saw the whole of this movement, when they heard our drums, turned and ran away to Arta. I cannot refrain from again expressing my admiration of Colonel Tarella, who had so disciplined a body of young recruits, totally ignorant of every thing belonging to regular warfare, that they fought most bravely, charged steadily with the bayonet, and showed no sign of trepidation at the onset of the cavalry. If those two hundred men had not been repulsed, the whole body of the Turkish army, who were slowly manœuvring in Arta, and watching our movements, would have been down upon us. After this skirmish we passed forty days in complete inaction. Provisions began to fail, for the Missolonghites, as had been predicted, had ceased to send any supplies. The whole country was laid waste: not a sheep was to be seen upon the mountains; the mountaineers and shepherds had fled with their families and their flocks.

Marco Bozzaris was at the head of about four hundred Suliotes. Listening only to the suggestions of his own intrepid spirit, he determined no longer to remain idle, but to attempt some *coup-de-main*. He hoped to fall in with some parties of Albanians, marching to join the army of Arta. He would certainly have succeeded, had not Omer-

Vrioni been informed of his design by Gogo, an Anatolite chief, who was perfectly acquainted with the country, and actually instigated Omer-Vrioni to send out skirmishing parties. No sooner was Marco Bozzaris gone, than this infamous traitor sent an express to Arta. Omer-Vrioni instantly sent a body of troops to meet him, and the brave Bozzaris, being unable to contend with so unequal a force, was obliged to retire over the mountains in a different direction.

As General Normann saw that our force did not increase, that we were in a very exposed position, and that our men were daily falling sick from bad and insufficient food, he resolved to take up his position in the village of Peta, leaving a small corps de reserve. We were now in the most wretched condition, and in a state of perfect inactivity. The Turkish cavalry, supported by the Albanians, frequently came out of the town by night, and lay in ambuscade, but they were always discovered, and compelled to return to Arta.

Mavrocordato was at head-quarters, at a distance of six hours' march. He used every exertion to obtain supplies, and wrote the strongest representations to the Missolonghites, but they were entirely disregarded. We were reduced to rations of fifty drachms of meal a day. We began to say that we had rather be killed by the enemy than by hunger. Mavrocordato still suffered himself to be deluded by promises, and deferred taking any decisive step, in the hope of receiving reinforcements. Though indisputably a man of talents, he was, as I said, no match for Greek manœuvring, much of which was directed to his and our destruction.

Intelligence had reached us that the brave Marco Bozzaris was beaten; but it was not known that he had been betrayed, nor, what was worst of all, that he could not rejoin us. Our position was a strong one. The village of Peta is built on several small streams. It was occupied on the right by the regiment. The Philhellenians had claimed the post of honour, to which they were fully entitled, and we were posted at the point on which the enemy must direct his first attack. On the left was a small body of Cephaloniotcs, commanded by Spirio Panno. Captain Alexaki guarded an advanced post with three hundred men; and the infamous Captain Gogo, with a thousand and fifty Anatolites, guarded our rear—a point of the utmost importance.

Intelligence was received that the enemy was about to make a decisive attack upon us; but it was rumoured that he had not more than fifteen hundred men. General Normann wrote to Mavrocordato, informing him that the regiment was much thinned by disease, and that it now consisted of not more than three hundred and fifty men; the sacred companies of ninety; and the Cephaloniotcs, whom he could reckon upon, were not more than seventy-five. That in case of an attack, Captain Alexaki would hardly be able to render us any assistance, and that no reliance whatever could be placed on Gogo and his Anatolites, who would most probably desert their post. That it appeared, therefore, to him impossible that we could sustain an attack, as he was persuaded the enemy would come upon us in much greater force than had been represented. No writer has made any mention of this letter.

Mavrocordato ought not after this to have persisted in his own designs, particularly as he knew Captain Gogo. But he did; and many of his bravest soldiers were the victims.

He replied, that the position was very strong, and might be defended against an army of eight thousand men, and moreover, that he was confident that Captain Gogo would maintain his post with honour. The General communicated the prince's answer to the respective corps, and we awaited with impatience the moment which would, at any rate, make some change in our situation.

There was a sub-lieutenant, named Monaldi, in the first sacred company, an Italian, who was so worn out by the miseries he had suffered, that he could endure them no longer, and determined to go to Arta and join the Turks. He quitted his post by night, and went unarmed in the direction of Arta. Some Turks who saw him, seized and bound him, and led him before Omer-Vrioni, who asked him what he did in the enemy's camp. Monaldi answered, that he could no longer endure the wretchedness and want he had suffered, and that he had resolved to come and serve with the Turks, who, he thought, would treat him better than the Greeks had done. Omer-Vrioni immediately ordered him to be unbound, told him to sit down, and desired his people to bring him coffee and a pipe. Monaldi thought his fortune was made. After he had taken the coffee, Omer-Vrioni asked him, with an air of great mildness, a number of questions as to the position of the Greeks, the number of the Franks, and what opinion the latter entertained of the Turkish army. Monaldi, thinking to ingratiate himself, told all he knew. After the Turk had extracted from him all the information he wanted, he said, "And do you think I will employ a traitor? A man who has sacrificed his friends? No, never." He turned round to his people, and ordered them to take him out and hang him instantly. Monaldi began to supplicate for mercy, but in vain; he was taken to the piazza and hanged.

I cannot refrain from recording an instance of barbarity with which the Greeks treated the Europeans. Many of the latter were dangerously ill at Peta. This was made known to Mavrocordato, and he was requested to send horses to convey them to Missolonghi. As it is the order of the day among the Greeks to neglect every thing, it may be supposed that they were not very careful of the lives of those who had gone to their assistance. On the eve of the battle, and of our defeat, a circumstance occurred which I can never forget. There were four officers dreadfully ill: we had taken them to the road side, knowing that horses frequently passed on their return from carrying provisions to the Greeks, and we thought that our poor comrades would thus have a chance of being conveyed to Missolonghi. It was not long before some suttlers passed with six horses, which had been unloaded. We entreated them to take these unhappy men to Missolonghi. "We will not tire our horses unless you pay us," replied they. I was so exasperated, that I seized a stick, and began to cudgel them, till I obliged them to take the sick men on their horses. I must remark in my own defence, that the only way to ensure respect and obedience from a Greek is to beat him; the bastinado is the Turkish instrument of government. They accordingly took them, and set out. After five hours' march, the suttlers halted in a little wood

to let their horses feed. The poor officers threw themselves on the grass completely exhausted, and all fell asleep. When they awoke the suttlers were gone, and they were left in the midst of a wild country without food, and without the power of going in quest of any. Seeing themselves thus abandoned, without the smallest prospect of succour, they gave themselves up to despair at the fate they saw awaited them. In this state they remained all day. At length night came on—the cold air of the mountains and want of nourishment, joined to their illness, terminated the sufferings of the two weakest, who expired in the arms of their comrades. The survivors, though they saw the same end must at no great distance of time be their own, yet being of stronger constitutions, held out to the following day; when by great good fortune some of the soldiers of the regiment, passing that way in their flight from the enemy, saw the two lying dead, and the other two just at the last gasp. They laid them across their muskets, and carried them to a village, where they did what they could to revive them, after which they were transported to Missolonghi.

Such were the rewards we received from the Greeks. I could relate many other histories of the melancholy end of the Europeans who died there, but I must proceed to the more important narrative of our defeat.

General Normann posted his two field-pieces, and ordered us to hold ourselves in constant readiness. On the 16th of July, at day-break, we saw the enemy's army march out of Arta, and advance upon the plain in the direction of our position. The army consisted of a thousand horse and six thousand foot. The cavalry divided themselves into several parties on our left, for the purpose of intercepting any succours, or cutting off our retreat. The Albanians galloped towards us, singing and waving their numerous banners. We opened a regular fire, and in a few minutes saw a number of dead lying at the foot of the village. Knowing our great advantage over an army composed entirely of irregular troops, we shouted victory, and fancied we should dine in Arta. The moment the Turks receive the signal to begin the attack, the standard-bearers advance, and the others follow and direct their blows wherever they think it expedient. If, in their advance, they meet with any ditch or obstacle, the standard-bearer leaps it, and plants the standard on the other side. The soldiers rush on, regardless of danger, wherever they see the standard, and when they reach it, the firing recommences. In this way, little by little, they come up with the enemy. I have seen seven standard-bearers fall dead in succession—they were instantly replaced. They frequently advanced for a few minutes at a full gallop.

We laughed at their mode of fighting. We continued our fire very coolly, seeing the hundreds of dead before us, while we had not lost a man. We had kept up a brisk fire for two hours. The enemy were continually shouting, and were evidently beginning to take alarm. All on a sudden we heard dreadful cries behind us. At first we thought they proceeded from Greeks coming to our assistance. So far, however, from this being the case, it was Captain Gogo and his Annatolites flying to the mountains, and leaving a passage open to the enemy in the middle of our line. In one moment the Turks rushed upon us like a torrent, the Cephaloniotés being unable to make any

resistance, fell back upon the regiment ; the Philhellenians could not make head against the whole force of the enemy, so that we were compelled to abandon our position, which the enemy had broken in every direction. It is really impossible to describe the manner in which we fought in this moment of desperation. The regiment, though composed of recruits unpractised in the use of the bayonet, opened a way for our retreat.

If the Turks and Albanians, instead of quarrelling among themselves for the privilege of stripping the dead, whom, as Europeans, they believed to be laden with money, had chosen to massacre the survivors, not a man would have been left to tell the tale. But as the Turks and Greeks never follow up an advantage, but are always contented with their success as soon as it enables them to plunder ; they never obtain a complete or decisive victory, nor indeed do they care about it. About half of our whole number consequently escaped. The European officers suffered by far the most, as was to be expected.

Were I to record the names of all the brave men who distinguished themselves in this action, I should weary my readers ; I cannot, however, omit to mention Captain Mignac. After laying eight Albanians dead at his feet, his sabre broke, and he was taken prisoner. Lieutenant Chauvassaigne, after fighting with the greatest bravery, received a sabre wound in the head ; with the blood streaming from his head, he rushed upon a standard-bearer, and tore away his standard, shouting, "Courage, my friends, victory!" With these words on his lips, he sunk on the ground, when the Turks despatched him. Colonel Tarella, Colonel Doria, and many other officers, were taken prisoners, and carried to Arta. I shall soon have to relate their tragical end.

Our bayonets having, as I said, made us a passage through the Albanians, we left our two field pieces, and succeeded with great difficulty in climbing along a chain of mountains inaccessible to cavalry. We escaped in the utmost disorder, and knew not whither we were going. We were too hotly pursued to be able to keep together. After three hours of forced march, or rather flight, I found myself with one of my comrades on a hill, by which flowed a little stream of water. We were faint with weariness, heat, and hunger ; we had thrown away our coats and cartouche boxes, and had kept only our muskets and ten charges. We saw through the trees two Greeks sitting near the rivulet, eating bread and cheese very tranquilly, while we had been fighting their battles. We accosted them, and asked them for something to eat, relating our disasters, defeat, and escape. The Greeks began to laugh, and said they should not give us any of their food, for that they wanted it for themselves. We were so exasperated at such a reply, and so desperate at our situation, that we levelled our muskets, and said, "put down all your provisions upon the ground this moment, and go away ; if you don't, we will shoot you."

As they saw we were in earnest, they rose, left their bread and cheese, and went away without saying a word. I can assure my readers that, in the horrible state in which we were, I should have had no hesitation whatever in killing two men who treated us like brutes, had there been no other means of obtaining food.

After some hours had elapsed, we began to assemble. We found General Normann worn out with fatigue, breathless, his clothes torn,

and slightly wounded in the breast. After he had taken breath, he said to me, "All this, my dear comrade, I foresaw. Now Mavrocordato will be satisfied. We must, however, try now to take up a position, collect our stragglers, and, if possible, save a few more of our unhappy comrades." Weary as we were, we took up the position of Langada, whence small detachments were sent out to pick up our stragglers.

A number of poor fellows belonging to the regiment came in terribly wounded; there was nobody to dress their wounds. The soldiers began to murmur, saying, that the Turks would pursue us, and that it was better to go than to remain where there were no provisions. General Normann told them that they must not abandon their comrades, who were scattered about the mountains, and that we had better remain for the night in that position; that he was certain the enemy were too much occupied with stripping the slain to think of pursuing us. And in fact we saw nothing more of them. Every minute some straggler joined us. It is utterly impossible to describe our situation; the next morning, however, we set out for Vracoro, leaving a few Greeks at Macrinoros and Langada.

If Reschid Pacha and Omer-Vrioni had instantly marched upon Missolonghi, they would not have found a man to oppose them, and would have at once subdued a country which they will never be masters of again. Reschid Pachà knew that there were eighty ships lying in the gulf of Patras—he knew that the Greeks were in the greatest consternation—that all the Greek families of note had fled to Calamos—that all was confusion, and that every man thought only of his personal safety, fully persuaded that the enemy would follow up his victory, and subjugate the whole of Romelia. In spite of this, he chose to overrun Acarnania. Omer-Vrioni beheld this with jealousy, and interfered in his operations. Disputes arose between them—nothing was done in concert.

Meanwhile the Greeks, finding that they were not pursued, began to take courage. The Turkish fleet having received orders to go to Napoli, to provision the army of Curchid Vizir, quitted the gulf of Patras. The Turks invariably quarrel among themselves for a thing before they have it. If the European powers had not interfered in the affairs of Greece, neither would the Greeks be able to maintain their independence, nor the Turks reduce them to submission. The revolution would have been long ago settled and forgotten, if the Turks had had a single good commander.

Intoxicated with their victory, they returned to Arta, taking with them the heads of all the Europeans who had fallen in battle, and twenty European prisoners. The heads were sent to Constantinople. Omer Vrioni ordered the prisoners to be brought before him, and said, "Brave soldiers, I am extremely sorry to put you to death. If I could be sure you would serve me faithfully, I would give you excellent situations in my army; but as I know that if I spare your lives you will return to the Greeks the first moment you can, I must order you all to be hanged—showing you especial mercy, in not having you impaled." Among them was a Greek lieutenant, named Locopalo, who spoke Turkish remarkably well, and pleaded hard for mercy. He was young and beautiful, and the pachà relented so far as to say, "I will spare your life for the present, but never hope for pardon."

There was also a German physician, who, stepping from the rank of prisoners, advanced towards the pachà, and made signs that he was a physician. The pachà said, "What, do you expect that I should spare your life? Are you wounded?" The German replied, "I will cure my wound, and in a few days I shall be perfectly restored." As the Turks hold physicians in great estimation, his life was spared. The others were all hanged on trees, and died a lingering and cruel death. As soon as the German was cured, Omer-Vrioni appointed him his physician, and in a short time he had amassed a hundred and fifty dollars. Omer-Vrioni became greatly attached to him, particularly from his having cured several Turks. He was generally regarded with great respect and esteem.

Shortly after, Omer-Vrioni's nephew fell ill at Prevesa, and the pachà wished him to be attended by his own physician. The German readily undertook this commission, in the hope that he might find means of returning to the Greeks. After he had been in Prevesa a few days, he made acquaintance with a captain of a ship, to whom he offered all the money he had to take him back to the Morea. The captain was tempted by the largeness of the sum, and thought not of the risk. He therefore undertook to take him secretly on board, and land him by night. He set sail without discovery or suspicion. The next morning the nephew of Omer-Vrioni was extremely ill, and sent for his physician: search was every where made for him, but in vain. The captain put him on shore at Cano Papa, in the Morea, after taking care to get all his money, and continued his voyage. The poor German was obliged to walk many miles to reach Gastouni. When he arrived there, the Greeks would not give him a morsel of food, and told him he was a fool for leaving the Turks, where he was well paid.

Such, however, was his enthusiasm for liberty, that he suffered these sneers with cheerfulness and patience, hoping that, in Tripolitza, where the government was established, his devotion to the Greek cause would be justly estimated, and the sacrifices he had made to it would not be forgotten. He arrived, almost starving, at Tripolitza, presented himself before the primates, and afterwards before the officers of government. They all told him he had done wrong in quitting the pachà's service—that one man, more or less, was of no importance to Greece, and so on. This was his reward. My readers will hardly believe me, when I declare to them, that some months afterwards, I saw this very German begging alms in the coffee-houses of Tripolitza. He was in the extremity of wretchedness, and the government would not even allow him rations.

I must again disclaim any intention to injure or misrepresent the Greeks—but so great have been the exaggeration and misrepresentations in their favour, that I determined to state simply and frankly what I saw with my own eyes, and heard with my own ears.

DIARY

FOR THE MONTH OF OCTOBER.

18/. It has been said in the newspapers, that the Theatrical distress is not confined to London, and that the provincial Theatres are in a very bad way. I believe that there is no doubt of this fact. The spread of Methodism has probably much injured the provincial Theatres, which are generally miserably attended. Some months ago I went into the play-house at a well-frequented watering-place, and found myself the sole spectator. I, I alone, constituted the audience. It was then late in the evening, and the company had been going through the performance with as much method and regularity as if they had had a crowded house. I observed but one sign of relaxation of established order, and that was in the instance of a great chowder-headed brat in dirty petticoats, who was scrambling over the music-desks in the orchestra, and diverting himself in his travels by making a humming noise, like a bee in a pitcher, which served as an odd accompaniment to the dialogue on the stage. After my appearance he was enticed out of the orchestra, and things went on in all respects according to order. At half-price about half-a-dozen people dropped in. The troop, so handsomely encouraged, was really by no means a bad one; indeed, there were two very respectable actors among them, and one very clever actress. They played nightly, and I liked them so well, and admired their constancy under adversity so much, that I went several times to see them, but never counted twenty persons in the theatre at any one time. How they contrived to live I have no conception; and from the cool and regular manner in which they went through their business before empty benches, it was clear to me that it was no new thing to them. Nevertheless, I used to observe numbers of the company walking about the parades in the day time, looking gay, and making a respectable appearance. I seldom omit a visit to the theatre in a country town, if there be one open, and I have never yet seen an audience that would pay the rent and nightly expences—rating them at the lowest—and leave bread and cheese to the actors; and I have never yet seen a provincial troop that had not its good actor; good actresses are greater rarities, but I have seen them too. The worst companies are decidedly those which are subject to Stars. The Brighton corps of regulars, for example, has less merit in it than any I have observed. I saw the opera of Oberon played in that theatre without the music, which almost matched the performance of the serious and moral part of the Provoked Husband in the puppet-show, without the dialogue, in Tom Jones. When I say without the music, I mean the operatic music, for there was a noise going on in the orchestra nearly the whole time. They were probably playing the accompaniments to music that might, could, or should have been sung. But I was grateful to them for not singing it. A sad, bouncing, roaring genius personated Sir Huon.

— One sees every day in the world beautiful examples of assurance, which surpass the broadest strokes of invention. I read yesterday in

The Times this modest proposal, which breathes a self-confidence that cannot be sufficiently admired, and pre-supposes a folly in the public no less wonderful.

MORTALITY AT GRONINGEN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

“ 9, Judd-street, Brunswick-square, Sept. 28.

“ Sir,—Observing in your paper of to-day, the melancholy accounts of the mortality that is taking place at Groningen and other parts of Holland, from the disease now raging there, I beg leave to communicate to those anywise interested for that country, that if a passport and safeguard from the King of the Netherlands is provided for me I will proceed there, and feel confident that the disease will easily yield to my treatment. Your insertion of this in your valuable paper will further the ends of science and profit humanity.

“ I am, Sir, your very obedient servant,

“ JAMES MORISON, Hygeist.”

As there is a fine name, now-a-days, for every thing, I suppose that “ *Hygeist* ” is the polite description of quack doctor. Talking of quacks, as the story-tellers always say, I must record a joke I heard the other day concerning Sir James Macintosh. Some one remarked that the Economic ought to have more *Assurance* than any Society in London, seeing that Macintosh was its president and F. its director.

6th. The Chronicle of to-day gives a long critical account of the Birmingham Musical Festival, which discovers in the writer an ignorance of music, and all that belongs to it, that is in these musical days perfectly astonishing. Whether the article is of Chronicle origin, or copied from a provincial paper, I know not; but if the latter, the Chronicle should have had the discretion to give the credit of it where it was due. If, on the other hand, it is its own home-brewed, it does signal honour to its discretion in the selection of a musical critic. The writer begins by affirming that Mozart’s Sinfonia, Jupiter, was sung in fine style by the whole assembled chorus! The deuce it was! He then gives the words of “ Rest, Warrior, rest,” *for the amusement of the reader*,—who is not supposed to have heard them *usque ad nauseam*. After this he speaks of the recitative in Sampson, “ by, we believe, the same composer ” as the composer of Esther, *i. e.* Handel! The musical critic actually only believed Sampson to be by Handel—he did not *know* it. As well might a literary critic speak of Paradise Lost, “ we believe, by Milton.” In conclusion, he writes thus knowingly of Kieswetter and Lindley, whom he is pleased to make—how shall we commit it to paper—rival performers!

“ Kieswetter, on his violin, delighted us with a concerto that would have fully established his claims to the character of a peerless musician, had not Lindley contested the palm with such spirit, as to leave the question of supremacy doubtful. On the whole, we may say of both what the Mantuan poet said of his shepherds, ‘ et vitula tu dignus, et hic.’ ”

What the critic merits is very obvious—it is not a calf certainly, for he seems to have enough of that in him already, but we would leave it to Kieswetter, the violinist, and Lindley, the violencellist, to determine what the Brummagem connoisseur deserves who has made them rivals.

6th. Kean has been spouting at a dinner at Montreal. His speech is such a one as none but an actor could have conceived and delivered—all fustian and flummery. He declared that the good people of Montreal had *lighted up his heart*. That their conduct was like dew-drops to the parched, sun-beams through the prison-grate, or a key unlocking the barrier to society. He said that when he left England, he watched the departing object [*i. e.* England] with *outstretched* eye, which was odd, physically speaking; for though we have heard a saying, from the Polite Conversations, about “putting one’s eyes upon sticks,” we had an opinion that they could not, consistently with personal convenience, be removed from their sockets. On leaving the land, he confessed that he thought it proper to play the misanthrope, and that he made faces, and pretended contempt of the world. His stringless heart hung, he protested, like the harp in Tara’s Hall, neglected and discordant, till *tuned* by the good folks of Montreal, it awoke again to tones of harmony. He promised to take every opportunity of visiting the Canadas, first from gratitude, and next from *the joy that an Englishman feels in pressing to his bosom the banners of his king!* He alluded to the delight which the Montreal dinner would give to his friends in England, saying that it would enliven them “*fast as the winds can bear these tidings* [the tidings of the dinner!] *to the British shores.*” What a thing it is to have a genius for magniloquence! While one laughs, however, at Kean’s flights of mock-heroic, one must rejoice that the persecution of him seems to have ceased, and that he is once more making fools and made a fool of, like others of his calling.

“Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen,—It is customary on these occasions to pretend diffidence, and to commence a laboured address, with apologies for want of oratory. I shall differ on the present occasion from such gentlemen, by boldly affirming that your kindness and liberality have given me a confidence that inspires me with sufficient language to express the most grateful acknowledgments. To assert I had never risen on similar occasions, would be a falsehood, rendering me unworthy of that respectable society by which I am surrounded; but on no occasion of my life did I ever express my obligations of feelings more gratefully or sincerely. I had conceived such happy honours had for ever fled—a waif upon the world’s wide common. I expected nothing more than to drag out the remaining portion of my existence in hard exertion of my public duties; how then shall I thank those beings who have rekindled the social spark, almost extinct, and *have lighted up my heart* again to friendship and esteem! It is *as dew-drops to the parched, as sunbeams through the prison grate*—the key unlocking the barrier to society—the symbol that I have not wholly lost the affections of my countrymen. Such raptures as the present carry with them their alloy, when I reflect that a few days will take me from my liberal benefactors, but struggling to prove myself worthy of their favour. So deeply, gentlemen, have you impressed my feelings, that I shall leave the city of Montreal with a weakness bordering on womanhood—a pang that can only be paralleled by the recollection of that fatal moment when the ship was under sail that was to bear me, perhaps for ever, from my country—from *fame*—and from home; my *outstretched eye* watched the de-

parting object till the veil of distance clouded the land in which my every affection concentrated. It was then I forgot the indignities I had received, forgave my most malicious persecutors, and wiped from my eye all the resistless tears that fell *in spite of* my country and friends. I was scarcely from the land, when *reason told me I had lost a portion of my respectability* as a man, and my chief resources depended on the exertions of the actor! I assumed, therefore, a callous indifference, played for a time the character of a misanthrope, knit my brow, and pretended contempt for the world—but it was but acting—

‘The penetrating eye could soon discern
Smiles without mirth, and pastime without pleasure.’

“Deeply I felt the loss of that society I had for years associated with, and every act of kindness penetrated the brazen armour I had borrowed for the occasion.

“The generous Citizens of the United States have received my humble talents with enthusiasm, and temporarily healed a shattered mind and fortune; but, gentlemen, it was in the moment of retirement and reflection that the unrestrained sigh would have full vent, and the heaving pulse would still throb for England!—*my stringless heart, hung like the harp in Tara’s Hall, neglected and discordant, till, tuned by you, it awoke again to tones of harmony and affection.* I shall take every opportunity of visiting the Canadas, whether professionally or not—first from my determination to prove that I cannot forget these marks of attention; and next, *from the joy that an Englishman feels in pressing to his bosom the banners of his King*, more than on my own account. I hail this day hallowed. *Fast as the winds can bear these tidings to the British shores*, it will enliven those who, in spite of my inconsistencies and errors, watch with anxious eye my progress, and whose grateful heart will beat like mine at the receipt of that friendship that restores me again to the rank of a gentleman. The laurels of this day shall be handed down as heir-looms to my posterity, and I shall ever think that son unworthy who would not, in his prayers, remember the protectors of his father. I shall no longer, gentlemen, trespass on the time that may be better employed—I wish that every individual that has contributed so much to my happiness may enjoy the same. The act is indelibly stamped, where nothing but the All-seeing Eye can penetrate, and whose dispensing spirit has infused itself into the breasts of liberal men, to restore a soul almost subdued by vindictiveness and falsehood. I close my address with wishing you all happiness, and be assured this day shall live—*Memoria in Eterna.*”

7th.—The advantage which the poor should derive from the Benefit Societies, contributed to by them when in health, on the condition that they are to be supported by the common fund in sickness—is too much defeated by the little, dirty, and dishonest evasions and pretexts to which the officers of these institutions resort, in order to cancel the claims of sick members. In the police reports of *The Times* to-day, I observe that a poor old man, a carver and gilder, had his name struck out of the books of his Benefit Society, because it was alleged that the secretary had seen him preparing the materials for gilding a picture, when receiving support for illness. On this ground his al-

lowance was stopped, and he was expelled from a Society to which he had for thirty years contributed, for twenty-three of which he had not made a single claim on its funds. Sir George Farrant, the Magistrate, regretted to perceive the general disposition in these Societies to strike out member's names on the most frivolous pretences. He remembered, some time ago, that a poor man had his name struck out because he had been found *in the act of stopping a hole in the floor of his room*, through which the wind entered. As the poor fellow happened unluckily to be a carpenter, this was called working at his trade! On another occasion, a poor tailor was *scratched* (the slang phrase) from the books of his Society, because he had been caught in the act of mending his own breeches!

All this is very cruel, unjust, and impolitic. It is cruel and unjust to the particular individuals, who suffer by the pretexts for depriving them of an advantage which they have purchased by the hardly-earned and ill-spaced contributions of years; and it is impolitic, as these examples alarm the poor, and deter them from joining Societies which thus endeavour to evade their claims in the hour of need. When a member is able to work for his bread, he should certainly no longer be supported on the sick list of the Society, and if he really does earn his bread while he receives the support of one incapable of doing so, he deserves to be expelled; but there is a wide difference between a man's being able to earn his bread, and his being merely found engaged in some trifling piece of work. The unhappy tailor who was *scratched out* for having been detected in the act of mending his own breeches, was perhaps solacing himself, beguiling the tedium of his convalescence, and at the same time trying his ability to make and mend other men's breeches by this labour of love on his own. How unjust to convict him of being a working man for this *coup d'essai*.

Benefit Societies, honestly conducted, would be institutions of great advantage to the poor, and it is much to be wished that the dishonest tricks which we have adverted to, which must bring them into general discredit, should be steadily resisted by magistrates, and a discharge of their obligations rigidly enforced. In the case which led to these remarks, an order was made that the poor man should be reinstated in the Society, after a suspension of two months.

As anecdotes of Dr. Parr are just now in season, I feel tempted to contribute one which has escaped the gossips—that it is true I have the strongest possible assurance; whether it is characteristic or not, I leave it to those who are better acquainted with the learned Doctor, to determine. Lord Chedworth left the bulk of his property, which was very considerable, real and personal, to a Mr. Penrise, an apothecary at Penzance, and Mr. Richard Wilson, the solicitor. The will was disputed by his lordship's kinsmen, who alleged that he was not in a sound state of mind when he made it, and Dr. Parr, who was a friend of his lordship, deposed in affidavit, that to the best of his knowledge and belief his lordship was not in a state of mind to be trusted with the disposition of his property at the date of the will, or for some time previous to his death. It happened unfortunately, however, for the consistency of this learned man's evidence, that among Lord Chedworth's papers two letters from the Doctor were found, bearing a date subsequent to the period at which he had fixed

his lordship's incapacity, in one of which the Doctor reminded his noble patron that he had once promised him a silver soup-tureen, and suggested to him a pattern for it, at once solid and elegant; and further submitted to his lordship's judgment, subjects and appropriate classical mottos for the medallions, with which he would have it embellished. The tureen, so literally *spelled for*, appears to have been duly sent to the Doctor, for in the second letter he approved of it, observing that his lordship had omitted only one thing, which was a necessary companion to a silver soup-tureen, and that was, a silver soup-ladle, the pattern of which, I believe, he also suggested, especially recommending that solidity, the sterling worth of which outlives the caprices of fashion. The man thus solicited for presents was the man whom the Doctor declared in his affidavit to be at this very period in a state of mind which unfitted him for the management of his affairs, or the disposal of property!

The fulsome panegyrics on the Doctor have provoked this anecdote.

9th.—I find great amusement in reading advertisements in the first page of *The Times*, many of which I cannot help fancying are strongly characteristic of the disposition of their writers. There are persons who pretend to judge of character from the hand-writing; I think the advertisement a better indication—that is, supposing that the advertiser is not a regular quack or hack advertiser, for their invention baffles all inferences. For example, no one can form an idea of what manner of man Charles Wright is—we know that he is the only poet of the age who now produces any thing, that he is inexhaustible in praise of Champagne; that he is the Anacreon who unceasingly sings Cape Madeira and Opera-house masquerades. We know all this, and yet we cannot infer from puff or paragraph what kind of man Charles Wright is. His advertising style being decidedly factitious, no conjecture is to be founded on it. We should rather guess him to be a slight dapper little man, with a sharp expression of countenance, contracted from his Madeira, and a brisk manner, like the effervescence of his “matchless Champagne.” But nothing can we infer of him with any degree of confidence, for advertising over-much has destroyed all the original characteristics of his style. In such an advertisement, however, as the subjoined, extracted from *The Times* of this day, it is impossible not to discover the manner of man who composed it, and a very particular old gentleman he must be. How positive the terms are! how much is required, or rather *insisted on*, and with what exactitude, and in what a peremptory tone, the demands are made. Nothing can be more characteristic than that clause, in which the gentleman stipulates for the sole and separate enjoyment of a certain convenience—he will not keep a corner in the thing he loves. He bears, like the Turk, no brother near the throne. And then no other lodger is to be *allowed*. What a strong word—how it smacks of command. This gentleman must have had all his life a moderate but sufficient income; he has had no kith or kin, and has never been contradicted. He sees no company but his apothecary, and a kind of protégée, the son of an old servant, whom he has educated, who visits him on Sundays, walks about without making a noise, and speaks softly. He was never crossed in life, but once, and that was in the plum season, when he was kept out of a house of temporary accommodation, by an

individual of sedentary habits, to his unspeakable distress and great bodily grief, whereupon he made a vow to have a thing of his own in future, which should be, by virtue of a solemn league and covenant with landlords and landladies, sacred to his special use. All these circumstances we divine from the tone and terms of this affiche:—

“FURNISHED APARTMENTS.—An elderly Gentleman, leading a retired life, and seeing very little company, wishes to be accommodated with neatly furnished Apartments, *replete with every convenience as if they were in his own house*, in a small family in the habit of having every thing kept in proper order, and where no other lodger is to be allowed. *The situation must be free from noise and nuisance, airy, and somewhere between Bond-street and Regent-street, with a light easy staircase and a patent water-closet, of which the gentleman is to have the sole use.* A short statement of particulars, giving some intimation of what the rent will be, may avoid unnecessary trouble on both sides. All letters, post paid, directed to A.B.C., at Mr. John Norris's, upholsterer, High Holborn, will be duly attended to, but no other will be received.”

— A moderate panegyric:—

“Master Grossmith, the young Roscius of deserved celebrity, performed by particular request, on Thursday evening, in the free-school room of New Alresford, before a most respectable and crowded audience. *To speak of this extraordinary youth in language adequate to his merits, would be a difficult attempt.* The pathos of tragedy and the ludicrous of comedy are equally accessible to him. The force of his conception is sustained by a corresponding accuracy of execution, and *as he shines with transcendent brilliancy*, while embodying the spirit of the sublimest passages of Milton, so, when he stoops from his height, and descends into the humble and captivating regions of the comic world, *his mild lustre, ‘though it dazzles less, is not less pleasing.’* The sensibility, as well as *the profundity of his genius*, is such, that however high the expectations may be raised by the encomiums bestowed on him, they will be more than realized to all who listen to his performances. We understand he will, by the request and desire of the inhabitants of the town and vicinity, attend again in the same room on Wednesday week, after which he will proceed to Portsmouth.”—*Portsmouth Paper.*

9th.—The erudite Pangloss, who writes the theatrical articles in the Morning Chronicle, profoundly and learnedly observes, that persons who keep their faculties alive at uninteresting performances, often do so by showing that they have too much of the *nasum rhinocerotis*. Mr. ——— being found reposing under an oak, by Lord ———, observed, with the design of showing the extent of his acquirements, “Here I am, my Lord, sub tegmine *fagi*.” “Would not *quercus* be as well, Mr. ———?” quietly asked his Lordship. So we would inquire of the learned doctor, whether *rhinocerotis* “would not be as well.”

Erudition ought to be accurate, and as this learned critic has been so unreasonable as to find fault with us for not correcting his Latin, we have proposed the correction of his slip. This friendly emendation will, we hope, set us right with the learned Doctor Pangloss, who accused us of ignorance because we did not rectify his errors, coming

to this conclusion on the same whimsical grounds on which the conceited gardener in Rob Roy argued that Sir Henry Vane was no scholar, "because," said he, "he does not pick me up when I tell him the learned names of the flowers." Having stated that a Mr. Edwin, a new performer, is a descendant of the celebrated actor of that name, the learned critic brings, according to his custom, a quotation to bear on the anecdote—indeed the fact is mentioned for the sake of the quotation; Mr. Edwin is, he says, *not*

Indignus genere, præclaro nomine tantum
Insignis —————

This is an excellent way of lugging in a quotation. Apply it to that which a man is, or to that which he is not. Thus you make sure of your quotation, whatever the man may be. You have him both ways. The performance criticised by this profound person was the *Heir at Law*, and it is not a little diverting to observe the uneasiness with which he evidently regards his brother Pangloss on the stage. Most ungenerously, we must say, he endeavours to disparage his rival, when obviously bringing him into a secret comparison with himself. Pangloss's quotations (quoth he with an air) any body can understand, for they are from Lilly's Grammar. The superiority claimed is not to be denied. The Chronicle critic is what the school-boys call *a cut above Lilly*; and then, moreover, he is not limited to Latin, he speaks words of Italian and French like a young lady who has just brought home her education from the boarding-school.

10th.—We are often reminded of the story of the Scotch minister, who, when preaching against dram-drinking *to excess*, gave his flock permission to drink *temperately*, at the rate of a dram about every hour, which he deemed a moderate allowance. This paragraph from a medical work contains a similar exhortation to moderation in mercury. Much mercury is in bilious complaints declared *never necessary, and always hurtful*. But a little calomel or blue pill, one grain of the former, or *four or five grains* of the latter, given *every day*, or every other day, is pronounced of great service. Such is medical moderation! What then is the excess?

"In those prevailing maladies which are considered bilious or stomach complaints, it is certain the administration of much mercury is never necessary, and always hurtful. A little calomel or blue pill, for example, one grain of the former, or four or five grains of the latter, given every day, or every other day, is frequently of great service, but beyond this they are seldom safe; and now that calomel is so frequently and largely administered, to the great injury of those who thus take it, this is a point worthy of serious attention."—*Graham's Domestic Medicine*.

11th.—Some amusing knowledge appears in the Marlborough Street Police Report of a squabble between a *soi-disant* Baron de Kruger and a M. Medex. M. Medex declared that the Baron was no baron. But the Baron observed, that the *de* before his name, as the magistrate *must be aware*, signified baron! This was pretty good on the Baron's side; but Mr. Medex, in his more knowing and circumstantial exposition of the meaning and history of *de* before proper names, completely eclipsed the Baron, and his account of the matter, to make

it more whimsical, is, he declares, the result of *a life's study of literature* :—

Mr. Medex took the opportunity of observing, “*That he had studied literature nearly the whole of his life*, and he was fully persuaded that the word ‘De,’ placed before a Christian name, did not signify the title of baron. *At the time Bonaparte entered Spain, he found so many persons of one name, that he felt some difficulty in recognizing them. Now, as ‘De’ signified ‘Of,’ he placed it before the names, in order that he should know them as the sons of that particular individual.*”

Such specimens of impudent ignorance are extremely delightful. I would have given the world to see the air of edification with which Mr. Conant listened to this little private anecdote touching the origin of the *de* before proper names. Mathew’s should hitch the whole discussion into his next entertainment. I can fancy that I hear him in the character of Mr. Mendax, observing, that he had studied literature all his life, and then going on so glibly and with an air of such sweet complacency, “*At the time Bonaparte entered Spain,*” &c. as above. In hitting off the style of this kind of character, Mathews is inimitable. In his profession he has of course seen an abundance of impudent ignorance, and he represents it with admirable truth.

13th.—A morning paper has this paragraph:—

“Miss F. H. Kelly, who played the part of Juliet with extraordinary success a few seasons ago at Covent Garden, is at present on a tour on the Continent. *She has visited the tomb of Juliet, at Verona, which she describes as a simple coffin-shaped monument, of Florentine marble. She has procured a dress at Milan, corresponding to the costume of Juliet, as it is represented in a celebrated picture in the Gallery of the Arts and Sciences at Milan. This attention to her professional pursuits* is highly creditable to this young lady. She returns shortly to this country; we may hope, therefore, that she will quickly arrive at that eminence of which her first appearance had gave such promise.”

“*This attention to her professional pursuits!*” What attention to her professional pursuits? Does the scribe really imagine that visiting the tomb of Juliet at Verona, and procuring a dress at Milan, are *professional pursuits*? Miss F. H. Kelly would have been much better employed with a view to her professional pursuits, had she been smelling the dips at our country theatres. When we saw her a few years ago, she was a promising actress, who wanted—not a visit to the tomb of Juliet, nor a dress at Milan—but that theatrical training which is to be procured most advantageously on the provincial boards. Actors and actresses used formerly to learn the drill in the country, and they came up to town perfect in the mechanical part of their business, and able to give the best effect to their higher powers; now it is the fashion for them, the women in particular, to come out at once on the London boards, and they are often under-rated and discouraged, because the public, in judging of them, sets off their awkwardness and other defects arising from the want of regular training, against their merits, without considering that the former will be cured by practice; and let performers make a weak or unfavoura-

ble impression in London at first, and they are condemned for ever. Such at least is the general rule: exceptions may be stated, but they are very rare. That it is decidedly prejudicial to an actress, to bring her out first on the London boards, we are firmly persuaded; and it is politic in the public not to countenance the practice, for it is rather too bad that performers should be learning their A B C, as it were, on the metropolitan stage, where we have a right to expect them to be perfect in their lessons. Mr. Charles Kemble has instructed and brought out many of these raw recruits; and though most of them have had superior capabilities, not one has succeeded. They possessed good materials, but had not learnt by practice how to make the best use of them. After a *debut* in London, this operation cannot be commenced. The star, or would-be star, must not accept of inferior engagements in the country, for that would be inconsistent with her pretensions; and she cannot get good ones, for her degree of success in London has not been such as to allow of them. She is thus excluded from the country, while the opportunity is not given her of improving on the London boards—the treasury denies it. But would the misses who have been Charles Kemble's pupils, have submitted to the training of country theatres, to playing in *troops*, with runaway apprentices, and too amiable milliners? No, their own feelings, and those of their respectable friends, would forbid the idea. Then the truth is, that the stage is becoming too genteel. We shall see well connected and highly accomplished young ladies on it, but very indifferent actresses. The *aspirantes* will insist on beginning at the wrong end, because the right one is too low, and would contaminate them. This resolution may undoubtedly be good for their morals, but it is bad for their acting, and with that is our main business. Many of the old school, however, went through this trying ordeal, unscathed and triumphant; but they commenced with humble ideas and humble views, and both their excellence and their fame grew by the slow degrees of a series of little successes. But the respectably born and highly educated young ladies, who are now tempted to make the stage their profession, could not submit to this career, their feelings of pride would recoil from it. Their gentlemen fathers, and gentlemen brothers, would think with horror of their being exposed to the contaminating society of a provincial troop. Mrs. Siddons, however, was not ashamed of playing in a barn. *She* did not start a fine lady. And she who does start as a fine lady will not end a Mrs. Siddons.

13th.—There is in one of Mathews' entertainments a Major Longbow, who concludes every bounce with, "I'll swear that it's true—what will you lay it's a lie?" I every day see Longbow stories in my newspaper, on the falsehood of which it would be no bad speculation to lay bets with the Editor. For example, the subjoined paragraph lately appeared, and I did intend to offer a bet that it was a lie, but unluckily we appear only once a month, and the contradiction of the journal's facts generally comes in two or three days, or by return of post at furthest. So that there is no time for me to turn a penny in that way. However, the Evening papers might gamble very pleasantly in this manner: "We swear that it's true—what will you lay it's a lie?" says the Morning; "Five to one it's a lie," replies the Evening. This gambling, it is to be observed, would have the advantage of being

greatly promotive of truth, for the one party would take some trouble to ascertain the grounds of his stories before he risked his money on them, however freely and carelessly he might risk people's characters on them, while the other would have an interest in detecting misrepresentation of falsehood, if there were any. A prudent compiler of a journal, for instance, would not offer a bet on the truth of the paragraph I now quote, because he could not fail to remember that Lady Scott had only been dead three or four months, and that Sir Walter, whatever may be his faults, is a man who respects the opinion of the world too much to offend it by an *indecenty*.

"Sir Walter Scott, it is reported, is shortly to be married to a lady of immense wealth. Mr. Bruce, who, under the patronage of the late Lord Melville, became professor of logic in the university of Edinburgh, and afterwards historiographer to the East India Company, and lastly, in conjunction with Sir — Hunter Blair, printer to the king for Scotland, lately died, leaving behind him, to a maiden sister, an immense fortune, some say of three hundred thousand pounds. The worthy baronet, it is reported, has successfully made love to this accomplished lady, who, on her part, insists on his receiving from her, *before* marriage, one hundred thousand pounds to clear his incumbrances. Who, after this, will say, that the climate of Scotland is cold?"—*Morning Chronicle*!

In due season the following, of course, appeared :

"The statement in the *Morning Chronicle* respecting Sir Walter Scott's marriage is altogether premature. The story is said to have originated in a *joke* of Mr. Jeffrey, who, as a match-maker, is said to have expressed an opinion that Sir Walter should marry either Mrs. Coutts or Miss Bruce. This proposal, in being repeated, was metamorphosed into the complete rounded-off fiction, against which neither the London nor the provincial papers can always guard. Should a marriage follow the rumour, it will not by any means be the first that has had such an origin."—*Glasgow Chronicle*.

The story originated in a *joke* of Mr. Jeffrey. Ye gods ! is that a *joke*? The fun of Mr. Jeffrey would seem to be no laughing matter. The late lamentable dulness of the *Edinburgh Review* is accounted for at once if this is the style of his jokes.

— I have for some time had my eye on the Royal Society and its President, suspecting (which is most explicitly charged, in a letter from Mr. Herepath to the *Times*,) that the interests of science are less thought of in the Somerset House conclave than the jealousies of the little click which constitutes the council.

Mr. H—— (into whose case I have not had time to look) says:—"I ought to add, there is one thing more which operates to keep my opponents in silence. The President knows he has treated me ill—exceedingly ill—and that in this treatment he has also acted in opposition to the duties of his office, and injured the interests of the public. He is, therefore, most anxiously solicitous to prevent inquiry. He calculates, that if he can suppress public feeling for a short time, I shall exhaust myself, and things will die away. How long the public will allow one man to injure them in prosecuting his resentment against another, who has devoted his life to the advancement of their interests in the progress of discovery ; how long the Royal Society, regardless

of their character, of justice, and of feeling, will suffer themselves to be made the tools of avenging their President's private animosity; or how long the mathematical and philosophical world will quietly submit to see a member of their body thus treated, thus oppressed by a mere chymical experimentalist, I cannot of course be expected to determine; but I beg to observe, that Sir Humphry was never more in error in his life—not even in his ‘ships’ copper-protectors’—than in supposing that I shall exhaust myself.”

15th.—I have remarked that the advertisements of schoolmasters are never, by any chance, written in good grammar. From a desire to find an exception to this rule, which I should regard as a curiosity, I make a point of reading all paragraphs headed EDUCATION; and to-day, my eye being attracted by one under this title, I had the good fortune to meet with a new species of puff, which has never yet been noticed by any of the puffologists, and is not to be placed in any of the known classes described by Sheridan or others. I was at first disposed to style it the Puff *Vicarious*, but on consideration found that this name would not apply, as the puff is in fact obviously not puffed by another, but by the puffee himself under another character. Having been much perplexed to fix the description of this puff with the desirable exactitude, I am, on reflection, induced to leave the settlement of the matter to the superior experience and sound practical knowledge in puffing of Professors Colburn and Carolus Wright, who will ascertain the species and determine the title in a paper in the Philosophical Transactions. In the meantime I submit the specimen to the inspection of the curious.

“EDUCATION.—*A gentleman who has a son ten years of age, educating by a clergyman of the Established Church, residing on his living fifty miles from London, is desirous of increasing the number of scholars, there being some few vacancies; and takes this way of attempting to do so, without the knowledge of the clergyman, from a sense of his merits as a scholar, a teacher, and a gentleman.* The advertiser can refer to several gentlemen in London and elsewhere, whose sons have been educated from six or seven years of age till they were to go into the public schools at twelve or fourteen, which they have done with credit to themselves, and much to the satisfaction of their parents. The number taken is twelve, and the *terms* are 100 guineas, which *includes* every sort of expense except clothing. Farther particulars may be known by applying to Mr. Lloyd, Bookseller, Harley-street, Cavendish-square.”

— A correspondent in the New Times gives us the following information:—“Long before this time, Parliament had made provision for the poorer clergy, by the appropriation of the first-fruits and tenths, of all spiritual preferments in the kingdom. These revenues, which originally formed part of the Papal usurpations over the English clergy, were annexed to the Crown, by 26 Henry VIII. cap. 8, and 4 Eliz. cap. 4, but restored to the church by charter from Queen Anne, which was confirmed anno 1703, in Parliament, by a statute (2 and 3 Ann. cap. 20). This liberal grant, which has obtained the very appropriate name of Queen Anne's Bounty, is introduced by reasons, in the highest degree honourable to the Sovereign and the Parliament

from whom it proceeded." But here the honour ceases, and cannot be extended to the rich clergy, who have defeated this liberal grant, robbing their poorer brethren of the provision intended for them. We all know how tithes are exacted and paid; but every body is not aware, that the clergy only pay first-fruits and tenths according to the nominal value of their livings, as rated some centuries ago in the King's books; and here I must correct the reverend writer.—When he calls the exaction of first-fruits and tenths a Papal usurpation, he ought to remember, that if tithes be of Divine origin, the first-fruits and tenths of them are reserved by the same law; and that if the Christian priest is entitled to the Levitical provision (which, by the bye, I more than doubt), the head of the Church is equally entitled to the portion set apart for Aaron and his successors. Common honesty requires that they should pay and receive in the same coin, even as among strangers; much more, then, when the poor of their own body are to be the sufferers by a variation.

— The most obscene passage that ever appeared in any newspaper—a joke that could scarcely disgrace the conversation of a brothel—may be found [I dare not transcribe it] in this day's John Bull. This publication, be it remembered, is supported almost exclusively by the parsons. Some of the reverend gentlemen, who have daughters, may see the propriety of countermanding their subscriptions—others I suppose will explain the joke to their wives, and then hasten to their pulpits to meditate in the intervals of prayer on their Sunday's *bon bouche*.

— It is reported that the Commander in Chief has hit upon another expedient for encreasing his own patronage and the expenses of the country—other reasons to be sure are assigned in the high military circles; but as I noted the number of Somersets and Lennoxes and Coninghams, et *iis similia*, for whom the unattached and brevet retirement schemes made way, I cannot but suspect a similar result to this new device.

“The outlines of the plan appear to be, that, in time of peace, for the sake of regimental duty, the brevet is not to go any further down than the lieut.-colonels; but that in the other ranks there is to be a promotion (as recently) on the half-pay, viz. subalterns having served 15 years or upwards (and *nine* as lieutenants) to be captains—captains 21 years and upwards (and *seven* as captains) to be majors—and majors serving 25 years and upwards (*five* as majors) to be lieut.-colonels on the half-pay, from which they are to be replaced in the service by those young and active officers lately promoted, amongst whom the field officers are generally those who have been captains or subalterns in the late war—thus old officers rusting in the service will be promoted on the half pay, from which the army will receive the young but experienced field officers now lounging about our streets and taverns. Whether this is a correct statement of the proposed measure we cannot confidently state, but it appears to be one which will be highly beneficial to the service, and will afford another proof of the illustrious Duke's care and solicitude for the interest of our army, which under his Royal Highness's controul and command has risen to the highest pitch of military glory.”

Thus the half-pay list, already quite long enough (as Mr. Robinson

will find when he has to deal with poor Lord Bexley's dead weight) is to be again encreased. The old officers, who have been *rusting* [query?] in the service, will be put on the shelf, and the young lordlings who have been *rusticating* at Belvoir, or collecting military experience at Doncaster, Long's, or Crockford's, are to be foisted over the heads of those who have fought from Lisbon to Toulouse.

How does it happen that his Royal Highness, in all his solicitude for the interests of the army, has never hit upon the obvious expedient of having some public examination of the qualification of candidates for promotion. Suppose he were to institute a board of examiners, who should inquire whether the young gentlemen could read, write, and cypher? whether they had ever heard of Cæsar, Turenne, or Malborough? could recount the progress of any one siege, or the tactics of any one battle, estimate the tonnage of transports, or calculate the march of converging columns. If he were to do so, I will answer for it [for I know the men] he would find officers now *rusting* in idleness, who would do much more credit to the service, than those who are selected from the weight of their purse, or the length and parliamentary strength of their solicitations.

Public attention must be drawn to the much vaunted military merits of his Royal Highness; for it is quite evident that a pretty considerable haul is meditated on the public purse, and it is well we should know what we pay for. The Duke is popular in the army, and all military men, dreading his probable successor, contrast the present with the expected future: this estimate is highly in favour of the commander in chief; but it is a false mode; we must inquire specifically what he has done, what he has left undone—what abuses, with his great power, he has abolished; what he has retained; we shall then know whether the quantum of his services exceeds the quantum of remuneration already received, in money, power, and patronage; and calculate the balance accordingly.

16th.—The Americans are vehement admirers of things on a great scale, not excepting great crimes. Any excessive atrocity commands their respect, provided only that the actor plays his part with hardihood, and delivers abundance of bombast. They have lately been filled with admiration at the bearing of Beauchamp and his wife, who lately killed a colonel out of sheer sentiment, and the heroic elevation of their ideas. A history of this interesting couple is given in *The George Town Metropolitan*, and the writer avers that it frequently receives the tribute of a tear, even on the spot where their greatness of mind induced them to butcher the colonel. The story of the lady is thus told:—

“Miss Cook was a young and lovely woman, with a sylph-like figure, a countenance the most sweet and expressive I ever beheld. She was liberally educated, and her genius and mind towered far beyond her more wealthy associates. Her thoughts were as free as the air she breathed, and those whose souls never travelled beyond the dull and ordinary pursuits of life, did not scruple to affirm that her free thoughts ruined her. It is said that Colonel Sharp once addressed her—that, however, is not positively known; but it is well known that he seduced her. When a woman, like her, gives her heart, all else is but too apt to follow. She had a child, and her seducer was soon after married

to another woman. This perfidy stung her to the soul; her health became impaired for a time, and the gay and lively girl, whose society most men courted and women feared, drooped like a lily blighted by the storm.

“It was for some time feared that her reason had lost its empire: she gradually recovered, however, and her hand was sued for by young Beauchamp, a very sprightly and interesting youth, to whom she was united. Before her marriage, she ingenuously told him of the calamity that had befallen her, and he as generously buried it in oblivion; and when the recollection of her wrongs did not intrude themselves upon her, she lived comparatively contented. With the politics of our state much personal acrimony is blended, and the seduction of Miss Cook was charged upon Colonel Sharp to his prejudice. Mrs. Sharp and her mother were very vindictive upon the subject; to quiet whom it is said that Colonel Sharp exhibited certificates from the accoucheur that *the child of Miss Cook was a Mulatto*; and those ladies very imprudently talked of it, as having seen the certificates to that effect.”

We have to observe now the terrible consequences of blackening young ladies' babies in the United States. One may safely swear in America that black's white, but not that white's black. Mrs. Beauchamp had an ugly habit of making free with her husband's letters, and she unluckily opened one in which this anecdote was communicated to him; its effect on her is thus sublimely described by the narrator, who has painted the scene with admirable circumstantiality, considering that he could not possibly have witnessed it:—

“As soon as the damning intelligence met her eye, she sunk in a chair for a minute or two, and, suddenly recovering herself, she extended her arms upwards, *her dark eyes flashing fire terrible as the lightning of heaven*—‘Oh, my God! this [*i. e.* the story of the little black boy] demands vengeance! vengeance! See! see!’ said she, handing the letter to her husband—‘Charlotte Corday struck a tyrant down, and she is lauded in history; if I kill the villain, I shall be loaded with obloquy, and branded as a murderess.’ Beauchamp took the letter, and read it; then taking his wife's hand, and looking her full in the face, said in a slow and emphatic manner, ‘My much-injured, my much-insulted Ann, his doom is sealed!’ With this declaration she seemed appeased.”

Nothing it must be confessed could be more obliging and polite than the conduct of that “very interesting and sprightly youth,” Mr. Beauchamp, on this occasion. A lady of our matter-of-fact world, who had not a touch of tragedy in her, would, instead of “flashing fire with her eyes terrible as the lightning of heaven,” and saying *this demands vengeance*, and talking of Charlotte Corday, have spoken thus, had she been so bloody minded:—“My Dear B., that brute the colonel says that the little angel I had by him before marriage with you, sweet, was a black B.; whereas, love, upon my honour, it was quite white. Now this is not to be borne, B.; but I suppose if I were to kill the fellow I should be called a bad name, and hung for it as likely as not.”—Thus would have spoken an ordinary mortal of Mrs. B.'s turn of mind, and an equally plain Mr. B., would have replied, “My dear Ann, make your mind easy,—I'll cut

his throat to please you, my darling." When that "interesting and sprightly youth," Mr. B., was in confinement for the murder of the colonel whom he had killed merely from the amicable motive of obliging his wife, she thus comforted herself, persuading him to suicide by talking like Lempriere's Classical Dictionary, of Arria and Poetus Cecinna, and Antony and Cleopatra, and Socrates!

"From the moment she went to the dungeon with her husband, all thought of self was lost—she stopped at no sacrifices, however painful, but helped to beguile him until it was known he had nothing to hope from the clemency of the Governor. It was then she endeavoured to arm him with fortitude, to instil into his mind contempt for death, and how much more it would become him, as a man, to die by his own hand, rather than by that of the hangman. 'I will die with you,' said she: 'you generously shared my unhappy destiny in life—I will show you how cheerfully I will unite mine with yours in death. Do you not remember,' said she, 'how Arria, when her husband Poetus Cecinna was accused only of a conspiracy against Claudius, stabbed herself, and handed the dagger to him, who followed her noble example? Do you not recollect, too, how Cleopatra refused to outlive the fallen fortunes of the great Anthony? The mind of Ann Beauchamp is made up, and she disdains to listen to the arguments of sophists and fools to move her from her purpose.' It was evident that Beauchamp had some religious qualms, and was not satisfied that suicide was justifiable under any circumstances; but her great soul soared far beyond such nice speculations.

"When they took the laudanum, she drank her's first: and, handing him the phial, said, 'Recollect, my dear, with what a determined spirit Socrates drank the hemlock!'"

The narrator winds up the sublime tragedy thus—how he happened to be so accurately informed of the particulars of a scene which he could not possibly have witnessed, we may not stop to inquire, because it would spoil the sublimity of the story—Historians must be presumed to know these things by intuition.—

"After their repeated efforts had failed, both of them expressed some impatience, and much disappointment: and it was now found necessary, if they were to accomplish their object, to resort to the knife. On the fatal morning when the bloody tragedy was acted, she took his hand, and, smiling with a kind of mournful composure, said, 'Come, my dear husband, the knife must do us the friendly office, after all.' The guard was then requested to retire; and, embracing each other tenderly, he exclaimed, 'Yes, Ann, we will die together, and throw ourselves upon the mercy of our God!' He then drew forth the knife, and stabbed himself! She seized his hand, as if anxious to perish at the same moment, and plunged it into her body! Her wound was mortal—he perished on the scaffold! The whole scene was one of such an agonizing character, that tears fell from every eye. It will be long, indeed, ere I forget it. A full account of these two ill-fated beings will shortly be published, when I will send you one of the first copies."

MORAL.

If young ladies have not white children before marriage, they will not find themselves necessitated to kill colonels for swearing that

white's black ; and then their husbands will not come to be hanged for obliging them ; and they will not have to poison or stab themselves in prison, to the unspeakable admiration of persons of sentiment.

17th.—When an architect has to build a fine house, the first thing which he does is to consider and perpend and weigh in his mind which is the most improper site for it, because having fixed upon the same, and raised the building on it, there is a good chance that it will be found uninhabitable, and then he may get another job. Or if he cannot build it in an uninhabitable place, he should nevertheless, if he have any genius, contrive to poke it into close quarters with a mob of tenements, or to place it exactly where it is utterly inaccessible—thus having built the house, he gets the job afterwards of clearing an opening round it, and making a way to it, as in this example:—

“IMPROVEMENTS AT ST. JAMES’S.—The plan of continuing Pall-mall by the splendid Crescent, and the new road and entrance to the Green Park and his majesty’s palace, will give a fine *coup d’œil* of the palace, from the extreme end of Pall-mall ; it will also give *beautiful* and refreshing *breezes* from the Green Park to Pall-mall, and that neighbourhood. The jewel office, also the lord chamberlain’s, together with Mr. Barnard’s house adjoining, are included in the new improvements.—*At present there is no approach to the Duke of York’s new residence, and it is resolved that an early period shall be fixed for the removal of the official residences that at present obstruct the Pall-mall entrance to the Duke of York’s mansion. Cleveland-row and Cleveland-square consist only of sixteen houses, which block up all view of the new palace and the Green Park, and form a sort of barrier to the Park, which, when removed, will give great consequence and splendour to the neighbourhood of St. James’s.* It is a part of the town that has long been neglected ; and the estimated expenses being *comparatively trivial to the advantage of the improvements*, no time will be lost in getting the sanction of parliament to the measure.”—*Morning Chronicle*.

We can tell the Chronicle which talks so eloquently of “*the beautiful breezes*,” that there will be a *beautiful breeze* in Parliament at all these fine doings. At such a moment there is something repulsively profligate in this ardour of extravagance. While the country is ringing with distress, the metropolis is tricking out its ugly old face, and smattering itself up, and thinking of nothing but mending its looks, like some ancient harriidan ; who, tottering almost on the verge of dissolution, is rouging her hollow cheeks, *farding*, plumping and padding, and, as it were, setting her cap at Death—wasting on her vile cosmetics and finery that which if husbanded for wholesome nourishment might support her crazy constitution. I remember to have seen an excellent French print entitled “Vanity and Misery.” A lovely girl—not in the least like the cities of London or Westminster, it must be confesed—half naked, stockingless, and slip-shod, is ironing out a beautiful ball dress in a miserable apartment. The different articles necessary for a fine appearance are lying about—all the rest is wretchedness—the snow is beating in through the broken window, and there is no fire on the hearth ; but she smiles as she works away on her gay dress, obviously thinking of her *improvements*,

and insensible to the misery that surrounds her. Now this is shocking but excusable in a lovely young girl; but such fatuity in a smoke-dried, weather-beaten, brick-built, old metropolis, is unpardonable; and it is to be hoped that the friends of decency in parliament will pitch the whitewash, and plumpers and padders, the stucco, the trowels, the bricks, and the mortar, the estimates, the architects, and the abominations thereof, to Old Harry.

19th.—A writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, in an article on the Licensing System, humorously illustrates the absurdity of allowing the men who drink Madeira and Claret to be the supreme directors of the dispensation of porter and ale, to ride astride of a people's butts, and turn the cocks of a thirsty nation's beer this way or that at pleasure. The Reviewer sensibly observes, that in regulating matters which touch the palate, sympathy is absolutely necessary. The men of bottles ought not to meddle with the men of pots; nor the men of buckets, the aquarii, with the men of bottles. The present enthrallment of the nation's liquor is aptly represented by the common publican's sign—but too emblematic of his grievances—Bacchus, the god of wine, rides the beer barrel. Now Bacchus is notoriously not partial to beer; and Mr. Montagu, the advocate of water, might sit with as good a grace astride of a beer barrel, over an ale-house door, as he of the purple grape. I am decidedly inimical to partial vexation: if we are to vex each other, let us act on a grand system of mutual vexation, which will comfort the people, by showing them that their case is not peculiar. If the magistrate rides the beer barrel, let Mr. Montagu hold the cork-screw, or take the place at present occupied by Chanticleer, in the popular sign of "The Cock and Bottle," and let the toper have full authority to sway the pump-handle, and stop the spout. Thus all parties would be tormented, and *an equitable adjustment* of oppression effected. While, as things are now ordered, the men of wine, and the men of water, press with all their weight on the men of beer, fouling the stream and nipping the tide of the nation's drink. Happy would it be for John Bull were this the only grievance of which he has to complain, arising from the error of giving arbitrary power where there is no sympathy. We are a people crossed, not only in liquor, but in laughter. Magistrates are not only judges of how, when, in what measure, and of what quality, Bull is to drink his beer; but of how, when, in what measure, and of what quality, he is to take his amusements. The French say, that in England the military are called out when a child cries; it is incontrovertibly true, that the magistrates are in consternation, and the constables are called in, when a man laughs. As amusement seems to be regarded as a crime, it is perfectly consistent that magistrates should have the regulation of places of public entertainment, and that they should order them in such a sort as to prevent any unconstitutional degree of popular enjoyment. Sheridan makes one of his characters in the *Critic* observe, that there is too much reason to fear that people go to theatres principally with a view to amusement, and the magistracy obviously consider that it is their especial duty to correct so evil a propensity. They therefore keep a vigilant eye on the morals of public entertainment, and the bench puts a *veto* on any piece or custom which does not exactly square with its ideas of what is right.

So many magistrates, so many sentiments. One dislikes this, another finds something amiss in that, and the hapless manager has to listen to each, to comply with the commands of each, under pain of the loss of his licence, in other words the confiscation of his property, for such it in effect is. "Over many masters, said the toad under the harrow, when every tooth gave him a tug;" and so must the poor manager, subject to this authority, complain, when every sapient justice requires some reform in his entertainments. The fable of the old man and the ass must surely have been written with a prophetic view of the licensing system, the consequence of which is, that he who is to please every body in the commission, pleases nobody out of it. At the autumnal Surrey Sessions, the Surrey Magistrates, by their own confession the finest in the country, are in the habit of showing the managers of the different places of amusement in their district, how to conduct their respective asses; and this year they have acted up to the very letter of the fable alluded to, and indeed fulfilled the catastrophe, having caused the Vauxhall proprietor to carry his jack ass, though by so doing they may chance to throw his property over the bridge. Some of the magistrates have an opinion that eleven o'clock is a more virtuous hour for fire-works than twelve; the proprietor protests that this change of hour would cost him five thousand pounds. "Sir," say the magistrates, "who should know best how your Gardens should be managed, you or the magistrates? and is not eleven a more proper time for fire-works than twelve, in our judgment?"—which being translated into other words, signifies, "Are we not the best judges how a man should treat his jack ass? and is it not more Christian-like to carry him, than for him to carry you?" Where there is authority, this is unanswerable; and were I a Surrey magistrate, such as Surrey magistrates are, I would not stop at eleven o'clock, but would peremptorily require the fire-works to be let off before sun-set, on pain of the refusal of the licence. The only hitch in this mode of legislating is, that though the magistrates can command the manager to amuse the public in a certain manner, which seems good to them, they can by no force of authority cause the public to be amused in such manner. But that is not their affair. All that they have to consider is what pleases them, and what displeases them; and the last article they do not seem to know with any great certainty, easy as it appears to be. For example, Mr. H. Sumner having taken exception, in succession, to "The History of George the Third," at the Coburg theatre, and the "Murder in Hertfordshire," also found, or fancied he had found, something violently amiss in "The City of the Plague," but what it was that so mightily offended, neither he nor any body else seemed to know. "The City of the Plague," was a representation of the plague in the reign of Charles the Second; and Mr. H. Sumner appears to have been filled with consternation by the idea that George the Third was a character in it! Thus spoke his worship:—

A placard was put in circulation, announcing for representation a piece, called "The City of the Plague." He obtained possession of one of these placards, and kept it until about a fortnight since, when it unfortunately escaped from his hands, and he had not since seen it. He, however, recollected that the piece was entitled "The City of the Plague," and into that piece was to be introduced one of the most afflicting calamities that could befall a nation—he meant a description of that dreadful malady

under which our late king had laboured for ten or eleven years. He would ask any man who remembered and revered his late majesty, whether there could be any thing more disgraceful, more revolting to the feelings, than such a representation? Some person who saw this placard, felt it right to take it down, and send it to the Secretary of State for the Home Department, by whom it was transmitted to him, (Mr. Sumner,) upon which he immediately went to town, and a negotiation was entered into with the parties at the theatre, in consequence of which the piece was not acted. So far this was well; but it ought not be left to the discretion of any individual magistrate or manager to decide whether such a piece ought not to be acted. It should be decided that they must not be permitted.

Mr. Davidge said, that the pledge alluded to had been given, and, he trusted, honourably kept, by the lessees and managers of the Coburg. Some mistake had taken place with respect to the "*City of the Plague*," which, with the leave of the court, he would explain. *That performance had not the slightest reference to the life or times of his late majesty George III., but was a representation of the plague which took place in London in the reign of Charles the Second, and of the desperate fire which followed it. Having heard that there was some rumour afloat relative to the piece, he immediately sent the manuscript copy to the clerk of the court, (Mr. Lawson, clerk of the peace,) a month before the performance commenced.*

Mr. H. Sumner said, *he would ask Mr. Lawson whether he did not agree with him as to the impression which the placard was calculated to make? A negotiation afterwards took place, and the piece was altered from the original.*

Mr. Davidge pledged his word of honour, that no alteration had been made either in the manuscript copy of the piece or the placard, from the period of their having been submitted to the inspection of Mr. Lawson.

Mr. Lawson said, *his impression upon reading the placard decidedly was, that no one could see its reference to the melancholy state of our late sovereign King George the Third.*

As Mr. H. Sumner had his blunder, so Mr. R. Jackson was resolved to have his.

Mr. R. Jackson fully concurred in every thing which had fallen from his honourable friend (Mr. Sumner). He had seen the placard, and his impressions relative to its object and tendency were precisely the same. It stated that into the "*City of the Plague*," would be introduced an episode from a play of the previous year, giving an account of the life and family of George the Third, in which piece, a character delineating all the passions would be represented by an eminent performer, and that a person in a state of lunacy would also be introduced. He made it his duty to inquire into this, and he found that it was to be a scene from a play which had given such general public alarm, that Sir Richard Birnie and other magistrates thought it necessary to witness its first performance. He (Mr. Jackson) went to see this latter piece, and he found it to be throughout a clumsy eulogium from first to last upon his late Majesty. Notwithstanding this, he still felt it not right that such representations should be permitted. Let managers or performers represent if they will the kings and queens of antiquity, but let them not approach too near the personages of the present age. *He had witnessed the episode introduced into the "City of the Plague," and the story was simply this:—*'There was a poor man to whom his late majesty was described to be, according to his usual benevolent character, extremely kind. This poor man had a daughter, whom he idolized, and who formed the solace of his life. It happened that the poor man's cottage took fire, and was burned to the ground before his face; but, to complete his misery, his daughter, he imagines, perishes in the flames. This shock overpowers him, and he becomes deranged. His majesty, with a benignity and kindness which ever characterised his every act, endeavours by every means to solace the poor sufferer; and learning that the child had escaped the flames, recommends that she should be brought before her father, as the best means of recalling his wandering reason. The experiment succeeds; the wretched parent is again restored to his child and to happiness, and thus the scene concludes. *He trusted that this explanation of the mistake would be found sufficient.*

Mr. Davidge hoped that he might be allowed to correct a mistake which the honourable member (Mr. Jackson) had made, relative to the "*City of the Plague*." *There was not one word of the "Episode" alluded to by Mr. Jackson in that production; it was introduced into some other piece.*

This is the accuracy of authority! a chapter of blunders! On the

subject of Vauxhall the doctors differ. The scene, as reported, is worthy of a place in farce.

Mr. Henry Drummond adverted to several written and verbal communications which he had received, relative to the loose behaviour at Vauxhall, *particularly in the dark walks!* Some persons alleged that they had seen nothing improper in the Gardens, but that was owing to their having gone away long before twelve o'clock. It was urged, that much strictness was attempted to be used towards Vauxhall Gardens, while vicious places were allowed to remain open at the west end of the town. But the cases were widely different; a great portion of the visitors at Vauxhall were clerks and apprentices, who were obliged to be up early in the morning, and to whom late hours were ruinous.*

Mr. H. Sumner declared that he had gone down those dark walks, as they were called, *and had seen nothing improper there.*

Mr. Spiers bore testimony to the respectability of Vauxhall Gardens, as at present conducted.

Mr. H. Sumner asked *why it was that the fireworks were let off at twelve o'clock instead of eleven?*

Mr. Gye said, *that such had always been the case.*

Several magistrates here declared, that they remembered the fireworks commencing at eleven; while nearly an equal number asserted that twelve was the usual and regular hour!!!

Mr. R. Jackson asked Mr. Gye, if he was ready to undertake that no dancing, other than professional dancing, should take place in the Gardens?

Mr. Gye asked, how it was possible to prevent it? Children, and sometimes grown persons, would dance, in spite of any regulation to the contrary.

Mr. H. Sumner asked, if any improper characters were admitted for the purpose of dancing round the Gardens?

Mr. Gye: "Certainly not."

Mr. R. Jackson said, that if Mr. Gye declined undertaking to prevent all dancing, except professional dancing, he should press his motion for excluding dancing altogether.

Mr. Spiers suggested that the proprietors might, according to the old plan, put up notices, stating that dancing in the Gardens was objected to by the magistrates; whenever private parties attempted to dance, the bands should cease.

Mr. Gye said, that the duty which the proprietors owed to themselves, as well as the stations which they held in society, must induce them to watch over the morals and decorum of the establishment.

Mr. R. Jackson asked, if Mr. Gye was ready to adopt the suggestion of the worthy magistrate (Mr. Spiers)?

Mr. Gye said, he did not clearly comprehend what the worthy magistrate meant.

Mr. Spiers wished the proprietors to adopt the course pursued at Vauxhall in Baron's time; namely, that notices to prevent dancing should be posted up, *and that when persons began to dance, the band should change to a minuet, or a [dead] march, and so prevent them from proceeding.*

Mr. Gye said, that when half a dozen or a dozen parties commenced dancing, at the same time, and where some 3000 or 4000 persons were assembled, they would be likely to take the case into their own hands.

Mr. Hedger observed, that a large body of police was employed at the Gardens, and they could, of course, prevent that as well as any other disorder.

Mr. Pallmer said, he had three points to propose for the consideration of the proprietors; first, that the dark walks must be fully lighted up; secondly, the fireworks must commence at eleven o'clock; and, lastly, the dancing must be confined to stage dancing only.

With regard to the two stipulations, that the dark walks should be lighted, and that the fireworks should be let off at eleven, that being the hour declared canonical, probably out of compliment to Mr. Cannon, the complainant against the Gardens, Mr. Gye said—

* There ought to be a penal statute, compelling these persons to go to bed at eight o'clock in winter, and nine in summer. This would be better than interfering with the management of places where they are tempted to sit up, and so spoiling the amusement of other people, who can lie in bed in the morning, without injury to society.

That the dark walks should be fully lighted ; but as to the fireworks, commencing them at eleven o'clock, would be nothing less than the destruction of the property.

Mr. Pallmer asked if he could show any proof of this ? *

Mr. Gye said, that the nobility never came till after twelve o'clock.

Mr. H. Sumner observed, that if they could see the fireworks at eleven, they would go at that hour. The general observation amongst the circle he moved in was—
“Come, let us be in time to see the fireworks.”

The Chairman asked how the property could be destroyed by making the hour for the fireworks earlier ?

Mr. Gye repeated, that the nobility would not come earlier.

Mr. H. Sumner wished to know if the nobility formed one-tenth of the visitors at Vauxhall ? †

Mr. Gye said that they formed a large proportion.

Mr. H. Sumner said, certainly not a tenth, and of those more than six-tenths would attend before eleven, if aware of the alteration.

Mr. Gye said a question had been put to him, and *he had explained how the property must be injured by the proposed alteration relative to the fireworks.*

Mr. H. Sumner then feared that the licence must be refused altogether.

The Chairman wished to ask once more, whether the proprietors were willing to abide by the regulations of the court ?

Mr. Gye *respectfully submitted, that the proposed regulation would have the effect of destroying the property altogether.*

A magistrate observed, that Mr. Gye must certainly best understand the feelings of those who visited his establishment. [How came so sensible a man among them ?]

Mr. H. Sumner said, that the magistrates must certainly be as well acquainted with the different branches of society as the proprietors of Vauxhall Gardens could be. The question now was, whether the magistrates were to rule Vauxhall Gardens, or Vauxhall Gardens to rule the magistrates ? When he found that such was the case, *he should give up his feelings for the Gardens altogether.*

Mr. Thessiger observed, that when the fireworks went, the people would go too.

Mr. Gye said, that such would certainly be the case, *and with them would go all the profits. If he had any means of accomplishing it, he would prefer giving five thousand pounds, to acceding to the proposed regulation relative to the fireworks.*

The chairman again asked Mr. Gye, if he was prepared to conform to the order of the court upon the three points mentioned.

Mr. H. Sumner thought it right that females of loose character should be prevented from dancing round the gardens ; but for himself he saw no harm in allowing tradesmen's wives and daughters to dance if they pleased.

Mr. Page said, they had been dancing round this subject all day, without effect, and it was time they came to some conclusion.

The end of the farcical discussion was, that the licence was granted on condition that the fire-works should commence at eleven, and that the dark walks should be enlightened—it would be well if the Surrey magistrates would include themselves in the last clause.

I have given so much of this edifying exhibition at length, because I am satisfied that the ridicule which will be provoked by it will be a wholesome corrective of these officious whimsies (which, though laughable, are really cruelly oppressive in their effects) ; and the affair is so excellent in the way of absurdity, that it deserves to be rescued from the oblivion that fast falls on the newspaper reports of the day, however curious or interesting they may be. For the very exact and dramatic account of the discussion I am indebted to the Chronicle.

The John Bull has had an excellent squib on this subject, pleasant and *not* wrong, a somewhat rare combination of merit with John. I

* Mr. Palmer is too impatient. He must wait till Mr. Gye has suffered the loss, and then he will have the proof. He is like the woman, who being charged by her husband with having poisoned him, retorted, “Why don't you cut open your belly, monster, and so prove your words.”

† No, perhaps not. But the little fishes follow in shoals where the big ones lead.

should have given it a place here with peculiar pleasure, but as it has, by virtue of its humour, already gone the rounds of the press, it is now probably known by heart by all readers of perseverance.

— Among other notable joint-stock company schemes, devised in the prolific brain of that “Honourable Gentleman” Mr. Wilks, was one for making soft wood hard wood, by condensation. Mr. Wilks was probably led to conceive this brilliant design by the circumstance of his having had extensive dealings with soft heads, which he has in some degree hardened by dint of squeezing and screwing, the art of which he perfectly understands. The people who have been under his hands are not nearly so soft as they were before he operated on them; he has taken the softness out of them to some purpose, and they will be the wiser, if not the wealthier, for the rest of their days. Of what green stuff these blocks were made, we do not exactly know, but as for the projector it is easy to guess at his grain. The proverb says, *ex quorvis ligno non fit Mercurius*, and *fir* is undoubtedly the proper material of the patron of thieves, or the projectors of joint-stock companies.

22d.—The subjoined passage has been extracted from an harangue of Mr. Bric, under the title of “Cant about Mr. Shiel’s speech against the Duke of York.” There has doubtless been much cant in reprobation of this speech, but, on the other hand, we have not yet seen a sufficient justification of it. The following, certainly, does not answer that description:—“The Catholics are abused for continually complaining; but why should they not, until the causes are removed? In certain instances the terms in which those complaints are couched have been objected to—this is purely a matter of taste.—It might not have been expedient to have used such strong terms as have on one or two occasions been employed respecting a high personage who was labouring under some bodily infirmity; but it could never be forgotten, that that individual came down to the House of Lords, to swear eternal and inflexible enmity to the Catholics of Ireland, and for which we must ever regard him as our ENEMY—as the Enemy of Ireland. (Great cheering.) I am told this high personage is on a sick-bed. I don’t care whether it is his sick-bed or his death-bed; but I regard with disgust and indignation the canting hypocrisy of the London journals. Those very prints, when that great man Napoleon, who, to the eternal disgrace of England, was immured in a prison, where a speedy death was known to be the inevitable consequence, was on his death-bed, those very prints, I say, had the hardihood and turpitude to sneer, day after day, at the agonies which he suffered.—(Loud cheers.)—*Shall it be forgotten, that an English tradesman, the subject of disease, had his bodily infirmity made the theme of ridicule and scorn by a British Minister of the Crown, and that the House of Commons cheered this Minister’s jests?* When all this is remembered, are we not astonished at the delicate sensibility of the London journals, on the occasion of Mr. Shiel’s speech about the Duke of York?”—*Speech of Mr. Bric at the County of Dublin Catholic Meeting, Oct. 13.*

And shall it be forgotten that the British Minister who thus outraged humanity, was subjected to a most wholesome castigation for his offence, and that down to the present time he receives, every now and then, a sore stroke on this old score. There is a very vulgar saying

which contains a trite truth, often strangely overlooked, that "two blacks do not make a white." The cruel jest of Mr. Canning can be no excuse for the cruel jest of Mr. Shiel. Lawyers doat on precedent; but precedent is not, as Mr. Bric seems to imagine, a justification of inhumanity. Granted, too, that the House of Commons cheered the joke; but did not the better portion of the community show its superior moral sense by reprobating it? There has, doubtless, been much cant in the attacks on Mr. Shiel, as there was much cant in the defence of Mr. Canning; but the cant in either instance cannot alter the character of the case. The Duke of York has earned the enmity of Ireland—that is not to be denied, and we have not been slow to avow our opinion of him here—but there are bounds to be prescribed to the justest political hostility by generous feelings, and even by *taste* (which often serves as a substitute for higher qualities), and those bounds Mr. Shiel has, in our humble opinion, transgressed. Addison remarked, that there was no such thing as a satire on poverty, and but for two supremely eloquent and exuberantly jocose gentlemen, the world might also have been spared merry jests on bodily suffering. The matter however, is perhaps below the censure that has been spent on it. The man who carries war to the sick-bed ought to have a certain vessel emptied on his head—that is the true vial of wrath proper to be poured out in his case, and an old wife may administer it.

— The Morning Herald has applied itself to the cure of corns, for which it proposes this agreeable receipt:—

"EASY MODE OF CURING CORNS.—*Macerate* the feet for half-an-hour, two or three nights successively, in a pretty strong solution of soda, or lees of potash. The alkali dissolves the indurated cuticle, and the corn falls out spontaneously, leaving a small excavation which soon fills up."

This reminds one of the old receipt for the cure of the tooth-ache. Fill your mouth with cold water, and hold it over a fire till it boils.

As well might the Herald recommend to us this—

EASY MODE OF CURING CORNS.—Put your feet in a fish-kettle, filled with water, over a gentle fire, and let them boil to a jelly; draw off the liquor, when nothing will be left but the bones: add sugar, lemon, and white wine to the liquor; fine it with the white of seven eggs, and let it stand till it is cold, when it will be a firm and real calf's-foot jelly. Eat it, and such are the nourishing properties, that the flesh will grow again on the bare bones of your feet, but you will never more be troubled with corns. Or if you are, you have only to repeat the remedy.

— BUCKINGHAM *v.* BANKES.—When any man has obtained a verdict for 400*l.* against a libeller, the matter is generally considered by the ministerial press as a great triumph. In the present instance, however, the New Times, with singular want of tact, and strangely perverted reasoning, endeavours to construe a verdict for the plaintiff into a triumph for the defendant; and actually tells Mr. Buckingham that "he is on his defence," at the very moment that he has defeated his accuser on all points. I can easily conceive that the angry feelings of a peculiarly malignant junto may, in such a moment, lead them into the commission of very gross absurdities; but I could not have conceived that the New Times, even since its inauspicious union with the unlucky

Representative, should have so miscalculated the public feeling as to adopt the cause of the ex-member for Cambridge, when his own father and the redoubtable Mr. John Murray had abandoned it as indefensible. However, I am very glad that the question is kept alive; the more it is agitated the better, both for Mr. Buckingham, who, in this and other instances, has been grossly injured; and for the public, who have further opportunity of estimating the Corfe Castle party, of viewing the machinery of the Quarterly Review, and reviewing the character of its proprietor and publisher.

We all know the origin of this contest, and must remember that actions have been brought for other libels, growing out of the same matter, against Mr. Bankes the elder, and against Mr. John Murray, either of whom, if the facts stated by Mr. W. J. Bankes had been true, might have put that gentleman in the witnesses' box to substantiate them upon oath. They have not done so; they have paid costs and damages, and have thereby tacitly admitted, that the charges made against Mr. Buckingham were false. There has now been a third opportunity of substantiating the accusation, and for the third time the accuser has failed. The facts are now fully before the public. Mr. Buckingham requires no further defence, and if he did, he is well able to defend himself; but there is a peculiarity in the case which deserves reiterated notice. Mr. Buckingham transmitted the manuscript of his *Travels in Syria*, with drawings, maps, and engravings, to Mr. John Murray, for publication. Mr. Bankes the elder, and Mr. Gifford, the editor of the Quarterly, interfere; and, at their instance, Mr. Murray declines. The manuscript is returned; but some of the prints are, by *accident*, (mark, by accident,) retained; by *accident* they also come into the hands of Mr. Bankes's attorney; and by *accident* they constitute the whole strength (such as it is) of the defendant's case. Let us pause an instant here. The whole gravamen of the original charge against Mr. Buckingham (on which the New Times, in spite of a verdict, persists in affecting to believe him guilty) was, that he had copied Mr. Bankes's notes and plans. On this charge he is loaded with vituperation. What are we to say of Mr. John Murray? What will his late Representative say for Mr. John Murray? who on his own confession has ——— (they would use the proper word at Bow-street,) retained Mr. Buckingham's engravings, (*old* engravings, which had never been in Mr. Bankes's possession, on which Mr. Bankes had no possible claim,) and handed them over to the defendant or his agents. This constitutes one of the most disgusting features in this most disgusting case. Let us hear Mr. Buckingham's own statement of another trick:—

“ But the most remarkable of the whole affair is this: that neither these engravings of Casas, nor the two drawings from Myers, equally acknowledged, have ever been made use of at all! The Quarterly Review, in its article on the *Travels*, when they first appeared, now known to have been written by Mr. William Bankes, incorporating with his own venom the spleen of Mr. Gifford, and the private information confidentially entrusted to Mr. Murray himself, accused me of plagiarism in putting forth d'Anville's map as my own—when, unluckily for the reputation of the critic, on referring to the printed book, the map of this geographer (originally directed, when Mr.

Murray was instructed to publish it, to be given as d'Anville's for the ancient geography, in addition to a later map for the modern divisions of the country,) was not to be found at all—the new publishers, Longman and Co., having taken it upon them to omit it, as unnecessary and expensive. And now Mr. Bankes's counsel and solicitors, drawing their information from the same pure source, bring forth a series of engravings, which Murray treacherously places in their hands, to use against the man he had already injured, and whose property alone they were; while they raise together a yell of triumph at thus detecting the fancied fraud of putting forth old engravings as new drawings, when, in truth, they have never been used at all! (for these also, which Murray had himself consented to publish without scruple,) were omitted by Messrs. Longman, as well as d'Anville's map, chiefly to avoid expense.)”

Thus we see Mr. Gifford, the editor of the Quarterly, interfering, on a private and *ex parte* statement of Mr. Bankes, to prevent Mr. Murray, the proprietor of the Quarterly, from publishing Mr. Buckingham's Travels—and when they are published by Longman, this same Mr. Gifford, well knowing the personal enmity of the parties, suffers Mr. W. J. Bankes to review his rival's work, which Mr. W. J. Bankes does, not from inspection of the published copy, for then he could not have fallen into the error as to d'Anville's map; but from the information which he derives from Mr. John Murray, of Mr. Buckingham's former intentions, communicated in confidence as between author and publisher.

Here therefore I leave Mr. W. J. Bankes and his confederates. It is said that his costs will amount to three thousand pounds; the family can afford money; but they have no popularity to spare—this business lost him many votes at Cambridge; let him profit by his dear-bought experience! and if the articles in the New Times are not from his own pen, let him entreat his ill-judging advocate to be silent—“The more you stir”—the proverb is in Don Quixote.

DOCUMENTS RESPECTING MILTON, FOUND IN THE STATE PAPER OFFICE.*

WE do not take up Mr. Todd's Life of Milton with any view, either of criticising his biographical talents, or of discussing, for the thousandth time, the merits and beauties of the writings of the immortal subject of his pen. But concerning several incidents of the life of Milton much obscurity has hitherto prevailed; and as documents which Mr. Todd has now published for the first time in his valuable biography, throw much light on some of them, and as they are of themselves interesting, both publicly as respects history, and more privately as respects the poet, we shall take the liberty of making some copious extracts from these papers, which are not otherwise accessible to the world at large.

* Some Account of the Life and Writings of John Milton, derived principally from Documents in his Majesty's State Paper Office, now first published. By the Rev. H. I. Todd, M.A., F.S.A., and R.S.L., Chaplain in Ordinary to his Majesty, and Rector of Settrington, County of York. London, 1826.

It is well known that Milton married for his first wife, Mary, the daughter of Richard Powell, a country gentleman of some property, who resided at Forest Hill, near Shotover, in Oxfordshire. The unhappy terms on which he lived with her are well ascertained, but the origin of the connexion, the circumstances of the marriage, and many other particulars of the connexion between the poet and his wife's family, have only lately come to light from an examination of the sequestration papers of the commissioners appointed during the commonwealth to manage the compositions of the Royalist estates. With respect, moreover, to the official life of Milton, little else was known, than that he was for some time Latin Secretary to the Council of State, during what is termed the Usurpation. But of this Council of State, the *Order-books* have been discovered by Mr. Lemon, in the same office in which he found the theological work, which has been lately published by order of the king, and edited partly by Dr. Sumner, but chiefly, we understand, by the care and pains of one of the most accurate scholars of the University of Cambridge, we mean Mr. Sidney Walker, Fellow of Trinity College. These *Order-books* contain frequent mention of Milton; and from the extracts from it, which have been communicated by Mr. Lemon to Mr. Todd, we derive much interesting information respecting him. There are papers, and letters, which also relate to Christopher Milton, the brother of the poet, and to Andrew Marvel, who, it is known, was his colleague in his office of Latin Secretary. These valuable additions to our stock of knowledge of a subject which possesses charms of the most unfading kind, entitle the work before us to an attention which, on other grounds, it might not perhaps have successfully claimed.

Edward Phillips, the biographer of his uncle, the poet, records that Milton suddenly left his house, remained absent for a month, "nobody knowing the reason," and at the end of it returned with a wife. In this short time it is supposed that he wooed and won his bride, Mary Powell. The connexion appears, however, of much older date. Milton's grandfather and Mr. Powell were neighbours; and even when the poet was a boy at Cambridge, a debt of five hundred pounds was owed to him by Mr. Powell, the father of his future bride. So that the visit to Forest Hill, which ended in marriage, in all probability commenced in a dun. A beginning so inauspicious was followed by consequences equally unfortunate: Mary Powell had been brought up in a cheerful family in the country, and was fond of merry-making, which did not in the least coincide with the solemn and stately notions of her husband. Very soon after the marriage, as is well known, under the pretence of making a visit to her father, she left her home and returned to Forest Hill, which the commands of Milton did not induce her to leave, until the destruction of the Royalist party prevailed upon her to seek a reconciliation with him, for the sake of the protection he was able to afford her family. Aubrey relates that "she was brought up and bred where there was a great deal of company and merriment, as dancing, &c. and when she came to live with her husband she found it solitary, no company came to her, and she *often heard her nephews cry and be beaten*. This life was irksome to her, and so she went to her parents."

The turn in affairs reduced Mr. Powell to sue to the Commission to

be permitted to compound for his estate. His case was not settled at his death, when his widow and Milton appear to have quarrelled in the arrangement of his affairs. The widow was executrix ; but Milton appears ultimately to have been allowed to compound on the score of his debt, and probably of his connexion with the family, and without all doubt principally because at this time he was Latin Secretary to the Council of State. In the papers he is spoken of harshly, and in a way which jars with our elevated notion of the poet's character. The contention is altogether peculiarly painful, and the tone in which he appears to have conducted the affair, is apparently unworthy of a generous spirit. Milton's whole conduct to the Powell family, except in the fact of his affording them shelter in his house, seems marked by harshness. Even in his will, though it should be observed it was a verbal one, he mentions the two children he had by his first wife, with bitterness. It should be remembered, that we know not his provocations. The documents themselves will show better than we can state, the relations of the parties—they are valuable also as good examples of the modes of procedure in these cases.

First of all we shall give the case of Mr. Powell, as drawn up and entered in the composition papers.

“ Richard Powell of Forest hill in the County of Oxon, Esq.

“ His Delinquency, that he deserted his dwellinge and went to Oxford, and lived there whiles it was a Garrison holden for the Kinge against the Parliamente, and was there at the tyme of the Surrender, and to have the benefit of those Articles as by Sir Thomas Fairfax's certificate of the 20 of June 1646 doth appeare.

“ He hath taken the Nationall Covenant before William Barton, Minister of John Zacharies, the 4th of December 1646, and the Negative Oath heere the same daye.

“ He compounds upon a Peticuler delivered in, under his hand, by which he doth submitt to such Fine, &c. and by which it doth appeare:

“ That he is seized in Fee to him and his Heirs in possession, of and in the Tythes of Whatley in the Parish of Cudsden, and other Lands and Tenements there of the yeerely value before theis troubles, 40*l*.

“ That he is owner and possessed of a personall Estate in goods, and there was owinge unto him in good debts, in all amountinge unto 600*l*. ; and there is 400*l*. more in Tymber, which is alledged to be questionable.

“ That he is indebted by Statutes and Bonds 1500*l*.

“ He hath lost by reason of theis warrs 3000*l*.

“ He craves to be allowed 400*l*. which by a demise and lease dated the 30th of January 1642, of the lands and tenements aforesaid, is secured to be paid unto one Thomas Ashworth, gentleman, and is deposed to be still owinge.

(Signed) “ D. WATKINS.

“ 8 December, 1646.

Price at 2 yeeres value, 180*l*.”

The particular referred to is as follows:

“ A particular of the reall and personall estate of Richard Powell of Forest Hill.

“ He is seized of an estate in fee of the tythes of Whatley, in the Parish of Cudsdén, and three yard lands and a halfe there, together with certayne cottages, worth before these times per annum. } 040 00 0

“ This is morgadg'd to Mr. Ashworth for ninety-nine yeares for a security of four hundred pounds, as appears by Deed, bearing date the 10th of Jan. in the 7th of King Charles. } A demyse for 99 yeeres defeated by a paymente of 400*l.* Jan. 30, 1642. Arrears unpaid.

“ His personal estate in corne and household stufte, } amounts to 500 0 0

“ In timber and wood 400 0 0

“ In debts upon specialityes and otherwise owing to him } 100 0 0

“ He oweth upon a Statute to *John Mylton* 300 0 0

“ He is indebted more before these times by specialityes and otherwise to severall persons, as appears by affidavit } 1200 0 0

“ He lost by reason of these warres three thousand powndes

“ This is a true particular of the reall and personal estate that he doth desire to compound for with this honorable committee, wherein he doth submitt himselfe to such fine as they shall impose according to the articles of Oxford, wherein he is comprised.

(Signed)

“ RICHARD POWELL.

“ Received 21^o Novembris, 1646.”

But before this return of his property had been made, he had received the following protection.

“ Sir Thomas Fairfax, knight, generall of the forces reaised by the Parliament.

“ Suffer the bearer hereof, Mr. Richard Powell of Forrest Hill in the county of Oxon, who was in the city and garrison of Oxford, at the surrender thereof, and is to have the full benefit of the articles agreed unto upon the surrender, quietly, and without let or interruption, to passe your guards with his servants, horses, armes, goods, and all other necessities; and to repaire to London, or elsewhere, upon his necessary occasions. And in all places where he shall reside, or whereto he shall remove, to be protected from any violence to his person, goods, or estate, according to the said articles; and to have full liberty, at any time within six months, to goe to any convenient port, and to transport himselfe, with his servants, goods, and necessities, beyond seas; and in all other things to enjoy the benefit of the said articles. Hereunto due obedience is to be given by all persons whom it may concerne, as they will answer the contrary. Given under my hand and seal the 27th day of June 1646.

(Signed)

“ T. FAIRFAX.

“ To all officers and souldiers under my command,
and to all others whom it may concerne.”

Indorsed, "Richard Powell, No. 1187, Dec. 1646. Reported 1^o Oct. 1649. Fine 180^l."

After Mr. Powell's death, his widow petitions for an allowance for damages done to the estate, by the seizure and sale of timber, &c. contrary to the Oxford articles.

"To the Right Honorable the Commissioners for Breach of Articles.

"The Humble Petition of Ann Powell, Widow, Relict of Richard Powell of Forrest Hill, in the County of Oxon, Esq.

"Humble sheweth,

"That your Petitioner's late Husband was comprised within the Articles of Oxford, and ought to have received the benefit thereof, as appears by His Excellencie's Certificate hereunto annexed.

"That your said Petitioner's Husband by the said Articles was to have the benefit of his reall and personall estate, for sixe moneths after the rendition of the said cittie, and to enjoy the same for the future, soe as he made his addresses to the Committee at Gouldsmiths' Hall to compound for the same within that tyme. That your Petitioner's said Husband accordingly in August, one thousand sixe hundred fortie sixe, petitioned the said Honorable Committee, and in his Particular inserted for tymber and wood fower hundred pounds, but, before he could perfect the same, dyed.

"That the Honourable House of Parliament, upon some misinformation, not taking notice of the said Articles, did, in July one thousand sixe hundred fortie sixe, order the said wood to severall uses, which was thereupon, together with the rest of his goods and moveables, seized and carried away by the sequestrators to the Committee for Oxon, contrary to the said Articles.

"That your Petitioner, as Executrix to her said Husband, is now sued in severall Courts of Justice at Westminster for manie debts due to diverse persons, and is noe waie able eyther to satisfie the same, or provide a scanty subsistence for herselfe and nine children.

"She therefore humble prayes, that shee maie reape that favour which the said Articles doe afford her, by restoringe to her the said tymber and wood, and other her goods soe taken away, or the value thereof.

"And your Petitioner shall praie, &c.

"ANNE POWELL."

"Vera Copia Exta.

(Signed)

"TRACY PAUNCEFOTE, Regr."

The Petition was taken into consideration, and an order for inquiry issued.

"By the Commissioners appointed for releife upon Articles, &c. Painted Chamber, Westminster.

"Veneris 16^o. die *Novembris*, 1649.

"Present.

"Lord President of the Council of State.

"Sir Henrie Holcroft,

Colonel Rowe,

"Sir Nath. Brent,

Colonel Taylor,

"Colonel Cooke,

Colonell Whaley,

"Sir William Rowe,

Mr. Sadler.

“ Mr. John Hurst, of Councell for the Commonwealth.

“ Upon readinge the Petition of Ann Powell, Widow, Relict of Richard Powell of Forrest Hill, in the Countie of Oxford, Esq. It is ordered, That a Coppie of her said Petition, attested under the Register's hande of this Court, be delivered unto the Commissioners for compoundinge with delinquents sittinge at Gouldsmith's Hall, whoe are desired to make Certificate unto this Court within one moneth from the date of this Order, at what tyme the said Richard Powell petitioned to make his composition, and whether the wood mentioned in his Petition were expressed in his Particular delivered in unto them, with what else they shall thinke fitt to insert touching the matter of complaint sett downe in the said Petition. Whereupon the Court will proceed further as they shall thinke fitt.

(Signed)

“ By Command of the Commissioners,

“ TRACY PAUNCEFOTE, Regr.”

The relief was ordered to be granted by the Committee of the Painted Chamber, but the widow does not seem to have derived any advantage from the order.

We come now to Milton's petition to compound. It is preceded by the subsequent report.

“ According to your order of the 25th of February 1650, upon the petition of *John Milton*, desiring to compound for certaine lands lately belonging to Richard Powell, Gent. deceased, extended by the petitioner, who alledgeth in his petition that he petitioned here to the same purpose about the middle of August last; I have examined, and find :

“ The 11th of June 1627, Richard Powell of Forrest Hill, in the County of Oxford, Gent. and William Hearne of London, citizen and goldsmith, acknowledged a statute-staple of 500*l.* unto *John Milton* the petitioner, defeazanced by John Milton, the petitioner's father, on the behalfe of the petitioner, upon payment of 312*l.* the 12th of December, then next ensuing, as by a copie of the said statute deposed by Thomas Gardner, and by the counterpart of the defeazance produced by the petitioner appears. Since which the said Richard Powell and William Hearne are both dead, as is informed.

“ The 5th of August 1647, the Sheriffe of the County of Oxford, upon an inquisition taken upon the said statute, did seise into the King's hand certaine messuages, lands, and tithes, in Whateley, whereof the said Richard Powell in his life was seised in his demesne as of fee; a third part wherof Anne his wife [claims] for her life as her dower, of the cleare yearly value of 58*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.* The which messuages and premisses the said Sheriffe, by virtue of a liberate, did the 20th of November 1647, deliver unto the petitioner, to hold unto him and his assignees as his frank tenement untill he were satisfied his said debt of 500*l.* with damages, costs, and charges. As by a copie of the liberate, and the execution thereof deposed by the said Thomas Gardner, appeares.

“ And the petitioner deposeth, that since the extending the said statute, he hath received at severall tymes for the same, and costs of suit, the summe of 180*l.* or thereabouts; and that there is yet re-

maining due, and owing unto him of the principall money, interest, and costs of suit, the summe of 300*l.* or thereabouts; and further deposeth that neither he nor any other for him or by his direction, privity, or consent, hath released or otherwise discharged the said statute; and that he doth not know or conceive any reason either in law, or equity, why he should not receive the said remainder of his debt, damages, and costs of suit.

“ And the petitioner by a particular under his hand saith, that the said tithes and lands extended by him, and whereof the said Richard Powell was seized in his demense as of fee, and for which he desireth to compound, are of the cleare yearly value of 80*l.*

“ And he craves to be allowed 26*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* per annum, during the life of Anne Powell, the relict of the said Richard, being a third part of the said 80*l.* for her dower.

“ And he craves alsoe to be allowed his said debt of 300*l.* All which is submitted to judgement.

(Signed)

PET. BRERETON.

“ 40. Mar. 1650.”

Then comes Milton's petition:

“ To the Honourable the Commissioners for Sequestration at Haberdashers' Hall, the Petition of John Milton,

“ Sheweth,

“ That he being to compound by the late Act for certaine lands at Whately in Oxfordshire, belonging to Mr. Richard Powell late of Forest Hill in the same County, by reason of an extent which he hath upon the same lands by a statute, did put in his Petition about the middle of August last, which was referred accordingly; but having had important business ever since by order of the Councell of State, he hath had no time to proceed in the perfeting of his composition; and in the mean time finds that order hath been giv'n out from hence to forbidd his tenants to pay him rent: He therefore now desires he may have all convenient dispatch, and that the Order of Sequestring may be recalled, and that the composition may be moderated as much as may bee, in regard that Mrs. Powell the Widow of the said Mr. Richard Powell hath her cause depending before the Commissioners in the Painted Chamber for breach of Articles, who have adjudg'd her satisfaction to be made for *the great damage don her by seizing and selling the personall estate divers days after the Articles were seald.* But by reason of the expiring of that Court she hath received as yet no satisfaction, and besides she hath her thirds out of that land which was not considered when her Husband followed his composition; and lastly the taxes, free quartering, and finding of armes, were not then considered, which have bin since very great and are likely to be greater.

“ And your Petitioner shall be ready to pay what shall be thought reasonable at any day that shall be appointed.

(Signed)

“ JOHN MILTON.

“ 25 Feb. 1650.”

A particular of the property follows, with Milton's affidavit:

“ A Particular of the lands late Richard Powell's of Forrest Hill,

in the County of Oxford, now under extent, and for which *John Milton*, Esquire, desireth to compound.

“The said Richard Powell was seised in his demeanne as of fee of the tythe corne of Whatley and certaine cottages then of the cleare yearlye value of

| | |
|---|------------|
| } | 60 0 0 |
| | per annum. |

“The said Richard was seised also in his demeanne as of fee of three yards $\frac{1}{2}$ of land, arable and pasture, of the cleare yearly value of

| | |
|---|------------|
| } | 20 0 0 |
| | per annum. |

“Out of which he craveth to be allowed for the thirds which he paieth to Mrs. Anne Powell, the Relict of the said Richard Powell, for her Dower.

| | |
|---|---------|
| } | 26 13 4 |
|---|---------|

“And alsoe craveth that his just debt of three hundred poundes, as he hath deposed, may be allowed upon his composition.

| | |
|---|---------|
| } | 300 0 0 |
|---|---------|

“JOHN MILTON.”

“Whereas Richard Powell of Forrest Hill, in the County of Oxford, Gent. and William Hearne, late Cittizen and Goldsmith of London, deceased, by their writing or recognizance of the nature of a statute-staple, beareing date the eleventh day of June, which was in the third yeare of the raigne of the late King Charles of England, &c. made and provided for the recovery of debts, and taken, acknowledged and sealed, before Sir Nicholas Hyde, Knight, then Lord Cheife Justice of the Court then called the Kings Bench att Westminster, did acknowledge themselves to owe unto *John Milton*, then of the *Unirersity of Cambridge*, Gentleman, sonne of John Milton, Cittizen and Scrivener of London, the somme of five hundred poundes of lawfull money of England, which said statute or recognizance is by a writing, beareing even date therewith, defeazanced for the payment of the somme of three hundred and twelve pounds of like money unto the said *John Milton* the sonne, his executors, administrators, or assignes, on the twelfth day of December then next ensuing, as by the said statute or recognizance and defeazance thereupon, whereunto relation being had more att large may appeare. Now I, *John Milton*, the sonne, (being one and the same partie before mentioned for Cognizee in the said statute or recognizance) doe make oath that (since the extending of the said statute) I have received att severall tymes in part of satisfaction of my said just and principall debt, with damages for the same and my costs of suite, the somme of one hundred and fowerscore pounds or thereabouts, and that there is yett remayneing due and oweing unto mee of my said principall money, interest, and costs of suite, the somme of three hundred pounds or thereabouts: And I doe further make oath, that neither I the said *John Milton* or any other for mee or by my direction, privity, or consent, have or hath released or otherwise discharged the said statute or recognizance; neither doe I knowe or conceive any reason or cause either in law, or equity, why I should not receive the said remainder of my said debt, dammages, and costs of suite.

(Signed) “JOHN MILTON.” { Jur: coram Comris.
280. Feb. 1650.

(Signed) “E. WINSLOW.”

Indorsed, “Milton John Esq. 40. Martii 1650.

Fine 130/.”

Milton having extended the lands in fee, and being allowed to compound, on refusing the widow her third, unless a saving in the extent were made in lieu of them by the commissioners, she presents this petition.

“ To the Honoble. Commissioners for Composicons &c.

“ The humble peticon of Anne Powell, Widow, &c.

“ Sheweth,

“ That your petitioner brought a considerable porcon to her sd husband, which was worth to him 3000*l*, yet through the carelessness of her freindes and relying upon her husband's good will therein, hee haveing had many losses in his estate, by reason of the warrs, and otherwise, your petitioner had no joynture made unto her, nor hath any thing at all left her, but her thirde, wch. is due by lawe, for the maintenance of herself and eight children; haveing sustained 1000*l* in their personall estate's losse, by the Committees in ye county, contrary to the Articles of Oxon. Shee most humbly prayes your Honors will please, being the fine is now agreed to be paid by Mr. Milton for the said estate, that shee may continue the enjoymt. of her thirde, as formerly, wch. she humbly conceaves, had not the fine been paid, as aforesaid, yet your Honors would not have abridged your petitioner of her thirde, in this case, for the maintenance of herself and poore children.

“ And she shall pray, &c.

“ 190. Apr. 1651.

(Signed) “ ANNE POWELL.”

The answer is inscribed at the foot, and looks as black as a death-warrant. THE PETITIONER IS LEFT TO THE LAW.

Upon the petition itself, the following very extraordinary observations are made in the Papers.

“ By ye law shee (Mrs. Powell) might recover her thirde, without doubt; but she is so extreame poore, she hath not wherewithall to prosecute; and besides, *Mr. Milton is a harsh and cholericke man, and married Mrs. Powells daughter, who would be undone, if any such course were taken agt. him by Mrs. Powell: he having turned away his wife heretofore for a long space, upon some other occasion.*

“ This note ensuing Mr. Milton writ, whereof this is a copy.

“ Although I have compounded for my extent, and shall be so much the longer in receiving my debt, yet at the request of Mrs. Powell, in regard of her present necessitys, I am contented, as farr as belongs to my consent to allow her the 3ds of what I receive from that estate, if the Comrs. shall so order it, that what I allow her, may not be reckoned upon my accompt.”

(Indorsed.) “ *The estate is wholly extended, and a saving as to the 3d. prayed, but not graunted; We cannot therefore allow the 3ds. to the petitioner.*”

Although this indorsement records the refusal of the condition made by Milton, viz. that an allowance should be given him for the widow's thirds, yet, in the course of a few months, the Commissioners appear to have yielded—for in another petition it is alleged by Mr. Powell, that even when the allowance was made to her son in law, he still refused to pay her thirds.

“ To the Honble. the Comrs. for Compounding, &c.

“ The humble peticon of Anne Powell, Widow, &c.

“ Sheweth,

“ That your petitioner brought 3000*l.* porcon to her late husband, and is now left in a most sadd condicon, the estate left being but 80*l.* p. ann, the thirds whereof is but 26. 13. 4, to maintaine herself and 8 children.

“ The said estate being extended by Jo. Milton, on a Statute Staple, for a debt of 300*l.* for wch. he hath compounded with yor. Honors, one ye Act of ye first of August, and therein allowance given him for ye petrs. thirds; yet the said Mr. Milton expects your further order therein, before he will pay the same. She therefore humbly prayeth your Honors' order and direccon to ye said Mr. Milton, for the paymt. of her said thirds, and the arreares thereof, *to preserve her and her children from starving.*

“ And as in duty bound &c.

(Signed)

“ ANNE POWELL.

“ *To be Recd. next petition day, S. M.*

“ *July the 14th 1651. 16o July, 1651.*

Another petition follows from the same unhappy woman, to the commissioners for relief upon articles:—

“ The humble peticon of Anne Powell, Widow, &c.

“ Sheweth,

“ That your petitioner's late husband was comprised in ye. Articles of Oxford, as appears by the Certificate of ye. late Ld. Genll. Fairfax, already before this Court in yor. petrs. behalf. That within the time limited by the said Articles yr. petrs. sd. husband preferred his peticon, at Goldsmiths' Hall, and was admitted to compound, according to ye. sd. Articles, for his estate reall and personal, as may appeare by ye. Certificate of ye. Comrs. for compounding, already likewise before this Honble. Court. That her sd. husband dyed seised of an Estate in Fee (lying in Wheatley, in ye. County of Oxon,) whereof yor. petr. claymeth her Dower; which, upon her sd. husband's death, was assigned to her by ye. heire of her sd. husband, and accordingly was enjoyed, for some time, by yor. peticonr. That John Milton Esq. did extend the said lands in Fee, by virtue of a Statute to him acknowledged by yor. petrs. sd. husband, before ye. late warres; but long after yor. petrs. marriage to her said husband. The sd. John Milton by virtue of an act of Parliamt., imo. August, 1650. was required to bring in a Perticuler of ye lands, so extended by him, to ye. Comrs. for compounding, and accordingly did pay the composicon due for ye. sd. lands: And yor. pet. also offered to compound for her Dower, but could neither be admitted to compound for her sd. Dower, nor obtayne an Order from ye. sd. Comrs. to receive it, without a composicon: So yt. for nigh these two yearesshee hath bin, and still is, debarred of her Dower, which is most justly due unto her. Yor. petr. humbly prayeth, *That shee may bee forthwth. restored to Dower, most wrongfully detained from her: That your Honors will seriously consider this, and those other great pressures (represented in a former peticon, now depending before you) under which yor. petr. being a mother of seven fatherlesse children,*

(since one of them, Capt. William Powell, Capt. Lieutent. to Lieutent. Genll. Monck, was some few dayes past slaine in Scotland, in ye. service of ye. Parliamt.) hath, for a long time, groaned, by ye. most injurious violacon of her Articles: And that you will speedily proceed to give her such reliefe in this and her other grievances by her Articles, and otherwise in justice shee makes suite to have.

“ And yor. Petr. shall ever pray, &c.

(Signed)

“ ANNE POWELL.

(Signed) “ TRACEY PAUNCEFOTE, Regr.”

These are the chief documents connected with this history. We are not informed how the matter ended.

We now come to a more agreeable class of documents, viz. the extracts from the council book, which discover the poet more honourably employed than fighting with a widow for her thirds.

The council of state having determined upon carrying on their correspondence in Latin, it made it necessary to choose a Latin secretary. Their choice fell upon Milton, and the situation was offered to him, as appears by this Minute:—

“ 1648-9. March 13. Ordered, that Mr. Whitelocke, Sir Henry Vane, Lord Lisle, Earl of Denbigh, Mr. Martyn, Mr. Lisle, or any two of them, be appointed a committee, to consider what alliances the Crowne hath formerly had with Foreigne States, and what those States are; and whether it will be fit to continue those allyances, or with how many of the said States; and how farr they should be continued, and upon what grounds; and in what manner applications and addresses should be made for the same continuance.

“ That it be referred to the said committee *to speak with Mr. Milton, to know whether he will be employed as Secretary for the Forreigne Tongues*; and to report to the Councell.”

He accepted the offer for the entry, under March 15, is—

“ Ordered, *that Mr. John Milton be employed as Secretary for Forreigne Tongues to this Councell*; and that he have the same salarie, which Mr. Weckherlyn formerly had for the same service.

By various subsequent entries, the nature of his services appear. We shall extract them in chronological order.

“ 1648-9. March 22. Ordered, that the letters, now read, to be sent to Hamburg, in behalf of the company of Merchant-Adventurers, be approved; and that they be translated into Latine by Mr. Milton.

“ 1649. March 26. Ordered, that the letters, now brought in by Mr. Milton to the Senate of Hamburgh, be approved; and that Mr. Isaac Lee, Deputy of the Company of Merchant-Adventurers there, shall be appointed agent for the delivering of them.

“ 1649. March 26. Ordered, that Mr. Milton be appointed to make some observations upon a paper lately printed, called *Old and New Chains*.

“ 1649. March 28. Ordered, that Mr. Milton be appointed to make some observations upon the complication of interest which is now amongst the several designers against the peace of the Commonwealth, and that it be made ready to be printed with the papers out of Ireland, which the House hath ordered to be printed.

“ 1649. May 18. Ordered, that the French letters, given in to the House by the Dutch ambassador, be translated by Mr. Milton; and the rest of the letters, now in the House, be sent for and translated.

“ 1649. May 30. Ordered, that Mr. Milton take the papers found with Mr. John Lee, and examine them, to see what may be found in them.

“ 1649. June 23. Ordered, that Mr. Milton doe examine the papers of *Pragmaticus*, and report what he finds in them to the Councill.

“ 1649. Nov. 12. Ordered, that Sir John Hippesley be spoken to, that Mr. Milton may be accommodated with those lodgings that he hath at Whitehall.

“ 1649. Nov. 19. Ordered, that Mr. Milton shall have the lodgings that were in the hands of Sir John Hippesley, in Whitehall, for his accommodation, as being Secretary to the Councill for Forreigne Languages.

“ 1649. Nov. 29. Ordered, that a letter be written to the Commissioners of the Customes to desire them to give order, that a very strict search may be made of such ships as come from the Netherlands for certaine scandalous bookes, which are there printed, against the government of this Common-wealth, entituled *Defensio Regia*, and which are designed to be sent over hither; and to desire them, that if any of them upon search shall be found, that they may be sent up to the Council of State, without suffering any of them to be otherwise disposed of upon any pretence whatsoever.

“ That a warrant be directed to the Master and Wardens of the Company of Stationers, to the purpose aforesaid.

“ That the like letter be directed to Mr. Thomas Bendish, an officer in the port of Yarmouth, to take care of searching for the abovesaid booke, which is expected to come out of Holland.

“ 1649-50. Jan. 8. Ordered that one hundred pounds bee paid to Mr. Thomas Waring for his paines and charge in compiling of a booke containing severall examinations of the *Bloody Massacre in Ireland*.

“ That Mr. Milton doe confer with some printers or stationers concerning the speedy printing of this booke, and give an accompt of what he hath done therein to the Councill.

“ That Mr. Milton doe prepare something in answer to the booke of Salmasius, and when he hath done itt bring itt to the Councill.”

“ 1649-50. Feb. 2. Ordered, that orders be sent to Mr. Baker, Mr. Challenor, Mr. Weckherlyn, Mr. Willingham, or any others who have in their hands any Publique Papers belonging to the Commonwealth, to deliver them to Mr. Milton, to be layd up in the Paper Office for Publique Service; and that Mr. Baker be appoynted to order those Papers, that they may be ready for use.

“ 1649-50. Feb. 18. Ordered, that Mr. Milton, Secretary for Foreign Languages; Serjeant Dendy, Serjeant at Armes; Mr. Frost the younger, Assistant to Mr. Frost the Secretary; and all the Clerks formerly employed under Mr. Frost, as also the messengers, and all other officers employed by the Councill last yeare, and not dismissed; shall be again entertained into the same employments, and shall receive the same salary which was appointed them the yeare past.

“ 1640-50. Feb. 23. Memorandum, that Mr. John Milton, Secretarie for the Foreigne Languages; Mr. Edward Dendie, Serjeant at Armes; and Mr. Gwalter Frost the younger, Assistant to the Secretary; did this day take the engagement following: I, being nominated by this Councell to bee _____ for the year to come, doe promise in the sight of God, that through his grace I will bee faithfull in the performance of the trust committed unto mee, and not reveale or disclose any thing, in whole or in part, directly or indirectly, that shall be debated or resolved upon in the Councell, without the command, direction, or allowance of the Parliament or Councell.

“ 1650. March 30. Ordered, that it be recommended to the Lords Commissioners of the Great Seale to give order for the prepareing of a commission to Mr. Richard Bradshaw, who is to be employed Resident from this Commonwealth to the Senate of Hamburg according to the Order of Parliament.

“ That a credential Letter be likewise prepared for him by Mr. Milton.

“ 1650. May 6. Ordered, that Mr. Milton doe attend the Lords Commissioners of the Great Seale with the Papers given in by Dr. Walsall concerning the goods of *Felo's de se*; to whom it is referred to take such course therein, for the advantage of the Commonwealth, as they shall thinke fitt.

“ 1650. June 14. Ordered, that Mr. Milton shall have a warrant to the Trustees and Contractors for the sale of the king's goods for the furnishing of his lodgeing at Whitehall with some hangings.

“ 1650. June 22. Ordered, that Mr. Milton doe goe to the Committee of the Armie, and desire them to send to the Councell the booke of Examinations taken about the riseings in Kent and Essex.

“ 1650. June 25. Ordered, that Mr. Milton doe peruse the Examinations taken by the Army concerning the insurrections in Essex; and that he doe take heads of the same, to the end the Councell may judge what is to be taken into consideration.

“ 1650. June 26. Ordered, that the Declaration of the Parliament against the Dutch be translated into Latine by Mr. Milton, into Dutch by Mr. Haak, and into French by Monsieur Augier.

“ 1650. Aug. 14. Ordered, that Mr. Thomas Goodwyn, Mr. Bifield, Mr. Bond, Mr. Nye, Mr. Durye, Mr. Frost, and Mr. Milton, or any three of them, of which Mr. Frost or Mr. Milton to bee one, bee appointed to view and to inventorie all the records, writings, and papers whatsoever, belonging to the Assembly of the Synod, to the end they may not be embezzled, and may be forthcoming for the use of the Commonwealth.

“ 1650. Dec. 23. Ordered, that Mr. Milton doe print the treatise which he hath written, in answer to a late booke written by Salmasius against the proceedings of this Commonwealth.

“ 1650-1. Feb. 10. Ordered, that the way of treating with the Publique Minister of Portugall be by a Committee of the Councell, consisting of such a number as the Councell shall thinke fitt, in reference to the quality of the said Minister.

“ That Mr. Milton, the Secretarye for Forreigne Languages bee appointed to attend the Committee at their meetings, and that Joseph

Frost be employed for such writing as the Committee shall have occasion for in this business.

“ 1650-1. Feb. 18. Ordered, that Mr. John Milton be Secretary for the Forreigne Languages for the time of the Councell.

“ 1650-1. March 5. Ordered, that it be referred to the Committee of Examinations to viewe over Mr. Milton's booke, and give order for reprinting of it, if they thinke fitt.

“ 1651. March 27. Ordered, that the letters that are to be sent to the Ambassadour of Spain shall be sent unto him by Mr. Milton.

“ 1651. March 28. Ordered, that Mr. Milton doe translate the *Intercursus Magnus*, which he is to have from Sir Henry Vane.

“ 1651. April 4. Ordered, that such dispatches as come to this Councell from forreigne parts, in any forreigne tongue, are to bee translated for the use of the Councell.

1651. April 10. Ordered, that Mr. Vaux bee sent unto, to lett him know that hee is to forbear the removeing of Mr. Milton out of his lodgings in Whitehall, untill Sir Henry Mildmay and Sir Gilbert Pickering shall have spoken with the Committee concerning that businesse.

“ 1651. April 23. Ordered, that the paper, now read, to be sent to the Minister of Portugall, bee translated into Latin; and the English copie to bee signed by Mr. Frost, and sent unto him.

“ 1651. May 16. Ordered, that Mr. Milton doe repair to the Publique Minister of Portugall, and desire of him, from the Councell, a lyst of the names of such persons as hee desires to carrie with him as his retinue, that the same may be affixed to his passe.

“ 1651. May 20. Ordered, that Mr. Durie doe proceed in the translating of Mr. Milton's booke, written in answer to the late king's booke, and that it be left to Mr. Frost to give him such reward for his paines as hee shall thinke fitt.

“ 1651. May 30. Ordered, that Mr. Milton doe translate the Petition of Alderman Dethick, and the Letter of the Councell to the Spanish Ambassador, into Latin, that the same may be sent to the sayd Ambassador, according to former order.

“ 1651. June 11. Ordered, that Lieutenant-General Fleetwood, Sir John Trevor, Mr. Alderman Allen, and Mr. Chaloner, or anie two of them, bee appointed a Committee to goe from this Councell to the Committee of Parliament for Whitehall, to acquaint them with the case of Mr. Milton, in regard of their positive order for his speedy remove out of his lodgings in Whitehall; and to endeavour with them, that the said Mr. Milton may be continued where hee is, in regard of the employment which hee is in to the Councell, which necessitates him to reside neere the Councell.”

Mr. Todd here observes,—

‘ From June till December 1651 no entry, relating to him, occurs in the Council-book. On the 29th of the latter month, it is ordered, “that Mr. Milton be continued Secretarie for Forreigne Languages to this Councell for this yeare to come.” In this interval of six months, he was suffering under the near approach of total blindness, the symptoms of which he has minutely described, in 1654, to

his friend Leonard Philaras; adding, that *his left eye began to fail some years before the other*. Of that eye he is accordingly said to have lost the use in 1651. But he still exercised the duties of his station; in which, however, about this time, the nephew, whom we have just seen as a controversialist in behalf of his uncle, probably became, in the quality of clerk, a considerable assistant.'

"1651-2. Jan. 2. Ordered, that Mr. Milton doe prepare a Letter in Latine, of the substance of what was now read here in English, to be sent to the Duke of Tuscany, to be brought to the Councell, to be there read, for the approbation of the Councell.

"1651-2. Jan. 23. Ordered, that Mr. Milton doe make a translate of the paper this day sent in to the Councell from the lords ambassadors of the High and Mighty Lords the States General of the United Provinces; which the Committee for Foreign Affaires are to take into consideration, and prepare an answer thereto, to be reported to the Councell.

"1651-2. March 3. Ordered, that the Letter now read, which is prepared to be sent to the Queen of Sweden along with the agent intended to be sent thither, be humbly represented to the Parliament; and the lord Commissioner Whitelocke is desired to doe it accordingly; and that the copie of this Letter be translated into Latine.

"1651-2. March 8. Ordered, that the remainder of the Articles to bee offered to the Dutch ambassadors, which were not taken up this day, be taken up to-morrow in the afternoone the first businesse.

"That soe many of the Articles, as are already passed, bee sent to Mr. Milton to be translated into Latine.

"1651-2. March 9. Ordered, that the Articles now read, in answer to the thirty-six Articles offered to the Councell by the Dutch ambassadors, bee translated into Latine by Thursday next in the afternoone.

"1652. March 31. Ordered, that the Paper, now prepared to be given in answer to the Spanish ambassadour, bee approved, translated, signed, and sent to him.

"That Mr. Milton doe translate the said Paper out of English into Latine, to be sent along, as a copie.

"1652. April 7. Ordered, that the answer to the King of Denmarke, now read, bee approved of, and translated into Latine by Mr. Weckerlyn.

"1652. April 15. Ordered, that the Paper, now read, to be sent to the Dutch ambassadours, bee approved of, and sent to Mr. Milton to be translated into Latine.

"1652. April 21. Ordered, that the Latine letter, now read, to be sent to the Duke of Savoy, be approved, faire written, signed, and sent; and delivered to the parties concerned.

"1652. April 27. Ordered, that the Paper, which was read in answer to the last Paper from the Dutch ambassadours, be approved of, faire written, and signed.

"That the Latine translation of the Paper, now read, be approved, and sent alonge with the other.

"1652. April 28. Ordered, that the Paper, now read, to be given to the Dutch ambassadours by the Commissioners appointed to treat with them, bee approved of; and that it be translated into Latine,

the English copye signed, and both Latyne and English copyes are to be kept untill they shall be called for by the lord Commissioner Whitelock.

“ 1652. May 26. Ordered, that the answere to the Paper, delivered unto the Commissioners of the Councell, appointed on that behalfe, by Monsieur Applebom, Publique Minister of the Queene of Sweden; and also the answere to the Queene of Sweden, now reported to the Councell from the Committee of Foreigne Affaires; be translated into Latine, and humbly represented to Parliament for their approbation.

“ 1652. July 6. Ordered, that the Articles now read, and reported from the Committee of Forreigne Affairs, in answere to the proposalls of the Danish ambassadours; and alsoe the Articles, prepared to be given to the said ambassadours from the Councell; be approved of, and translated into Latine.

“ 1652. July 13. Ordered, that Mr. Thurloe doe appoint fitt persons to translate the Parliament's declaration into Latine, French, and Dutch.

“ 1652. July 20. Memorandum, send to Mr. Dugard to speake with Mr. Milton concerning the printing the declaration.

“ Mem. send to Mr. Milton the order, made on Lord's Day last was sevensnight, concerning doctor Walker.

“ 1652. July 29. Ordered, that a copie of the Declaration of Parliament, concerning the business of the Dutch, bee sent to each of the ambassadours and publique ministers in town, and also to the publique ministers of this Commonwealth abroad.

“ 1652. Aug. 10. Ordered, that the Paper, now read, in answer to the Paper of the Spanish ambassadour, be approved of, translated into Latin, and sent to the lord ambassadour of Spaine by Sir Oliver Fleming.

“ 1652. Oct. 1. Ordered, that the Answer, now read, to be given to the Danish ambassadours from the Councell, be approved of; and that it be translated into Latine, and sent to the said ambassadours.

“ 1652. Oct. 7. Ordered, that the Paper, this day given in to the Councell by the lord ambassadour from the King of Portugall, be translated by Mr. Milton into English, and brought in to the Councell to-morrow afternoone.

“ 1652. Oct. 21. Ordered, that the Paper, now read, to be sent to the Portugall ambassadour, bee approved of, translated into Latine, and carried to the said ambassadour by Sir Oliver Fleming, Master of the Ceremonies.

“ 1652. Oct. 22. Ordered, that the Paper, signed by Mr. Speaker, to be sent to the Danish ambassadours, bee translated into Latine, and sent unto them by Sir Oliver Fleming.

“ 1652. Oct. 28. Ordered, that the Paper, now read to the Councell, to be given in to the Portugall ambassadour to-morrow in the afternoone by the Committee of the Councell appointed to that purpose, bee translated into Latine, and delivered by them to the said ambassadour.

“ 1652. Nov. 3. Ordered, that the Letter, now read, which is to bee sent to the King of Denmark, bee approved of and translated into Latine, and offered to Mr. Speaker to bee signed by him; and the lord President is desired to offer it to him.

" 1652. Nov. 15. Ordered, that it be referred to Mr. Thurloe to consider of a fitt reward to be given to Mr. Durie for his pains, in translating into French the book written by Mr. Milton, in answer to that of the late king's entitled *His Meditations*.

" 1652. Nov. 19. Ordered, that the Paper, now read at the Councell, in answer to the Paper delivered in to the Councell from the Portugal ambassador, bee approved of and translated into Latine, and delivered by the Committee of this Councell to the Portugall ambassadour.

" 1652. Dec. 1. Ordered, that *Mr. Milton be continued in the employment he had the last yeare, and have the same allowance for it as he had the last yeare.*"

In the year 1652 Milton became totally blind. Mr. Philip Meadows is mentioned, in the year 1653, as sharing the duties of translation with him, which Milton appears still to have continued to perform, even after the total loss of sight.

" 1653-4. Feb. 1. Ordered, that Friday next in the afternoone be assigned for receiving from Mr. Secretary Thurloe what he shall offer in reference to an establishment of the clerks and officers to attend the Councell.

" 1652-3. Feb. 2. Ordered that the Letter, now read to the Duke of Venice, bee approved of, translated into Latine, and sent to the Secretary of that Commonwealth, in order to be sent by him to Venice.

" 1653-4. Feb. 3. According to an order of Wednesday last, Mr. Secretary Thurloe did this day present to the Councell an establishment of under-clerkes and officers for attending and dispatch of the affaires of the Councell, viz.

| | £ | s. | d. |
|---|-----|----|----|
| " Mr. Philip Meadows, Latine Secretary, at per annum | 200 | 0 | 0 |
| " The Serjeant at Armes, at twenty shillings per diem | 365 | 0 | 0 |
| " Mr. Gualter Frost, Treasurer for the Councell's Contingencies, at per annum | 400 | 0 | 0 |

" Mr. Milton. [No salary is specified.]

" Seaven Under-Clerks, &c.

" 1652-3. Feb. 4. Ordered, that the Articles, now read, to be propounded to the Portugall ambassadour, bee approved of, translated into Latine, and delivered to the said lord ambassadour.

" 1653. April 1. Ordered, that the Commissioners of the Customs doe permitt certain bookes, written by Mr. Milton, in answer to the booke called the late king's, being translated into French, to bee transported into France custom-free.

" 1653. June 28. Ordered, that the Paper, now read, in answer to the Paper of the lords Deputyes from the United Provinces, bee approved of, translated into Latin, and delivered unto them.

" 1653. Aug. 10. Ordered, that the Answer to the Paper of the lord Lagerfeldt, Publique Minister of the Queen of Sweden, of the 3d of August, now read in the Councell, bee translated into Latin, and delivered unto the said lord Lagerfeldt by the Committee of the Councell to-morrow in the afternoone.

" 1653. Oct. 17. Ordered, that Mr. Philip Meadows, now em-
Nov. 1826. 2 D

ployed by the Councell in Latin translations, doe alsoe assist Mr. Thurloe in the dispatch of the Forreigne businesse; and that he have in consideration thereof one hundred pounds per annum, to be added to the one hundred pounds per annum he now receives of the Councell.

“ 1653. Oct. 18. Ordered, that the Councell for Forreigne Affaires doe meet to-morrow morning, and take into consideration the several Papers which have been given in to this Councell from the lord Lagerfeldt, and what is fitt to be returned in answer to them; and to give order for the preparing of such answers as they shall think fitt, and to report them to the Councell with all convenient speed; and Mr. Meadows is to be sent unto to attend that Committee, who are to sit to-morrow morning by eight of the clocke.

“ 1653. Oct. 27. Ordered, that the Recredentiall, prepared for the lord Lagerfeldt, be approved of, translated into Latine, and reported to the Parliament, in pursuance of a former order of the Councell.

“ 1653. Nov. 3. Ordered, *that Mr. John Milton doe remayne in the same capacity he was in to the last Councell, and that he have the same allowance for it as formerly.*”

Mention now ceases to be made of Milton in the council book, in the performance of his duties. On 17th April, 1655, we find an entry respecting his salary:—

“ 1654. Oct. 19. The English and Latin draught of a Letter from his Highnesse the lord Protector to the States Provinciaall of Zealand was this day read. Ordered, that it be offered to his Highnesse, as the advice of the Councell, that the said Letter (according to the Latin copie) be signed by his Highnesse, and sent to the said States Provinciaall, in answer of theirs to his Highnesse of the 7th of August last.

“ 1655. April 17. The Councell resumed the debate upon the Report made from the Committee of the Councell, to whom it was referred to consider of the establishment of the Councell's contingencies.

“ Ordered, that the salary of fower hundred pounds per annum granted to Mr. Gualter Frost, as Treasurer for the Councell's contingencies, be reduced to three hundred pounds per annum, and be continued to be paid after that proportion till further order.

“ *That the former yearly salary of Mr. John Milton, of two hundred eighty eight pounds, &c., formerly charged on the Councell's contingencies, be reduced to one hundred and fiftie pounds per annum, and paid to him during his life out of his Highness's Exchequer.*

“ That it be offered to his Highness, as the advice of the Councell, that several warrants be issued under the Great Seale for authorising and requiring the Commissioners of his Highness's treasury to pay, by quarterly payments, at the receipt of his Highness's Exchequer, to the several officers, clerkes, and other persons afternamed, according to the proportions formerly allowed them for their salaryes, in respect of their severall and respective offices and employments, or till his Highness or the Councell shall give other order: That is to say,

| | £. | s. | d. |
|---|------------|----|----|
| " To John Thurloe, Esq. Secretary of State, for his } own fee, after the proportion of | 800 | 0 | 0 |
| | per annum. | | |

| | | | |
|--|------------|---|---|
| " For the fee of Mr. Phillip Meadows, Secretary for } the Latin Tongue, after the rate of | 200 | 0 | 0 |
| | per annum. | | |

" For the salary of ——— Clerkes attending the office, at 6s. 8d. per diem apiece," &c.

It is supposed by Dr. Sumner, that at this time Milton ceased to perform the functions of his office, and it is urged that the diminished salary of one hundred and fifty pounds, being only half the full sum, is to be considered as his retiring pension. This position Mr. Todd successfully combats, and shews that Milton, though wholly blind, was employed in his office even after the death of Cromwell. We cannot, however, follow him through his proofs. The space occupied by the documents themselves is so great as to compel us to withhold all comment or illustration, and to leave our readers to form their own conclusions respecting many points of the literary history of the poet which they illustrate.

We shall conclude our extracts with a highly interesting letter from Milton, for the *Honourable Lord Bradshaw*, in recommendation of Marvel to be his colleague in the duties of Latin Secretary. This letter has very lately been discovered, and was sent to Mr. Todd, from the State Paper Office, while the sheet which contains it was passing through the press.

" My Lord,

" But that it would be an interruption to ye. publick, wherein yor. studies are perpetually imployed, I should now and then venture to supply this my enforced absence wth. a line or two, though it were my onely busines, and that would be noe slight one, to make my due acknowledgments of yr. many favoures; wch. I both doe at this time, and ever shall: and have this farder, wch. I thought my parte to let you know of, that there will be wth. you to morrow, upon some occasion of busines, a Gentleman whose name is Mr. *Marvile*; a man whom both by report, and ye. converse I have had wth. him, of singular desert for ye. State to make use of; who alsoe offers himselfe if yere be any imployment for him. His father was ye. Minister of Hull, and he hath spent foure yeares abroad in Holland, France, Italy, and Spaine, to very good purpose, as I beleeve, and ye. gaineing of those four languages; besides he is a scholler, and well read in ye. Latin and Greek authors; and noe doubt of an approved conversatiou, for he com's now lately out of ye. house of ye. Lord Fairefax, who was Generall, where he was intrusted to give some instructions in ye. Languages to ye. Lady his Daughter. If upon ye. death of Mr. *Wakerley*, ye. Councill shall thinke yt. I shall need any assistant in ye. performance of my place (though for my pt. I find noe encumbrances of that wch. belongs to me, except it be the point of attendance at conferences wth. Ambassadors, wch. I must confeese, in my Condition, I am not fit for,) it would be hard for them to find a Man soe fit every way for yt. purpose as this Gentleman, one who I beleeve in a short time would be able to doe them as good service as Mr. Ascan. This,

my Lord, I write sincerely, without any other end than to performe my duty to ye. Publick, in helping them to an able servant; laying aside those jealousies, and emulation, wch. mine owne condition might suggest to me, by bringing in such a coadjutor; and remaine,

“My Lord,

“Yor. most obliged, and

“Faithfull Servant,

“JOHN MILTON. { Feb. ye. 21,
1652.”

BUTLERIANA.

FROM UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPTS.

No. V.

CHARACTERS.

A SELF-CONCEITED MAN

Is a very great man with himself, and reposes all trust and confidence in his own extraordinary abilities. He admires his own defects, as those that are born in poor and barren countries do their native soil, only because they have the least reason to do it. He takes his own natural humour for better or for worse, though it be within the prohibited degrees, and forsakes all others to cleave to that. The worse opinion the world has of him, the better he has of himself, and, like a disguised Prince, is pleas'd with the mistakes of those, who he believes have not cunning enough to decypher him; though he is as transparent as a cobweb. He envies no man, for envy always looks upward, and he believes all other men below him, and fitter for his contempt than emulation. He likes nothing but what he does, or would be thought to do himself, and disapproves of every thing not because it is not well, but because it is not his. He has a strange natural affection for all his own conceptions, as beasts have for their young, and the rather because they are like him, that is vain and idle. He wonders that all men do not concur with him in the opinion he has of himself, but laughs to think it is their ignorance, and not his own. He confines himself to his own latitude and never looks further, which renders him so erroneous in his judgment of himself; for wanting occasion to measure himself with others, he has no way to understand his own true dimensions. He prefers, very philosophically, a known evil before an unknown good, and would not change his own familiar intimate ignorance for all the strange knowledge in the world, which he is utterly unacquainted with, and in that he does wisely; for it would, at best, but make him think worse of himself. He enjoys all the felicities which the poets fancy of a country life, and lives and dyes content on his own dunghill, with a convenient neglect of all the rest of the world.

A BAWD

Is mother of the no-maids, the Devil's Nuncia resident with the flesh, an agent for incontinence, a superintendant of the *family of love*, a siminary sister with mission to reconcile those that differ, and con-

firm the weak. She manages all treaties of amity, league, and alliance between party and party, and engages to see conditions performed. She is a publick envoy employ'd to maintain correspondence and good understanding between confederates. She does very good offices in her way, intercedes, mediates, and compounds all differences between the well affected, though under several forms and dispensations. She is judge of the spiritual court, and gives sentence in all matters of fornication and incontinence, that fall within her jurisdiction. She keeps an office of address, where all mens occasions may be serv'd with trust and secresie. She is very industrious in her calling, takes great pains in brandy, and gets her living by the labour of her drinking, which swells her till she becomes a just dimension for a cart, and grows a B. of the first magnitude. Her sins and her bulk increase equally together, till she becomes the badge of her profession, to signify she belongs to the flesh. After she has perform'd all her exercises, both public and private, she has her grace at the sessions, is advanc'd to the cart, and ever after is stil'd *right reverend mother in the Devil*. She is the whore's learned council, and a person of great chamber-practice; for she is very skilful in conveyances and settlements, and like a great Practiser, takes fees on both sides. She is excellent at actions of the case. She lives under the canonical obedience of the Justice and the Constable, to whom as her superiors she is subordinate, and in case of contumacy is suspended *ab officio et beneficio*, till satisfaction be made, in default of which she is depriv'd, degraded, and deliver'd over to the secular power. She deals in prohibited commodities and contraband goods, which she puts off in secret, other she and all become forfeit to the Law, and are secured to forge hemp on a wooden anvil, *till death them do part*. Next this the greatest visitation, that commonly falls upon her, is breaking of her windows, which she endures with unchristian patience, rather than venture to seek reparation of the common enemy Law and Justice.

AN AMBITIOUS MAN

Is a mortar-piece that aims upward always. He is one that flies in a machine, and the engines that bear him are pride and avarice. He mounts up into authority, as a coachman does into his box, by treading upon the wheel of fortune; and gets up to preferment, though it be on the wrong side. He leaps over hedge and ditch, like a hunting nag, and like a vaulter, will throw himself over any thing he can reach. He will climb like the cripple, that stole the weather-cock off Paul's steeple. He rises, like a meteor, from corruption and rottenness, and, when he is at his height, shines and dispenses plagues and diseases on those that are beneath him. He is like a hawke, that never stoops from his height, but to seize upon his prey. He is like the north pole to his friends, the nearer they are to him, the higher he is above them; and when they steer by him, unless they perfectly understand their variation from him, they are sure to find themselves mistaken. He is never familiar with any man in earnest, nor civil but in jest. He is free of nothing but his promises and his hat, but when he comes to performance, puts off the one as easy as the other. He salutes men with his head, and they him with their feet; for when he nods at one end, they make legs at the other. He is a great

pageant born upon men's shoulders, that pleases those that only look upon him, and tires those that feel his weight. He sells offices at the outcry of the nation, and has his brokers, that know where to put off a commodity of justice at the best rates. He is never without a long train of suitors, that follow him and their business, and would be glad to see an end of both. He is commonly rais'd like a boy's paper-kite, by being forc'd against the popular air. His humility is forc'd like a hypocrite's, and he stands bare to himself, that others may do so too. His letters of course are like charms for the tooth-ache, that give the bearer ease for the present, according as he believes in them, for which he pays the Secretary, and after finds himself cheated both of his money and his expectations too.

A VAPOURER

Is one that vapours over every thing he does, like a hen that cackles when she has laid an egg. He overvalues all his own performances, which makes them lie upon his hands; for nobody will take them off upon such terms. Whatsoever he treats upon of himself begins, like a small poets work with his own commendation; and the first thing you meet with is *in laudem authoris*: But as no man's testimony is valid in his own case, no more in reason ought his word to pass in his own praise. He blows up his own concerns, as a butcher does his veal, to make it appear larger and fairer; but then it will not keep. He does as ridiculously, as if he gave himself his own certificate, or thought to be received with letters of his own recommendation; yet the rabble is very apt to believe in him, which he takes for their approbation; and though he receives no more from them than they had from him, yet he believes himself a gainer, and thinks he has more reason to believe in himself than he had before. He that praises himself and his own actions does like a beast, that licks himself and his own whelps with his tongue. It is natural to all men to affect praise and honour; but very few care to deserve it: for as stol'n pleasures are said to be most delightful, so undeserv'd glory cannot but be more pleasing to some men, than that which is earn'd with the drudgery or danger of merit. He that gives himself praise, if it be due, is no more the better for it, than if he gave himself that which he had before; but if it be undue he loses by it, as he that takes that which is not his own forfeits that which is. All his brags tend only to cloath and cover his defects, as Indians wear feathers about their breeches; for commonly he does but vapour in his own defence. Glory is nothing but a good opinion which many men hold of some one person; and if he will take that into his own hands, it is no longer to be expected from others. He that brags and vapours is but his own Pudding, and shews himself to the worst advantage; for it is a pitiful monster, that is fain to wear its own livery. His extolling of himself does but forbid others to do so; for it is a vain superfluous office to commend one that can commend himself. His success always falls out quite contrary to his design, which is nothing else but to take up reputation upon his own word; but being known not to be responsible, he always comes off with repulse, and loss of credit; yet that does not at all discourage him, for he is never told of it but in some quarrel, and then he imputes it to anger, malice, or revenge, and so it goes for nothing. Some will not vapour downright, but by cir-

cumstances and insinuations on the bye will hedge in their own praises, as if it were not meant; but only fell out by chance: others by undervaluing of themselves will hunt after their own vainglory, like tumblers, by seeming to neglect it, and lay a necessity upon men's modesties to flatter them merely out of shame and pity. They undervalue themselves, that others may overvalue them as much, like rooks at tennis, that win by losing, and gain by betting against themselves. There is no vice so odious, and yet so harmless, for it hurts nobody but its owner, and many times makes pleasant sport to others: But as all civility is nothing but a seeming submission or condescension to others, and is grateful to all men; so whatever appears contrary to that must be incivility, and consequently as much hated.

It appears he came easily by all his pretences, by the large measure he allows, and the willingness he expresses to put them off upon any terms. He is his own broker. All the noise he makes is but like that of a trumpet, a mere blast of wind. He is like the moon, that looks bigger the wider sphere of vapours she appears through. He is like those that cry things about the streets, who make more noise and take more pains to put off a little stinking rotten stuff, or trash, than those that have their warehouses stor'd with the richest merchandises. He never obliges a friend, but it is in the nature of an obligation, which all men are to know.

A MOROSE MAN

Is like a piece of knotted wood, every thing goes against the grain with him. He is impatient of every thing but his own humour, and endures that no longer than it is in opposition to something else. He approves of nothing but in contradiction to other men's opinions, and like a buzzard, delights in nothing more than to flutter against the wind, let it be which way it will. He is made up of cross-crosslets, and always counterchang'd; for when he is join'd with white he is sure to be black, and black with white. He esteems all men extravagant and intolerable but himself, as those that have the jaundice think all objects yellow, because their own eyes are so. He is a strict observer of his own humour, and would have every man else so too, otherwise he retires to solace himself with his own complacence; and as great men keep natural fools to please themselves in seeing somebody have less wit than themselves (which they would never do unless they kept such of purpose) he delights in his own folly, and the more ridiculous it is the better he is pleas'd with it. He is very nice and thrifty of his conversation, and will not willingly afford it, but where he thinks to enjoy the greatest share of it himself, in which he is often mistaken; for none endure him better than those, that make him their sport, and laugh at his folly, when he thinks they do at his wit. He abhors a stranger, because having no humanity he takes him for a thing of another kind, and believes it too difficult a task ever to bring him to his humour. He hates much company though it be ever so good; for the more there are, the less share he has of his own humour, which is all he values or looks for. He rolls himself up in his own humour, as a dog does with his nose in his brecch, and pleases himself with that which offends all others. The choice of his humour supposes his ignorance, as empty boats sail best against the stream. He is like a windmill that never moves, but when it is planted directly against the wind.

A RAILER

Is a stout man of his tongue, that will not turn his back to any man's reputation living. He will quarrel by natural instinct, as some wild beasts do, and lay violent language upon a man at first sight, and sometimes before. His tongue is his weapon, which he is very skilful at, and will pass upon any mans credit as oft as he pleases. He seldom charges, but he gets the crupper of his enemy, and wounds him behind his back. He was born to a clan with all the world, and falls out with all things (as spirits are said to converse) by intuition. His violence makes him many times hurt himself, instead of his enemy, and he blunts the point of his weapon upon some, that go so well arm'd, that their credit is impenetrable. He is as lavish of his own reputation, as he is of another mans; for to set his tongue against somebodys back parts (as he usually does) is not much for his credit. He is like a leech that sucks blood out of a man's reputation behind his back. He destroys more learning and arts than the Goth and Vandal ever did; and talks more mischief than the long-parliament. He is most unmerciful to a man in his absence, and blows him up like sympathetic gunpowder, at any distance. He is an ill orator, for he never speaks well of any thing. He bites any thing that comes in his way, like a mad dog, throws his foam about, and runs on, he cares not whither, so he do but infect somebody with his own venom. Serpents lay by their venom when they drink, but he retains his, and all his nourishment turns to gall, and he spits it out, as men in consumptions do their lungs. His words are like an ill wind that blows nobody good, and he carries a cudgel in his mouth, like a water-dog. He is an Ismaelite, his tongue is against every man, and every mans against him. He ploughs upon men's backs, as David complains he was used; and destroys all he encounters with a jaw-bone of an ass. He fights with his mouth, as wild beasts do. He carries his bullet in his mouth, and chaws it, to make it poison the wounds it gives. He stings men like a bug; and, when he is destroyed for it, offends them as much with the stink. He is said to have a foul mouth, and whatsoever comes out of it is the fouler for having been there. He is a man of integrity, and may be believ'd to mean what he says; for no man will counterfeit that, which is bad enough of itself.

A DRUNKARD

Was conceived, like Orion, in a beast's hide and —. He is an animal amphibium, that lives in two elements, but most naturally in the moist; for like a beaver's tail he would gangrene, if he were kept dry. He has sprung a lake, and sucks in faster than nature can pump out, till at length he founders and sinks. His soul dwells in a fenn, stifled with perpetual fog and Scotch mist. His drink and tobacco render him more like a smoaky house and a rainy day than *Solomon's* scold. He sucks in his liquor like a sponge, which the learned say is a kind of live plant, and such he becomes when he has taken his dose. He is a coronation conduit, an ale-commanding engine, an overtaker. He is like an *Irish* bog, if you do not run quickly and lightly over him, you will be apt to sink in him, and find it harder to get, than keep out of him. He takes his drink as a medicine to procure another man's health, as *catholic* penitents whip themselves for other men's sins. A beer-glass is his divining cup, with which he swallows good or bad for-

tune, as the country fellow did a potion to find his asses; and happiness and prosperity, or confusion and destruction ensue according as the spirit of the drink disposes him. He conjures his reason to go out of him, as the *Greeks* do their souls when they drink wine, and this he does so oft, that at length it cannot find the way in again, and then he turns sot, and is drunk for term of life. He is never valiant but in his drink, as a madman, that has lost his wits, has double his strength. He is not given to drink, but thrown away and lost upon it. When *Noah* had escap'd the waters he presently found out wine, which drown'd and destroy'd as many sinners since, as the waters did before.

A MASTER OF ARTS

Is commonly an ill master, and as ill serv'd.—The arts are his menial servants and followers, but he keeps them so short, that they are forc'd to cheat and outwit him; for as *Tacitus* says of *Nero*, he has *infra servos ingenium*. He is as proud as a Pharisee of the title of *Master*, and his learning is like the other's righteousness, that consists in straining of gnats and swallowing of camels. He wears the greatest part of his learning on his back (as a needy gallant does of his estate); for his gown is the better part of his knowledge, and all he has to shew for his degree. It is but the livery of his learning, and a loose garment that fits all sizes equally. He has been a prenticeship in breaking his natural reason, and putting it out of its pace into an artificial shuffle, that makes no progressive advance at all. He melts down all his learning into abstruse notions, that destroy the use and lessen the value of it, and by too much refining loses much of its weight; for the finer any mettall is, the more unuseful it becomes, and is only capable of a greater alloy. His understanding is weak and consumptive (like those that have the dog-hunger) with oppressing his capacity with more than it is able to digest.

SKETCH OF THE HISTORY OF THE MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY AT PARIS, COMMONLY CALLED THE JARDIN DES PLANTES.

THE inferiority and mismanagement of our institutions for the encouragement of natural history, are, we presume, among the causes which may account for their state of backwardness in this country. Individual activity appears, however, at present in motion. By some causes, which we shall not stop to investigate, an impulse has been lately given in Great Britain to these delightful and instructive branches. This impulse will, it is not to be doubted, increase, and, in a few years, show important results. Nevertheless, it is impossible to regret that no assistance, or at least very slight aid, is to be derived from national establishments, which in these sciences are of a kind only to be formed by nations, and for the formation of which they enjoy peculiar facilities. The British Museum in this country is, in nearly all its departments, a monument of useless expenditure, clumsy management, and narrow and unenlightened views. To the Garden of Plants, on the contrary, the splendid advances which have been made in our knowledge of the works of nature are mainly to be attributed. Great men have contributed to create it, and it has created a host of

great men. An enthusiasm for investigation into the science of nature pervades a most illustrious class of students and philosophers in Paris, who both derive their celebrity from the Gardens, and who reflect it back upon them with increased lustre. Under the idea that much time cannot elapse before some reforms are introduced into the national scientific arrangements of Great Britain; and, considering that the plan of the French Museum is a model that ought to be followed, we shall avail ourselves of the materials before us, and give a slight view of the rise and present state of this institution. The work to which we have been principally indebted is the "History and Description of the Royal Museum of Natural History, by M. Deleuze." 2 vols. 8vo. with plates and plans.

The Garden of Plants was founded by Louis XIII. in 1635, at the entreaty of Herouard, his first physician, and Guy de la Brosse, his physician in ordinary. A house and twenty-four acres of land, which now form part of the Garden, were purchased in the Faubourg St. Germain. The successor of Herouard, named Bouvard, was appointed superintendant, and Guy de la Brosse the intendant. The object of its founders appears to have been solely the teaching of medical botany. Three doctors were appointed "*to demonstrate the interior of plants and all medicines, and to employ themselves in all necessary pharmaceutic operations, for the instruction of students.*" Under La Brosse a *subdemonstrator of the interior* of plants was appointed, and to him and to each connected with the establishment very sufficient salaries were assigned by the royal edict.

It is remarkable that the medical faculty of Paris opposed the registering of this edict, and especially desired that chemistry might not be taught.

The government of the Garden, and the appointment of the inferior officers, seem to have been vested in the superintendant. The intendant had the management of all interior affairs, and especially the scientific management. Guy de la Brosse, the first intendant, was the spirit that animated its first foundation. When he died a very few years after its establishment, the prosperity of his work appears to have somewhat declined. His nephew Fagon, however, who had passed his infancy in the Garden, when he had grown up, travelled at his own expense to procure plants for it, and enriched it with many that he procured by correspondence. On his return, he was appointed professor of chemistry and botany, and when under Colbert's administration he became superintendant, the place under his care resumed new life. At the same time that Fagon was superintendant, Tournefort was professor of botany, and Duverney of anatomy, a branch that had been added since the foundation, and to which he and his nephew after him long gave lustre in the garden. These illustrious names gave celebrity to the institution, which was most fortunate in the abilities and zeal of its early professors. Tournefort was succeeded by Antony Jussieu, a name even more famous in the history of botany; and the chemical chair was, after Fagon resigned it, held successively by Saint Yon, Louis Lemery, Berger, and Geoffroy. After the death of Louis XIV. in 1715, Fagon, at that time aged and infirm, resigned the place of first physician, and retired into the Garden, where he was born, and where he died in 1718. After his

death the superintendence fell into bad hands, until in the reign of Louis XV. it was separated from the place of first physician, and given to Du Fay, a soldier of ancient family, who had distinguished himself by a love of science. His assiduity and influence with the government contributed essentially to the restoration of the institution, which had suffered from divided attention and peculiar views of the successors of Fagon. When Du Fay was attacked by the small-pox in 1739, and felt that his death was approaching, he wrote a request to the ministry, that Buffon might be appointed his successor. Buffon proved the second father of the Gardens. As in the case of Cuvier in our days, Buffon in his made the Gardens what they became in a few years, and they made him the naturalist, who delighted and instructed all Europe. When Buffon was appointed, he was known by several memoirs on mathematics, natural philosophy, and rural economy. He had not yet decided to what particular branch of knowledge he should devote his talents and acquirements, when his appointment to the office of intendant determined him to attach himself to the study.

It has been justly observed, "that if the Museum owes its splendour to Buffon, to this magnificent establishment Buffon owes his fame. If he had not been placed in the midst of collections, furnished by government with the means of augmenting them, and thus enabled by extensive correspondence to elicit information from all the naturalists of the day, he would never have conceived the plan of his Natural History, or would never have been able to execute it: that genius which embraces a great variety of facts, in order to deduce from them general conclusions, is continually exposed to err, if it has not at hand all the elements of its speculations." When Buffon entered upon his office, the cabinet of Natural History consisted of *two small rooms*, and a third containing the preparations of anatomy, which were not exposed to view: the herbarium was in the apartment of the demonstration of botany, and the then small Garden still presented empty spaces.

Buffon first directed his attention to the increase of the collections, for the convenient arrangement of which he at first gave up part of his house as intendant, and at length the whole. By the aid of government, he purchased a large tract of land between the Garden and the Rue de Seine, and added it to the Garden. In his own labours he associated the celebrated Daubenton, who, after having studied botany under Jussieu, and anatomy under Winslow and Duverney, had retired to Montbard, the place of his birth, to practise medicine. Buffon, his countryman, knew the value of his talent, and invited him to Paris, where he procured him the place of keeper of the Gardens.

In 1749, Buffon attracted the attention of all Europe by the publication of the first volumes of his Natural History; the continuation of it gave him a celebrity which, in similar studies, has never been equalled, and infused throughout France, at least, an enthusiasm for the subjects of his pen.

When the Gardens had been enlarged to double the size, and laid out afresh in a new and ornamental manner; when the collections had exceedingly increased, deficiencies of another kind became more

apparent. To supply them the king, in 1787, purchased and annexed to the establishment, the hotel de Magny, with its courts and gardens. On this ground Buffon constructed the theatre which now serves for the lectures of botany and chemistry, and removed the lodging of MM. Daubenton and Lacépède to the hotel de Magny. The second floor of the old cabinet thus left vacant, was fitted up for the reception of the collections, and permission obtained from the government to erect an addition to the former galleries: the work was immediately begun and continued without interruption; but it was not complete till after the death of Buffon.

* As the buildings became more extensive, and as the whole establishment assumed a more imposing form, donations from individuals, and presents from foreign countries, greatly increased the treasures of the Garden. The government neglected nothing which might contribute to its utility, or to its splendour. Additional officers were appointed to superintend new departments, and commissions of correspondence were given to travellers, who were engaged to collect and bring back objects of interest for the use of the Museum. The business of correspondence with foreign societies, with travellers; or with naturalists, accumulated, until it became necessary to create an officer of the institution for the purpose of conducting it. To this place, under the title of assistant-keeper of the Museum, Buffon appointed his friend, Faujas de St Fond.

At the death of Buffon, which took place in 1788, the place of intendant of the Garden was given to the Marquis de Billarderie. He continued the works begun by Buffon, but his credit was vastly inferior, and at that time the ministers were driven into a system of retrenchment by the enormous weight of the public expenditure.

On the 20th August, 1790, M. Lebrun made a report, in the name of the Committee of Finances of the Constituent Assembly, on the state of the King's Garden, in which its expenses were estimated at about four thousand pounds sterling a year. The report, which was the signal for a new organisation, was followed by the draught of a decree, proposing the reduction of the intendant's salary from 12,000 to 8,000 francs; the suppression of several places, particularly that of the commandant of the police of the Garden; an increased stipend to some of the professors; the creation of a chair of natural history, &c.

During the discussion, the officers of the establishment themselves presented an address to the president, in consequence of which they were desired to draw up a plan of organisation. The regulations proposed were similar to those adopted three years afterwards.

The disorders of the Revolution beginning at this period, M. de la Billarderie withdrew from France, and his place of intendant was filled by M. de Saint Pierre in 1792.

M. de Saint Pierre undertook the management of the Gardens at a difficult conjunction. This distinguished writer was precisely adapted to the crisis; his quiet and retired life shielded him from persecution, and his prudence was a safeguard to the establishment.

The Revolution which threatened the existence of the Gardens, gave it a menagerie. The menagerie at Versailles being abandoned, and the animals likely to perish of hunger, M. Couturier, intendant of the king's

domains in that city, offered them, by order of the minister, to M. de Saint Pierre; but as he had neither convenient places for their reception nor means of providing for their subsistence, he prevailed on M. Couturier to keep them, and immediately addressed a memoir to the government, on the importance of establishing a menagerie in the Garden. This address had the desired effect, and proper measures were ordered to be taken for the preservation of the animals, and their removal to the Museum; which, however, was deferred till eighteen months after.

A decree of the legislative assembly, of the 18th of August, 1792, having suppressed the universities, the faculties of medicine, &c., there was reason to fear that the King's Garden would be involved in the proscription; but as it was considered as national property, and as visitors of all classes were equally well received; as the people believed it to be destined for the culture of medicinal plants, and the laboratory of chemistry to be a manufactory of saltpetre, it was respected.

Still a faction, rendered formidable by its triumph of the 31st of May, threatened every vestige of the monarchy. An institution, of which the officers had been appointed by the king, was naturally the object of its jealousy. The peril was imminent; and it would have been impossible to escape it, if there had not been found in the convention some men of courage who saw the tendency of these measures, and sought to arrest their progress. Among them must be particularly distinguished, M. Lakanal, president of the committee of public instruction, who, when informed of the danger, repaired secretly to the Garden to confer with MM. Daubenton, Thouin, and Desfontaines, on the means of averting it. He demanded of them a copy of the regulations that had been submitted to the constituent assembly; and the next day, the 10th of June, 1793, obtained a decree for the organisation of the establishment, of which we shall cite the most essential articles.

“ The establishment shall henceforth be called the Museum of Natural History.

“ Its object shall be the teaching of natural history in all its branches.

“ All the officers of the Museum shall have the title of professor, and enjoy the same rights.

“ The place of intendant shall be suppressed, and the salary equally divided amongst the professors.

“ The professors shall choose a director and a treasurer every year, from among themselves. The director shall preside in the assemblies of the officers, and be charged with the execution of their deliberations; the same person shall not be continued in office more than two years in succession.

“ The vacancies in their own body shall be filled by the professors.*

“ Twelve courses of lectures shall be given in the Museum—1. mi-

* This article was abrogated by a law of May 1802; at present, the body of professors and the academy of sciences each name a candidate, for the acceptance of the king; but the voice of the professors is usually seconded by the academy.

neralogy;—2. general chemistry;—3. chemistry applied to the arts;—4. botany;—5. rural botany;—6. agriculture;—7 and 8. zoology;—9. human anatomy;—10. comparative anatomy;—11. geology;—12. *iconography*.

“The subjects to be treated of in the courses, and the details relative to the organisation of the Museum, shall be specified in a regulation to be drawn up by the professors, and communicated to the committee of public instruction.”

The third section provides for the formation of a library, where all the books on natural history in the public repositories, and the duplicates of those in the national library, shall be assembled; and also the drawings of plants and animals, taken from nature in the Museum. The fourth clause insists on a correspondence with all similar institutions in France.

By this decree, twelve chairs were established, without naming the professors; the distribution of their functions being left to the officers themselves. These officers were:—

MM. Daubenton, keeper of the cabinet, and professor of mineralogy at the college of France; Fourcroy, professor of chemistry; Brongniart, demonstrator; Desfontaines, professor of botany; De Jussieu, demonstrator; Portal, professor of anatomy; Mertrud, demonstrator; Lamarck, botanist of the cabinet, with the care of the herbarium; Faujas Saint-Fond, assistant keeper of the cabinet, and corresponding secretary; Geoffroy, sub-demonstrator of the cabinet; Vanspaendonck, painter; Thouin, first gardener.

No difficulty occurred respecting those officers, who were already professors or demonstrators; but MM. Faujas and Lamarck were otherwise situated; the correspondence thenceforth pertaining to the assembly, and the herbarium being placed under the direction of the professor of botany, they were left without employment. In this embarrassment, M. Faujas, well known by his travels and his beautiful work on the volcanoes of the Vivarais, was made professor of geology; and M. de Lamarck, equally versed in zoology and botany, and reputed the best conchologist in France, was appointed to teach the history of invertebrated animals.

The administration was aware of the importance of dividing the zoological instruction into three parts; but as M. de Lacépède had a few months before resigned the place of sub-demonstrator and keeper of the cabinet, the third chair, to which he had unquestionable claims, was left vacant, in the hope that, at a more favourable moment, he would be called to fill it; which accordingly took place. In the mean time, M. Geoffroy, who had succeeded him in the cabinet, undertook alone to teach the history of quadrupeds, birds, fishes, and reptiles.

On the 9th of July, 1793, the professors having received notice of this decree, met, and appointed M. Daubenton president, M. Desfontaines secretary, and M. Thouin treasurer. From that time, they assembled on stated days, and planned the supplementary regulations enjoined by the legislative body.

Their first care was to obtain the creation of certain places, which the recent changes rendered necessary.

The general administration of the cabinet belonged to the assembly; and the care of the collections, to the several professors; the places of

keeper and assistant keepers of the cabinet were therefore suppressed. But as it was necessary to have some person charged with the key of the galleries, the preservation of the objects, and the reception of visitors, these duties were devolved on M. Lucas, who had passed his life in the establishment, and enjoyed the confidence of Buffon.

M. Andrew Thouin being made professor of agriculture, M. John Thouin was appointed first gardener. Four places of assistant naturalist* were created, for the arrangement and preparation of objects under the direction of the professors, and three painters were attached to the Museum, viz.: M. Marechal and the brothers Henry and Joseph Redouté. These regulations and appointments were approved by the government.

At the same time the library was disposed for the reception of the books and drawings; which last were contained in sixty-four portfolios.

In 1794, M. Toscan was appointed librarian, and M. Mordant De-launay adjunct; and the library was opened to the public on the 7th of September, 1794.

The animals from the menagerie at Versailles, those from Rincy, and others belonging to individuals who made a trade of exhibiting them for gain, having been removed to the Museum in 1794, dens were formed under the galleries of the cabinet for those which it was necessary to confine, and the others were placed in stables or among the forest-trees along the Rue de Buffon. In the meantime, a small building at the extremity of the avenue of horse chesnuts was arranged as a temporary menagerie for ferocious beasts.

The house of the intendant was disposed for the lodging of two professors: the saloons of the cabinet were more perfectly arranged; and it was decided that new galleries should be constructed on the second floor; in fine, a decision of the committee of public instruction of September 1794, ordered the acquisition of the house and lands adjoining the Museum on the north-west; which had already been deemed necessary by the constituent assembly.

The report of the committee of public instruction, approved the regulations of the professors, and fixed the organisation of the Museum in its present form, with the exception of slight modifications exacted by the change of circumstances. A law in conformity, of the 11th of December, 1794, created a third chair of zoology, to which M. de Lacépède was appointed; gave the whole of the administration of the establishment to the professors; increased their salary from 2,800 to 5,000 francs; fixed the expences of the following year at 194,000 francs; and ordained that the land between the rue Poliveau, the rue de Seine, the river, the boulevard, and the rue Saint Victor, should be united to the Museum. A still more vast but impracticable plan had been presented, which was withdrawn at the solicitation of the professors.

The wretchedness of the times was now sensibly felt; the reduced state of the finances, the depreciation of the funds, the cessation of foreign commerce, and the employment of every species of revenue

* Filled by MM. Desmoulins, Dufrese, Valenciennes, and Deleuze; the two first for zoology, the others for mineralogy and botany.

and industry for the prosecution of the war, were serious hindrances to the projected improvements.

And, indeed, not only during the first years of terror and destruction, but from 1795 to the end of the century, the establishment presented astonishing contrasts. Houses and lands of great value were annexed to the Garden, magnificent collections were acquired, and the most useful buildings were commenced; yet every thing languished within: much was undertaken, and nothing completed. Funds were wanting to pay the workmen, to provide nourishment for the animals, and to defray the expence of the collections. Potatoes were cultivated in the beds destined for the rarest plants, and the establishment was threatened with a decay the more irreparable as it affected all its parts. One obstacle being surmounted, others started up: the funds received were bestowed on the object of most immediate necessity, and others scarcely less important were neglected. However, when the public distress had attained its utmost height, not a moment of discouragement was felt by the administrators; they deliberated on the best means of meeting the exigency, and made themselves respected by an example of zeal, moderation, and disinterestedness. Some of them being called to employments connected with the government, used their influence in favour of the establishment to which they were more particularly attached.

In 1796 Captain Baudin informed the officers of the Museum that, during a long residence in Trinidad, he had formed a rich collection of natural history, which he was unable to bring away, but which he would return in quest of, if they would procure him a vessel. The proposition was acceded to by the government, with the injunction that Captain Baudin should take with him four naturalists: the persons appointed to accompany him were Maugé and Levillain for zoology, Ledru for botany, and Riedley, gardener of the Museum, a man of active and indefatigable zeal.

Captain Baudin weighed anchor from Havre on the 30th of September, 1796. He was wrecked off the Canary Isles, but was furnished with another vessel by the Spanish government, and shaped his course towards Trinidad. That island having fallen into the hands of the English, so that it was impossible to land, he repaired to Saint-Thomas; and thence, in a larger vessel, to Porto-Rico. Having remained about a year in those two islands, he returned to Europe, and entered the port of Fecamp the 12th of June, 1798. His collections, forwarded by the Seine, arrived at the Museum on the 12th of July following.

Never had so great a number of living plants, and especially of trees, from the West Indies, been received at once: there were one hundred large tubs, several of which contained stocks from six to ten feet high. They had been so skilfully taken care of during the passage that they arrived in full vegetation, and succeeded perfectly in the hot-houses.

The result of this voyage was not confined to augmenting the store of living plants, but added greatly to the riches of the cabinets. The herbarium was increased by a vast number of specimens carefully gathered and dried by MM. Ledru and Riedley. Reidley had besides made a collection of all the different kinds of wood of Saint-Thomas

and Porto-Rico, with numbers affixed referring to the flower in the herbarium; which enabled the professor of botany to determine the species of the tree. The two zoologists brought back a numerous collection of quadrupeds, birds, and insects. That of birds made by Maugé was particularly interesting, from their perfect preservation, and from the fact that the greater part of them were new to the Museum.

In 1798 the professors presented a memoir to the government exposing the wants of the Museum. The magnificent collections which had been received were still in their cases, liable to be destroyed by insects, and comparatively useless, for want of room to display them. There were no means of nourishing the animals, because the contractors, who were not paid, refused to make further advances. The same distress existed in 1799, and it was the more to be regretted from the value of the recent collections. We will not stop to enumerate them here, but barely name the most important. In June, 1795, arrived the cabinet of the statholder, rich in every branch of natural history, and especially in zoology. In February, 1796, M. Desfontaines gave the Museum his collection of insects from the coast of Barbary. In November of the same year a collection was received from the low countries, and that of precious stones was removed from the Mint to the Museum. In February, 1797, the minister procured the African birds, which had served for the drawings of Levaillant's celebrated work. In 1798 the collection formed by Brocheton in Guyana, and the numerous objects of animated and vegetable nature, collected under the tropics, by Captain Baudin and his indefatigable associates, filled the hot-houses and the galleries of the Museum.

The government manifested the most unceasing and lively concern for the establishment, and did every thing in its power to promote its interests; but the penury of its finances rendered it impossible to furnish the necessary funds for the arrangement of the collections, the repairs of the buildings, the payment of the salaries, and the nourishment of the animals. Petitions were useless; the funds were absorbed by the armies, whose courage remained unabated amidst the disasters that overwhelmed them. The state of exhaustion was equally evident at home and abroad; when the events of November, 1799, by displacing and concentrating power, established a new order of things, whose chief by degrees rendered himself absolute, and by his astonishing achievements cast a dazzling lustre on the nation, and suddenly created great resources.

Embarrassment was still felt during the first months of 1800, and so small were the pecuniary supplies of the establishment, that it was necessary to authorize M. Delaunay, superintendant of the menagerie, to kill the least valuable animals to provide food for the remainder. The face of things, however, speedily changed.

The extraordinary man who was placed at the head of affairs, felt that his power could not be secured by victory alone; and that having made himself formidable abroad, it was necessary to gain admiration at home, by favouring the progress of knowledge, by encouraging the arts and sciences, and by erecting monuments which should contribute to the glory and prosperity of the nation.

Among other objects, he turned his attention to the Museum, to which he furnished funds for continuing the works that were begun, acquiring land for its enlargement, and still further augmenting the collections.

All the parts of the establishment were conducted with equal judgment and zeal, because each was confined to a separate chief; and its progressive movement was no longer retarded.

Nevertheless, in October 1800, the professors had reason to apprehend its ruin, from a measure which the minister of the interior, brother of the first consul, wished to extend to this in common with other public institutions, viz. of appointing, under the title of accountable administrator, a director general, or intendant, charged with the general administration, and the correspondence with the government; thus reducing the officers of the Museum to the simple function of delivering lectures and preserving the collections.

The professors made the strongest representations to the minister on this subject: they proved that each part of the establishment required a separate director; that the administration was essentially linked with the instruction; that intendants were always inclined to favour particular branches, and that they could not be acquainted with all the parts of so vast a whole; that all those intrusted with the direction of the garden, excepting Guy de la Brosse, Dufay, and Fagon, who were in fact its founders, had neglected it, and that several had checked its progress; that Buffon, the only person who had since taken pride in the institution and employed his credit for its advancement, had felt the necessity of a different system; that Daubenton had refused the title of perpetual director, offered him by his colleagues through respect for his age and gratitude for his services; that since the new organisation the general order had not been an instant troubled, notwithstanding the vicissitudes of politics, and the public misfortunes; that the Museum being immediately dependent on the minister, it was sufficient that an account should be rendered by the annual director, and that no extraordinary expenditure should be made without permission; that the place of intendant, given at first to some person distinguished in the natural sciences, might at length be bestowed on a man destitute of any just idea of their utility; that the funds destined for the Museum might be converted to other uses; that the professors would be placed in a state of subordination, which would damp their zeal and paralyze their efforts; and that some amongst them, who held eminent posts under government, could no longer preserve their chairs when subjected to the controul of a perpetual chief.

The minister turned a deaf ear to these remonstrances: he wished to appoint to the place of director M. de Jussieu, who used his credit only to enforce the reasons of the professors, and to prevent the execution of a plan fraught with irreparable mischief. Happily nothing was decided, when, in the month of November, M. Chaptal, minister of the interior *ad interim*, determined the first consul to yield to their representations.

The steady progress and harmonious concurrence of all the parts of the Museum, demonstrate the utility of the present form of administration, and it is to be hoped that the project of concentrating an

authority which has no connexion with politics, will not again be brought forward.

In 1801, during the ministry of M. Chaptal, to whom the Museum is under great obligations, the botanical garden, which had been filling up since 1773, was increased in extent one third.

In the year 1804, the Museum was suddenly enriched by the most considerable accessions in zoology and botany that it had ever received. In the beginning of 1800, the Institute proposed to the first consul to send two vessels to Australasia, for the purpose of discovery in geography and the natural sciences. The project was embraced, and twenty-three persons were named by the Institute and the Museum to accompany the expedition. The two ships, the *Geographer* and the *Naturalist*, the first commanded by Captain Baudin, and the second by Captain Hamelin, sailed from Havre on the 19th of October, 1800. They touched at the Isle of France, where the greater part of the persons embarked with scientific views remained: reconnoitered the western shore of New Holland, and repaired to Timor, where they lay six weeks. They then revisited the same coast, made the circuit of Van Diemen's land, and steering northwards to Port Jackson, lay by in that harbour for five months: thence they resumed their course to Timor, by Bass's straits, and returning to France entered the port of Lorient the 25th of March, 1804.

In 1806, the cabinet of comparative anatomy was temporarily disposed for the admission of the public; who saw, methodically arranged, not only the skeletons of numerous animals, but a series of all their organs, prepared by M. Cuvier, or under his direction.

While occupied in forming the cabinet, M. Cuvier discovered that the greater part of fossil bones have no specific identity with existing animals; and wishing to pursue his researches, he neglected no means to assemble a collection of remains. Some very remarkable ones were found in the quarries of Montmartre: others were sent him from Germany and other countries. In a series of memoirs in the *Annals of the Museum*, he made known several species of quadrupeds, that existed before the last revolution that changed the surface of the globe, far more ancient than those found amongst the mummies of Egypt, and differing from those that now inhabit the earth in proportion to the remoteness of the periods at which they lived.

After this publication M. Cuvier gave his collection, the more valuable because singular in its kind, to the Museum, accepting in exchange only the duplicates of books on natural history in the library. This collection, with that of fishes from mount Bolea, fills one of the saloons of the cabinet.

In 1808, M. Geoffroy brought from Lisbon a very beautiful collection in every branch of natural history. In 1809, the minister procured the samples of North American wood, collected by M. Michaux, author of a valuable history of the forest-trees of that country; and also a herbarium, containing the original specimens for the Flora of his father, who died in Madagascar. In 1810, twenty-four animals arrived from the menagerie of the King of Holland; minerals were sent from Italy and Germany, by M. Marcel de Serres; and presents of several animals, and a beautiful herbarium from

Cayenne, by M. Martin, superintendant of the nurseries in that colony.*

In the disastrous year of 1813 the budget of the Museum was reduced, and important enterprises were deferred till better times. Even the expences of the menagerie were curtailed ; all correspondence with foreign countries was interrupted, and the number of students was diminished by the calls of the army. Nevertheless the most essential operations were regularly continued, and if no new acquisitions were made, means were found to preserve what were already possessed.

In 1814, when the allied troops entered Paris, a body of Prussians were about taking up their quarters in the garden : the moment was critical, and the professors had no means of approaching the competent authorities : the commander consented to wait two hours, and this interval was so employed as to relieve them from all further apprehension. A safeguard was obtained for the Museum, and an exemption from all military requisitions ; and though no person was refused admittance, it sustained not the slightest injury. The Emperors of Austria and Russia, and the King of Prussia, visited it to admire its riches, and to request duplicates of objects in exchange, and information for the founding of similar institutions in their own dominions.

In fact, the magnificent cabinet of the Statholder was reclaimed ; and M. Brugmann was sent to Paris, to receive and transport it. This mission caused the liveliest solicitude to the administrators of the Museum : by the restoration of those objects the series would have been interrupted, and the collection left incomplete. M. Brugmann was too enlightened a man not to perceive, that they would no longer possess the same value when detached ; and that in the galleries of Paris they would be more useful even to foreign naturalists. But he was obliged to execute the orders of his sovereign, and could only observe the utmost delicacy in his proceedings, listen to every plan of conciliation, and plead the cause of science, in defending that of the Museum. In this dilemma the professors addressed themselves to M. De Gagern, minister plenipotentiary of Holland, who alone could suspend M. Brugmann's operations, and obtain a revocation of his orders. The application succeeded to their wish : it was agreed that an equivalent should be furnished from the duplicates of the Museum ; and this new collection, consisting of a series of 18,000 specimens, was in the opinion of M. Brugmann himself more precious than the cabinet of the Statholder.

The Emperor of Austria caused M. Boose, his gardener at Schoenbrun, to transport to Paris such plants as were wanting in the King's Garden ; presented to the Museum two beautiful collections, one of Fungi, modelled in wax with the greatest accuracy of form and colour, and the other of intestinal worms, formed by M. Bremser ; and directed M. Schribers to send the professors a catalogue of the duplicates of

* M. Martin has introduced the culture of the bread-fruit, by slips of a stock brought from the Friendly Islands by MM. la Billardi re and de la Haye, and sent him after being kept a year in the hot-house of the Museum : he had several years before carried from the Isle of France to Cayenne the clove, nutmeg, and pepper trees, which at present yield abundantly.

his cabinet for selection, in consequence of which exchanges mutually advantageous took place.

Several wrought stones of price were returned to the Pope; and objects of natural history and books belonging to individuals, which had been sent to the Museum in the time of the emigration, and which were considered as a deposit, were restored with the permission of the government.

After the peace, the King continued to promote the interests of the Museum; but the finances were exhausted by the public misfortunes, and it was at first impossible to afford the requisite supplies. As it had suffered less than other establishments, there was less to repair, and during the two first years, only 275,000 francs, instead of 300,000, were granted for its expenditure: but every thing has been subsequently replaced on the former footing, and since then extraordinary funds have been granted for essential purposes.

Buffon had obtained permission from the King to send naturalists into foreign countries; and the travels of Commerson, Somerat, Dombey, and Michaux had procured considerable accessions to the Garden and the cabinet. Since the new organisation, the two expeditions commanded by Captain Baudin, had doubled the collections. At the restoration the government continued the same advantages, and ordered travellers to be sent into regions little known, to examine their natural productions. Considerable remittances have already been made from Calcutta and Sumatra, by MM. Diart and Duvaucel; from Pondicherry and Chandernagor, by M. Leschenault; from Brazil, by M. St. Hilaire; and from North America, by M. Milbert. M. Lalande, who visited the Cape, and penetrated to a considerable distance into the country, has lately brought back the most numerous zoological collection since that of Peron.

Other travellers without a special mission have emulously proved their zeal for science: M. Dussumier Fonbrune has sent home a variety of objects from the Phillippine Isles; M. Steven, a learned naturalist in the service of Russia, who had passed twelve years in the Crimea and the government of Caucasus, has enriched the botanical cabinet with a great number of plants from those regions; and M. Dumont Durville, lieutenant of the royal navy, with a herbarium of the shores of the Euxine and the islands of the Archipelago. M. Freycinet has returned from a voyage to the southern ocean, with a general collection, made by the naturalists of the expedition;* and Captain Philibert, recently commanded by the government to traverse the Asiatic seas and visit Guyana, afforded such facilities to M. Perrottet, gardener of the Museum, who accompanied him, that he brought back 158 species of shrubs and trees, from six inches to five feet high, the greater part of which are not found in any garden of Europe.† To this invaluable collection were added several rare birds, and the celebrated gymnotus or electric eel. A number of living animals, and other objects, have been presented by M. Milius, late governor of the Isle of Bourbon.

* M. Gaudichaud for botany, and MM. Quay and Gaimard for zoology and mineralogy.

† The vegetables of Cayenne were furnished by M. Poiteau, director of the establishment for naturalising foreign plants in that island.

Hitherto these instances of good fortune have happened at indeterminate periods, and when favourable circumstances induced us to solicit them; but a measure lately adopted by the government assures us in future of their regular annual recurrence.

According to a plan submitted to the King by M. de Cazes, a yearly sum of 20,000 francs has been appropriated to the support of travelling pupils of the Museum, to be appointed by the professors. During the first year they are to prepare themselves under the direction of the professors, and are then to be sent into countries that promise the most abundant harvest of discoveries in natural history. They are required to keep up a constant correspondence with the Museum, and to transport the natural productions of Europe to other quarters of the globe.

Unfortunately the first use of this munificence has been productive only of regret. Of the four travellers commissioned in 1820, two fell victims to their zeal on arriving at the place of destination. M. Godefroy, from whose extensive knowledge important services were expected, perished in a fray with the natives, on landing at Manilla; and M. Havet, a young man distinguished by sound erudition and nobleness of character, died of fatigue at Madagascar. He had studied the language of that island, and was recommended to one of the kings, whose two sons were residing at Paris for their education. It was expected that he would make known the productions of a country, the interior parts of which have never been explored by any naturalist.

The mineralogical chair was at first filled by M. Daubenton; he was succeeded by M. Dolomieu, who had been long celebrated as a mineralogist, and as the founder of geology in France. This learned man, who joined the expedition to Egypt, had been thrown into prison at Messina, on his return, on a groundless suspicion of having been accessory to the invasion of Malta. M. Dolomieu was liberated on the 15th of March 1801, by an article in the treaty between France and Naples. He hastened to Paris, and on his first appearance in the amphitheatre, was received by the audience with an enthusiasm which manifested their opinion of his merit, and their interest in his sufferings. After finishing his course, he wished to take advantage of the remainder of the summer to visit the Alps, Switzerland, and Dauphiny, to collect minerals for the cabinet; but his health, impaired by the hardships he had undergone, yielded to the fatigues of the journey. On his return he stopped at Neuchatel in the Charolois, at the house of his brother-in-law, and was there seized with an illness, of which he died on the 26th of November 1801.

M. Haüy was called, on the 18th of December 1801, to fill the chair of mineralogy, for which there could be no competition; and from that time the instruction has been conformed to the crystallographic method.

It was at first feared, that this method would embarrass students not prepared to understand it; but M. Haüy found means to smooth its asperities, and to render sensible the laws of decrement and transformation, by models; while, by presenting the minerals in their pure state, he taught the pupil to distinguish the variations produced by a mixture of different substances.

Since the new organisation, M. Desfontaines has had no occasion

to change the method introduced by him in 1786. His lectures are given three times a week during the months of May, June, July, and August, and are generally attended by five or six hundred pupils.

Of all the branches of natural history, botany is the best suited to the female sex; it presents nothing to offend their delicacy; it furnishes them amusement in retirement, and lends interest to their walks; attaches them to the cultivation of their gardens; assists them to develop a habit of observation in their children; and affords an opportunity of gratifying their benevolence, by making the poorer inhabitants of the country acquainted with useful plants. The letters of Rousseau first excited a taste for this science in the ladies of France, which has increased with the facility of obtaining instruction. A considerable number repair to the garden at an early hour to attend the lectures, and a separate space has been reserved for them in the amphitheatre.

Since 1770, M. de Jussieu has continued his herborisations during the summer.

The course of agriculture is delivered by M. Thouin, with such illustrations as are possible from the practice in the Garden and the collection of models. M. Thouin is charged with the correspondence with all the public gardens of France and other countries, and with the yearly distribution of more than 80,000 parcels of seeds, the produce of the garden, or collected by travellers.

After the suppression of the universities, the Museum being the only remaining institution of science, M. de Fourcroy redoubled his efforts to confirm the favourable impression made, at the opening of his career, and his activity seemed to augment with the sphere of his exertions. Though called by his celebrity to different political posts, he continued his lectures with undeviating regularity; but when appointed counsellor of state, and charged with the ministry of public instruction, he found it necessary to call in the aid of an assistant. For this purpose he selected his pupil and relative M. Laugier, who performed the duty for several years, and succeeded him as titular professor at his death, which took place in 1809 at the age of fifty-five years. M. Laugier recalls the method of his master, by expounding with clearness the whole science, as augmented by the discoveries of the last twenty years.*

When a chair of chemical arts was substituted for the office of demonstrator, it was given of right to M. Brongniart, who had succeeded Rouelle the younger in 1779. He was the better qualified to fill it, as in his lectures at the King's Garden, at the school of pharmacy, and the lyceum of arts, he had always preferred the exhibition of useful processes to surprising and brilliant experiments.

At his death, in February 1804, he was succeeded by M. Vanquelin, who, having made practical chemistry his peculiar study, was enabled to give greater scope to this important part of the science: by the improvement of analytic chemistry and the art of assaying, by the discovery of chrome and other substances, and by the introduc-

* M. Laugier's place of assistant naturalist was bestowed upon M. Chevreul, author of several memoirs in the Annals of the Museum, and of the chemical part of the Dictionary of Natural History.

tion of more scientific methods into common practice, he is allowed to have exerted a great and beneficial influence on our manufactures.

As early as the beginning of last century botany was cultivated with success. A great number of plants were assembled in the King's Garden, rich herbariums had been formed, and Tournefort, from the examination of all the plants then known, had deduced a method, which in general preserved the natural relations. The progress of zoology was less rapid, not from a neglect of that science, but from the want of resources. Separate descriptions of animals were published, curious observations were made upon insects, and Linnæus had presented in systematic order, and described in precise and picturesque language, the varieties of animated nature. Nevertheless the greater part of the animals of the old and new world were imperfectly known, for want of opportunities of comparing them, and of observing the differences produced by age and other circumstances in the same species.

To the collections of the King's Garden, and to the works of which they facilitated the execution, are owing the wider range and greater exactness of zoology at the present day. The history of quadrupeds by Buffon and Daubenton, that of birds by Buffon and Montbeliard, and that of the cetaceous animals and fishes by M. de Lacépède, made known with accuracy the species which Linnæus had only indicated, and many others whose existence he had not suspected. The galleries of the Museum furnished M. de Lamarck with materials for his history of invertebrated animals, and enabled M. Latreille to perfect his great work on insects. M. Cuvier soon after accomplished in favour of zoology what M. de Jussieu had done for botany, by founding, upon natural relations and invariable characters, a classification now generally adopted.

The three chairs of zoology are still occupied by the professors first appointed to fill them, and the number of their pupils is yearly increasing, as a taste for the science becomes more generally diffused, and the collections afford means of more positive and varied instruction.

M. Geoffroy de St. Hillare resumed his lectures at his return from Egypt, where he was employed during four years. In his annual course, after describing the animals by their apparent characters, he presents zoology under a general view, embracing and connecting all its parts. This method reposes on four considerations, which may be termed the four primordial views of anatomical philosophy: viz. the theory of analogies; the principle of connexions; the balance of dimensions; and the elective affinities of the organic elements. According to this plan he no longer confines himself to the description of external forms but shews the cause of these forms in the modifications of the interior organisation; thus seeking to link the parts to the whole, and to present the science under a larger aspect.

M. Geoffroy had taught the history of all the vertebrated animals for eighteen months, when the law of the 7th December 1794, at the request of the professors, erected a separate chair for oviparous quadrupeds, reptiles and fishes; to which M. de Lacépède, who had left the Garden two years before, was called in January 1795. Not con-

tented with completing his course of lectures, M. de Lacépède resumed his former labours in the cabinet, and soon after, on M. Geoffroy's departure for Egypt, took charge of the birds and quadrupeds, in addition to the objects especially committed to his care. By him the collection of birds, the most magnificent that had ever been assembled, was arranged in beautiful order for exhibition, and rendered classical for the study of ornithology. The celebrity which he had acquired by his works, and by his connexion with Buffon, attracted crowds of young men to his lectures, whom he induced to attach themselves to a branch of natural history which had been little cultivated in France. During ten years his whole time was employed in facilitating the study of a science which owed much of its progress to himself; and when called to a post under government, which left him no leisure for these pursuits, he ensured the solid instruction of his pupils by choosing for his assistant M. Duméril, author of the *Analytic Zoology*, and the co-operator of M. Cuvier in the first volumes of his *Comparative Anatomy*.

The chevalier de Lamarck, so highly distinguished by his works on invertebrated animals, has for twenty-five years taught the history of mollusca, crustacea, insects, worms, and zoophytes. He has also classed the shells and polypuses of the cabinet after a more scientific and exact method, and has characterised all the genera, and determined a great number of living and fossil species. His impaired sight not permitting him to continue his demonstrations, he is replaced by M. Latreille, whose numerous writings, and especially his great work on the classification and generic characters of crustaceous animals and insects, rank him among the first entomologists of Europe.

The three courses just mentioned are delivered in the summer, and continue three or four months.

The chair for human anatomy has always been filled by professors of distinguished merit, and for many years it afforded a more complete body of instruction than any other in the kingdom. In later times, as anatomical courses have been multiplied, though it no longer boasts the same superiority, it has not lost its ancient reputation: since 1778 it has been occupied by M. Portal, first physician to the king and president of the academy of medicine.

M. Mertrud had for several years studied comparative anatomy under Daubenton; yet he did not consider that science in its most elevated point of view. M. Cuvier, appointed to assist him on the 15th of November 1795, and named professor after his death on the 1st of November 1802, has taught it in its generality and in its details, embracing the analogies of all classes of animals, from the polypus to the elephant, by the comparison of their essential organs. He has also formed the cabinet of comparative anatomy, from materials furnished by the menagerie, or contributed by travellers and foreign naturalists.

The establishment of a course of geology, distinct from that of mineralogy, was a most judicious innovation.* Without the precise characters afforded by mineralogy, the geologist cannot ascertain the

* Geology was formerly so little attended to that even the name was known only to men of learning. The word *geology* was not found in the dictionary of the academy, although the analogous terms *zoology* and *zoography* were inserted.

genera and species in their pure state, nor discern the elements of an aggregate body, and the alteration of the primitive forms by the mixture of different substances; but the history of the great masses which cover the globe, of the relative situation and different formation of rocks, of subterranean fires and volcanic productions, of thermal waters, of fossil bones and shells found at different depths, forms a peculiar science, founded on innumerable observations, and exempt from the systematic absurdities that have disgraced the theory of the earth.

M. Faujas de St. Fond first occupied the chair of geology in the Museum. If the science, notwithstanding the facts with which he had enriched it, was not sufficiently advanced for the establishment of positive laws, he at least had the merit of rendering it popular, and of contributing to its progress since the beginning of the century. The impaired state of his health during the last years of his life, obliged him to reside chiefly in the country, though attached to Paris by the duties of his office and the friendship of his colleagues; he terminated his career at his estate of St. Fond, near Montelimar, the 18th July, 1819, at the age of seventy-eight.

M. Cordier, an inspector of the mines, and the pupil and travelling companion of Dolomieu, was named by the professors of the Museum and by the academy of sciences to succeed M. Faujas, and appointed by an ordinance of the 13th of September, 1819. At his entrance into the Garden he lost no time in reorganising the cabinet of geology, by distributing the rocks into three series, according to their nature, their position, and their locality. In his lectures he contents himself with exposing the actual state of the globe, by a connected view of facts ascertained by observation; and insists particularly on the riches of our own mineral kingdom, and the means of rendering them subservient to the progress of the arts and to the wants of society.

Natural history cannot dispense with the aid of drawings, and the most exact descriptions leave but a vague impression on the mind if unaccompanied by figures; language suffices to express essential characters, but cannot give an idea of the physiognomy and general appearance of objects; it was a fortunate conception, therefore, to attach a professor of the art to the Museum. This institution has both diffused a taste for drawing, and given it a more useful direction. It is easy to see by comparison, how much the figures in works of natural history are superior at the present day to those of the last century. M. Vanspaendonck, since his appointment in 1774, has formed numerous artists. Though the primary object of his lectures is the imitation of scientific characters, beauty and effect are not neglected; and to this source may perhaps be traced the perfection to which the art of painting flowers is carried in France, and its influence on several of our manufactures. His lessons of iconography, which are attended by a great number of young ladies, are given in the library three times a week during four months. The library on these occasions is open only to the pupils, who are at liberty to continue their work on the intervening days, and are often assisted with the advice of the professor.

As it is necessary to adapt the instructions to the greater number of pupils, the professors cannot in their courses enter into minute details, nor expose discoveries and principles which would be understood only

by men versed in science ; for these objects the annals of the Museum offer an appropriate medium of communication. In this work M. Haüy has fixed the characters of different minerals recently added to his cabinet, and shewn the simplicity of the laws of crystallography, and the advantage of analytic formulas ; MM. Fourcroy, Vauquelin, and Langier have communicated the most important results of their experiments in the chemical laboratory ; M. Desfontaines has described new genera of plants, that have bloomed in the garden, or been found in the herbarium ; M. de Jussieu has defined the characters of the principal natural families, with such additions and corrections as the progress of the science has necessitated in his work ; M. Thouin has explained in detail the management of the seed-beds and plantations, and the processes of grafting ; MM. Geoffroy and Lacépède have published new genera of quadrupeds, bats, reptiles, and fishes ; M. de Lamarck has described the fossils of the environs of Paris ; M. Cuvier has made known the anatomy of mollusca, and the skeletons of extinct animals, whose bones he had collected ; and the professors in general have contributed extracts from their correspondence with other establishments, or with travellers and foreign naturalists.

Such is a sketch of the history of the French Museum. A more particular account of its present state, and of its actual professors, which we should have added to the foregoing had our space permitted, we must defer till another opportunity.

MEMOIRS OF LINDLEY MURRAY.*

LINDLEY MURRAY, the grammarian, was the very beau ideal of a Twaddler—a character which, though the name is contemptuous, is by no means contemptible. It is true that the twaddler tells us that it is correct to be virtuous, and affirms the beauty of the beautiful ; and for ever reiterates truisms with a pleasing air of novelty. But though nothing new is to be expected from him, there is much of the old that is good, and this you are sure to have both in word and deed. Your twaddler will not only quote in your teeth *in medio tutissimus ibis*, but you will always find him following the golden rule of mediocrity. The amiable is, in truth, very seldom allied with extraordinary faculties of any kind : the man pleases most who has fewest superiorities, and whose inferiorities are neither base nor contemptible. Your twaddler never excels any body, but approves nearly all who are not outrageously wrong ; and, moreover, confirms his approbation with a moral sentiment, which no one can gainsay. For people of quick perceptions, or for those who have lived in highly cultivated society, where all that is taken for granted is thoroughly well understood, and scarcely even alluded to, but always presumed, a twaddler is, doubtless, at the first shock, felt to be little else than a monster, and at length is invariably set down for a fool. In different classes of society, according to the different states of their knowledge and civilization, the level of conver-

* Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Lindley Murray, in a series of Letters, written by Himself—with a Preface, and continuation of the Memoirs, by Elizabeth Frank. York, 1826.

sation is definite. You must neither be above nor under, or you will run the chance of having unpleasant opinions formed of your intellects. In a society at Cambridge, for a person to pronounce, with an air of discovery, that he was at length convinced that the three angles of a triangle were equal to two right angles, and neither more nor less,—the gentlemen would look for their caps and gowns, that they might avoid the company of a jackass. Let the same person assert the same proposition in an assembly of a Mechanics' Institute, his proficiency in pure geometry would probably be applauded; whereas a porism might subject a man either to the reputation of a fool or a banterer. It is thus with a twaddler: he is a twaddler to some people—a man of sound sense and sharp judgment to others. In some things, however, he is right all over—he has not courage or enterprize to be vicious—he is not strong enough to be independent of others, and therefore he tries to please them: his sensations are always of a mild and blunt kind; he is not choleric, therefore, but placid and good-humoured. His usual character is neatness: it is impatience which generally counteracts this small virtue, and he has not any feeling strong enough to produce impatience; while the love of order, the first and only love of a mind of his calibre, induces him to see that his little duties are done exactly. When the qualities of neatness and accuracy are joined with very moderate talents, and a desire to do right, the union is by no means a contemptible one. A curious adaptation of small means to a small end, in an accumulation of small efforts, may produce an uncommon result. By a singular felicity, the mind of Lindley Murray, which appears to have been of a remarkably small bore, hit upon its precise employment. Having lived longer than a child, he knew more than a child; but inasmuch as his modes of conception were as simple as those of an infant, he was wonderfully made for communicating elementary instruction by means of writing. He had the good sense to see what he was fit for, and unintoxicated by success, he adhered to the branch of literature, for a great number of years, in which he found himself useful. His reward was this very idea: he had so full a perception of the pleasure of being useful to mankind, that he demanded no other satisfaction for much labour and pains. This is virtue—the despised virtue of many good men, whom brighter wits laugh at. It is the virtue of a twaddler—each has his place; the wit's brilliant conversation may light up a circle, and glowing in every direction, illuminate here, and strike there; but, nevertheless, there are other circles to illuminate—there is the little circle in petticoats, with a rod for a centre; and the old woman, who must have her code of laws, by which to regulate the affairs of the Alphabet, their conjunctions and disjunctions, and all the order of their society. In short, spelling-books and grammars must be written, and the man who can write them well, and will do so, is a benefactor of his species, humble in reputation, whatever be his success, but very high in merit. Lindley Murray has been this benefactor in a remarkable manner. We do not say that his school books are philosophical, or that they indicate any great knowledge or talent; but they are neat, intelligible, and well arranged. The practical part is good—the theoretical portion is small and generally feeble, and often erroneous. At the time they appeared they were the best—they

remain so still, as far as we know ; but they ought not to be so long. The books of education in this country are generally villainous. The time is coming, we anticipate, when they will all be changed in system and in matter.

These Memoirs of Lindley Murray are divided into two parts—the first is a piece of autobiography, in the form of letters, and the second part is the account of his habits and manners, with a continuation of the Memoirs till his death by a friend, Elizabeth Frank. This lady is not only the author of her own share, but it was at her earnest and repeated entreaty that Mr. Murray was induced to perform his. He was conscious that his life was ordinary, and his talents ordinary, and his employments ordinary ; it was with great difficulty that the perseverance of Miss or Mrs. Frank, could persuade him that he had any thing extraordinary to tell. Mr. Murray had a quiet little judgment, which was sure to be right in matters he was acquainted with. It is true there is no harm in the book—nay, on the contrary, that much useful conclusion may be drawn from it, but it is at the expense of the talents and literary reputation of the writer. For Mr. Murray's sake, he should not have been urged to so lamentable a piece of twaddle—for ours, and for that of all mankind, there is not a worm that crawls, a reptile that creeps, or an insect that flies, a specimen of which should not be placed in the zoological collections of the great human museum.

We will give some specimens of the materials of this autobiography. The author deems strokes of the following kind worth recording:—

The irregular vivacity which I possessed, received, however, a very salutary control, by my being afterwards placed under the care of a discreet and sensible aunt, who was determined to bring me into some degree of order and submission. The great indulgence with which I had been treated, must have rendered the contest rather severe ; for, on a particular occasion, I embraced the opportunity of getting out of a window, and running about on the roof of a small tenement ; which was, however, so high, that a fall would have endangered my life. My aunt was in great distress ; and I believe endeavoured, but in vain, to influence my fears, and, by this means, induce me to return. I moved about for a while, in this perilous situation, and probably enjoyed my temporary independence. She at last, with great prudence, entreated me very tenderly to come to her. But though this affected me, I did not comply till I had obtained her promise, that I should not be corrected. She kept her word ; but I think she did not relax, in any degree, the general rigour of her discipline towards me.

His moral reflections generally equal this in novelty and profundity.

At the times of vacation, I generally enjoyed myself with diversions, till the period for returning to school approached. I then applied myself vigorously to the task that had been previously assigned me ; and I do not recollect that I ever failed to perform it, to the satisfaction of my teacher. A heedless boy, I was far from reflecting how much more prudent it would have been, if I had, in the first place, secured the lesson, and afterwards indulged myself in my playful pursuits. These would not then have been interrupted, by uneasy reflections on the subject of my task, or by a consciousness of unwarrantable negligence..

He commences his second letter with the following remark :

It is doubtless of great importance to the interest and happiness of young persons, as well as of some consequence to their friends and the public, that their inclinations, genius, and bodily constitutions, should be consulted, when they are to be entered on an employment, which will probably continue for life. If the bent of their mind, and other qualifications, are duly regarded, success may reasonably be expected : if they are opposed, the progress must be slow, and the ultimate attainments very limited.

He then advocates the early reading of the Scriptures.

If parents and others who have the care of young persons, would be studious to seize occasions of presenting the Holy Scriptures to them, under favourable and inviting points of view, it would probably be attended with the happiest effects. A veneration for these sacred volumes, and a pleasure in perusing them, may be excited by agreeable and interesting associations; and these impressions, thus early made, there is reason to believe, would accompany the mind through the whole of life: a consideration which is of the utmost importance.

In page 9 he thus speaks of the enormity of playing truant:

Sometimes I absented myself from school, to enjoy a greater degree of play and amusement. During these pleasures, the idea of impending correction would occasionally come across my mind: but I resolutely repelled it, as an intruder which would unnecessarily imbitter my present enjoyment. I concluded that if I must be corrected, I would not lose the pleasure I then had; and I gave full scope to my diversions. Had I allowed myself proper time to consider consequences, I might have prevented both the disgrace and the pain of punishment, as well as that degree of insensibility to dishonourable action, which such fearless irregularities are apt to produce.

It is of such trash, we believe, that the books of education usually put into the hands of children consist. Is it wonderful that they hate them? that they fly to the Arabian Nights and Tom Jones books, which have at least the merit of being amusing, and giving a taste for reading, which the wretched imbecility of the *moral* lessons and tales are calculated to destroy.

There were some interesting events in the life of Lindley Murray, though it generally may be compared to Cowper's stray cockle, which a more violent wave than usual may have thrown into the nook of a rock, never more to be agitated by tempests, and to sit in its grotto listening to the sound of waves, whose lashings and foamings have become a matter of indifference;—these events, such as they are, may be mentioned in a few words—they tell his life, and indicate his character. He ran away from home—he married a wife—he hired a pleasure yacht, and sailed about during the American Revolution—he lost the use of his limbs, and came to live in England, where he sat upon a sofa forty years, in the “pleasant little village of Houldgate, near York.” These events will be found described in the following extracts, which altogether will, we believe, comprise all that is known or need be said about the subject of them.

Mr. Murray's birth and parentage are thus recorded:

I was born in the year 1745, at Swetera, near Lancaster, in the state of Pennsylvania. My parents were of respectable characters, and in the middle station of life. My father possessed a good flour mill at Swetara: but being of an enterprising spirit, and anxious to provide handsomely for his family, he made several voyages to the West Indies, in the way of trade, by which he considerably augmented his property. Pursuing his inclinations, he, in time, acquired large possessions, and became one of the most respectable merchants in America.

In the pursuit of business, he was steady and indefatigable. During the middle period of his life, he had extensive concerns in ships; and was engaged in a variety of other mercantile affairs. But this great and multifarious employment, never appeared to agitate or oppress his mind: he was distinguished for equanimity and composure. And I have often heard it remarked, that by his conversation and deportment, no person would have imagined, that he had such a weight of care upon him. When in the company of his friends, he was so thoroughly unbent, that persons unacquainted with the nature and variety of his business, might naturally suppose that he had very little employment. This trait may be justly considered as an evidence of strong powers of mind. These had been cultivated by attention to business, and by much intercourse with the world. But my father did not possess the advantages of a liberal education; by which his talents and virtues might have been still more extensively useful.

My mother was a woman of an amiable disposition, and remarkable for mildness,

humanity, and liberality of sentiment. She was, indeed, a faithful and affectionate wife, a tender mother, and a kind mistress. I recollect, with emotions of affection and gratitude, her unwearied solicitude for my health and happiness. This excellent mother died some years after I had been settled in life. And though I had cause to mourn for the loss of her, yet I had reason to be thankful to Divine Providence, that I had been blessed with her for so long a period, and particularly through the dangerous seasons of childhood and youth.

Both my parents, who belonged to the society of Friends, were concerned to promote the religious welfare of their children. They often gave us salutary admonition, and trained us up to attend the public worship of God. The Holy Scriptures were read in the family: a duty, which, when regularly and devoutly performed, must be fraught with the most beneficial effects. I recollect being, at one time, in a situation of the room, when I observed that my father, on reading these inspired volumes to us, was so much affected as to shed tears. This, which I suppose was frequently the case, made a pleasing and profitable impression on my young mind, which I have often remembered with peculiar satisfaction.—Our family was rather numerous. My parents had twelve children, of whom I was the eldest. But the course of time has reduced us to a small number. At the present period, (the summer of 1806,) only four of us remain.

The history of his escape from home is really interesting, and his subsequent return was under motives very honourable to him. For these reasons it is, we suppose, that he hesitated so long as he says he did, “respecting the propriety of communicating this little piece of my history.”

Though my father, as the events already mentioned demonstrate, had an earnest desire to promote my interest and happiness, yet he appeared to me, in some respects, and on some occasions, rather too rigorous. Among other regulations, he had, with true parental prudence, given me general directions not to leave, in an evening, without previously obtaining his approbation. I believe that his permission was generally and readily procured. But a particular instance occurred, in which, on account of his absence, I could not apply to him. I was invited by an uncle to spend the evening with him; and trusting to this circumstance, and to the respectability of my company, I ventured to break the letter, though, I thought, not the spirit, of the injunction which had been laid upon me. The next morning, I was taken by my father into a private apartment, and remonstrated with for my disobedience. In vain were my apologies. Nothing that I could offer, was considered as an extenuation of my having broken a plain and positive command. In short, I received a very severe chastisement; and was threatened with a repetition of it, for every similar offence. Being a lad of some spirit, I felt very indignant at such treatment, under circumstances which, as I conceived, admitted of so much alleviation. I could not bear it; and I resolved to leave my father's house, and seek, in a distant country, what I conceived to be an asylum, or a better fortune. Young and ardent, I did not want confidence in my own powers; and I presumed that, with health and strength, which I possessed in a superior degree, I could support myself, and make my way happily through life. I meditated on my plan; and came to the resolution of taking my books and all my property with me, to a town in the interior of the country; where I had understood there was an excellent seminary, kept by a man of distinguished talents and learning. Here I purposed to remain, till I had learned the French language, which I thought would be of great use to me; and till I had acquired as much other improvement as my funds would admit. With this stock of knowledge, I presumed that I should set out in life under much greater advantages, than I should possess by entering immediately into business, with my small portion of property, and great inexperience. I was then about fourteen years of age. My views being thus arranged, I procured a new suit of clothes, entirely different from those which I had been accustomed to wear, packed up my little all, and left the city, without exciting any suspicion of my design, till it was too late to prevent its accomplishment.

In a short time I arrived at the place of destination. I settled myself immediately as a boarder in the seminary, and commenced my studies. The prospect which I entertained was so luminous and cheering, that, on the whole, I did not regret the part I had acted. Past recollections and future hopes combined to animate me. The chief uneasiness which I felt in my present situation, must have arisen from the reflection of having lost the society and attentions of a most affectionate mother, and of having occasioned sorrow to her feeling mind. But as I had passed the Rubicon, and

believed I could not be comfortable at home, I contented myself with the thought, that the pursuit of the objects before me, was better calculated than any other, to produce my happiness. In this quiet retreat, I had as much enjoyment as my circumstances were adapted to convey. The pleasure of study, and the glow of a fond imagination, brightened the scenes around me. And the consciousness of a state of freedom and independence, undoubtedly contributed to augment my gratifications, and to animate my youthful heart. But my continuance in this delightful situation, was not of long duration. Circumstances of an apparently trivial nature, concurred to overturn the visionary fabric I had formed, and to bring me again to the paternal roof.

I had a particular friend, a youth about my own age, who resided at Philadelphia. I wished to pay him a short-visit, and then resume my studies. We met according to appointment, at an inn on the road. I enjoyed his society, and communicated to him my situation and views. But before I returned to my retreat, an occurrence took place which occasioned me to go to Philadelphia. When I was about to leave that city, as I passed through one of the streets, I met a gentleman who had some time before dined at my father's house. He expressed great pleasure on seeing me ; and inquired when I expected to leave the city. I told him I was then on the point of setting off. He thought the occasion very fortunate for him. He had just been with a letter to the postoffice ; but found that he was too late. The letter, he said, was of importance ; and he begged that I would deliver it with my own hand, and as soon as I arrived at New York, to the person for whom it was directed. Surprised by the request, and unwilling to state to him my situation, I engaged to take good care of the letter.

My new residence was at Burlington, about twenty miles from Philadelphia. I travelled towards it rather pensive, and uncertain what plan to adopt respecting the letter. I believe that I sometimes thought of putting it into the postoffice ; sometimes, of hiring a person to deliver it. But the confidence which had been reposed in me ; the importance of the trust ; and my tacit engagement to deliver it personally ; operated so powerfully on my mind, that after I had rode a few miles, I determined, whatever risk and expense I might incur, to hire a carriage for the purpose, to go to New York as speedily as possible, deliver the letter, and return immediately. My design, so far as respected the charge of the letter, was completely accomplished. I delivered it, according to the direction, and my own engagement. I was, however, obliged to remain in New York that night, as the packet boat, in which I had crossed the bay, could not sail till the next morning. This was a mortifying circumstance, as I wished to return very expeditiously. The delay was, however, unavoidable. I put up at an inn, near the wharf from which the packet was to sail in the morning, and waited for that period with some anxiety.

I thought I had conducted my business with so much caution, that no one acquainted with me, had known of my being in the city. I had, however, been noticed by some person who knew me ; and, in the evening, to my great surprise, my uncle, whom I have mentioned before, paid me a visit. He treated me affectionately, and with much prudent attention ; and, after some time, strenuously urged me to go with him to my father's house : but I firmly refused to comply with his request. At length he told me, that my mother was greatly distressed on account of my absence ; and that I should be unkind and undutiful, if I did not see her. This made a strong impression upon me. I resolved, therefore, to spend a short time with her, and then return to my lodgings. The meeting which I had with my dear and tender parent was truly affecting to me. Every thing that passed, evinced the great affection she had for me, and the sorrow into which my departure from home had plunged her. After I had been some time in the house, my father unexpectedly came in : and my embarrassment, under these circumstances, may easily be conceived. It was, however, instantly removed, by his approaching me in the most affectionate manner. He saluted me very tenderly ; and expressed great satisfaction on seeing me again. Every degree of resentment was immediately dissipated. I felt myself happy, in perceiving the pleasure which my society could afford to persons so intimately connected with me, and to whom I was so much indebted. We spent the evening together in love and harmony : and I abandoned entirely, without a moment's hesitation, the idea of leaving a house and family, which were now dearer to me than ever.

The next day, a person was sent to the place of my retreat, to settle all accounts, and to bring back my property. I was taken into still greater favour than formerly ; and was never reproached by my parents, for the trouble and anxiety which I had brought upon them.

Mr. Murray was an attorney in New York, when the contest between Britain and the American colonies commenced : he thus describes

the retreat of his business, and then his own. The account of this lamentable effeminacy and cowardice, in neglecting to take a part, though a Quaker's part, in the struggles of his country, is ended by a precious piece of twaddle.

My business was very successful, and continued to increase till the troubles in America commenced. A general failure of proceedings in the courts of law then took place. This circumstance, joined to a severe illness, which had left me in a feeble state of health, induced me to remove into the country. We chose for our retreat a situation on Long Island, in the district of Islip, about forty miles from the city of New York. Here we concluded to remain, till the political storm should blow over, and the horizon become again clear and settled. This we did not expect would be very soon; and therefore made our settlement accordingly. As our place of residence was on the borders of a large bay near the ocean, I purchased a very convenient little pleasure boat; which I thought would not only amuse me, but contribute to the re-establishment of my health. In this situation, I became extremely attached to the pleasures of shooting, and fishing, and sailing on the bay. These exercises probably gained for me an accession of health and strength; and on that ground partly reconciled me to an occupation of my time, which was but little connected with mental improvement. I have, however, often regretted that so long a period should have elapsed without any vigorous application to study; and without an improved preparation for the return of those settled times, when I should again derive my support from the funds of knowledge and judgment. The loss which I sustained, by not sufficiently attending at this time to literary pursuits and professional studies, cannot easily be calculated. Every expansion of the mind, every useful habit, and portion of knowledge, at that age especially, is not only so much present gain, but serves as a principle to produce an ever growing and accumulating interest through life. If this advantage were duly appreciated by young persons, it would prove a most powerful stimulus to embrace every proper opportunity to enlarge the understanding, and to store it with useful knowledge.

On this occasion, I must add, that the recollection of the time which I spent in the pleasures of shooting, and idly sailing about the bay, affords me no solid satisfaction, in a moral and religious point of view. That time, or the greater part of it, might have been employed in doing good to others, in the society and converse of pious and virtuous persons, and in the perusal of the sacred volume, and other religious books, tending to establish the heart and life in the love and practice of goodness. I might have so occupied myself as to have made my most important interests coincide with my health and bodily enjoyments, instead of indulging myself in that dissipation of mind, and those selfish, injurious habits, which the amusements I had adopted are too apt to produce. I do not, however, wish to censure the practice of other persons, in the pursuits and amusements with which they are well and conscientiously satisfied. My object is, to state my own feelings and regrets, on the retrospect of this part of my life.

After the independence of the Colonies was established, he found his health and strength declining. He at length consulted a physician at New York, who recommended "Yorkshire, in England," as a climate likely to benefit him. His consultation with his physician, and his account of the prayer-meeting on board his vessel at his departure, and his arrival here, are good specimens of the autobiographer's talent at solemn trifling.

After deliberately considering the advice of my physician, and the importance of the undertaking, we were fully convinced that it was expedient to try the effect of a more favourable climate, and to make a short residence in England. Dear as were our relatives and friends, and our native land, we resolved to forego the enjoyment of them. But hope cheered us with the prospect, that the separation would not be long; and that we should return to them with renewed health and spirits, and capacities of greater happiness in their society. My dear wife did not hesitate a moment, in resolving to accompany me to a distant country; and to render me every aid, which her affection, and solicitude for my happiness, could suggest.

Soon after our determination was made, we prepared for the voyage. The trying scene now commenced of taking leave of our relations and friends. Many of them accompanied us to the ship, in the cabin of which we had a most solemn parting. An

eminent minister was present at this time, for whom we had a particular esteem and regard, and who prayed fervently on the occasion. It was a deeply affecting time; and, I trust, produced salutary impressions on all our minds. Our feelings, at the moment of separation, may be more easily conceived than described. But satisfied with the propriety of our undertaking, and consoled by the hope of success, our minds gradually become tranquil and resigned. With many, if not with all, of those beloved connexions, we parted never to see them again in this life: for many of them have since been translated to the world of spirits. But we humbly trust, that the separation will not be perpetual; that, through redeeming mercy and love, we shall be again united to virtuous connexions, and happily join with them, and the blessed of all generations, in glorifying our heavenly Father, and joyfully serving him for ever, with enlarged minds and purified affections.

We embarked in a commodious ship, near the close of the year 1784; and, after a prosperous voyage of about five weeks, landed at Lymington. Near the conclusion of the voyage, we narrowly escaped some very dangerous rocks, which would, in all probability, have proved fatal to us, if we had struck upon them. Thus preserved by the care of a gracious Providence, we had fresh cause to be humbly thankful to God, and to be encouraged to trust in his goodness, for future preservation and direction.

In contemplating the place where we were to reside, during our continuance in England, it was our frequent and special desire, that our lot might be cast in the neighbourhood and society of religious and exemplary persons; from whom we might derive encouragement to the practice of virtue. We had lived long enough to perceive how strongly the human mind is influenced, and how apt it is to be moulded, by the dispositions and pursuits of those with whom it is intimately connected. We had felt the danger of intercourse with persons, who seemed to make the pleasures of this life the great object of their attention; and we had derived comfort, and some degree of religious strength, from the society and example of good and pious persons. In this desire of being settled favourably for the cultivation of our best interests, we had the happiness of being gratified; and we consider this privilege, which we have now enjoyed for more than twenty years, as one of the greatest blessings of our lives.

It may not be improper to mention in this place, that when we left our native shores, we fondly supposed, that in the course of two years, my health might be so established, as to enable us to return to our friends and country. This term was the utmost boundary we had assigned for our absence, from home. How short-sighted is the mind of man! How little do we know of the future, and of the events which are to occupy it! Two and twenty years have passed away since we left our native land, and little hope remains of our ever being able to visit it again. But resignation is our duty. And this should be the more cheerful, as we have been so long preserved together by Divine Providence, in this happy country; where we have been abundantly blessed, and for which we can never be sufficiently grateful.

Our attachment to England was founded on many pleasing associations. In particular, I had strong prepossessions in favour of a residence in this country; because I was ever partial to its political constitution, and the mildness and wisdom of its general system of laws. I knew that, under this excellent government, life, property, reputation, civil and religious liberty, are happily protected; and that the general character and virtue of its inhabitants take their complexion from the nature of their constitution and laws. On leaving my native country, there was not, therefore, any land, on which I could cast my eyes with so much pleasure; nor is there any, which could have afforded me so much real satisfaction, as I have found in Great Britain. May its political fabric, which has stood the test of ages, and long attracted the admiration of the world, be supported and perpetuated by Divine Providence! And may the hearts of Britons be grateful for this blessing, and for many others by which they are eminently distinguished!

The Memoirs by himself, bring down his life only to a period nearly twenty years prior to his death. He finishes them in a religious manner; and even in his religious sentiments, he is as common-place as in his moral ones. The value of the atonement, one would think, was not to be learned at this time of day. Yet he says he cannot finish his Memoirs without expressing "my sense of the greatest blessing ever conferred upon mankind, viz., the redemption from sin, and the attachment of a happy immortality, by the atonement and intercession of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, &c."

We confess that we prefer Elizabeth Frank's portion of the book. It is, of course, full of the most indiscriminate eulogy, but it shows both more character, and gives a nearer and more favourable view of the sofa-ridden grammarian than we get from his own *ſadaises*. The domestic character and habits of the grammarian are curious as a piece of still life, and they are well described by Friend Elizabeth.

Mr. Murray lived, during a long course of years, a very retired life. Though an object of general esteem, respect, and admiration, he was known intimately, or even personally, but to few. The following particulars, therefore, respecting his habits and manners of living, though minute, may perhaps be acceptable to the reader, and not devoid of interest; and, in time to come, they may supply the place of vague, traditional report. In a physical point of view, they may also be useful. It has frequently been made a subject of inquiry, how a person could support entire confinement to the house, and even to one seat, during many years, and yet preserve to the last a comfortable state of health, evenness and cheerfulness of spirits, and surprising vigour of mind.

Mr. Murray carefully avoided all habits of indolence, both with respect to body and mind. He generally rose about seven o'clock in the morning; but rather later in the depth of winter. When he was dressed, and seated in an arm chair, which had casters, his wife rolled him, with ease, to the sofa, in his sitting room; on which, after he gave up taking any exercise, he sat during the whole day. At meal times, the table was brought to him. At other times, a small stand, with a portable writing desk on it, was generally before him. The papers and books which he was using, were laid on the sofa by his side; but they were usually removed before the entrance of any visiter, as he disliked the parade of literature. His wife sat on a chair close by his side; except when, through courtesy, she relinquished her seat to some friend, or visiter, with whom he wished particularly to converse. The room being rather narrow, the sofa was placed against the wall. Mr. Murray never sat by the fire: but to avoid the draught from the doors and windows, he was obliged to sit nearly opposite; from the ill effects of which he was guarded by a small skreen between him and the fire. He attributed, in a great measure, the preservation of his sight to extreme old age, to his constantly avoiding the glare of fire and candles. When he read or wrote by candlelight, he used a shade candlestick.

His sitting room was of a good size, and particularly pleasant, having a window at each end: the one with a south aspect looked to the garden; the other to the turnpike-road, and to some fields, across one of which was a pathway leading to the city of York. The trees and flowers in his garden, the passengers on the road and pathway, and the rural occupations in the fields, afforded a pleasing diversity of scene, cheering to his mind, and relieving to his eyes, when fatigued with composing, reading, or writing. An awning was placed in summer over the south window, to shade off the rays of the sun. Thus secured, and having a constant but almost imperceptible ventilation, occasioned by two large windows opposite to each other, and also by two doors and the fire, the room was always sweet, fresh, and salubrious. A fire, even in summer, was constantly kept up through the whole day, which, as Mr. Murray justly observed, tended to carry off the noxious particles of air; but the room, in the warmest weather, was considerably cooler and fresher than apartments usually are. Mr. Murray could not bear a partial exposure to the air; therefore, he never sat with the doors or windows open. But in the morning, before he came into the room, it was completely ventilated by the opening of both windows for a short time; and thus a free current of air was admitted. His bed room was also ventilated once or twice during the course of the day. So sensible was he of the pernicious effects of breathing vitiated air, that he never had the curtains of his bed drawn. As a further preventive from over heating his sitting room, he had two of Fahrenheit's thermometers; the one was placed at the outside of the north window; the other was hung in the room, at a distance from the fire. The temperature of the room was usually from sixty-three to sixty-five degrees.

Mr. Murray's bed room was large; it had the same aspect, and was on the same floor, as his sitting room, and opened into it; and had also two windows, one at each end. But as the chimney could not be made to carry up the smoke, he was obliged in all his illnesses, when the weather was cold, to have a bed brought into his sitting room; and in that room, very near the seat on which he had done so much good, he breathed his last, and passed, I trust, from the employments of time to the rewards of eternity.

Soon after he came into his sitting room in the morning, he took his breakfast ; after which, his wife, or some one of his family, read to him a portion of the Scripture, or of some other religious book. Horne's Commentary on the Psalms, and Doddridge's Family Expositor, omitting the notes and paraphrase, were the books which he chiefly used for this purpose, and also for his evening meditation. After a short pause, he proceeded to transact the business of the day, of which the hearing or reading of a daily journal formed part ; or he applied immediately to his literary avocations. Until he became wholly confined to the house, he took an airing in his carriage, from twelve till half-past one. At two he dined. After dinner, he sat quite still, closed his eyes, and sometimes dozed, for nearly half an hour ; a practice which he brought with him from America, and by which he found his strength and spirits much recruited ; then he resumed his occupations ; and continued them for some hours, unless interrupted by company. Religious reading in the family, and meditation, closed the day. At ten, he and all his household retired to rest. This course of life he continued, with little variation, during the whole of his residence in England.

There was nothing particular in his diet. It was simple. He did not use tobacco in any shape. He never took spirits, and but seldom wine ; and then only half a glass at most. At dinner he was accustomed, for many years after he came into this country, to take about a gill of London porter ; afterwards, he gradually diminished the quantity, until he reduced it only to a wine glass, diluted in warm water. His breakfast and supper were, for some years, new milk and baked rice, or sometimes toasted bread ; afterwards, chocolate boiled in milk and water, and bread. At dinner, he partook of meat, vegetables, pudding, and other ordinary dishes ; but all cooked in a plain way. He did not, at dinner, eat of more than one dish of meat. In the afternoon, he sometimes took about half a cup of tea, or of milk and water ; but more frequently instead of it, a small quantity of strawberries, grapes, or other sweet fruits, out of his garden, or dried plums. Except in serious illness, he took no medicine : and even then but little ; being of opinion that the too frequent use of it weakens the tone of the stomach. Of the beneficial effects of friction, by the hand simply, he was thoroughly convinced. He made frequent, if not daily use of it ; and never failed to have recourse to it when his head, or any part of his body, was affected with uncomfortable sensations, particularly of a rheumatic nature. He was of opinion that it not only produced local benefit ; but that, in his particular case, it tended, in a considerable degree, to supply the want of other exercise. His appetite, till within a few years previous to his decease, was good, and rather uncommon, considering his sedentary life. Much of that comfortable state of health and vigour of mind, which he enjoyed in his old age, must be ascribed, under the blessing of Providence, to his temperance and moderation, to his judicious self-management, and to that peacefulness and serenity, which are the usual concomitants of a good and pious life.

The character of his wife appears to have been a dead match, as they say of a pair of coach horses, with that of her husband. It is impossible, however, to avoid admiring the appropriate Eve of this primitive Adam. She is the perfection of a Quaker wife, which, for any thing we know to the contrary, is the best species. Their union was of an antediluvian length. When Mr. Murray died, the faithful partner of his fortunes, who had shared them for nearly sixty years, stood by his bedside.

Mrs. Murray is not a showy woman, nor particularly literary ; but she possesses a solid understanding, great firmness of mind, and a particularly kind disposition. To the poor and afflicted, she is, in a high degree, liberal and compassionate. By her skill and prudence in the management of her household affairs, she relieved her husband from all care or anxiety on those subjects. She was most tenderly attached, and even devoted to him ; always preferring his gratification to her own. Her aged and beloved father, and a large circle of relatives and friends, she freely left, to accompany her husband into England. For many years after she came into this country, she still called New York her home ; but she never requested or wished him to return. She encouraged and assisted him, as far as she was able, in every good word and work ; and often expressed her solicitous desire, that both she and her " precious husband," as she frequently called him, " might so pass through this life, as not to fail of future and everlasting bliss ;" adding : " If we are but prepared for that happy state, we need not fear how soon we depart hence." During the latter years of her husband's life, she scarcely ever quitted the house ; and very rarely the two rooms occupied by him. She said, she was

most comfortable with him ; and that if he were taken ill suddenly, as was sometimes the case, she could never forgive herself, if she were absent.

As Mrs. Murray is still living, it may seem indelicate to speak of her in terms thus commendatory. But she is so intertwined with the memory of her husband, that I could not write any account of him without mentioning her ; and I could not mention her, except to praise her.

On every anniversary of their marriage, the twenty-second of June, which was also the birth-day of his wife, he never failed to congratulate her on the return of that auspicious day. On some of these occasions, occurring in a late period of their union, he offered his congratulation not only verbally, but also in writing ; thus giving additional force, as well as permanence, to his sentiments. In these written testimonials, which she justly esteems amongst the most valuable of her possessions, he assures her that during the whole period of their union, she has been, by far, his greatest earthly treasure ; that, in health and sickness, in prosperous and adverse situations, in all the varied events of their lives, he has ever found her the same uniform, kind, and faithful friend, the sweetener and improver of every allotment : and he offers her his most grateful acknowledgments for her cordial attachment, and affectionate services ; for her kind assiduity, and tender solicitude, to promote his comfort and happiness in every respect.

We shall quote the death-bed scene of this very inoffensive man, and then close this uneventful history.

I was (says friend Elizabeth) at his house, a very short time before his last illness. When I was about taking leave of him, he said to me : " Remember the following lines." He pronounced the word " Remember," and repeated the lines, with an emphasis which now assumes something of prophetic energy.

" Absent or dead, still let a friend be dear :
A sigh the absent claims ; the dead a tear."

On the tenth of January, 1826, Mr. Murray being at dinner, was seized with a slight paralytic affection in his left hand ; it was, however, of short duration, and was attended with no visible ill effect. On Monday morning, the thirteenth of February, he had a return of numbness, in the same hand ; but it soon yielded to friction, and wholly disappeared. Soon after, he conversed very cheerfully, and even pleasantly. During the day, he was a good deal engaged, and much interested, in having the newspaper read to him, containing the debates on the commercial embarrassments of the country. In the afternoon of that day, the last time of his taking a pen in his hand, I received from him a short note, as kind as usual, and as well written and composed. That the last words which he ever wrote, were addressed to me, is a melancholy recollection : but it is inexpressibly soothing and consolatory to my mind.

In the evening, he was seized with acute pain in his groin, accompanied with violent sickness. Medical assistance was procured : but the means used to afford relief proved ineffectual. During the night he had an alarming fainting fit, of long continuance. On recovering, he spoke most tenderly to his wife, and urged her to go to bed.

I saw him on the following morning. He then seemed rather better ; but said the pain was not removed. When I was going away, he took leave of me with unusual solemnity, saying, very slowly, and with a most effecting emphasis : " Farewell, my dear friend ! " With some difficulty, he extended his hand under the bed clothes, and uncovered it, in order that he might, at parting, shake hands with me.

In the evening, he was conveyed, in his rolling chair, to a bed prepared for him in his sitting room. Some time after, the aperient medicines took effect ; and this circumstance, together with his disposition to sleep, appeared very favourable, and encouraged a hope of his speedy recovery. But he spent a restless night ; and in the morning he was in a state of extreme exhaustion. When his wife went to his bed side, he revived a little ; spoke sweetly to her ; and seeing her soon afterwards, at a little distance in the room, he looked at her very tenderly, and said, " That dear one ! " He slumbered most of the morning, except when roused to take refreshment. I visited him about noon. Seeing me at his bed side, and probably being unwilling, though in a state of great weakness, not to notice me, he looked at me very kindly ; and repeated my name three times, in a low but affectionate tone of voice ; and again stretched forth his hand, under the bed clothes towards me. That hand, which had so kindly welcomed me, when first I entered the room, at the commencement of our acquaintance, was now extended towards me for the last time ; not to welcome, but gently to dismiss me. I heard the sound of his voice no more ; nor did I ever again behold his living countenance.

In the afternoon, his wife sent me word he was better ; and I flattered myself with the hope that he would speedily recover, as I had seen him do on many previous occasions. Great were my surprise and disappointment when I received, on the following morning, the melancholy intelligence that he was much worse. I hastened to his house ; but, before I arrived, “ his dear spirit,” to use his wife’s expression, “ had taken its flight.” Thus terminated an uninterrupted intercourse of many years’ standing, with a most excellent man, and a kind friend. The loss to me is irreparable. In this world of sin and error, a true friend is rarely to be met with : “ an old friend,” as Dr. Johnson observes, “ can never be found.”

During his short illness, my much esteemed friend expressed his gratitude for the care that was taken of him, and for all the kind attention which he received. He also adverted to the pleasant conversation which he had, on the morning of his seizure ; and remarked, “ What poor, frail creatures we are ; and how little we know what is to happen to us ! ”

On Wednesday afternoon he seemed refreshed by sleep ; noticed what was passing in the room ; and took sustenance freely. But the night was again restless. His pulse quick, and his tongue parched. Though he was evidently suffering from pain, he made very little complaint : when inquired of, he said the pain was still fixed in the same place. A few times, he cried out : “ Oh my ——— ; ” but checked himself before the expression was completed.

In the morning, his servant being at his bed side, and tenderly sympathizing with him, told him she should be very glad if she could afford him any relief from his suffering. He expressed his sense of her kindness ; but meekly added “ It is my portion.”

About seven in the morning, a change for the worse evidently took place. Soon after that time, his wife went to his bed side ; he noticed her ; and spoke to her, in the most tenderly, affectionate manner. A deathlike sickness seemed to be coming over him. He cried out : “ Oh my groin !—What a pain ! ” Being asked on which side the pain was, he said : “ On the right.” His wife warmed a cloth, and put it to the part. He turned on his back, and lay stretched at his length : his arms were extended, close to his body ; the thumb of each hand was gently pressed upon the forefinger, seeming to indicate suppressed agony : and in that attitude he continued during the short remainder of his mortal existence. For a few moments, anguish was depicted on his countenance : but it soon gave place to fixed serenity. His eyes were lifted up ; no doubt, in fervent supplication to the God of mercy. His lips moved, though no sound of his voice could be heard. He lay without any perceptible motion, until his eyes gently closed of themselves. About half-past eight in the morning, he expired in peace ; without a struggle, or even a sigh or a groan.

Houldgate now knows him no more : the quiet yard of the Quaker’s burying-ground, in the dull street of Castlegate, which forms the corner of one of the dirty lanes of York, entitled, Far-water-lane, contains, in its chilly embrace, all that remains of the person of “ the Grammarian.” As in the epitaph on the architect buried in his own building, it was said of his works, look round and behold them ;—so may we say of the works of Lindley Murray—pick up the child who is sprawling on the carpet, and pulling by the leaves of a little, dirty dog-eared book—and see what it is he is thus immolating—the victim is “ Murray’s Spelling Book.” Detect that straight, prim-looking little maiden in the corner, studiously and quietly intent upon a volume, in neat order, and of larger size—it is Murray’s Power of Religion on the Mind—or the English Reader—or the Sequel to the English Reader. Yonder urchin that blubbers under the impending rod, has this moment surrendered Murray’s Abridgement into the hands of his school mistress, in the vain hope that, when he has given up the book, he shall be able to proceed a step without it. The larger grammar belongs to the bigger boy, his brother ; and the largest is in all the bookcases of all young men whose educations have been neglected.

ELEGIAC STANZAS
ON A WATCHMAN.

Let not Ambition mock their useful toils.—GRAY.

THY lips are dumb;—thy watch-box's turn'd about;—
Thy staff is broke that broke full many a head;—
Thy rattle's lost its tongue;—thy lamp's gone out;—
Alas! poor Dozey!—and art thou too dead?—

'Tis so;—and o'er thy silent grave,
I gravely tip the solemn stave,
Thy mem'ry to revere;—
How oft amidst nocturnal strife,
Thou check'dst the course of boist'rous "Life,"—
To choicest spirits dear!

Gay spirits these, that hours of laughter gave,
Ah! now thy social spirits all are grave.

And dost thou sleep within thy box
Below this turf?—Ah! mem'ry cocks
Her eye at what has been;—
Oft, as I pass'd thy watch-box door,
How loudly have I heard the snore
Come rumbling from its den!

Soundly thou sleepedst,—sounder sleep'st thou now,—
For what shall wake thee but—the "General Row?"

What voice could equal thine, my friend,
As round thy beat your footsteps bend,
Your staff and lamp adorning;
When with a voice like thunder-shock,
Thou bawl'dst aloud—"Past two o'clock,
"And a fine moonlight morning!"

Alas! for all the hours thou'st call'd, good lack,
Would, for thy sake, that thou could'st call them—back!

O Judge, inflexible and strong,
Who held the scale twixt right and wrong,
So even o'er the town;
Who never let a charge escape,
Or compromised a drunken scrape—
For less than half-a-crown!

Ugrateful fate! I fear thou'lt find, where hurl'd,
There's no such justice in the other world!

As the all illimitable sea,
Unbounded thy philanthropy,
How seldom is it met!
A friend thou wast in time of need
To ev'ry one—who pledg'd, indeed,
In max or heavy wet!

Nor wilt thou, Dozey, in the realms of bliss,
Ever, I fear, meet friendship—such as this!

Yet thou hadst faults, tho' pity owns,
We should "inter them with his bones"—
Yet in my faithful rhyme
The truth must out; and even now
Recoils my mind, to think how thou
Belied the grey-beard Time!

But ye are quits—or soon methinks will be,
Since Time now lies so heavily on thee!

How wert thou lov'd! and ah, by whom!
Hear the proud boast, and burst thy tomb!
By those whose hearts of steel,
Had their proud country's trial stood,
And left her for that "country's good,"
Or labour'd at her weal!

O! thought of joy! to have no doubting whether,
The lov'd and loving yet shall meet together!

Beauty and youth subjected were
To thy young arms, the willing fair,
And not unwilling brown,
Thou could'st command e'en at thy call;
O, happy youth! the loves of all
The damsels—of the town!

Among the angels that above us revel,
I'll warrant, Dozey, thou art still a—devil!

Still, when in daylight's brazen front,
I've seen thee fair ones homeward hunt,
With lamp-light's oozing flame;
Oh, I have view'd the sight, and sigh'd,
And eke, in mental anguish cried,
Oh, 'tis a burning shame!

Oh, Dozey, Dozey, for past errors weep;
And mind where now what company you keep!

The staff in hand, thy rattle tied,
And dangling silent by your side,
With lamp-light in thy fist,

Thou stalk'dst along from street to street,
Around (when it rain'd not) your beat,
Like champion of the list.

O man, you'll ne'er another Dozey meet,
Shall beat the virtues of thy virtuous beat!

No more;—no more;—for breathless time in vain
Suffices not thy virtues to unfold;
In friendship and the muses' endless strain
Time were defunct—thy merits half untold!

Thy watch is set!—and what have friends to do?
The friends of "life"—but strive their cares to drown—
In lush, and max, and heavy—ah, for who,
Who shall knock up, whom death has once knock'd down?

TABLE TALK.

RARE INSTANCE OF SELF-DEVOTION.—A gentleman of the name of Mackenzie happened to be in a cabin with Prince Charles Edward, when they were suddenly surrounded by a detachment of English troops, advancing from every point. Charles was then asleep, and was awakened to be informed of his inevitable danger. "Then we must die," said he, "like brave men, with swords in our hands." "No, Prince," said Mackenzie, "resources still remain. I will take your name, and face one of the detachments. I know what my fate will be; but whilst I keep it employed, your Royal Highness will have time to escape." Mackenzie rushed forward, sword in hand, against a detachment of fifty men; and as he fell, covered with wounds, he exclaimed, "You know not what you have done; you have killed your Prince." His head was cut off, and carried, without delay, to the Duke of Cumberland. Exulting in his prize, the Duke set off next day for London, with the head packed up in his chaise. And the belief that the Prince was dead, not only relaxed for a time the diligence of his pursuers, but even suspended the work of havoc and desolation against the unfortunate Highlanders. At length, after wandering from place to place in various disguises, often lodging in caves and woods, destitute of the common necessities of life, Charles embarked on board a privateer, sent from France to receive him, and landed safely at Morlaix, in Bretagne.—*Stewart's History of Scotland.*

SUMMARY COOKERY.—I arrived for the night at a hut, where there were fowls, and I begged the woman to cook one of them immediately.

As soon as the water in a large pot had boiled, the woman caught a hen, and killed it by holding its head in her hand; and then, giving the bird two or three turns in the air, to my horror and utter astonishment, she instantly put the fowl into the pot, feathers and all; and although I had resolved to rough it on my journey, yet I positively could not make up my mind to drink such broth or "potage au naturel" as I thought she was preparing for me. I ran to her, and, in very bad Spanish, loudly protested against her cookery; however, she quietly explained to me that she had only put the fowl there to scald it, and as soon as I let go her arm she took it out. The feathers all came off together, but they stuck to her fingers almost as fast as they had before to the fowl. After washing her hands, she took a knife, and very neatly cut off the wings, the two legs, the breast and the back, which she put one after another into a small pot with some beef suet and water, and the rest of the fowl she threw away.—*Head's Rough Notes.*

RIGID DISSENTERS IN RUSSIA.—About noon we reached the small district town of Krestzi, and stopping in the suburb, close to the post-house, we were shewn into a good-looking habitation, on the opposite side of the street. The peasant to whom it belonged was absent, but the reception we met with from his wife convinced us that we should not have been made more welcome had he been at home. With the whole population of the suburb, amounting to upwards of 1,000 souls, the family consisted of Staroværtzi, or dissenters of the old faith, the rigidity of whose principles operates as powerfully on their intercourse with all whom they consider to be members of the orthodox Greek church, as the contracted spirit of the ancient Jews did in preventing them from having any “dealings with the Samaritans.” One of our number happening to have metal buttons on his travelling coat, and another having a tobacco-pipe in his hand, the prejudices of the mistress of the house were alarmed to such a degree, that all the arguments we could use were insufficient to prevail on her to make ready some dinner for us. When compelled to do any service of this kind to such as are not of their own sect, they consider themselves bound to destroy the utensils used on the occasion; to prevent which loss, those who are more exposed to the intrusion of strangers, generally keep a set of profane vessels for the purpose. As the proprietor of the house we had entered appeared in affluent circumstances, it is not improbable he furnished it with something of the kind; but the tobacco-pipe proved an insuperable obstacle to their use. So great, too, is the aversion of this people to snuff, that if a box happen to have been laid on the table belonging to them, the part on which it lay must be planed out before it can be appropriated to any further use. They live in a state of complete separation from the church; only they cannot marry without a license from the priest, for which they are sometimes obliged to pay a great sum of money. The sacrament, as it is usually called, they never celebrate; and baptism is only administered to such as are near death, on the principle adopted by some in the early ages of the church, that such as relapse, after receiving this rite, are cut off from all hopes of salvation. The only copies of the Scriptures hitherto in use among them, are of the first, or Ostrog edition of the Slavonic Bible, printed before the time of the Patriarch Nikon, when the schism, which had long been forming, was ultimately completed by the alterations which that learned ecclesiastic introduced into the liturgical and other books of the Greek church in Russia. It has been asserted, that there exist, among the Staroværtzi, reprints of this Bible, in which every jot and tittle is religiously copied; but the pertinacity with which they secure the continuance of the old Bibles in their families, and transmit them as the most precious treasure to their posterity, renders it difficult to obtain copies for collation. It is a curious fact, and to it perhaps may be traced any disposition at present existing among this people to co-operate in the labours of the Bible Society, that when the first stereotype edition of the Slavonic Bible was printed in St. Petersburg, numbers of them, mistaking the word *stereotype*, and pronouncing it *starotype* (*old type*), supposed that it was a new impression of their ancient Bible, and purchased a considerable number of copies, at the different depositories. Their predilection for copies of the old edition has rendered them extremely scarce in Russia; and when it happens that a copy is exposed to sale, it fetches several hundred rubles. Fortunately, the proprietor of a small inn, being a member of the orthodox church, was not influenced by the contracted principles of his neighbours; and had we known of his house before we entered the other, we should not have put these principles to the test.—*Henderson's Travels in Russia.*

A LADY'S NOTIONS OF AN INTUITIVE TEST OF FEMALE PURITY.—So powerful is the impression made by honourable and upright characters upon each other, that it seems a sort of mental freemasonry. They recognise a kindred mind in every word and look; and seem at last to know, intuitively, how each will act and feel in every situation and event. Even when apparently indisputable proof appears of utter unworthiness in either, an intimate conviction seems to tell the other, that it is a moral impossibility such a being can be guilty of an act of baseness and dishonour.

Thus it was with Lindsay. Though staggered and confounded with what he had heard and witnessed—though he repeated to himself, “It is too true—have I not seen it?” Though his reason was convinced, yet his rebellious heart was unimpressed with it, and still retained the image of Caroline St. Clair, in all the purity of woman's highest excellence, which first took possession of it, and which no subsequent efforts could drive from its seat. It was a fine and intuitive tact—less fallacious than reason—that in defiance of its dictates, permitted not his opinion to change—even while it seemed contradicted by the evidence of his own senses. He was indeed rejoiced to find at last, this secret unacknowledged persuasion confirmed, and that she was pure and spotless.—*Continental Adventures.*

SINGULAR RELIGIOUS SECT IN RUSSIA.—But great is the difference between the ascetic habits of the Raskolniks, and their abstinence from all sensual pleasures, and the horrible fanaticism which has formed a new sect of men, who consent to an entire mutilation of their persons. This sect, which has been in existence but a few years, has increased with a rapidity far beyond what any one would be inclined to suppose. My pen refuses to trace the details of the ceremonies that accompany this frightful sacrifice. Most usually it is an old woman who performs the functions of sacrificator. It appears that they found their doctrine upon the text in Scripture, which says, “If your eye offend you, pluck it out;” and upon another, in which something is said about the happiness of eunuchs. A person worthy of confidence told me, that having asked one of the *employés* in the chancellery of Odessa, who belonged to this sect, how he could bring himself to submit to so painful an operation, he replied, with a terrific smile, “You know not what it is to drive away the Evil One!” About eight years ago, the Government thought to punish these sectaries, by exiling them to Siberia; but they showed such a willingness to suffer even martyrdom in support of their doctrine, that it was thought more prudent to take no notice of the sect, lest publicity might tend to render its progress still more rapid, particularly amongst the sailors of the Imperial fleet.—*Voyage dans la Russie Meridionale.*

FEELINGS OF AN AUTHOR ON THE FIRST NIGHT OF HIS TRAGEDY.—I was now only anxious about the fate of my tragedy, and that was quite enough. It was an event of such importance to me, that I hope I shall be pardoned the moments of weakness with which I am now going to accuse myself. At that time the author of a new piece had for himself and his friends a little grated box in the third circle over the stage, the seat of which, I may truly say, was a cushion full of thorns. Thither I went, about half an hour before the curtain drew up, and till then I preserved power enough to support my anxiety: but at the noise the curtain made as it rose, my blood froze within my veins. Spirits were applied in vain to restore me; I could not recover. It was not till the end of the first monologue, among long reiterated plaudits, that I began to revive. From that moment all went well, gradually gaining on the public favour, till the scene in the fourth act, with which I had been so much threatened. But, as this moment approached, I was seized with such a trembling, that, without exaggeration, my teeth chattered in my mouth. Were the great revolutions that pass in the soul and in the senses, mortal, I should have died under what I suffered when the sublime Clairon, so happily catching the feelings of the spectators, pronounced these verses:

“Va, ne crains rien,” &c.

The whole theatre resounded with redoubled plaudits. Never did any one pass from lively apprehensions to more sudden and sensible joy; and during the rest of the play, this last sentiment agitated my heart and soul with such violence, that when I breathed I did but sob.

As the curtain fell, when, amidst the plaudits and acclamations of the pit, that loudly called for me, my friends came to tell me that I must go down, and show myself on the stage, it was impossible for me to crawl thither alone; my knees bent under me; I was obliged to be supported.—*Memoirs of Marmontel; Autobiography, just published.*

BEEF-HUNTING IN THE ISLAND OF MADAGASCAR.—It was now night, and they were going a beef-hunting: when they set out on purpose to kill the best beasts, they always make choice of the darkest nights. They permitted me on my request to accompany them; but first ordered me to wash myself, as they themselves did, that we might not smell either of smoke or sweat. I would have taken two lances, according to custom, but they obliged me to leave one behind me, lest two together might rattle in my hand. These cattle feed only in the night, and if all these precautions were not taken, they could never be surprised; for they are always on their guard, snorting with their noses, and listening after their pursuers. We can hear them roar and bellow a great way off; by which we know where they are, and we are forced to go round till they are directly to the windward of us; for otherwise they would soon scent us. As soon as we had got the wind and cattle right a-head, and were within hearing, we walked with all the circumspection imaginable, cropping the top of the grass with our hands, as close as possible, to mimic, as well as we could, the noise a cow makes when she bites it. The moment they heard us, they were all hush; not one of them bellowed or grazed, but seemed to listen with the utmost attention; which, when we perceived, we all stood still likewise without a whisper, whilst three or four, who understood the

nature of it best, continued cropping the grass. When the cattle had listened, till (as we imagined) they took us for some of their own species, they returned to their grazing, and we walked with caution nearer, still mimicking them as we moved softly along. Deaan Murnanzack ordered me to keep behind, lest they should discern my white skin, and be startled; he also gave me his lamber to cover myself with, which was a large piece of black silk, so that if I had been near them, they could have seen nothing but my face, the grass being above knees-deep.

At length we got amongst them, so that one of our men (as he told me) with some grass in his hand, and under the cover of a bush, took hold of the dug of a cow, and finding she gave no milk, he concluded she was not lean; for which reason he stuck his lance instantly into her belly, and drew it out again, making no other motion. The cow thus wounded will give a spring perhaps, and make a noise, as if another had run her horns against her; but this is so common amongst them, that the herd is not any ways disturbed by it; so that our people stuck three or four after this manner, and left them, with an intention to come the next morning, and track them by their blood; for it is very dangerous to come near them in the night. As soon as they find themselves sorely wounded, they run from their companions, and will attack the first man they see. They are generally found actually dead, or fallen down in some wood, or shelter of bushes, as if they endeavoured industriously to conceal themselves. No sooner had we determined to depart, and I had returned Deaan Murnanzack his lamber, than a calf, that had been mortally wounded, began to make a hideous uproar, and running about, made the herd jealous; so that they ran away, and the calf made directly at me, and knocked me backwards; I caught hold of his leg, but cried out lustily for help. This accident afforded much mirth, and fixed a joke upon me afterwards, as a stout fellow to cry out for assistance to cope with a calf. However they took him, cut him to pieces, and carried him away; of whom we made a very good supper. I have been informed, that notwithstanding these cattle are so wild, the cows will sometimes stand still to have their dugs handled, and several of them have been milked in the dark into a horn; however, as I never attempted this myself, I cannot absolutely vouch it for truth; yet, as I have heard so many affirm it, I think there are no just grounds to contradict it.—*Autobiography—Adventures of Robert Drury.*

IMPORTANT TO GARDENERS.—Henry the Fourth, of France, being one day in his garden at Fontainebleau, accompanied by the Duke d'Epemon, a native of Gascony, his gardener stated the ground was so sterile in that spot he could make nothing thrive. "My friend," said the king, looking at the duke, "sow Gascons there, for they take every where."—*Henry the Great, and his Court.*

THE TRIPLE PLEA.—I am sorry, said Baubée, that you, who frequent the courts, were not present when I pleaded the cause of the town-hall painter. You know Cammas, who is so ugly and so foolish, and who every year daubs at the capitol the portraits of the new magistrates. A strumpet of the neighbourhood accused him of having seduced her. She was with child, and demanded that he should marry her, or that he should pay the damages of her innocence, which she had publicly resigned fifteen years ago. The poor devil was miserable. He came and related his misfortune to me. He swore it was she who had corrupted him; he even wanted to explain to the judges how she had done it, and offered to draw a picture of it, which he would expose at the trial. "Hold your tongue," said I, "with that great nose of yours, it becomes you well to play the young lad who has been seduced! I'll plead your cause, and gain it, if you promise to sit quietly by me at the trial, and not interrupt me whatever I may say; you understand me? otherwise you will be cast." He promised me all I desired. The day came, and the cause being called over, I suffered my adversary to declaim amply on the modesty, the weakness, and the frailty of the fair sex, and on the artifices and snares that were contrived to entrap them. After which I began my reply; "I plead," said I, "for an ugly man, I plead for a poor man, I plead for a fool. (He would fain have murmured, but I had him be silent.) For an ugly man, gentlemen, look at him; for a man worth nothing, gentlemen, he is a painter, and what is worse, the town-painter; for a fool, let the court have the goodness to interrogate him. These three great truths once established, I reason thus: one can only seduce by money, wit, or beauty. Now my client could not seduce by money, since he is worth nothing; neither by wit, since he is a fool; nor by beauty, since he is one of the ugliest of men: whence I conclude that he is falsely accused." My conclusions were admitted, and I gained my cause with few words.—*Memoirs of Marmontel.*

THE SIEGE OF LAFAUR.—Simon de Montfort had profited by all the progress which the art of war had made in that age. He had himself served in the Holy Land, and there were in his camp a great number of knights who had combated against the Turks and the Greeks, and who had, in the East, acquired the knowledge of the attack and defence of fortified places. He employed, therefore, to overthrow the walls, ingenious machines, whose introduction was quite recent amongst the Latins, and which were as yet unknown to the inhabitants of the Pyrennees. The most fearful was that which was called “the cat.” A moveable wooden tower, strongly constructed, was built out of the reach of the besieged. When it was entirely covered with sheep-skins, with the fur outwards, to guard it from fire, and provided with soldiers at its openings, and on the platform at its summit, it was moved on rollers to the foot of the wall. Its side then opened, and an immense beam, armed with iron hooks, projected like the paw of a cat, shook the wall by reiterated strokes, after the manner of the ancient battering ram, and tore out, and pulled down, the stones which it had loosened. Simon de Montfort had constructed a cat, but the wide ditches of Lavaur prevented him from bringing it near enough to the walls. The crusaders, under the orders of Montfort, laboured unceasingly to fill up the ditch, whilst the inhabitants of Lavaur, who could descend into it by the subterranean passages, cleared away each night all that had been thrown in during the day. At last Montfort succeeded in filling the mines with flame and smoke, and thereby prevented the inhabitants from passing into them. The ditches were then speedily filled; the cat was pushed to the foot of the wall; and its terrible paw began to open and enlarge the breach. On the day of the finding of the holy cross, the 3d of May, 1211, Montfort judged the breach to be practicable. The crusaders prepared for the assault. The bishops, the abbot of Courdieu, who exercised the functions of vice-legat, and all the priests clothed with their pontifical habits, giving themselves up to the joy of seeing the carnage begin, sang the hymn “Veni Creator.” The knights mounted the breach. Resistance was impossible; and the only care of Simon de Montfort was to prevent the crusaders from instantly falling upon the inhabitants, and to beseech them rather to make prisoners, that the priests of the living God might not be deprived of their promised joys. “Very soon,” continues the monk of Vaux-Cernay, “they dragged out of the castle Aimery, lord of Montreal, and other knights, to the number of eighty. The noble count immediately ordered them to be hanged upon the gallows; but, as soon as Aimery, the stoutest among them, was hanged, the gallows fell; for, in their great haste, they had not well fixed it in the earth. The count, seeing that this would produce great delay, ordered the rest to be massacred; and the pilgrims, receiving the order with the greatest avidity, very soon massacred them all upon the spot. The lady of the castle, who was sister of Aimery, and an execrable heretic, was, by the count’s order, thrown into a pit, which was filled up with stones; afterwards, our pilgrims collected the innumerable heretics that the castle contained, *and burned them alive with the utmost joy.*” Open hostilities had not yet commenced between Simon de Montfort and the Count of Toulouse, but they followed immediately on the taking of Lavaur. The refusal to send provisions to the besiegers might serve as a pretext, but none was wanted for attacking those who were excommunicated. The castle of Montjoyre was the first place, immediately belonging to the Count of Toulouse, before which the crusaders presented themselves; and being abandoned, it was burned and rased from top to bottom by the soldiers of the church. The castle of Cassero afforded them more satisfaction, as it furnished human victims for their sacrifices. It was surrendered on capitulation; *and the pilgrims seizing nearly sixty heretics, burned them with infinite joy.* This is always the phrase employed by the monk, who was the witness and panegyrist of the crusade.—*History of the Crusades against the Albigenses.*

A POLISH JOKE.—During the reign of Stanislaus Poniatowsky, a petty noble having refused to resign to Count Thisenhaus his small estate, the count invited him to dinner, as if desirous of amicably adjusting the affair; and whilst the knight, in the pride of his heart at such unexpected honour, assiduously plied the bottle, the count despatched some hundreds of peasants with axes, ploughs, and waggons, ordering the village, which consisted only of a few wooden buildings, to be pulled down, the materials carried away, and the plough passed over the ground which the village had occupied. This was accordingly done. The nobleman, on his return home in the evening, could find neither road, house, nor village. The master and his servant were alike bewildered, and knew not whether they were dreaming, or had lost the power of discrimination, but their surprise and agony were deemed so truly humorous, that the whole court was delighted with the joke.—*Neale’s Travels.*

A GERMAN KITCHEN.—At Rastatt I went to see the small chateau called Favorite, built about a century ago by the Margravine Sibyl Augusta: it is a pretty place, and rewards a visit. There is a cool hall in the middle of the building, lighted from above, and adorned with four fountains. The apartments are none of them large, but they are fitted up in various and not unpleasing tastes; some tiled with china, some painted, some tapestried, some embroidered by the hand of the margravine herself and the ladies of her small court. There is one little chamber, the walls of which are entirely covered with looking-glass, japan gilt panelling, and a vast number of miniatures. Many of these are full-length forms, representing the margravine and her husband in masquerade dresses: some rich and gorgeous, as Turkish and Spanish; other prettily or joyously imagined, as those of hay-makers, reapers, shepherds, vine-dressers. But the kitchen is the true cabinet of curiosities, all things in it are in a character so fanciful and freakish. The cook's idol or dumb assistant is represented by a wooden figure, a bloated, fat squab of a gourmand; his paunch conceals numerous small drawers for holding spices and other rich ingredients of gout-giving condiments. Near it hangs a painted board, where, in compartments, the various materials for all high-seasoned and savoury dishes are duly displayed to assist the bewildered memory of that busiest and most important of personages, a head cook. In the closets and cupboards here you find glass and china of every sort and quality then known, and of various whimsical shapes. For instance, glass animals, or monsters, perform the part of cruets, and among the glasses for wine are numbers as quaint in form, and as capacious, as the Bear of Bradwardine. There is also a complete table service of china-ware, the cover of each dish representing that which is served up within, as turkey, peacock, wild-fowl, boar's head, artichokes, asparagus, cabbages. Two of these last, the large white-headed sort, and the rough green savoy, are done so inimitably, that they might, at a little distance, deceive the eye. It is impossible not to image to one's self the kind and playful merriment of the feast where these dishes made their first appearance.—*Notes and Reflections during a Ramble through Germany.*

CHINESE NOTIONS OF BEAUTY.—It is well known, that in China, a ridiculous custom prevails, of rendering the feet of their females so small, that they can with difficulty support their bodies. This is deemed a principal part of their beauty; and no swathing nor compression is omitted, when they are young, to give them this fancied accomplishment. Every woman of fashion, and every woman who wishes to be reckoned handsome, must have her feet so small, that they could easily enter the shoe of a child of six years of age. The great toe is the only one left to act with freedom; the rest are doubled down under the foot, in their tenderest infancy, and restrained by tight bandages, till they unite with, and are buried in, the sole. I have inspected a model of a Chinese lady's foot, exactly of this description, which I was assured was taken from life. The length was only two inches and three-fourths; the breadth of the base of the heel, seven eighths of an inch; the breadth of the broadest part of the foot, one and one-fourth of an inch; and the diameter of the ankle, three inches above the heel, one and seven-eighths of an inch.

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Gentil assures us, that the women, in the northern parts of China, employ every art to diminish their eyes. For this purpose, the girls, instructed by their mothers, extend their eyelids continually, with the view of making their eyes oblong and small. These properties, in the estimation of the Chinese, when joined to a flat nose, and large, open, pendulous ears, constitute the perfection of beauty.—*Dick's Philosophy of Religion.*

A GERMAN HOSTESS.—Beautiful is the drive, and the small town of Stertzingen, for cleanliness and brightness, and an aspect all its own, delights but defies description. Shame to me that I have lost the note with the name of its *none-such* inn. Though I am never likely to forget the house, yet cannot I tell any one who may ramble after me whether it be a Rose, or a Crown, or a *Golden Lion*, that hangs dangling before it. Here was an elderly landlady, a pattern of kind hospitality and motherly propriety, two fair daughters, clean and modest, and a stout and trusty kellerin, with black petticoat of ample folds, and keys enough, in number and size, for the warder of a castle. Her guardianship, however, is not over turrets and dungeons, but over closets and cellars, wines and meats, fruits and preserves, and all household com-

forts. There is no feature about the inns of the Tyrol more remarkable than the kellerin: she is a personage of the first importance; she makes all charges, and receives all payments; for which purpose she wears a large leathern pocket, or purse, which, like the tradesman's till, is emptied each evening. She is intrusted with all the household stores; she brings each traveller his meal, and blesses it; she brings him his wine-cup, and it is yet the custom, with all old Tyrolers, that she should, at least, put her lips to it. She is always addressed with kindness; "*Mein kind*," "My child," is the common phrase; and it is varied in warmth and tenderness, according to accidental circumstances. It is sometimes endearing, as "*Mein schönes kind*," "My pretty child;" "*Mein herz*," "My heart;" "*Mein schatz*," "My treasure." In general, however, although I have seen some of great beauty, the kellerin is a stout coarse active woman, with a frank readiness of service in her manner, and a plain pride of station—the pride of being trustworthy. It may be supposed that these phrases are not always used without some lightness by youthful travellers; yet is there a manner of employing them without any impropriety, and the very utterance is a pleasure, they beget so much kindness and good humour.—*Notes and Reflections during a Ramble in Germany.*

TRUTH THE LIGHT OF THE MIND.—There is that agreement between truth and the mind, that there is between light and the eye, which is the sense of pleasure, of the purest and most sublime pleasure. And surely, of all the creatures that have issued from the workmanship of omnipotence, there is none so pleasing, so refreshing, or rather so enlivening, as the light; which is that, that gives a seasonage to all other fruitions; that lays open the bosom of the universe, and shows the treasures of nature; and, in a word, gives opportunity to the enjoyment of all the other senses.

It is reported of a certain blind man, that he yet knew when a candle was brought into the room, by the sudden refreshment that he found caused by it upon his spirits. Now give me leave to show, that truth is as great a comforter to the soul. For what makes the studious man prefer a book before a revel? the rigours of contemplation and retirement, before merry meetings and jolly company? Is it because he has not the same appetites with other men, or because he has no taste of pleasure? No, certainly; but because a nobler pleasure has rendered those inferior ones tasteless and contemptible.

For is there any delight comparable to what reason finds, when it pursues a conclusion into all its consequences, and sees one truth grow out of another, and by degrees rise out of obscurity into evidence and demonstration? Do you think that the intent speculations of Archimedes were not infinitely more pleasing than the carouses of Epicurus? And if the embraces of natural truth be so transporting to a philosopher, what must the discovery of the supernatural revealed truths of the Gospel be to a Christian? where the pleasure is heightened according to the different worth of the object; where every truth comes recommended to the soul with a double excellency, its greatness and its concernment.—*South's Sermons.*

WALTZING IN GERMANY.—A ball is always a pleasant sight, if conducted with propriety and decorum; it is one which always gives a reflected pleasure to a middle-aged man, not the less sweet because somewhat sobered by the knowledge of the incredible swiftness with which the spring-time of life hurries by. It seems but yesterday to most men of my age and profession, that we could journey twenty miles to an assembly, dance the short night away, and back to the early muster of the troops; but twenty years have flown by with us, with all, since that yesterday: yet I hope we are none of us so churlish grown as to dislike an occasional ball, if it were only to see "lamps shining over fair women and brave men," and hearts beating happily. But this ball had the charm of novelty,—a German assembly, a circle of waltzers. I bear testimony, from attentive observation on this evening, to the extreme propriety and decorum with which the Germans dance this their national figure. I take the dance to be one of very great antiquity, as great, perhaps, as the very commencement of men and women joining in the dance together. The sacred dance of the East was entirely confined to the service of the temple, and mingled with their idolatrous rites, and is undoubtedly of the highest origin; but this I take to be the genuine offspring of the ancient German camps and settlements, where, before their huts, youth and damsel clasped each other, and moved in rude circlings to sound and song. The waltz, however, transplanted, becomes another thing, and is no longer the German dance. In Spain, for example, the dark beauties of the south transfuse into it all the warmth of their climate, and all

the voluptuousness of their natures. In England, again, I have noticed, from causes which it would not be difficult to trace, the waltz assumes a character either of great awkwardness and painful constraint, or of a bold, unblushing indecency, braving all-censure. Here it was not so: in points like these we are all the creatures of custom; and probably to the eye of the unaccustomed German, many parts of our old country dances may have appeared to have improprieties greater than his own. To him the waltz is customary and innocent; to us at home in Old England it neither is nor ought to be regarded as innocent, and will, I trust, never gain established favour. I have only spoken thus because the Germans are taunted with their passion for this dance, as if it stained and demoralized their whole country. I observed that such a thing as a lounge, or an insipid, who will not join in the dance, is not tolerated among them; for, in the cotillion part, a couple break out from the large circle, and setting to any bystander, he is led off to a waltz movement, before he has time to ungird his sword. Again, they have a custom, in parts, of taking each, from the assembled circle, the lady or gentleman of their choice, for one tour of waltzing, quitting for the time their actual partner;—a most pleasant privilege. I was exceedingly interested: the girls appeared to me to have great simplicity and frankness of manner; and there seemed an absence of all encumbering vanities in their dress. The music of the waltz has turns and cadences of a character most soft, most sweet; and where two hearts beat with a strong youthful attachment towards each other may certainly minister delightfully, and not without danger, to the silent language of the eye. I thought of all this as I looked on the cheerfully innocent smiles all round me, and remembered that a few years ago the gallant youth of Germany could only snatch these pleasures as they were hurried about, under one banner or another, to scenes of combat and death. I have dwelt too long on this, but the young and their pleasures are dear to me; moreover, such a picture belongs essentially to the aspect of German society.—*Notes and Reflections during a Tour in Germany.*

FOLLY OF RELYING ON A FUTURE REPENTANCE.—Let that man who promises himself a future repentance, and upon that confidence proceeds to sin, show me any solid satisfactory reason, why God may not cashier him in the very commission of that sin that he is designing. And then, whether it would not be the grimmest dispensation, that ever befell him, to be thrust out of the world with his sins about his ears; and so to be brought, as it were, in the very heat and steam of his offence, to render up an account for it at God's tribunal, before he had scarce finished the commission.

The events of to-morrow are neither within the compass of our understanding to know, or of our power to dispose of; wherefore the advice of the spirit, concerning the time of our repentance, is the same with that of St. Austin, who counselled his friend to repent a day before he died; which proceeding upon terms of rational certainty is to repent to day.

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The commission of sin is like the effusion of water, easily contained in its bounds, but uncontrollable in its course. We, indeed, may give it vent, but God alone knows where it will stop. Is not that man, therefore, stupidly ignorant who chooses to encounter his sin by a future repentance? Reason would argue and discourse thus: If I find that I have scarce power enough to resist my sin at present, shall I not have much less when time shall give it growth and strength, and as it were knit its joints and render it unconquerable?

It is here as with a man in a combat; every blow his adversary gives him, disables him for the very next resistance. A man at first finds the beginning and little inconveniences of a disease, but physic is unpleasant; and wistful he finds himself in a good competence of strength at present, and therefore he resolves to wear it out; but in the mean time his distemper eats on its way, and grows upon him, till at length he has not so much as strength to bear physic, but his disease quickly runs him down and becomes incurable.

A man at first is strong, and his sin is weak, and he may easily break the neck of it by a mature repentance; but his own deluding heart tells him, that he had better repent hereafter: that is, when, on the contrary, he himself is deplorably weak, and his sin invincibly strong.

Commission of sin may indeed wound, but it is continuance of sin that kills. A man by falling to the ground may perhaps get a bruise or a knock; but by lying on the ground after he is fallen, he may chance to catch his death.—*South's Sermons.*

LEVÉE OF THE PRIME-MINISTER OF A TURKISH PASHA.—We expressed a wish to be permitted to see the palace of the pasha, the castle, the armoury, and any other public building that might be deemed worthy of a stranger's attention, which, after some hesitation, arising from the peculiar circumstances of the government at the present moment, was at last acceded to.

As no regularly appointed pasha had yet replaced the late governor of Damascus, who had recently died on his route of return from the pilgrimage of Mecca, the administration of affairs was vested in the hands of his kihyah bey, or prime minister. A message was therefore sent in to an inner apartment of the palace, stating the nature of our visit, and the request we had preferred, when the bearer of it soon returned, and invited us, in the name of his master, to "the presence." We readily followed him, and found the venerable Turk seated in a small but richly-furnished apartment, guarded and attended by at least fifty handsome officers, all armed with sabres and dirks, and all superbly dressed. We were desired to seat ourselves on the sofa, beside these chiefs, before whom stood, in groups, an equal number of armed attendants, and were treated with great respect and attention. The rich Jew, Mellein Yusef, who conducted us to the presence of the kihyah bey, seated himself with the greatest possible humility on the floor beneath us, at the feet of his superiors, who occupied the sofa, first kneeling, and then sitting back, while kneeling, on the heels and soles of his feet, with these and his hands completely covered, in an attitude and with an air of the most abject and unqualified humiliation. Mr. Bankes was dressed as a Turkish effendi, or private or unmilitary person; I still continued to wear the less showy garments of the Christian merchant, with which I had replaced my Bedouin garb. The rich Jew was dressed in the most costly garments, including Cashmere shawls, Russian furs, Indian silks, and English broad cloth: all, however, being of dark colours, since none but the orthodox Mohammedans are allowed to wear either green, red, yellow, azure, or white, in any of their garments, which are, therefore, however costly in material, almost restricted to dark browns, blacks, and blues. Among the party was also a Moslem dervish, with a patch-work and party-coloured bonnet, of a sugar-loaf shape, and his body scarcely half covered with rags and tattered garments, his naked limbs obtruding themselves most offensively, and his general appearance being indecent and disgusting. It was impossible not to be struck forcibly with the different modes of reception and treatment adopted towards us, more particularly as contrasted with our real and apparent conditions. The Jew, who was by far the wealthiest and the most powerful of all present, who lived in the most splendid house in Damascus, and fed from his table more than a hundred poor families every day, who literally managed the great machine of government, and had influence enough, both here and at Constantinople, to procure the removal of the present bey from his post, if he desired it, was obliged to kneel in the presence of those who could not have carried on the affairs of government without his aid, while the dervish, contemptible alike for his ignorance and arrogant assumption of superiority, was admitted to the seat of honour, and, with ourselves, who were of a faith as far removed from their own as the Jew's, was served with coffee, sherbet, and perfumes, and treated by the attendants with all the marks of submission and respect.—*Buckingham's Travels among the Arab Tribe.*

LINDLEY MURRAY THE GRAMMARIAN'S ADVENTURE WITH AN ELEPHANT.—When I was in England in the year 1771, I went to see the elephants which were kept at the Queen's stables, Buckingham-house. Whilst I was gratifying myself with observing the huge creatures, and their various actions and peculiarities, I took occasion to withdraw from one of them a part of the hay, which he was collecting on the floor with his proboscis. I did this with my cane; and watched the animal very narrowly, to prevent a stroke from him, which I had reason to expect. The keeper said that I had greatly displeased the elephant, and that he would never forget the injury. I thought but little of this admonition at the time. But about six weeks afterwards, when I accompanied some other persons on a visit to the elephants, I found that, though probably several hundred people had been there since my preceding visit, the animal soon recognised me. I did not attempt to molest or tease him at all; and I had no conception of any concealed resentment. On a sudden, however, when I was supposed to be within the reach of his proboscis, he threw it towards me with such violence, that if it had struck me, I should probably have been killed, or have received some material injury. Happily for me, I perceived his intention, and being very active, I sprung out of his reach. To every other person present he was gentle and good tempered; and his enmity to me arose, as the keeper declared, solely from the circumstance of the little affront which I had formerly put upon him.—*Memoirs of Lindley Murray.*

LIKE LOVES LIKE.—My countryman Dante Alighieri, says Petrarch, was not long since one of the most eloquent speakers and writers of his native language, but more obstinate and unbending in his manners, and rather more free in his speech, than was agreeable to the delicate ears of the princes of our age. When after his expulsion from his own country, he resided with Cane Grande, at that time the general refuge and support of the unfortunate, he was at first highly esteemed; but things soon began to go wrong, and his patron to be less pleased with him from day to day. There were, at the same time, at that court, buffoons, jugglers, and loose persons of all kinds, as is customary. One of these, the most licentious and indecent in words and gestures, was the chief favourite of all. Cane, who suspected that Dante was angry on this account, one day led forth this buffoon publicly in company, and turning to the poet, said, "He should like to know how it happened that this man, who passed for a fool, nevertheless understood the art of pleasing the whole company, and was so much esteemed by them?" "You would not be at all surprised at that," replied Dante, drily, "if you were to consider that like always loves like."—*Forget Me Not for 1827.*

SAINTS IN THE EAST.—During my ramble (in Damascus) I observed a man of large stature, but deformed proportions, walking through the public street, without a single article of apparel; his head had been recently shaved, and he appeared wet all over, as if just come out from a fountain or bath; he had a short thick neck, large head, and projecting eyes, and his whole appearance was that of an idiot. I expressed my surprise at this, though aware that such scenes were not uncommon in Cairo and the towns of Upper Egypt; but it was so little a subject of wonder here, that scarcely any person regarded the naked wanderer, except to make way for him, and sometimes to salute him with respect as he passed. Several of the residents of the city afterwards assured me, that the same outrages to decency were committed by these privileged saints (for so all idiots are considered) in Syria as in Egypt; and that acts, which the most savage nations generally conceal under the garb of night, were performed by these men in the public streets and in the open day; while the passers by, instead of expressing their indignation at such a wanton insult to decorum and propriety, frequently offered up their prayers to heaven for a blessing on the parties submitted to this violation; and from a superstitious veneration for all idiots, as persons under the peculiar care and guidance of the Divine hand, regarding those who were chosen for their pleasures as pre-eminently favoured by Divine Providence! Such a horrid and revolting remnant of savage manners, rendered more depraved than they even could have become in a state of nature alone, and reducing mankind to the level of the beasts of the field, painful as it must be to know that it exists and is tolerated in any part of the globe, ought to be recorded as a trait of eastern manners generally (for it extends over the greater part of the African and Asiatic world), and as an illustration of the depth of depravity to which the dignity of man may be reduced, by the influence of despotism and superstition combined.—*Buckingham's Travels among the Arab Tribes.*

STUDY.—Study is a weariness without exercise, a laborious sitting still, that racks the inward, and destroys the outward man; that sacrifices health to conceit, and clothes the soul with the spoils of the body; and, like a stronger blast of lightning, not only melts the sword, but also consumes the scabbard.

Nature allows men a great freedom, and never gave an appetite but to be instrumental of enjoyment, nor made a desire, but in order to the pleasure of its satisfaction. But he that will increase knowledge must be content not to enjoy; and not only to cut off the extravagancies of luxury, but also to deny the lawful demands of convenience, to forswear delight, and look upon pleasure as his mortal enemy.

He must call that study that is indeed confinement; he must converse with solitude; walk, eat, and sleep thinking; read volumes, devour the choicest authors, and (like Pharaoh's kine) after he has devoured all, look lean and meagre. He must be willing to be weak, sickly, and consumptive; even to forget when he is hungry, and to digest nothing but what he reads.

He must read much, and perhaps meet with little; turn over much trash for one grain of truth; study antiquity till he feels the effects of it; and, like the cock in the fable, seek pearls in a dunghill, and perhaps rise to it as early. This is—

"Esse quod Arcesilas ærumnosique Solones:"

to be always wearing a meditating countenance, to ruminate, mutter, and talk to a man's self for want of better company; in short, to do all those things which in other men are counted madness, but in a scholar pass for his profession.—*South's Sermons.*

ENORMOUS SPIDER.—We slept tolerably well, though we were frequently tormented by the fear of being attacked by *phalanges*, a species of enormous spider, common enough in Tiflis and a part of Georgia. The phalange has something disgusting, and even terrific, at the first view. Its body, as large as a man's thumb, is mounted upon very short feet. This insect is very active; it has got a long neck and a mouth armed with teeth, with which it seizes its prey with an appearance of the most extraordinary fury. Having put two of these phalanges into a glass jar, they immediately rushed at and seized each other by the mouth. In this position, which gave neither the advantage, they remained for some time, the stronger dragging the other from time to time about. At length tired of the struggle, the smaller one fled, and ran up with great rapidity the smooth side of the jar. We shook the glass and made it fall, when the large phalange pounced upon it and seized it by the throat in such a manner that it could not make use of its teeth. In less than five minutes it detached the head from the body, and the insect expired in frightful convulsions. The conqueror then threw himself again upon his victim, and devoured it in an instant, with all the signs of the most intense voracity. People sometimes amuse themselves with making a scorpion and a phalange fight. The combat is a desperate one; but, generally speaking, the phalange comes off victorious: however, the victory costs him dear if he happen to be wounded during the struggle, as death usually ensues in half an hour afterwards. The person on whom one of those phalanges falls should have presence of mind enough to remain motionless, lest the insect, becoming irritated, should bite. However, the wound, though dangerous if no immediate remedy be applied, may be rendered harmless by rubbing, within a quarter of an hour, the part affected, with some unctuous substance, particularly oil, of which the Georgians always carry a phial full about them for the purpose.—*Voyage dans la Russie Meridionale.*

NOVEL WAY OF DOING HONOUR TO A GUEST.—A learned person of Vienna related to me the following circumstance, of which he was an eye witness. He had gone down into Hungary to spend a few days with one of its most respectable noblemen. Taking a walk with the count, one afternoon, over part of the grounds, they came upon some peasants, who were enjoying their own rustic amusements. The count imagined that one of them did not notice him, as he passed, with sufficient humility; he immediately sent a boy to his house for some servants, and, as soon as they appeared, ordered them to seize, bind, and lash the poor man. His orders were instantly executed. W——, thunderstruck at the causeless barbarity, entreated the count to put an end to such a punishment for so trivial an offence, if it was one at all. The answer was, "What! do you intercede for such a brute? He is no nobleman. That these people may not think any body cares about them, give him twenty more, my lads, in honour of W——," and they were administered.—*Tour in Germany in 1820-21-22.*

ADVANTAGE OF CHOOSING A WIFE BY PROXY.—Among other observations, we took occasion to enquire, whether the practice of the elders and eldresses (of the sect of the Moravians) in selecting a partner for a young man who wished to marry, was not sometimes attended with serious inconveniences. But they seemed to have no doubt, that this regulation produced more happy marriages, than would be effected by leaving the parties to choose for themselves. A lively and sensible person, with whose conversation we were particularly pleased, took occasion to give us his own experience on the subject. He expressed himself to the following effect. "When I wished to change my situation in life, I applied to one of our elders, and communicated the matter to him. He asked me whether I had any particular young woman in view; I replied in the negative, and that I wished my superiors to choose for me. Pleased with my answer, and the confidence reposed in them, he assured me that the greatest care should be taken, to select for me a partner, who would be, in every respect, proper for me. The elders and eldresses consulted together; and, after a suitable time, fixed on a young woman, whose disposition and qualifications were correspondent to my own, and which they thought were adapted to make me happy. We were introduced to each other in the presence of our superiors. The interview was favourable: we became mutually attached; and in a short time we were married. The event has perfectly answered our most sanguine hopes. I probably should not have chosen so happily, if I had been left to decide for myself; but I am certain I could not have made a better choice." He concluded his observations with a degree of animation and satisfaction, which precluded all doubt of the truth of his assertions.—*Memoirs of Lindley Murray.*

ANECDOTE OF VOLTAIRE.—Obstinate to excess, by character and by system, Voltaire had, even in little things, an incredible repugnance to yield, and to renounce what he had resolved on. I again saw a singular instance of it just before his departure to Prussia. He had taken a fancy to carry a cutlass with him on his journey; and one morning, when I was at his house, a bundle of them was brought, that he might choose. But the cutler wanted twenty shillings for the one that pleased him; and Voltaire took it into his head that he would give but fifteen. He then begins to calculate in detail what it may be worth; he adds, that the cutler bears in his face the character of an honest man, and that, with such good faith written on his forehead, he cannot but confess will be well paid at fifteen shillings. The cutler accepts the eulogy on his face, but answers that, as an honest man, he has but one word; that he asks no more than the thing is worth; and that were he to sell it at a lower price, he should wrong his children. "What! you have children, have you?" asked Voltaire. "Yes, sir, I have five; three boys and two girls, the youngest of whom is just twelve." "Well! we'll think about placing your boys, and marrying your girls: I have friends in the treasury, I have some credit in the public offices. But let's finish this little affair: here are your fifteen shillings; say no more about it." The good cutler was confused in thanking Voltaire for the protection with which he was pleased to honour him; but he still kept to his first word about the price of the cutlass, and did not abate one farthing. I abridge this scene, which lasted a quarter of an hour, with the turns of eloquence and seduction that Voltaire employed in vain—not to save five shillings, that he would have given to a beggar, but to prevail by the power of persuasion. He was obliged to yield, and with a troubled, indignant, confused air, threw the crown upon the table which he relinquished so unwillingly. The cutler, when he had got his money, returned him thanks for his favours, and went away. "I am very glad," said I, in a low voice, as I saw him go out. "Of what?" said Voltaire, angrily; "What are you glad of?" "That this honest man's family is no longer to be pitied. His sons will soon be placed; his daughters married; he in the meantime has sold his cutlass for what he wanted; and you have paid it, in spite of all your eloquence." "And this is what you are glad of, you obstinate Limosin!" "Oh, yes; I am quite pleased; if he had yielded it to you, I believe I should have beaten him." "Do you know," said he, laughing in his sleeve, after a moment's silence, "that if Molière had been witness to such a scene, he would have turned it to some profit." "Indeed," said I, "it would have been the counterpart to that of M. Demanche." It was thus that with me his anger, or rather his petulance, always terminated in gentleness and friendship.—*Memoirs of Marmontel.*—*Series of Autobiography.*

CURIOUS INSTANCE OF COURTESY IN DUELLING.—The not having wounded an enemy in a duel, was a stigma of shame, even after fighting with undaunted courage; and though dying from the blows of an adversary, it was disgraceful not to have given him a wound. Two friends having fought, one who had received no hurt brought the other to the ground, who lay weltering in his blood; upon which his adversary, actuated by pity, ran to raise him up, and yield assistance. The wounded man believing he was on the point of death, conjured his opponent, in the name of their former friendship, that he would extend his courtesy so far as to counterfeit his having been wounded, and carry his arm for a few days in a sling. The victor acquiesced, and proceeded to smear himself with the blood of his adversary, binding a handkerchief round his arm, and stating that he had been lacerated in the course of the duel. The wounded individual, however, subsequently recovered, when the two gentlemen renewed their former amity, and continued firmly attached during the remainder of their lives.—*Brantome's Treatise on Duels.*

CLERICAL REPARTEE.—Andrews, bishop of Winchester, and Neale, bishop of Durham, were standing behind the king's chair, when James I. asked the bishops, "My lords, can I take my subjects' money when I want it?" The Bishop of Durham immediately replied, "God forbid, sir, but you should; you are the breath of our nostrils." Upon which the king turned to the Bishop of Winchester, and added, "My lord, what say you?" "Sir," replied the bishop, "I have no skill in parliamentary cases." The king then said, "No put offs, my lord; answer me presently." "Then, sir," rejoined the bishop, "I think it lawful for you to take my brother Neale's money, for he offers it."—*General Biographical Dictionary.*

MEPHITIC WEASELS.—Most surprising accounts have been given, by almost all writers on the animals of America, of certain weasels, found in various parts of that continent, which are provided by nature with a very singular but effectual mode of defence, in the power they possess, of emitting, at will, a most insupportable and disgusting stench, which seems equally noxious to every animal, those of their own species only excepted. Such extraordinary powers of defence seem the more unaccountable, when it is considered, that the predacious habits of these animals, in common with the weasels in general, seem rather to demand means and weapons for offensive operations, with which, indeed, they are otherwise well provided, than so strange a protection against the attacks of others. Timidity of disposition, accompanied with celerity of motion, afford a frequently availing defence to many of the herbivorous animals against their natural enemies; but it is not apparent why extraordinary powers, for mere self-preservation, should be granted to animals, whose existence depends on their capability of overcoming and destroying others; and it does not appear that they actually capture or destroy their prey by means of their vapour, but merely call it into action when irritated or attacked, simply in self-defence.—*Griffith's Translation of Cuvier's Animal Kingdom.*

ANIMAL AND VEGETABLE DIET.—The inhabitants of the northern extremities of Europe and Asia, the Esquimaux, and the people of Terra del Fuego, live entirely on flesh, and that often raw, and yet in strength, size, and courage, are far inferior to the rest of mankind. This proves that animal diet does not necessarily confer moral and physical energy. Again, vegetable diet is not connected with weakness and cowardice. The Greeks and Romans subsisted chiefly on vegetable preparations, at a period when their valour and energy rendered them the terror and admiration of surrounding nations. The Irish and Scotch, who are not weaker than ourselves, live chiefly on vegetable aliment. The Swedes under Gustavus and Charles were herbivorous and invincible. The Negroes, distinguished for all kinds of physical energy, live chiefly in the same way; and so do the South Sea islanders, whose agility and strength were found infinitively to surpass those of our stoutest sailors. On the other hand, the debilitating effects of animal food are altogether without foundation; there is not a vestige of evidence that any period ever existed when the whole human race abstained from flesh, and lived in a state of perfect innocence and profound repose. This golden age of immaculate virtue is but the creation of poetical fancy, or the offspring of the heated brains of some visionary enthusiasts. That the use of animal food is consistent with the utmost energy both of mind and body, is proved by the experience of every individual. But all history testifies on this subject with a voice from which there is no appeal. The myriads of Hindoos who subsist on vegetable diet are held in subjection by a few hundreds of Europeans. When the ancient Romans abandoned this vegetable diet, they did not decline in moral and physical energy, or in political power. Look at the diet of that nation, which has produced some of the most illustrious names in the records of the human race, whether in literature, science, political, civil, or military eminence; the country of Shakspeare, Newton, Locke, and Milton. With such examples before us, it is monstrously absurd to assert that animal food is productive of any detrimental effect on the developement and powers of the human mind and body.—*Griffith's Translation of Cuvier's Animal Kingdom.*

POWER OF THE MUSCLES.—One of the most wonderful properties of the muscles is the extraordinary force they exert, although they are composed of such slender threads or fibres. The following facts, in relation to this point, are demonstrated by the celebrated Borelli, in his work, *De Motu Animalium*. When a man lifts, with his teeth, a weight of two hundred pounds, with a rope fastened to the jaw-teeth, the muscles named *Temporalis* and *Massetes*, with which people chew, and which perform this work, exert a force of above fifteen thousand pounds weight. If any one hanging his arm directly downwards, lifts a weight of twenty pounds with the third or last joint of his thumb, the muscle which bends the thumb, and bears that weight, exerts a force of about three thousand pounds. When a man, standing upon his feet, leaps or springs forward to the height of two feet, if the weight of such a man be one hundred and fifty pounds, the muscles employed in that action will exert a force two thousand times greater; that is to say, a force of about three hundred thousand pounds. The heart, at each pulse or contraction, by which it protrudes the blood out of the arteries into the veins, exerts a force of above a hundred thousand pounds.—*Dick's Christian Philosopher.*

MERCY OF A DESPOT.—The porter of the mosque near the bazaar is a man with one eye. The person who accompanied us thus accounted for the loss of the other eye. This man, a Tartar, was one of the officers of the household of the late Kan, and had the general superintendence of the palace. According to the etiquette of Oriental palaces, the officers, when going through the courts, should hold their heads bowed down, and their hands crossed on their breast. One day this unfortunate man inadvertently raised his eyes towards the apartments, out of which were looking the Kan and one of his women. He was immediately called into the presence of the Kan, who asked him, in a tone of great severity, with which of his eyes he had seen the Sultana. The man replied, with his right eye; and the Kan ordered it to be immediately torn from his head. This did not prevent the Tartar from remaining in his service till the death of his master. This cruelty is, however, not to be wondered at in a country where the loss of eyes is often considered as a favour—it being substituted for the punishment of death. When Massanderan was invaded by the first Chah of Persia of the present reigning dynasty, the eunuch Aga-Mahomet Kan, one of his generals, took a town by assault after an obstinate resistance. When he had assuaged his first fury by a very extended massacre, he then entered into a composition with the chiefs of the city, relative to sparing the lives of the remainder of the inhabitants. A pardon was granted them on condition of their delivering to him ten pounds of human eyes!"—*Voyage dans la Russie Meridionale.*

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APPENDIX TO THE BLACK BOOK.

THE pamphlet bearing the above title, gives an alphabetical list of the New House of Commons, and the politics, places, connexions, or character of each member. This is a kind of work to which we are generally disposed to attach little value; but we observe features in the performance before us not common to its class, that entitle it to respect and notice. It is executed in a spirit of fairness, and in some points with considerable cleverness. Errors in statement there are, and also miscarriages in judgment; but the first may easily be corrected, and the second are fewer in number than we could have anticipated, considering the nature of the design, which must needs put the justice of the writer to a severe trial. An idea of the plan of the pamphlet will be better conveyed by example than by description. The rank and file of the Honourable House are told of shortly, with a dry enumeration of their places, connexions, or political *accidents*, as the metaphysicians might call them—for instance, to take the first name:—

‡ Abercromby, James, *Calne*, (the place for which he sits,) brother of Lord Abercromby; a commissioner of bankrupts. Two brothers in the army, and his mother a pension: attended regularly; a plain argumentative speaker, bold and persevering in his objects.

Attached to the names of the more leading men, are sketches of their characters, struck off for the most part with spirit and shrewdness. We extract by way of specimen, a portrait of Sir Francis Burdett, by a hand manifestly radical—but certainly impartial, and we think just:—

Burdett, Sir Francis, *Westminster*, a son an officer in the 10th Dragoons.

Men in power, or in high popular favour, are often much more benefited by censure than praise; in either case, they are apt to feel self-importance enough, without it being augmented, or their usefulness diminished, by inconsiderate confidence and admiration. Besides, it is the nature of panegyric to exalt its object in the same degree it depresses those from whom it proceeds, and thus, on one hand, it tends to generate arrogance and conceit; on the other, to produce unseemly humiliation and self-abasement. Something of this kind appears latterly to have been growing up between “*Westminster’s Pride*” and his constituents; he has been flattered and trusted

‡ This is the mark of an oppositionist.

so long, till he really seems to despise the honours thrust upon him. One cannot otherwise account for the *laches* in his parliamentary history. No one doubts his integrity or abilities; all that is complained of is a want of zeal and activity in the discharge of his representative duties. If the baronet be sick of public life, he had better retire from the stage at once, and not fill one of the highest posts the people can bestow by the mere fragrance of his name. Of late years, Westminster has not been represented at all; her principles have not been expounded, nor has she exerted the influence in the legislature she ought, from the number, intelligence, and public spirit of the electors. By what hocus-pocus management, then, is Sir Francis continued in the representation, and this too, after he has felt, or affected to feel, indifferent to a seat in Parliament? Among the numerous farces enacted during the general election, none was more disgusting than the way in which the "baronet and his man" were shoved into Parliament, without any questions being asked, any pledge received, and scarcely with a return of thanks for the honour conferred. I will venture to predict such a juggling ceremony will not be so easily repeated. The electors begin to perceive they may be disseized of their franchises as well by the intrigues of a little knot of under-ground politicians as by a peer of the realm. It behoves them to be on the alert in future: usage soon grows into prescription: and the baronet, in process of time, by their tame acquiescence, may claim the representation of Westminster as a patrimonial adjunct, instead of a trust for the benefit of his constituents.

Another indication in Sir Francis seems to disqualify him for a popular leader and representative; as he grows older, he appears to grow more aristocratic in his views of society.* The baronet was never suspected of republicanism, his prepossessions were always in favour of birth and Norman descent, and he certainly never indulged the idea that mankind should be all placed on the *paré*, and left to start fair for the honours and advantages of society, the prizes being the reward of the best and the wisest. His political views were limited to the renovation of some Saxon scheme of liberty, in which there were lords without control, and a peasantry without rights: in short, his object was to pull down those above him, rather than raise up and assimilate to his own grade those beneath him.

The hon. baronet is much devoted to rural sports, and, I confess, I never knew one of the Nimrod tribe who entertained very enlightened or exalted notions of human liberty. We have an illustration of this position in the general character of the country magistracy. If such men affect popular principles, all they aim at is greater license, a wider chase, and free warren for themselves, not any community of privilege with their fellow men. If greater lords than themselves wish to control the enjoyment of these, they are eager to abate the obstruction; but, as to the bulk of the people, they conceive they are only born to *beat the bushes*.†

It is, doubtless, from these early impressions, the baronet conceived the aversion he expressed in the last session of Parliament, to the French law of succession, and a minute sub-division of landed property. Sir Francis has no idea of abridging the domain of the "lords of the soil," though it might create food for the famishing, or freeholds for the disfranchised.

In conclusion, one may hope that, on a future occasion, Westminster will be more adequately represented: the present members are men of little mark, and no efficiency whatever, and though they would be good enough for any other place, they are not sufficiently so for a city which has been long held up as an example to others, and a sort of conservatory of popular principles and public spirit; it is the only patch of territory the Reformers have been able to reclaim from the waste of corruption, and it is a pity it should be over-shadowed by two mere sun-flowers like Sir Francis and Mr. Hobhouse.

This is the style of the full-length pictures, and we think it decidedly good; but the briefer description, giving in a few strokes, the party's circumstances and political attitude, which we may call the *dot and line* work, is by no means of inferior efficiency. Much of it

* La Fayette declared that he could not have supposed it possible that any man could be so aristocratical as he found Sir Francis Burdett.—*Reviewer*.

† The courts of law, in their well-known zeal to give the utmost possible latitude to the liberties of the subject, in their interpretation of the 5 Anne, c. 14, which is the statute under which offences against the game-laws are usually prosecuted, have determined that a qualified person may take out with him a person *not* qualified, to *beat the bushes and see a hare killed*!

is piquant reading, and suggests many inferences by few words. We fear, however, that some really worthy men will take more offence at the miniatures of them, intended to be favourable, than others will do at the severer portraits. How will Lord Althorpe—a thoroughly well meaning nobleman—like to see himself exhibited in these terms?—

‡ Althorp, Viscount, *Northamptonshire*, eldest son of Earl Spencer: attended regularly, spoke rather often; voted with the opposition; a sensible *but tedious speaker*.

Another:—

‡ Bright, Henry, *Bristol*, barrister-at-law; voted for retrenchment, not for reform; a *dull speaker*.

The next name belongs to a man of a very different stamp from either of the above, and comes with a sweeping train of titles which tell with sufficient plainness the honour in which their owner should be held:—

† Brogden, James, *Launceston*; chairman of the committee of ways and means in the House of Commons, director of the Arigna Iron and Coal Company, director of the Equitable Loan Bank, director of the Australian Agricultural Association, director of the Provincial Bank, director of the London and Birmingham Railway, director of the Waterloo Bridge Company, chairman of the United Gas Company, chairman of the Protector Fire-Office; also director or trustee of the Eastland Company, Rock Insurance Company, and the Russia Company.

Here the author of the Black Book should have stopped. He has, however, injudiciously added a character which rather weakens than strengthens the impression conveyed by this remarkable piece of blazonry. The titles, like the late Lord Londonderry's potatoes, "speak for themselves."

We have observed that errors must be expected in a production of this kind. There is one respecting the Scott family, that should be corrected, as it would give the world to suppose that Lord Eldon had strangely neglected one of his sons; while the truth is, that he has but one to provide for out of the public purse—

* Scott, Hon. W. Gaton, son of Earl Eldon, vice J. W. Russell, who voted with opposition.

† Scott, W. H. E. *Newport*, another son of Lord Eldon, whose offices in possession and reversion, are as under—

| | | | |
|--|--------|----|----|
| Registrar of Affidavits in Chancery (by deputy)..... | £ 1260 | 14 | 10 |
| Clerk of Letters Patent in Chancery, (do.)..... | 451 | 5 | 5 |
| Receiver of Fines in Chancery, (do.)..... | 581 | 2 | 10 |
| Cursitor for London and Middlesex, (do.)..... | 500 | 0 | 0 |
| Reversion of Clerk of the Crown in Chancery | 1081 | 0 | 0 |
| Reversion of Execution of Bankrupt Laws | 4554 | 0 | 0 |
| Commissioner of Bankrupts..... | 350 | 0 | 0 |

Lord Eldon is not chargeable with the partiality which might be inferred from this statement. Had his lordship had as many sons as King Priam, he would doubtless, like an equitable parent, have quartered them all on the public, and given to each his fair share of the good things. The public pocket would have been large enough for W. Scott and W. H. E. Scott, had W. Scott been another son; but the fact is, that Lord Eldon has but one son, and, as if to multiply his being, he puts him in many places. The Irish say, that a man cannot be in two places at once, like a bird; but it is proved, that a Scott can be in seven. When a chancellor has only one son,

* The mark of a new member.

† The mark of a ministerialist.

he probably thinks it a duty to make him go a great way in *the public service*; and Lord Eldon, it must be admitted, has practised good housewifery in this particular. In order, however, not utterly to overwhelm the individual appointed to so many profitable posts, one thing was necessary, and that was, to give him nothing to do, and this point of prudence has been most carefully observed. There are two kinds of places with us; the places which the man *fills*, as the phrase goes, and the places which fill the man. Persons who have the power of election pretty uniformly choose the last, because no capacity is requisite for it, except that common to every one of God's creatures possessed of the ordinary proportion of breeches pocket—the capacity of receiving. The genius of the Eldons in this department is ample; and there is no quantity of place which they are not competent to hold, provided only that they be of the right sort, and that there are no duties to be discharged.

The other Mr. Scott named in the Black Book is the son of Lord Stowell, brother of Lord Eldon, but an incomparably superior man.

There is no country in the world in which the caprices of fashions have such sway as in England. We have our fashions in eating and drinking, our fashions in physicking, our fashions in morals, in all things, not excepting politics and politicians. The estimation of public men is very rarely indeed determined by their powers and disposition to make a good or bad use of them. Something more seems necessary, and that mysterious something particular men have not the advantage of possessing. Mr. Brougham is one of these. He has never been the fashion; or rather it has been the fashion to undervalue him both in respect of talent and utility. A French traveller styled him "*un orateur de mauvais ton*;" and with a people so vehemently set on being polite as ourselves, and so violently averse to every thing *ungenteel*, this charge, if founded, would be a very serious bar to the ascendancy of a public man; but we fear that there have been, and are, more solid stumbling-blocks in the way of Mr. Brougham; and if they are, as we think they are, correctly described in his character in the Black Book, there would appear to be some reason for the fashion against him, though we much question whether it has in any degree been influenced by so respectable a cause.

Brougham, Henry, *Winchelsea*, Barrister-at-law.

The political tendencies and acquirements of this member have been so often set forth, that it would be a waste of the reader's time to indulge in disquisition on so trite a theme. A strange fatality seems to attend every project to which Mr. Brougham directs his efforts; no one has abounded in more useful suggestions, nor evinced greater and more searching powers in the exposition of abuses; yet it cannot be said he has originated and carried through a single measure by which the community has been materially benefited. This is a very "lame and impotent conclusion" after a public life of great bustle and considerable duration.

Mr. Brougham's exposure of the abuses of charitable foundations, by which he showed the poor had been robbed of near two millions of annual revenue by Bishops, Parsons, and Gormandizing Corporations, did him infinite honour, but nothing useful has resulted from the discovery of this mine of pious plunder. The learned gentleman suffered his bill on the subject to be frittered of all its usefulness and efficiency; the job got into the hands of commissioners, who, with enormous salaries, have been perambulating the country for years, under the pretext of investigation; they have published thirteen folio volumes of reports, and have thrown part of the property into Chancery, but not a shilling appears yet to have been saved from the cormorants, and applied to the uses for which it was originally intended. All this delay and cumbrous

machinery might have been saved; a single bill for a general restitution, or a local inquiry by persons not interested, was all that was needed.

I pass over the honourable member's Libel Bill, and his Bill for Universal Education; they were both so ill-concocted that they pleased no party, and came to nothing. The last project which has fallen under his paralysing touch, is the London University, and even this great and salutary scheme appears either dead or struggling for life under the influence of his baneful countenance. What the learned gentleman chiefly desiderates [a vile Americanism for *wants*] is more concentration of purpose; like water spread upon a plain his great powers are lost by diffusion; it is true, such discursive irrigation may fertilize, for a season, an extensive surface, but it is too *weak* to turn a mill, or produce permanent and visible effects.

Another cause which impedes the usefulness of this really worthy man, and creates misgivings among his friends, is the uncertainty of his *moral* and *political* organization: he is not gay and profligate enough for a Tory; he is too independent for a Whig partizan, which dotting faction never forgave him calling their late Grand Lama, Ponsonby, "an old woman;" still he is often too circumspect and *personal* in his pursuits for a thorough patriot or reformer; and his late repulsive and snappish behaviour at Appleby shows that nature never intended him for a popular leader. These points are all exemplified in the honourable member's wiry and sinuous career, from his first introduction to Mr. Pitt, through his curvettings with the Westminster Reformers, to his final and hopeless fixation in the Whig Slough of Despond.

Leaving these general touches, I shall come to a subject on which Mr. Brougham is entitled to unqualified praise; I mean his efforts in favour of Popular Education. In the promotion of this noble object his endeavours have been unceasing and invaluable, and he is the more entitled to gratitude because it is a pursuit from which he can expect no personal advantage, while the benefits he may confer are incalculable. There is one point connected with the MECHANICS' INSTITUTIONS, in the success of which he takes so deep an interest, to which I should wish to call his attention. It is a pity, I think, the conductors of them should so exclusively direct their attention to the diffusion of a knowledge of the merely *physical sciences*: without depreciating any branch of knowledge, it is not conceivable how the lot of the working classes can be bettered by an acquaintance with mechanics, acoustics, electricity, galvanism, and other branches of natural philosophy, which constitute the reiterated topics of institutional lectures. The miseries of society, in my opinion, result much more from moral and political causes than a want of physical knowledge and power. Nature has given to man fertile land, sun, and air to produce his food, and it is the waste or misappropriation of the product of these—her almost spontaneous gifts—that chiefly creates ignorance, penury, and dependence.

Political economy is a science of general application; every one, as landlord, merchant, or workman, being interested in the laws which regulate rent, profit, or wages. It also elucidates the important relation between subsistence and population. Till this great problem is universally understood, we cannot look forward to any permanent improvement in the condition of the people. Physical science may augment our productive powers, new machinery may be invented, rail-roads may be constructed, and the application of steam extended, still the lot of the people will not be improved. Wages will be no higher, provisions no cheaper, the hours of labour no shorter; the only result being that they will be *more numerous*, their dependent and necessitous condition remaining the same as before.

Why, too, not have more frequent discourses on the medical art? It is lamentable to observe how much misery results from ignorance of the human constitution—the properties of food—the regulation of air and exercise—and other means by which the health is preserved and the constitution invigorated.

The foundation of laws and morals might be explained, and the connexion between these and individual and social happiness would open a delightful field for eloquence and elucidation. History, especially of our own country, and, more particularly, that portion of it which refers to the rise of cities and towns, and the emancipation of the great body of the people from a state of worse than West-Indian bondage, would form an instructive inquiry. To these might be added, geology, organic remains, and natural history; which would, I think, form popular themes; they would liberalize and expand the mind, abstract it from gross and vulgar pursuits, and create an appetite for intellectual research and disquisition.

I have only one more suggestion to submit to Mr. Brougham: I trust, as soon as the new parliament assembles, he will move for the repeal of the 1 Geo. IV. c. 9, that act which restrains the sale of CHEAP PUBLICATIONS, by fixing the minimum of

price at which they may be sold, and the smallest number of square inches of paper on which a writer may circulate his ideas. This vaudal law was passed during the administration of that poor, illiterate, and short-sighted mortal, the Marquis of Londonderry. It is nothing less than a tax on the knowledge of the poor, and its injustice and iniquity can only be equalled by that which taxes the bread they eat for the support of an over-grown aristocracy. Such a motion is required of Mr. Brougham for two reasons; first, to evince the sincerity of his wish to enlighten the popular mind; secondly, as an atonement for a former error, when moving on one of his political tacks, he launched into declamatory invectives on the seditious and blasphemous tendency of the "two-penny trash." It is true, all the cheap publications were not conducted with "absolute wisdom;" some of them were diabolical in their object, vulgar, violent, and un-English in the extreme; but along with these evils considerable good resulted. They generated a taste for reading, inculcated a feeling of independence, gave the people a glimpse of their importance in the social scale, and, no doubt, sowed the seeds of that intellectual activity which promoted the establishment of the mechanics' institutions, and diffused a thirst for an acquaintance with natural and mechanical truth.

Mr. Canning is, perhaps a better example of the caprices of fashion. He is the rage just now: all parties and all people delight in doing him honour. He had the luck of coming into office under peculiarly favourable circumstances; had the devil himself succeeded to Lord Londonderry, the devil would have become amazingly popular, and people would have agreed that so far from being as black as he was painted, he was in fact as fair as an angel. This is not however the case of Mr. Canning; he is neither black nor white, but of a brown complexion, which will wear tolerably well, and not show the dirt. His claims to popularity are fairly and shrewdly examined in the Black Book:—

§ Canning, Right Hon. George, *Newport*, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, commissioner of the Affairs of India, and receiver-general of the Alienation Office.

If the public do not feel any high respect for, nor confidence in, public men, the latter have some reason to hold in no very high estimation popular opinion. There is, perhaps, no public character who unites the general suffrage more strongly in his favour than the present member; yet, only a few years since, no one was the object of more general hatred and acrimonious abuse. One never hears any allusion now to the "Lisbon Jobber," to the merciless joker, who could turn into mirth and ribaldry the "revered and ruptured Ogden," nor to the "brazen-faced bully of corruption;" even a Radical would be shocked to apply such coarse epithets to so "respectable a gentleman." How comes this transition in public feeling? Is it that there is on earth, as in heaven, more joy over one sinner brought to repentance, than over ninety-nine who have always been righteous?

But the truth is, the right hon. gentleman is neither reclaimed nor converted; the folly is in the public suddenly passing from one extreme to another. Mr. Canning was always a very clever man, a gentleman of high honour and accomplishment, and, though a *Walpolian*, a fair and open one, who never pursued selfish ends under the guise of patriotism, cant, or hypocrisy. These are redeeming qualities with all just and generous spirits, and ought to have screened him from the extreme hate and obloquy to which he has been exposed. On the other hand, Mr. Canning is not a subject to raise into a popular idol; he is not the *friend of the People*; he is a monarchical man, whose sympathies are all with the privileged classes, and whose *beau-ideal* of society may be likened to a converging amphitheatre, in which there are a select few railed off on the upper benches in state and luxury, while the great bulk are doomed to live and toil merely for their sustenance and amusement.

The right hon. gentleman has been highly extolled for the change he has effected in the foreign policy of the empire; what great changes are meant, I do not precisely comprehend,—he is said to have emancipated the country from the car of the Holy Alliance. None but the driveling intellect of his predecessor would ever have thought of rendering a great power like England subservient to the politics of the continental states, or assimilating her measures to those of nations from which she is so widely separated by religion, knowledge, and the nature of her institutions. Such a scheme

was too absurd and disgraceful, it might be supposed, even for the intellectual grasp of an Eldon or a Wellington, and would have been eschewed by a statesman of far inferior mind and magnanimity to the foreign secretary.

Mr. Canning, too, is justly lauded for the liberal tone he has lately assumed in his speeches, and which may be ascribed to two causes:—First, he is too enlightened to join the mere bigots in their apprehensions from concessions to the Catholics, and some other changes, which, instead of endangering, would, if they produced any effect at all, give strength and permanency to established institutions. Secondly, the times have altered, the spirit of reform and innovation is laid or slumbering, and a man may profess liberal principles without being called upon to reduce them to practice. In these days of tranquillity, he, as well as another, may as well wear the grace of general philanthropy, attachment to free institutions, and declaim against that spirit of darkness which would check the march of the human mind, and send Galileo to prison for explaining the true nature of the earth's motion. [See Parliamentary Debates last session, in which the right hon. gentleman indulged his rhetorical powers in a way which very much amused all who knew him.] A similar state existed prior to the French revolution; Burke, and other talented adventurers, openly advocated principles and doctrines, which they abandoned the moment they were about seriously to be adopted. Should those prime parts of the constitution, Gatton and Sarum, be again in jeopardy, a similar change will probably be effected in the tone of the foreign secretary; he will take to his old weapons, and be as racy in his jokes, as keen in his ridicule, and bitter in his hostility to reformers and innovators as ever.

It may be added, that since Mr. Canning has been in office, he has occupied himself, with great industry, in strengthening his position, and securing the ground around him. Every appointment in his gift has been bestowed with one object only—connexion. Qualification for the public service is a thing wholly disregarded, he looks only to his private service; probably arguing, that what serves him must eventually serve the nation. Therefore, when he strengthens himself by giving an important place to a noodle lord, and so gains over an influential family, he perhaps thinks, that in thus fortifying his own possession of office, he is promoting the interests of the state, by securing to it the guidance of the best of all possible pilots. Deeming himself all sufficient, he looks to nothing in his subalterns but their alliances;—"find me aristocratical connexion," he says, "and I alone will supply the ability for all departments under me."

That Mr. Canning feels pretty confident of his hold of office, may be inferred from the fact, that he has caused an immense sum to be expended for the adornment of the Foreign Office in Downing-street. He has a passion for water-closets, and has increased and multiplied them in that house to such an extent, that each inhabitant may now boast a plurality of these conveniences—they present what the late Lord Londonderry would have called "*the fundamental feature*" of the improvements.

We pass from Mr. Canning to the portrait of a very different manner of man, drawn with some harshness, perhaps, but with an outline generally true. Few men have ever started with a better capital of reputation than Mr. Hobhouse, or more grievously disappointed expectation. He had prodigious fame *on credit*; but it was too soon discovered that there were no effects to meet the demands on him, which were far beyond his means. Nevertheless, he is a clever man, and a well-meaning man, we believe, but not an eighth wonder of the world, as was given out on his *debut* in public life.

Hobhouse, John Cam, *Westminster*, son of Sir Benjamin Hobhouse, first commissioner for investigating the debts of the Carnatic; the member's uncle is under

secretary of state: attended regularly, and spoke on several occasions with considerable animation.

After this member had renewed his diploma for Westminster, by which he is privileged from arrest for debt for the next seven years, and allowed to send his letters free of postage, he set out, it was stated in the Morning Chronicle, to "join his friend the Duke of Devonshire," [the writer might have added here, leaving the Greek affairs, which he had undertaken, to shift for themselves,] in order to be present at the coronation of the new Russian despot. At first, Mr. Hobhouse was considered almost a republican, and while this effervescence lasted, his patriotism was constantly exhaling in the form of anonymous letters, pamphlets, and tavern speeches; afterwards, by a lucky incarceration in Newgate, he obtained a seat in the "Collective," which put an extinguisher on his usefulness, and he sunk into a jog-trot oppositionist. During the last parliament he brought forward few questions of general interest, nor did he deliver any speech remarkable for boldness of thought or liberal and enlarged views. His motion for the repeal of the assessed taxes was not likely to be carried, and apparently intended as a mere clap-trap for the shopkeepers of Westminster. His speech on parliamentary reform, in the last session, contained some good points, but, for the most part, was stuffed with old Joe Millers, better calculated to excite laughter than produce conviction. The academical oration got up to put down Canning, because the latter called him the Baronet's "man," was a complete failure; to this school-boy effusion, which was several weeks elaborating, and intended to rival the celebrated philippic of Lord Chatham on old Walpole, Mr. Canning did not deign to make a reply; in truth, it was all *in the air*: it contained a strong portrait of a corruptionist and adventurer, but it had no application to any particular individual, and the member for Westminster did not venture to apply it in any tangible form to the right honourable gentleman.

As a statesman and public character, Mr. Hobhouse stands at an immeasurable distance behind Sir Francis, and should the baronet break his neck (which heaven forbid!) he can have no pretension to succeed in the leadership. His political vision is evidently lilliputian, and his mental powers were duly appreciated by Lord Byron, who extolled his abilities for note-writing, and indicting prologues, epilogues, and farces. Add to this, Mr. Hobhouse is known to be the slave of petty foibles and ostentation; for instance, he likes to clothe his little body in a court dress, with a cocked hat, sword, and bag-wig. Should Dr. Southey or Colman be gathered to their fathers, the laureatship or examinership of plays would suit him admirably, and if to this was thrown in Old Ben's never-ending commissionership, to which he is most likely looking forward, he would be made comfortable and contented for life.

The following sketch strikes us as being particularly happy:—

Robinson, Right Hon. Frederick, *Ripon*, brother to Lord Grantham, son-in-law to the late Earl of Buckinghamshire; chancellor of the exchequer; commissioner of the affairs of India; director of Greenwich hospital.

Mr. Robinson is rather a vehement and gesticulating speaker, but may be stiled, upon the whole, a fair and open chancellor of the exchequer, whose candid avowal of principles and admission of facts, often expose both the weakness and wickedness of the system. One might almost be tempted to call him an honest minister, were they not checked by the recollection of the sinking fund, and the dead-weight annuity projects. His speeches are very pompous productions indeed, studded with tropes and figures to profusion; and his budgets remind one of a landlord in the country, who had a knack of turning his tavern bills into rhyme, hoping, no doubt, that the painful recapitulation of pots, tankards, and glasses, would be lost in the blandishments of a mellifluous and poetic diction.

The character of Cobbett, introduced under the name of Wood, has some masterly strokes in it:—

* Wood, John, *Preston*, barrister-at-law, vice Samuel Horrocks.

This is one of the members with whom Mr. Cobbett battled so fiercely at the election for Preston, and it is to be lamented he did not succeed in being returned a representative for the spirited and honest-hearted electors of that place. I am, however, very far from being an unqualified admirer of Mr. Cobbett's conduct and principles. That he is, in great part, an impostor there can be no doubt. If such a person can be really said to hold any principles, they are such principles as are directly opposed to those he advocated for many years. From early associations, from constitutional

temperament, and from observation of life, he is an undoubted aristocrat; by which I mean, the opinion he entertains that the great majority (*NINE-TENTHS* he says) of every community, must live, labour, and be in subserviency to a privileged few. This is his opinion to the heart's core, however may be disguised, or whatever he may *profess* at the present juncture. He believes it is inseparable from the constitution of the social state, that a vast bulk of it must be doomed to endless toil and irreclaimable ignorance.* Hence the contemptuous and degrading notions he entertains of the future lot of the working people. Hence his hostility to any scheme of popular education. He believes whatever does not tend to multiply their merely *physical* enjoyments is foreign to their condition and destiny. He has no idea of bettering their situation, beyond adding to their means of consuming *beef and beer*; these are very good, it must be owned, but they do not comprise every element of their happiness and elevation. What are the causes that have led to the improvement in the diet, dress, (and till a recent period,) domestic comforts of the industrious classes? What has given them their importance in the social state? Solely their augmented INTELLIGENCE. It is that which first emancipated them from the misery and bondage of the feudal system. It is that alone which can tend to further improvement, and prevent their relapse into ancient servitude and degradation: without knowledge they cannot acquire, nor would they be fit to exercise, social and political rights.

Mr. Cobbett's opinions on questions of finance and the currency are no less tinged with quackery and delusion. He never had more than *one* idea on these subjects, and that idea is, that the high or low prices of commodities are affected by the greater or less quantity of the circulating medium; and, consequently, if the amount of currency be diminished, the same amount of taxes cannot be collected without a proportional increase of pressure on the tax-payers. This truth he has been working on for years, and has occupied at least two hundred Registers in its illustration. It is a position of some importance, but it is certainly no new revelation. David Hume had published the same dogma long before Mr. Cobbett was born, and David borrowed it from Sir James Steuart. However, it is from this principle he has built all his assumptions on the impossibility of the Bank of England paying in specie; or, if they did pay in specie, wheat would be *four shillings* a bushel, and the interest of the public debt could not be paid. All these predictions have been falsified; the Bank has paid in specie; wheat did not fall to four shillings a bushel; and the interest of the debt has been paid up to this time. Yet Cobbett pretends to be a *prophet*, and some believe him; for the infatuation of his "disciples," as he sneeringly terms them, is not less than that of the followers of Joanna Southcott, of blessed memory. Among men of sense, however, his opinions are held in little estimation; he is known to be imperfectly acquainted with many subjects of political economy, and his authority in such matters can only extend among those who are still less informed than himself.

It is unnecessary to dwell longer on Mr. Cobbett's *principles*; they are, in truth, a non-entity. He is governed by no principle whatever, he aims at no beneficial change either in the government or society; his only object appears to be, to *make sport*, to indulge his personal feelings, his hatred, spite, and egotism. Despised and neglected by all parties, he has sunk into a sort of political misanthropy, glorying in gulling the multitude, in public calamities, and in reviling and misrepresenting both men and measures, that may have the least tendency to better our situation. Fallen so low, his bitterest enemy would hardly wish to augment his disgrace and misery; and, certainly, there is no one whose present feelings and fame (or rather infamy) I would less covet than those of Mr. Cobbett.

Though I entertain such a poor opinion of Mr. Cobbett's views and principles, I do not regret having subscribed to put him into parliament, and I lament he has not succeeded. This I do for two reasons; first, there is enough of talent in the House of Commons to expose and silence the absurd fallacies on the *decrease* in the number of the people, the Protestant Reformation, and other topics, he has been in the practice of propagating out of doors; secondly, Cobbett, after all, would have uttered many useful truths in the house, which would have been widely diffused, and, in this respect, he would have served us better than many of our parade representatives, whom we are compelled to look up to, merely because we have, just now, no better to substitute in their places.

* See his otherwise excellent little work, "*Cottage Economy*," paragraphs 11, 12, and 13; and, in all his other writings, he maintains the same doctrine, when he has occasion to speak on the education of the working classes.

Having quoted so much with commendation, we may be allowed to take exception to the subjoined, which, as far as it relates to the dispute between Mr. Martin and the *Morning Chronicle*, is uncandid in statement and weak in argument.

† Martin, Richard, *Galwayshire*; attended frequently, and general in favour of ministers.

This is Mr. Richard Martin, the Pythagorean, who has manifested such laudable indignation at the ill-treatment of the brute creation. If pain be an evil, it is, *pro tanto*, the same whether inflicted on man or beast. Humanity is justly considered a cardinal virtue, and can a wish to mitigate the sufferings of the dumb creation, whose very destitution, like the helplessness of women or of children, gives them higher claims on our generosity, be less commendable? It is true, they have *no souls*, but that can make no difference in this world; at all events, they have their feelings, and are as sensible to touch as the old lady mentioned in the fable. When to inflict pain is necessary to sustain life, it is, at least, excusable; it is part of the order of nature, and, like the extraction of a tooth, the evil must be borne for the sake of the greater good that results from it. What Mr. Martin has set his face against is wanton, unnecessary cruelty, such as that which used to be practised in our public streets and highways, on horses, by drunken ruffians, whom we have often longed to see thrown into a horse-pond.

Those who have little feeling for their cattle have seldom much for their fellow-creatures, and it is observable that the journal most distinguished by its attacks on the member for Galway for his tenderness to dogs and horses, is that which, almost exclusively, enjoys and details the brutal exhibitions of pugilists and prize-fighters. But the editor of the *Morning Chronicle* is altogether a man of odd-ways and eccentric notions. For instance, he thinks that a stipendiary magistracy, consisting of mercenary, greedy, prejudiced lawyers, (for such is nearly the whole tribe,) would, in lieu of the unpaid country magistracy, afford the best security for a pure and independent administration of justice. The same great personage, after the philosopher of Queens-square, holds and maintains that *self-interest* is the universally stimulating principle of human action, and that a man never ties on his cravat, or takes a pinch of snuff, without duly calculating how much solid comfort he may derive from it, or how much pelf it will put into his pocket. Heaven preserve us from such legislators as Mr. Black and the aforesaid philosopher!

The only objection urged against the honourable member, worthy of notice, is that which accuses him of directing his efforts against the cruelties of the "lower orders," leaving those of the "higher classes" untouched. Now, I should like to know, what would be the use of Mr. Martin bringing in a bill to put down the worrying of hares, the shooting of partridges, or limbing of tomtits? Would such a bill pass, constituted as our legislature, almost exclusively, is, of fox-hunters, hare-hunters, and partridge-shooters? He might as well submit a proposition to a conclave of Smithfield drovers, or Mile-End bullock-hunters, to abolish their own peculiar practices and amusements. But if he cannot accomplish all he may desire with his *present instruments*, he ought to do as much as he can; if he cannot prevent cruelty to hares and partridges, he ought, if he be able, to prevent it to cattle and horses. Go on, then, Mr. Martin, and prosper; only "let discretion be your tutor" for Mr. Malthus has said, and I verily believe it true, that a considerable mass of suffering is inseparable from society; therefore, it can only be reduced to a minimum, not extinguished altogether.

Whether the *Chronicle* was right or wrong in opposing legislation for the protection of animals, we shall not stop to inquire; but it attacked Mr. Martin because it argued that he was rendering his act for the protection of brutes, an instrument of vexation and tyranny to men; and it professed not the insinuated indifference to the sufferings of brutes, but a superior regard to what was due to our own species. As for the description of the editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, it is as unjust as the alleged reasons for it are childish. The author clearly does not understand what he ventures to write about. In a future edition he will do well to expunge this passage, and to supply in the place of it some published letters from Mr. Martin

to his deputy, Wheeler, which will sufficiently illustrate the wisdom and views with which the excellent member for Galway enforced his Act.*

* We give some of the epistles, which are not more remarkable for their matter, than for a certain quaint simplicity of manner, that reminds one of the style of letters imagined in the Spectator. Mr. Martin suggests to his man, that Mrs. Coutts speaks well of their humane association, and hints to him, that he should busy himself in her neighbourhood, in order to attract her attention. What informer would be scrupulous about the sufficiency of the case of cruelty, when Mrs. Coutts's notice, and its consequences, were to be the reward of his zeal? Miss Stephens was also to be attended to. That lady complained, it seems, to Mr. Martin, that *some very bad fellows drove by her door*, which is highly probable, as she lives in a great thoroughfare, and she possibly had conceived a notion that the worthy member could put them in gaol "*somehow or other*," under his "*thingum bob*," "*what-ye-call it*," cruelty "*concern*." Mr Martin spells hard in his letters to Wheeler for petitions and addresses:—

October 1, 1824.

Mr. Wheeler—Though I have not of late heard much of your proceedings, yet I conclude that you are doing good. You will oblige me if you will inquire what became of a young lad that lived with Miss Tree, the actress, and you will hear of him at No. 3, Torrington-square, &c. I will pay you for taking care of the dog Mr. Gahagan left with you.—I am yours, &c.

RICHD. MARTIN.

The people of Smithfield, you said, would address me, but I have not heard of the matter since.

December 13, 1824.

Mr. Wheeler—Your letter of the 8th instant has afforded me the greatest satisfaction. Give up other business and attend these pits, and find who the characters are that encourage those dog and badger fights, bear fights, and other sports of the kind. Continue to watch the Paddington coaches and other short stages. *Try and get up some petitions also.*—I am, yours, &c.

RICH. MARTIN.

All the defects that you mention do really exist in the Act. I shall endeavour in this to have the Act amended. Write to me frequently what passes.

January 17, 1825.

Mr. Wheeler—I am much pleased that you have taken up those fellows for cruelty to their horses and furious driving. In giving your evidence, describe minutely the cruelty, as beating their horses *and lathering them with sweat until they could hardly help falling down*. All this, combined with the furious driving, will make the world perceive the use of the Act, and will do you credit. [Sic passim, in Swift's "Advice to Servants."] I hope the public papers will report your proceedings.

Over-loading is a great cruelty, but is not directly within the Act; but, as over-loading is accompanied with great cruelty, such as beating—"take out the summonses for other cruelty." [It appears from this unnecessary that there should be any evidence whatever of the "*other cruelty*."]]

When the society meet I shall propose "that a reward be voted to you for your extraordinary care and attention." At Whitechapel very great cruelties are committed by the drovers and butchers' boys, and I wish you would quit Smithfield for a week, to watch these fellows.

It's worth labouring to convict some of those fellows *who behave so badly to the cows*; MUCH WILL DEPEND ON CHUSING A PROPER MAGISTRATE, and watch your opportunity—keeping them unmilked for twenty-four hours, and the calf all that time famishing, is a great instance of wanton cruelty, and I have convicted some.

I have heard Mrs. Coutts speaks well of the Society, and *I wish she was led to notice your attention to cases in her neighbourhood, and she lives in Stratton-street, Piccadilly.*

You will see me very shortly in London, and I will exert myself to serve you.—I am, yours, &c.

RICHARD MARTIN.

July 14, 1825.

Wheeler—I do desire you to bring up as many persons as you can under my Act, to show that they can be convicted on your single testimony.

Miss Stephens will be obliged if you will attend to some very bad fellows that drive by her door.

RICHARD MARTIN.

We would also recommend the editor to correct another more insignificant error, which must be one of ignorance. Under the head of Southey, he speaks of "the *obscene* Juvenal;" this shows that he knows 'about as little of the merits of Juvenal, as of those of the editor of the Chronicle. He must learn, that there is not a poet of ancient or modern times more distinguished for the loftiness of his moral sentiments than Juvenal; and it would be as just to designate the author of the Black Book as *corrupt*, because his business has been the analysis of corruption, as to style Juvenal "obscene," because a part of his task was the exposure of the licentiousness of his times.

Having suggested emendations, we must now propose one or two additions where there appear to be omissions. For example:—

"Congreve, Sir William, *Plymouth*, equerry to the King, comptroller of the royal laboratory, and superintendant of military machines. Two brothers in the army: voted with the treasury; against the Catholics."

"Honour to him to whom honour is due."

Why is Sir William curtailed of his fair proportion of titles? The Equitable Loan Company, the Arigna Mining Company, et iis similia, have been full of the honour of his name, and we hold it not honest that he should be deprived of these plumes, while Brother Brogden shines a very peacock in such glories. Let us, in another edition, see the great man "with his tail on," as the Highlanders say. Let us see him set down as blower of the Equitable bubble, director of the Steam Washing Company, the Dairy Company, &c.

Again, another instance of omission:—

"Twiss, Horace, *Wotton Bassett*, a barrister at law, and commissioner of bankrupts; attended regularly for ministers, but did not speak so frequently latterly."

Addendum.—Reports his own speeches in any newspaper which can afford space for the *cheers* and *hears* that he indites most bountifully in the same. Mr. Twiss is counsel for the Admiralty, and has, we think, some other appointment. He is disposed to be liberal where his interests will permit him.

Here we must stop, strongly recommending our readers to expend a shilling in purchasing the Appendix to the Black Book, and to consult it as a master-key to the speeches in Parliament. It will show them of what "sugar and spice, and all that's nice" our *Ayes* are made; and also the "powder and puff, and conceited enough" composition of some of the opposite faction.

A VISIT TO BRIGHTON.

I HAVE heard of an Exquisite, who, in the full determination to be singular, remained all September and October in London, declaring that this was the only season in which he could enjoy the luxuries of the Metropolis. During winter (that is, the London winter, and the summer of the rest of the world) he complained that the hotels were so full that he could obtain nothing to eat; the streets so crowded he had not room to walk; and though wearied out by the rounds of his daily (he was pleased to call them) engagements, he could not sleep for the noise made by the vulgarians, who got up to pursue their avocations

in the middle of the night. In autumn, on the contrary, he had his choice of rooms at Long's, all Bond-street to himself, his tailors and shoemakers were punctual, and his periods of rest, more happily timed; were undisturbed by noon-day somnambulists.

Such would not be my taste. I love to see perfection in every thing—perfection even in London life. I like to ride in the Park when it is thronged by England's chief beauties; be secure of hearing the best performers and singers at concerts; and to go to the opera when Pasta or Velluti are strung to the top of their bent, at the sight of the accomplished amateurs and Italianized English, who are certainly better judges than those lovers of noise who force Miss Paton to sacrifice her own good taste to their partiality for cadence and bravura. I know of no civilized congregation of men and lovely women more delightful to look upon than the audience of the Italian opera; when every ear and eye is enchanted by the passionate gesture and thrilling tones of Pasta in the *Medea*, or by the pathos and truth of her identification with the hapless Nina;—or when Velluti appears in the *Crociato* or *Aureliano*, graceful as the imaginative dream of a love-sick girl, exciting respect by that mixture of dignified appeal to our best sympathies, and mild consciousness of desert which characterized him; and at the same time that silencing every censure by the exquisite taste of his modulations, and the perfection of his execution. Or (for is it not all delightful) when the sweet Caradori pours out her voice, like a bird carolling in the lightness of its heart—when Ronzi de Begnis (alas! she was lost to us last year) attracts as much by her beauty as the charms of her voice and style—when Madame Vestris looks the Grecian deity stept from its pedestal—when Curioni personifies the graceful hero—and when Begnis himself, the prince of buffos, displays to an English audience the perfection of Italian comedy. I own, every other London amusement tasted, my pleasure centres in the Italian opera—that is, at the height of the season. I love not empty benches—the boxes bereft of their celestial ornaments—or the languid appearance of the performers on such occasions. I love to see the Peeress (beautiful Countess of —, I think of you) turn her plumed head smilingly to welcome a well executed passage; to see the Exquisites crowd into the pit at the commencement of the ballet—I like all this, especially when I am at a respectful distance from the Jones's and Smiths', who reply to their mutual questionings of "How do you like it?"—with—"Well, I must say, I think the play worth two of it—why it's all dancing and singing"—who, book in hand, toil through the translation of the last act of the *Crociato*, till a better informed relative whispers, "It is not the same; it's Nyna—Nyna foolish for love." Or the country cousins, whose approbation of Charles Vestris, or La Brocard, is expressed by many exclamations of—"Law! how high he jumps! Gracious, how she twirls! Well, there now, goodness me! did you ever see the like?"

Give me London, then, at its overflow; Bond-street blocked up with carriages; the park thronged; half a hundred footmen, with their attendant equipages, round Howell's—and a column of the *Morning Post* occupied by "Fashionable Arrangements." But when I quit these Metropolitan delights, let the contrast be complete. When

I am in the country, give me the real country—the verdant meadow—the undulating park—the deep embowered wood—the murmur of streams—the flowery hedge, shady lane, and neat latticed cottage.

I had not quitted London for two years. Do not imagine therefore that I am a mere Londoner; I am, please to observe, a traveller. I am not at all sure that I do not figure in the “English in Italy.” At least, I can bear testimony to the truth of the descriptions contained in the volumes thus entitled, and recognize several of the Zingari. I have slept under the guardianship of Santa Maddalena at the top of the windy Appenines; I have rowed in a gondola over the moon-lit Laguna to the now classic Lido; I have melted a ducat in the lava of Vesuvius; I have witnessed the breathless interest with which the Tuscan carbonari listened to news of the Austrian army in the Regno; I have gone owling; and have, withal, a collection of native and Zingari anecdotes, with which (had I equal talent) I might make a worthy supplement to Lord Normanby’s production.

But I digress: thus much I have said to assure the world that I am not guilty of Cockneyism, of which irremissible sin every one is at least suspected, who acknowledges a love for “the rural;” and as some excuse for my dread avowal, that I had spent twenty-four months without making a further egress from London than a ramble in its environs. My health began to suffer a little—my spirits greatly from this confinement. I became hipped; and took to reading all manner of descriptive poets, as a remedy for my *maladie de la campagne*. One day I had a volume of Wordsworth in my hands, for I must acknowledge myself to be an enthusiastic admirer of his excellencies: I conned over his lines written on Tintern Abbey, and as I was shortly afterwards running them over in my mind, I looked up—how I came there I know not, but I found myself in the neighbourhood of Drury-lane. I refrain from any description; suffice it, that contrast was too great—my vast city abode became a prison within my eyes; and I vowed by the sky, which I then saw smoke-dyed, and by mother earth, o’erpaved and o’erbuilt beneath my feet—to quit London before three days had passed over my head.

The three days swiftly passed. My sudden resolve had forced me to apply entirely to my affairs; I could give no thought but to vile business arrangements. The third day came: my vow, registered by the antique deities, Uranus and the venerable Cybele, must be kept. I had not reflected on what part of the wooded expanse of beautiful earth I should emerge from buildings and smoke—my resolve must be suddenly made. My respected maiden aunt recommended sea air, and mentioned Brighton as convenient. I went to the Elephant and Castle, determined to get into the first stage that appeared. “Brighton, hi! Going to Brighton?—room outside!” My fate was decided; I mounted—the coachman already sat whip in hand—and in an instant the four horses and four wheels bore along us seventeen human beings, who clung like flies to various parts of the vehicle, on our road to Brighton.

The place of our destination was terra incognita to me. I had heard that it was ugly. I thought of azure Leman, of romantic Como, and the divine bay of Naples. I thought of our native Windsor; the luxuriant banks of the Thames; of rich and flowery Devon; and

repeated to myself—Of course, barren and ugly! It is not to be compared to these. Lovers of nature! Enthusiasts, who delight to drink deep joy from the various shapes and changes of earth and sky, behold me at Brighton! Was this the retreat of our pleasure-loving prince? the asylum of fashion? the resort of nobles?—this!

Far spread out, on three sides, is the barren expanse of the white monotonous sea: a rounded promontory, composed of low chalk cliffs, is the site of the town. The boundary of upland that surrounds it, is destitute of plant, shrub, and, I may almost say, of blade of grass: the glare of chalk is pernicious to the eyes, and the rounded tops of the low hills preclude every approach to the picturesque. Surely nature has here grown old? or some sudden blight has caused every vestige of youthful beauty to disappear?

Her hair is grey—but not with years—
Nor grew it white
In a single night,
As some have done through sudden fears.

Bride of the sea! your potent husband has thrown his fierce arms around you, and you have withered in his grasp! Is this the country? and am I thus to be cheated of my enjoyment of grove, field, and stream? In common humanity and justice I will print my disappointment, to warn all others by my luckless example.

My first walk, as in duty bound, on arriving at the sea side, was on the beach,—if I may call stumbling over shingles, walking. Sands there are none,—or, if the extreme of low-water leaves any, they are too wet for a pedestrian. I rode over the windy downs, and saw, far spread around, the living image of my despair—grassless earth. I thought it were an easy morning's work to write a catalogue raisonnée of the "Beauties of Brighton." Let me take a large sheet of paper, and "verdure" will stand at the top, like the Widow Wadman's humanity.

But there is a park at Brighton. I was not aware of this, and was surprised at seeing a notice written up in one of the streets—"To the Park." Where could it be?—I looked from the Downs upon the whole extent of negative nature, and had discovered no enclosure that looked as if it might be a park. Surely, the visitors from happier lands to this worn shred of England's grass-green vesture, might have informed the inhabitants of Brighton, of the nature of a park. Was it hid, like the Happy Valley of Abyssinia, by the surrounding hills? Was it, like the fairy Pari Banen's palace, under ground? or had they with buoy and boat, railed in some acres of sea, stuck up piles for trees, and peopled it with flying-fish for game? No conjecture was too extravagant which could afford solution to the enigma of a park at Brighton; but as experiment in this case was of more worth than any theory, I walked up Egremont-place towards the mysterious Park.

An arched entrance! It was not Trajan's "Hyperion to a Satyr:" wooden gates—two-pence to pay on going in. I have passed the Rubicon, and stand within the Park. An hollow in the hills, overlooked by their bald tops, is railed in, and some drab-coloured grass clothes the slopes. There are some beds, not of mould, but pulverized chalk, from which with sickly mien a few stalks lift themselves,

bearing what in more gifted lands would have been a flower—twigs, meant for trees, stand about: as for a real tree, an inhabitant of Brighton is as ignorant of its shape and material, as a Venetian of that of a horse. If plants had a voice, and leaves were tongues, one universal lament would arise from every stunted shrub and consumptive flower, asking fate for what antenatal sin they were condemned to demi-semi vegetation in this withered effigy of a park.

There is a perfection in the ugliness of Brighton, which in some degree satisfies the imagination. Other places may make believe to be pretty; but the bald hag-nymph, whose face this desert mirrors, disdains the aid of false curls or paint. One of the few rides is to Kemp Town. Kemp Town was built when Brighton was in higher vogue than now; it is hardly more than half a mile off, and forms as it were the continuation of the Marine Parade. The way towards it is flagged; the houses which compose it are all handsomely built; one row is erected on the plan of Cornwall Terrace, in the Regent's-park. There is a large square, that is, a Brighton square, which is always oblong: architectural ornaments are not spared; pillars and pilasters, portico, cornice, and frieze; worked iron rails: all that can give an air of elegance to a town is there—but not a single inhabitant. The window frames are glassless; grass would spring up rank in the streets, if grass grew any where in the neighbourhood of Brighton; neither man or dog is to be seen, or any sound heard, save the melancholy roar of the near ocean. Meanwhile the houses sparkle in all the freshness of youth. So far was the mania of speculation carried, that over one gate, innocent of a guest, is inscribed "Tea Gardens;" over another, from whose chimneys smoke never issued, "Hot Baths." At the extremity of the town is the "Family Hotel;" while in mockery of the solitude around, every gate was open to afford easy ingress to the traveller; nay, the ready waiter stood at the door—the only inhabitant he of the whole place—and the lamp suspended in the hall was alight, for I had rode thither in the evening, and the gathering twilight added to the desolation. Was he waiting for the advent of some shipwrecked sailor, whom it was written in the book of fate, should, before the end of time, be cast on shore on the near inhospitable beach? Or is that the retreat of the "Last Man?" My imagination took the alarm; I galloped away from this mask of civilized life, while for some minutes numberless images of death haunted me—and I re-entered Brighton, unable for a time to subdue the nervous illusion that gave to its inhabitants the resemblance of inane apparitions.

To get rid of such fancies, I hastened to the thick of life, and mixed with the crowd on the parades. I entered Tupper's well filled rooms. The libraries of Brighton, thought I, are surely the perfection of libraries. A few benches are set round the room, and there is a table in the midst—a man stands at each end, vociferating—"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight—seven gone—the chances are one, two, &c.—the chances which remain are one, two, &c.—five gone,—the remaining chances are one, four, six, eight—one, four, six, eight,—the chances which remain are one—four—six—eight; one, four—four gone—the chances remaining are one, six, eight—when these numbers are filled up, ladies and gentlemen, the next song will be sung." As

the accompaniment to the changes sung on this variety of information, Mathews's ghost of a tune is nothing to it—thrum, thrum; a man sits at a piano, executing such a chance-medley of crochets and quavers, as might awaken to fit accord all the marrow-bones and cleavers in Brighton. The noisy rattling of the keys, and eternal repetition of the tuneless tune, drove me away before the next song was sung. I am glad of it. I should be sorry to play the ill-natured critic on individuals; but ears that can sustain the Babel from which I escaped, half deaf, cannot be very delicate in their perceptions of time, tune, or voice.

— A rainy day at Brighton. I look from my window on the New Road, and save the pavement at my feet, I see only the vast waste of waters; to the right, to the left, before me—sea, sea, sea. A child said to me one day, in the true spirit of Mathews's traveller, "People will so exaggerate." "What's the sea?—Nothing but water!" So I repeated to myself, as I looked on its blank expanse and misty boundary. The sea is called immense, sublime—the best created image of space and eternity. I do not perceive the sensible type of these ideas in it. It is bounded narrowly by the horizon, and the uniformity of its surface is not more sublime than a Russian steppe. The sea of itself, without a rocky and picturesque coast, and without vessels to give it animation, is, I do not hesitate to declare, a very dull object. The coast of Brighton is not the former, and the rain has driven away every vessel. Add to which, every association with the sea is painful: it is a murderer, a remorseless destroyer; its soundless depths are the grave of many a beloved or revered form; its strangling waters have stolen life from the young, the wise, the good. But as I write—lo! a change. The wind rises in the west—the unveiled sun pours forth its golden arrows; the flying clouds are tinged with their radiance; evening's single star glitters in the west, as the sun sets and darkness gathers round—the moon is high in the heavens, and black masses of cloud float over her, while she rains her beams fitfully upon the waters—and now shows in dark relief, and now hides again the boats that waken on her surface. Moonlight is to the sea what colour is to the rainbow. The contrast of the silver light with the deep shadows, graces it with picturesque effects; and her palaces and cottages, the stately ship and light sailing-boat—wear on such occasions a veil of mystery which is truly sublime.

And now that I have dismissed for awhile the language of philippic, let me remember what also beside the moon-lit sea is deserving of praise at Brighton. I have seen some lovely girls. I saw one going down to the beach to bathe: I was sorry for it. In every other part of England decency is preserved on such occasions—why is it neglected here? Why are not awnings, such as are in use at Ramsgate and Margate, attached to the machines? and why are the pleasure-boats permitted to crowd within a stone's throw of the fair bathers?

I do not dislike the Pavillion. When people dispraise it, they tell you what it is not; and think that sufficing censure, neglecting utterly to tell us what it is. It is neither Grecian or Gothic; it is neither uniform or classic; but it is picturesque. Its chief defect is, that it is situated in Brighton. If a traveller in the East had chanced while he accomplished his evening's journey in the neighbourhood of Luck-

now or Ispahan, to behold this groupe of domes, minarets, and other unnamed lantern-like spires, rising from the little grove that surrounds it, and sleeping placidly in the star-light, it would have received the praise due to it its elegance and picturesque effect. The beauty of Brighton is indeed confined to its buildings. The numerous bow windows give a festive appearance to the streets; the porticos and virandas remind one of the south. There is one row of houses on the Marine Parade, whose highly ornamented viranda on the first floor is supported by fluted Tuscan columns beneath. This style of building is the prevailing mode at Brighton. Nor in speaking of edifices, may I omit the chain-pier: it is true, that its motion is apt to make one sea-sick, but it is an elegant little machine, a toy, seemingly not sea-worthy; yet its very fragility of look and bending nature constitutes its strength.

The most delightful things in Brighton are the little carriages called flies. They are peculiarly convenient, since they are ever at hand to convey one from this seat of barrenness. I now invite my reader to mount one; and under my guidance, along the west cliff and the road to Worthing, to drive on, till on passing Shoreham bridge, we turn to the right towards Arundel, where, in a short time, we shall arrive at so sweet a village—and in that village, at a latticed, flower-adorned cottage. We shall find woods, and hedges, and orchard grounds; the inland murmur of streams in exchange for naked hills and roaring ocean. Here at Sumpton, this best specimen of an English village, I console myself for my disappointment at Brighton; and warn all future travellers to avoid the rock on which I was wrecked.

AMERICAN DRAMATISTS.

A LETTER FROM PHILADELPHIA.

Philadelphia, Sept. 18, 1826.

It appears to me, that very little is known in Great Britain concerning the present state of American literature; and less of the dramatic than of any other department. Though nothing of commanding merit has appeared, still there are many dramas before the public which deserve a passing notice; and a brief sketch of our dramatists may prove neither stale nor uninteresting information to the English reader.

The first drama written by a native Philadelphian, was a tragedy in five acts, entitled "The Prince of Parthia," by Thomas Godfrey, the son of the inventor of the quadrant, now known by the name of Hadley's Quadrant. This production contains much fine poetry and nervous writing; but as the amiable and gifted author died before he had completed his poem, it is not as perfect as it otherwise would have been; a defective education is also discernible in many parts. It was intended for representation, but never performed; and after his death, which occurred in his twenty-seventh year, it was printed in Philadelphia, in a volume of miscellaneous poems, in 1765.

Peter Markoe, a citizen of the same place, published in the year

1784, a tragedy in five acts, entitled the "Patriot Chief;" and also a comic opera, entitled "Reconciliation," which, I believe, were never performed; they possess but a moderate share of merit.

John Leacock, at one time coroner of Philadelphia, published in 1767, a comic opera, entitled "Disappointment, or the Force of Credulity," which was designed to ridicule the belief at that time prevalent, that Blackbeard, the pirate, had buried vast treasures along the American coast. The piece contains much broad humour, and passed through a second edition in 1796, but was never introduced upon the stage.

In 1824, Lemuel Sawyer, a member of Congress from one of the southern states, published a comedy in ridicule of the same absurd opinion; and also to satirise the practise which prevails in the district from which he was elected, of *treating* the voters with liquor at the polls on election days. His satire is not, I fear, sufficiently pungent to effect the laudable purpose of the writer, who died since the publication of his play, which was never performed.

Between the years 1795 and 1800, a hairdresser named Murdock, published two or three dramatic pieces; among which number is one entitled the "Triumphs of Love, or the Happy Reconciliation," which was accepted by the managers of the Philadelphia theatre, performed, and permitted to pass peaceably into oblivion by an indulgent audience. The writer, no doubt, understood the mystery of shaving as well as Allan Ramsay, but not the art of poetry.

In the year 1801, Charles Jared Ingersoll, Esq. then in his nineteenth year, published a tragedy in five acts, entitled "Edwy and Elgiva," founded upon incidents in the history of England. This production was highly promising, considering the youth of the writer; and was performed with flattering success upon the Philadelphia boards. Mrs. Merry, to whom the piece is dedicated, sustained the character of Elgiva. Mr. Ingersoll has since been in Congress, and is at present one of the most distinguished and wealthiest members of the Philadelphia bar, and has held for some years past the lucrative office of attorney-general for this district, under the United States government. He is short in stature, plain in dress, spare in person, and old-fashioned in appearance, with a countenance strongly marked with intelligence. He is untiring* as an orator; words in abundance, and well-selected, always at command; at times powerfully eloquent, and thoroughly understanding the influence of sarcasm and wit, he resorts to these weapons unsparingly. Mr. Ingersoll, though a learned lawyer, in extensive practice, is a fine *belles lettres* scholar, and attends to the literature of the day; which is not the case with some of our most conspicuous professional men. Mr. Ingersoll is also the author of "Inchiquin's Letters," and other publications.

There are several dramas of considerable merit before the public, from the pen of James N. Barker, Esq. an alderman of the city of Philadelphia. Mr. Barker was during the late war with Great Britain, a major in the artillery service, and served on the frontiers. After peace was declared, he returned to his native city, received a commis-

* This we imagine is American for "indefatigable," or "interminable," probably a much more appropriate epithet than that of our correspondent.—Ed.

sion as a magistrate, and established himself. He served for one year as mayor of the city; and is now about forty years of age, of small stature, and spare habit of body. His visage remarkably sharp; high and capacious forehead, small pointed nose, and a large robust chin, which indicates firmness and decision of character; qualities which he possesses in an eminent degree. His eyes are small, but at times full of animation and meaning. As early as 1807, he produced a comedy at the Philadelphia theatre, entitled "Tears and Smiles;" and a melo-drama, founded on the story of Pocohontas, which he called "The Indian Princess, or La Belle Sauvage." These were favourably received by the audience. The popularity of Sir Walter Scott's *Marmion* led the manager of the Philadelphia theatre to believe, that if dramatised, it could not fail of being successful; and he accordingly desired Mr. Barker to undertake the project. The play was speedily finished, introduced upon the stage, and had an astonishing run. Those concerned, apprehending a prejudice existing in the public mind against native productions, thought it politic to announce "*Marmion*," as from the pen of Thomas Morton, and as having already been "received with unbounded applause in London." By this stratagem the piece obtained an impartial trial; and thousands lavished applause, who otherwise would not have endured the strains of an American muse, lest their critical acumen might be called in question. In 1817, Mr. Barker published a remarkably neat and sprightly comedy, entitled "How to try a Lover:" and in 1823, he produced a tragedy, entitled "Superstition, or the Fanatic Father," the scene of which is laid in New England, and one of the principal characters is Goff the regicide. This piece possesses a considerable share of merit, but was not successful upon the stage. Mr. Barker has written some smaller pieces for the stage, several tales, and miscellaneous poems.

Charles Breck wrote two comedies, entitled "The Fox Chase," and "The Trust;" the first of which was performed, and both were published in 1808. They are not very creditable to the talents of the writer, who recently died, I understand, while on his travels in Europe.

The name of Joseph Hutton is upon the title-page of several plays performed upon the Philadelphia stage; among others, "The School for Prodigals," a comedy; "The Wounded Hussar," a musical piece; and "Fashionable Follies," a comedy. He has also written several romantic tales, and published a volume or two of poetry. He pursued the business of a schoolmaster for some years, and then went upon the stage—but met with very little success—and is at present somewhere in North Carolina, writing a tragedy upon the shocking murder of Colonel Sharp, which lately took place in Kentucky.

The name of William Dunlap stands at the head of the list of American dramatists: his muse has been prolific, having produced forty-five pieces of this nature, many of which indicate respectable dramatic talent. Being for many years manager of the New York theatre, in imitation of Colly Cibber, he availed himself of the labours of others; accordingly we find many of his pieces translations from the French or German. He has, for some years past, abandoned the unprofitable trade, and is now a successful historical painter, displaying, in his old age, fine talents for the art, which occasions a sigh

of regret that he ever abandoned the brush for the pen. Besides his dramatic writings, Mr. Dunlap published a life of George Frederick Cooke, the actor, and of Charles Brockden Brown, the American novelist.

M. M. Noah, editor of the *New York Enquirer*, has exercised his pen in various departments of literature, as a traveller, moralist, and dramatist. He writes with rapidity, a habit acquired by being the editor of a daily paper: but, from his vocation, his style has become diffuse, and ill adapted to the drama, which should be terse and pointed. Mr. Noah's first dramatic attempt, was a small piece in two acts, entitled "*The Fortress of Sorrento*," which was printed in 1808. In 1820 he produced his comedy, entitled "*She would be a Soldier*," which is still a favourite on the stage, notwithstanding its insipidity in the closet. The author has displayed considerable knowledge of stage effect; and from the military display throughout, this piece is well calculated to please a large portion of any audience. In addition to these, he has produced "*Yussef Caramalli*;" "*Marion*;" "*The Grecian Captive*;" &c. During the run of "*The Grecian Captive*," the Park theatre at New York was unfortunately reduced to ashes; and may it ever be recorded, as an instance of Mr. Noah's liberality, that he gave his profits arising from this play, which were considerable, to be distributed among the lower order of players, who had been sufferers by the fire. Some years ago Mr. Noah was presented with a pair of silver goblets, by the managers of the Park theatre, for his dramatic services. Besides the above mentioned writings, he has published "*Travels in the Barbary States*;" and a small volume of *Essays*, under the signature of "*Howard*."

Samuel Woodsworth, of New York, has written the following dramas, all of which were performed, and favourably received:—"*The Deed of Gift*;" "*La Fayette, or the Castle of Olmutz*;" "*The Locket*;" "*Widow's Son*;" and "*Rose of the Forest*." He is at present the editor of a literary paper for the amusement of ladies; and besides the pieces enumerated, has published a dull incongruous romance, entitled "*The Champions of Freedom*." He has also written much lyric poetry, and acquired considerable reputation by it.

Mr. Hillhouse, the author of a highly polished poem, entitled "*Judgment*," claims attention, from having produced two exquisite dramatic poems, "*Perey's Mask*," and "*Hadad*," neither of which, however, was intended by the author for representation. Mr. Hillhouse was, and I believe still is, in the hardware business in New York. He is entitled to a conspicuous place among the poets of modern date.

Dr. Percival might here be mentioned as having written a tragedy, entitled "*Lamor*;" and also a Mr. Potter, of New York, who wrote "*Phelles, or the Fall of Tyranny*," a tragedy superior to the ordinary run of tragedies.

Mrs. Rowson, the authoress of "*Charlotte Temple*," is better known as a novelist than as a dramatist. Her plays, however, which are four in number, possess considerable merit. "*The Slaves of Algiers, or a Struggle for Freedom*," founded on a story in *Don Quixote*. "*The Volunteers*," a farce, written after the whiskey

insurrection in Pennsylvania. "The Female Patriot," altered from Massinger's "Bondman;" and the comedy of "Americans in England." Mrs. Rowson was for several years an actress; she then became the principal of a seminary for young ladies in the vicinity of Boston, which character she sustained with great reputation until the time of her death, which occurred in 1824.

Colonel Humphreys, of the revolutionary army, imitated from the French of M. Le Mierre, "The Widow of Malabar, or the Tyranny of Custom," which was repeatedly performed in the various theatres, and finally published in 1790, in a volume of miscellaneous writings by the same author.

Mrs. Mercy Warren, authoress of a History of the American Revolution, published two tragedies in a volume of miscellaneous poems, in 1790: "The Sack of Rome," and "The Ladies of Castile." It does not appear that either was ever performed.

John D. Turnbull, of the Boston theatre, wrote "The Maid of Hungary;" "Rudolph, or the Robbers of Calabria;" and "The Wood Dæmon, or the Clock has Struck."

William Charles White, of Boston, wrote a tragedy on Mackenzie's "Man of the World," which he called "The Clergyman's Daughter;" and also a comedy, entitled "The Poor Lodger," founded upon the novel of Evelina: they were both played and printed. He appears to have been a friend of Robert Treat Paine, the poet, as the prologue to the first, and the epilogue to the latter performance, were from his pen, which was considered no small favour in those days.

John D. Burk, Esq. the historian of Virginia, produced several dramas. The titles of the following occur:—"The Death of General Montgomery;" "The Battle of Bunker's Hill;" "Female Patriotism, or the Death of Joan of Arc;" "Bethlem Gabor, Lord of Transylvania; or the Man Hating Palatine,"—this piece is founded upon Godwin's interesting romance of St. Leon; "The Prince of Susa." All these dramas have been performed and printed. Mr. Burk was killed in a duel in Virginia: he possessed very respectable abilities as a writer.

Dr. William Joor, of Charleston, South Carolina, published, in 1805, a comedy, entitled "Independence; or which do you like best, the Peer or the Farmer?" which he informs us was the first drama written by a native South Carolinian. He also wrote "The Battle of Eutaw Springs;" and "Evacuation of Charleston, or the Glorious 14th of December, 1782." Both of these plays were performed with applause, when first introduced upon the stage, but are now forgotten.

There are ample materials to extend this letter very readily to twice its present length; but as I have shown sufficient to prove that something has been done towards the foundation of a national drama in the United States, I refrain from longer taxing the patience of the reader, lest I provoke him to cry out, in self defence, *ne quid nimis*, and accuse me of attaching too much importance to trifles.

S.

"THE AGE."

SCENE: *a Drawing-Room.*

TIME: *about Six o'Clock, November the 12th.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Mr. VACANT, *clerk in a banking-house; a very young man, and a very great dandy; who would be supposed very knowing in affairs of fashion.*

Mr. SHARPELY; *a middle-aged man of the world.*

Mr. Vacant. Have you seen *The Age* to-day?

Mr. Sharpely. No: I never see *The Age*. [*A pause.*—But why do you ask: is it good?

Mr. V. Oh, monstrous clever! You must read it: you'll like it prodigiously.

Mr. S. Ah, indeed! What sort of thing is it then? What is its style?

Mr. V. Why, it's like the *John Bull*, but more severe—more plain-spoken. It's full of anecdotes of fashionable life, and high people, and all that sort of thing, you know. And it's devilish satirical; I assure you—an amazing teaser!

Mr. S. I understand what you mean to describe. When you open the paper, you see an abundance of proper names in it, with titles before them; and it is, as you say, "*devilish satirical*,"—it "*calls a spade a spade*;" and its paragraphs are peppered profusely with driveller, fool, dolt, liar, ass, knave, blockhead, puppy, scoundrel—Is not that it?

Mr. V. No, indeed. I see what you mean; but you're wrong. *The Age* is very much read, and thought monstrous good. It has quite eclipsed the *John Bull*.

Mr. S. From what I have heard, it must be a kind of coarse brown-paper copy of *John Bull*, having all its vice, and none of its polish—scurrying paper to——

Mr. V. [*Interrupting.*] Come, come, you're prejudiced, and quite wrong, take my word for it. There's Bob Clinton takes it in, and thinks it prodigiously clever, and so do most of the fine people. Here, just read the paper of to-day, while I write a note—my mother and sisters will not be down this half-hour. Women are never ready for dinner. [*Hands the Age to Mr. Sharpely, who reads. Mr. V. having, after the destruction of seven sheets of note paper in abortive essays, at last achieved his composition, while folding and sealing it asks*—

Well! what do ye think of it? Devilish good, a'nt it?

Mr. S. Why, I own my surprise that a young man of your sense and education, Mr. Vacant, can relish such a production as this.

Mr. V. Oh, I give you my honour it has immense circulation. Every body reads it—I'm not singular in liking it.

Mr. S. Then every body is very easily pleased. If this publication is indeed popular, which I am strongly inclined to doubt, there must be more ignorance and vulgarity in the world than could have been imagined in these days of education and refinement. Your people of fashion, or would-be people of fashion, are generally nice to fastidiousness about manner, however careless about matter; but this paper, which you say is read by them, is actually not written in English, and the scribe obviously does not know the meaning of half the words he uses—he is a perfect Malaprop. The servant that waits behind your chair would commit his thoughts to paper with more propriety than the editor of this fashionable journal.

Mr. V. Come! come! that's rather strong. What is the fault you find?

Mr. S. The fault! You must be a careless reader, my good sir, or else my respected friend, Doctor Whackem, has much to answer for in respect of your education. Now, don't be angry; remember that I am a middle-aged gentleman, who may take a liberty with a youngster whom I have known from his boyhood. I will read a few examples of "the nice derangement of the vernacular tongue," which I find in this your favourite paper, and then ask you, what is to be thought of the taste and education of people who are pleased with such a lingo.

Referring to the prosecutions commenced against the paper, the editor says:—

"It may be imagined, by the wavering and the weak, that we shall shrink from any controversy upon such a subject, from a supposed impossibility of meeting the question; but, throwing back such an absurd insinuation in their teeth, we proceed at once to enter into the circumstance, with every degree of *amour propre*."

With every degree of AMOUR PROPRE!!! Mrs. Malaprop never said a better thing. It is plain that the writer does not know the meaning of the phrase.

Mr. V. Ah—true. Amour propre—amour propre—Ah!

Mr. S. Self-love, you know. A strange pledge indeed, on the part of a writer,—to enter into the circumstance of an attack on him with every degree of *self-love*! But he was not aware of the meaning of his words. He, doubtless, intended proper pride, or some such expression, and thought that *amour propre* had that signification.

Luttrell, whom you have heard of as a very clever fellow, the author of "Letters to Julia," once concluded a tirade against the newspapers, by observing, "and the worst of all is, that the fellows now write so d—d well, that one can't affect to despise them. Formerly we used to be attacked in bad grammar, and vile ricketty composition; but now every garreter writes as only gentlemen and scholars wrote formerly."

This cannot be said of your writer in The Age—Verily, his is a style. Listen to this sample, and say whether you have often met with such a hash of words, without any seasoning of sense:—

"Every artifice that a collected purse and opinion could suggest and sanction, every trick which knavery could invent, and every attempt which impudence could conceive, and blackguardism execute, has been proceeded in by the parties, with the sole view of

totally extirpating our property—an aim which has been levelled by the first-named of these personages, from the earliest moment of our journal being established. Their efforts we have hitherto met, and shall continue to meet, with the consideration to which they are entitled—undismayed by any temporary triumph they may enjoy, and in no respect led away from a prosecution of those important objects, in the furtherance of which the principles of our paper are so deeply involved. The view which has been taken by us of society, and the exposures we have given of its enormities, *which a perfect intimacy therewith has enabled us to do*, has naturally enough drawn upon us the indignation of those on whom we have had to comment—persons who, aware and ashamed of the various proceedings of their life, blush deeply for the exposition of a villainy, they never blushed at, while committing. To the animosity of these gentlemen has been added that of others, who, in tampering with us to cloak their misdoings, have been egregiously disappointed, of some for the invariable exclusion of their lucubrations from the columns of our paper, and of many more, *through a degraded envy* of the popularity with which the public has been pleased to receive it."

A "degraded envy!" But what follows is richer still:—

"But the result of all this, while it may temporarily persecute us, will effect a benefit to society, and a general public good, the advantages of which are at present denied to it," [It!—What? the benefit or the public good?] and with *that object* in view" [What object in view?] "we pray to be pardoned for entering into this egotistical digression, *in the same ratio* that we shall be regarded for bringing about such important desideratum." Now, tell me honestly, Mr. Vacant, whether you have any idea what all this means. Do you, or can any mortal breathing, comprehend the *ratio* in which the writer is to be pardoned?

Mr. V. I thought I did when I read it.

Mr. S. Well, well. Here is some of the Malaprop sort, the absurdity of which is too gross to escape your observation:—

"The several defences to be entered upon by us in the progress of these legal fulminations, will be the means of bringing into contact numerous parties, under circumstances the most peculiar imaginable. The heads of families shall be in open array against their *contingent* members." CONTINGENT members—What say you to that? Those must be most extraordinary heads of families whose members are *contingent*. The editor might as well have said, with good Mrs. Malaprop, *contagious* members. A dictionary would have informed him, that contingent signifies chance or accidental. Anon he speaks of truth—"however severe it may have been expressed;" instead of severely. The deficiency of a *ly* is however not often to be charged against this paper, if the character I hear of it be just. In the next sentence I read of "the vices *intermittently* practised by individuals constituting that misnomer, HIGH LIFE." "Intermittently" was certainly not what the writer meant to say, he obviously intended to convey a sense directly opposite to that of this word; and then what mortal unblest with the conversation of Mrs. Malaprop, ever heard of a *misnomer constituted of individuals*? This is followed by some tawdry common-place about Rome, Greece, and Carthage, and these

three, Carthage included, observe, are declared to have been total strangers to commercial consequence!

Mr. V. You are surely inventing now. Every school-boy knows better than that. The Age has not discovered such gross ignorance?

Mr. S. But it has. I will read the entire passage, which, you will remark, is of rare sublimity, considering the occasion:—

"We repeat what we have so long and so strenuously asserted, that the land is literally groaning with the vices *intermittently* practised by individuals *constituting that misnomer*, HIGH LIFE—the events of every day declare it, unfortunately, to the world, and if some correction be not inflicted on those who are guilty of them, the "pride, pomp, and circumstance" of England's nobility, whose high chivalric character has been for centuries the astonishment and admiration of mankind, will fall from its imperial state, and sink into that eternal ruin in which the luxuries and wantonness of other empires eventually overwhelmed their sons, in long-departed ages. [That's fine.] **ROME, and GREECE, and CARTHAGE!** where are those countries now? The owl hoots through the roofless halls, and the ivy mantles the shattered columns, of one—the next is bonded by the invading oppressor,—the third, a pile of stones—the dissipations of Britain, in whom are concentrated the wisdom and glory of the whole, with an accession of commercial consequence to which they *were total strangers*, may level *her* estate to *theirs*."

Mr. V. A true bill, by Jove. Well! that is rather too good. Carthage a stranger to commercial consequence! I can't defend that, certainly.

Mr. S. Pray may I ask by what expedients The Age Sunday newspaper proposes to prevent the fall of Great Britain? What means does it use to avert this terrible catastrophe? You must know, as you read the paper.

Mr. V. Oh, it attacks different people, ridicules Raikes, and shows up Lord Glengall, and all that sort of thing.

Mr. S. And if Mr. Raikes were not ridiculed, and Lord Glengall were not shown up in The Age newspaper, it is most potently believed that Britain would crumble to ruins incontinently! Who would have thought it, Mr. Vacant? Did it ever strike you before you were apprised of the fact, *by authority*, that The Age was the very keystone of our social fabric, that but for it all things would crumble to pieces.

Mr. V. That's going too far certainly; but for all that, The Age is not to be sneered at. You pick out the slips of the pen. Read some more.

Mr. S. Some slips indeed! The pen I am following does nothing but slip. Here is something else, however, some writing in the Cambyzes vein, which is undoubtedly a rarity in these matter of fact days. The scribe takes an original view of the new buildings at the west end of the town:—

"Let the contemplative eye behold the gorgeous structures built and *building* [mark the force of the emphasis on this word] in the western part of the metropolis, and then let it be remembered to what purposes they are devoted—in their polluted chambers [*i. e.* in the chambers of those structures "*building*" as well as of those built]

are planned the ruin of woman's virtue and man's pride—the pampered pauper, who has risen into nobility by the industry of his forefathers, here [in the apartments of houses yet *building*—most uncomfortable sitting rooms] broods in silence over the projects he has formed for blasting his more gifted compeer; and in those recesses, which the law has not *hitherto* penetrated, is committed nightly the everlasting degradation of hundreds of high lineage. The inexperienced reader knows nothing of all this, and a recital of some of the common occurrences which take place within those prostituted walls, would—

————— ' Freeze his young blood,
Make his two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine ! ' "

Conceive what must be this revelation touching the doings in the houses built and *building*, which would freeze your blood, Mr. Vacant, and make your eyes, at present so firmly attached to your head, start from their spheres; and cause your hair, now so exactly curled, to stand on end! Can you imagine any anecdotes of *hells* or *brothels*, which would take such dismal effect on the person of a young man? But we must make allowances for touches of the sublime, and I know how to admire the rhetorick, by main force of which the *future* habitations, "the gorgeous structures *building*," are made the scenes of *present* iniquities. They must be very bad houses indeed, to be so full of wickedness before they are built.

Mr. V. [*Impatiently.*] Well, well, read on.

Mr. S. I will. From the sublime we now descend to the Malaprop style:—

"To an exposition of these continued exploits, it is, that we have directed all our best energies, and for which we have come under *the protective arm* of the law; but the *distribution* it may deal on us, for so doing, will be lost sight of, in that which it will extend to these outrages on which we have had to expatiate."

The "*protective arm* of the Law" indeed, and "*the distribution* it may deal" on defendants in actions for libel! When you were sprawling, Charles, some two or three years ago, under the uplifted rod of worthy Doctor Whackem, would it have entered your head at such a moment to have talked of the protective arm of the doctor, the scribe doubtless means *avenging*, and "*distribution*" he uses for *retribution*.

Mr. V. But you don't give a fair trial. All these blunders are taken from one paragraph—read some other, and you will find it better.

Mr. S. Not a whit, I have taken the most laboured one. I will now shew you the same kind of stuff in the next to it.

Theatricals. Here is a sample:—

"The Julian of Miss Mitford was as trashy an attempt at this *climacteric of the histrionic art*, as ever was exhibited on the stage—the Foscari is only as many degrees better, as time and a trifling quantity of experience will enable any one, under similar circumstances, to produce."

What does he mean by the climacteric of the histrionic art? The

dramatic art he meant, if he meant any thing; the histrionic art being one which Miss Mitford does not profess, and he obviously mistakes the sense of *climacteric*, supposing it from its sound of the same signification as climax. And then look at this unintelligible involution of words—"the Foscari is only as many degrees better as time and a trifling quantity of experience will enable any one under similar circumstances to produce." What rigmarole!

Mr. V. I don't exactly see the fault.

Mr. S. No! Submit the clause to the test of composition. Try to construe it in another order—"Time and a trifling quantity of experience will enable any one under similar circumstances to produce"—What? Here is no objective case. The Foscari is in the nominative, and ruling a verb, and to say that "time and experience will enable any one to produce," "as many degrees better," is to say stark nonsense. But this, such as it is, is the only reading!

Mr. V. Ah, but you know what he means to express.

Mr. S. Perhaps I do, but that is no excuse for such blunders. As Cobbett remarks, we know what the clown *means to say*, when he says, 'Molly tookt my ankecher and I tookt hern,' but the grammar is that of a clown nevertheless; and though we know what a dunce means to say, we yet hold him a dunce for his miscarriage in the expression of his meaning.

Mr. V. Enough of the composition. Look at the better part, the fun of the thing.

Mr. S. Look at it! Where am I to find it? The first, the leading article, is a collection of extracts from 'The Times' nearly three columns long. Then comes this as a substantive paragraph, the taste, feeling, and wit of which, are all on a footing of the most exact equality.—

"The following notice was lately written over the fencing round the estate of old Byng, the M. P.:—

'All dogs found here will be shot.'

"To which an ill-natured wag added,

'Like that old dog, the Admiral.'"

Then follows a state-paper, and then this, which is intended I presume to pass for fun, for a squib:—

"COURTS OF ENQUIRY.

"We have already apprized the reader that a Court of Enquiry has been instituted in the Royal Horse Guards Blue, for the purpose of ascertaining whether Lord William Lennox *writes for THE AGE!!!* and, in imitation of so laudable an example, we have pretty good reason to know that the following extra Courts will also be immediately held, on the subjoined list of individuals, and for the purposes set down against their respective names:—

"On John Easthope, M. P. For having lent money under cent. per cent., and for having induced Til Chatterton to study Malthus on Population, &c. &c. &c.

"On Mr. Fox Lane. For having stopped fox-hunting on his premises.

"On Lord Glengall. To ascertain how his lordship became possessed of the 25 $\frac{1}{2}$ he sent Mrs. Connor, and to examine the security he has given Messrs. Rowley, Capron, and Weld, for paying the costs

incurred by a sweep in his lordship's service, to prosecute one person that is connected with this paper, and some others, who are not.

"On Mr. O'Neil. For having changed his name from Geoghagen to O'Neil.

"On Mr. Auldjo (facetiously termed by Ball Hughes *Young Jo*). For having been *loo'd* to the tune of 6,000*l*.

"On John Wilks, Junior, M. P. For mis-spelling his own name, and writing Scott instead, on the back of a draft.

"On Mr. Heber. For having made an improper use of hartshorn, and to ascertain to what extent.

"On the Hon. G. Petre. For not paying up his subscription to the Steam Washing Company, and attempting to lower the price of soap in the market.

"On Ball Hughes. For having *made* away with a part of his wife's goods.

"On Mr. Thomas Raikes. To ascertain how far he is implicated in an accident that has happened to one of the city stages, from one of the horses having shied at a very ordinary face near London-wall."

And is this—is this your fun, Mr. Vacant?

Mr. V. Oh you undervalue *The Age*—indeed you do. It is a very amusing paper, very amusing indeed, and contains a good deal of anecdote about fashionable life.

Mr. S. I doubt it; at least I question the genuineness of its information, and the failure of the would-be scandalous papers in this respect, is what surprises me, for surely nothing could be easier than to procure the intelligence they want, if it be so profitable a commodity. There are needy and sufficiently unprincipled men moving in high life, who would sell themselves to the Printer's Devil for a mere trifle. I am confident that there would be a score of nobly born applicants for the situation, were an advertisement in these terms to appear in the daily journals.—

WANTED, a NOBLEMAN, or HONOURABLE moving in the first Circles, to contribute Anecdotes and Scandal, the Tittle Tattle of the Tea Tables, and the Chit Chat of the Clubs, &c. to a Sunday Newspaper. No person need apply who is not thoroughly unprincipled, as the party must use his opportunities with no other regard than that to the advantage of his employers. The emoluments will be proportioned to the industry of the individual. If active, he may earn 300*l*. a year. Grammar and Spelling will not be required, as the matter furnished will be dressed up by the Editor. A discount on lies, if detected. If ingenious and successful, they will be taken at the rate of the other contributions.

How do you think that would take?

[*Before Mr. V. could reply, Mrs. V. enters drawing on her gloves.*]

Mrs. V. Ah! Mr. Sharpely—delighted to see you. You are early [looking at the time piece pointing to half-past seven] but I hope Charles has been very amusing.

Mr. S. We have had a hot dispute about the merits of *The Age*, which I think very bad, and he has been hastily decided; and I have tried to bring him over to my opinion by writing a long and highly written, well knowing how much of a manner

than to matter. The dress is generally every thing with them. But this publication is as faulty in form, as it is poor in material, and yet he tolerates it!

Mrs. V. Oh, that odious Age. I can't bear it. I want to take in the John Bull, but he won't let me. I like the Bull, of all things—Those dear delightful letters of Mrs. Ramsbottom!

Mr. S. My dear madam, as an old friend you must allow me to warn you against repeating that unlucky commendation, which I have heard more than once from the lips of ladies. You are not aware that the fun of those letters consists in *equivoques* of the very grossest indecency.

Mrs. V. Good God! Mr. Sharpely! - - - - -

SOUVENIR BOOKS, OR JOINT-STOCK LITERATURE.*

THESE very pretty exotics seem to have taken a firm root in this country, and bear every appearance, at the present moment, of being thoroughly *acclimatès*. In similar productions of other countries, the Souvenir books have sometimes struck us as more fancifully elegant in their decorations, and sometimes, though rarely, more replete with talent than the two whose titles will be found below. In none of the specimens, however, that we have ever seen, has there been more evident pains, more costly care, a more abundant or a richer display of art. Either the patronage of the public, or the enterprise of the publishers, has raised these little-works to a rank in art. While they are the currency indicative of an intercourse of the most kindly nature at this season of the year, the stamp of high perfection which their execution bears on the face of it, confers on them a great and independent value. They are not only the coin, but the medals of friendship.

We cannot, however, help regretting, that a more rigorous censorship has not been set over the literary department. The admission of a great many very inferior compositions, detracts materially from their general value, and often suggests the proverb, of the workmanship being too good for the work. We are aware, however, that where there is little pretension, a high standard of criticism is unjust; but we are moreover certain, that the capabilities of publications of this kind are much greater than is generally supposed, and we therefore regret the loss of the opportunity. Looking to the literary department, we are not only compelled to confess, that many compositions, whose merit is evanescent, or so infinitely small that it may be considered as non-existent, are printed, and illustrated in these beautiful little tomes; but that, on the whole, the improvement or the pleasure to be derived is not of a very high order. Where an immense number of writers, whose names are well known to the public, are gathered together, it is not surely too much to expect something of the spirit of inspiration among them. When so many writers of genius are called upon for so small a quota, is it not to be expected that each will be

* Forget Me Not, a Christmas and New Year's Present for 1827. Edited by Frederic Schoberl.—Ackermann.

Friendship's Offering. A Literary Album. Edited by Thomas K. Hervey.—Relfe.

able to pick out of his *adversaria* some little thing—the offspring of a truly vigorous moment—bearing on its face the stamp of genius, of originality, novelty, or beauty. They who expect thus, may esteem their expectations reasonable, but they do not understand the ways of writers. Lord Byron was a very good-natured person, in spite of the calumny of others, and the evidence of his own verse. When teased by young ladies, and sometimes by gentlemen, to write them something or other, he would often comply; on such occasions he wrote the most arrant stuff. An “occasional” poem is, in reality, of the most interesting species of poetry, when the poem is truly excited by the occasion, and not when the occasion is made for the sake of the verse. Again,—the conductors of these little works do not limit their applications to the men of acknowledged genius, any more than they limit their admission to papers of undoubted talent. They apply to persons to assist them, who, as is known to all the world, either cannot write any thing worth printing, or who have only done so once or twice in their lives, in some very happy moment, and when the odds are very long indeed against the recurrence of such felicitous event. It would be invidious, but very easy to mention names. Suffice it to say, that the publication of any still-born volume of trashy verse, or still more trashy prose, is a title to contribute to the Album of the year. In whatever spirit our remarks may be taken, no one will at least be found hardy enough to deny, that the artists employed on these occasions, far surpass the most elaborate efforts of the writers. Take a favourable specimen of each—in Mr. Hervey’s “Offering,” turn to the *Il Biglietto d’Amore*—observe the mind and feeling pervading the whole of the drawing, to say nothing of the excellent engraving. Observe the careless indifference of the old scribe, about to pen an epistle for the beautiful girl, who is intensely occupied with reflecting upon the feelings she shall convey to her lover, and who seems to be mentally dividing all her different topics of reproach and affection, and is unconsciously using her fingers in the same process, while the old fellow is nibbling the point of his pen; observe too another figure, with a face of goodnatured contemplation looking over the girl’s shoulder, and watching the dictation. Compare this little passage of the history of the heart, with the lines which Mr. Croly has written upon it. We do not deny that they run smoothly—that they are rather pretty; but how infinitely they fall short of the depth of feeling, the accuracy of observation, and the beauty of art, in the painting of Davis, and the engraving of Humphrys. This little picture is a perfect gem, upon which we could speculate for hours. And though we undoubtedly prefer this plate to any other in the two Souvenirs before us, there are *many*, both in Mr. Ackermann’s and Mr. Relfe’s publications, upon which much may be said—but of which we shall only say, that they are delightful to look upon, not once, but often and often again. Can this justly be said of the more intellectual department? We do not deny that we have met with many pieces of merit, but they are thinly scattered, and choked with compositions, of which the ingredients are quires of paper, a quarter of a hundred of pens, a cubical inch of ink, considerable manual labour, and a shade or two of memory. Now these little books go into the hands of young ladies chiefly, and they lie about drawing-rooms for several months. We would gladly seize this fine opportunity to make some deep and lasting

impressions upon the sensible and amiable hearts, as well as upon the fine deep eyes, blue and black, of the Souvenir readers. Young ladies are not critical, (God be thanked!) and they read much without knowing that it is very bad. Poetry has a traditional charm, and they are often deluded by lines printed with a delightful regularity, each commencing from a margin beautifully straight, and each crossing the page to about the same point, and dropping off in similar terminations, with a kind of uniform unevenness. Over these magic rows, the real magician being, in truth, Mr. Davison, or Mr. Maurice, (the printers of these two books, and the Didots of London,) delicate glances wander with a strong faith in the charms of poetry—but the last line is done, the last rhyme has ceased to jingle on the young ear, and the heart is all a void. The uncritical and virgin hands close the book, and know not why the expected gush of pleasure has failed to animate the feelings, already on the throb of expectation. “The poetry you have been reading, my love, is not the poetry of which you have dreamed. It is the poetry of a manufacturer, who would have been better employed in moulding the potter’s clay, than in thus attempting to breathe the breath of life, into his clumsy semblances of the divine lineaments of true inspiration.

Editors may answer and say, we have done our best. We have written letters to every body that was ever heard of in the world of print, and have entreated them to enrol their names in our list of fame. It is true that the more celebrated writers took no notice of the application, and that the less celebrated, and especially those not celebrated at all, sent volumes of their effusions by return of post. We did what remained to us, we selected the *best*, and with our proper hands wrote some *better*. There is little to be said against the justice of this—the answer is, that the affair is a bookseller’s speculation; and the most we can therefore expect is, that it will be done in a tradesmanlike manner: and after the best manner truly in this sort is the task performed. We remember, that in some former observations on the Souvenir books, we spoke of the Taschenbuchs of Germany,* which were sometimes got up by a few men of genius, who, at the end of the year, clubbed their *adversaria*, and published together a little miscellaneous volume, which had or might not have some definite object. The hint might, we think, be adopted in this country with advantage, though the time is gone by when men wrote in knots and schools. The Lake school, and other schools, are crumbled into dust, or vanished into thin air. There are however many clubs or schools even at present existing, which might throw together an occasional periodical of this kind with effect, whether the object be grave or gay—pleasure or improvement. All men, whether engaged in the business of the world, or in the study of literature and philosophy—or in the composition of poetry, occasionally scribble over pages without any immediate object—or which, being beside the object in view, are thrown aside—gather dust, and are forgotten. All writers do not place that high value upon their sentences that Mr. M’Culloch appears to do—they do not only refrain from re-printing five or six times, but frequently never print these scattered affairs at all. An irregular periodical would embrace them very appro-

* We believe Mr. Ackermann was the first to imitate and rival these productions of his native country.

priately. Suppose, for a moment, that such waste pages were gathered from the writings of Moore, Brougham, Mackintosh, Sydney Smith, Rogers, Allen, Crabbe, Lord Holland, or any other set, it matters not what—these names we merely mention for the sake of illustration—something good might be expected, and not perhaps so grave or so serious as would be imagined from the more elaborate and formal of the works of these men. “But, sir, we must have something *light*.” Ah, this word “*light*” is the cause of much heaviness. A pound of feathers, it must be remembered, weighs as heavily as a pound of lead. It is a mistake to suppose, that the nearer we approach a vacuum, the more agreeable is the atmosphere. To be “light,” in the opinion of most people, is to be idealess. It is most true, that the more common the ideas of a composition are, the more numerous will be the audience by whom it will be understood; and this principle seems to guide the advocates of “light” reading and writing. Write that, say they, which shall require the least education and the commonest experience to understand it, and you will write that which must be popular. Compare the merits of Tacitus and Clarendon, and very few know or care any thing about the matter. Discuss Pope and Dryden, and your audience is a little more enlarged. Talk of Lord Byron, and your auditors are multiplied by a hundred. Criticise the manners of a dinner table, and the vulgarities of half-bred pretenders, or low-bred Cocknies, and the very housekeepers and lady’s maids can relish your discourse. This is the modern meaning of the term “light,” and the principle of the management of more than one popular periodical. But we are beside our mark.

We are almost persuaded to strike out the names we have quoted, and substitute some others, for we confess that a miscellany from writers who, with a few exceptions, are conversant with such serious subjects, would make but a heavy Souvenir. It is, we suppose, one of the signs of the times of business, that our greatest men are divested of all the buoyancy and playfulness of mind, which used to distinguish the great men of other times. They go straightforward to the matter in hand, and hammer away at an argument until their hearers are convinced, or wearied into acquiescence. The more peaceful, but the more irregular mode of attack, the tale, the allegory, the satire—all those compositions which come under the head of the sports of the mind, are abandoned to the regular and mercenary rank and file of literature, who are witty or affecting at so much a sheet. Dr. Franklin did not disdain the form of a squib, or parody, or fable, to convey his notions of men and things—but Mr. Brougham, doubtless, would start at the idea of enforcing the necessity of elementary instruction or Catholic Emancipation in an epigram, or a dialogue between a Dublin alderman and an Irish porter.

It is unnecessary to criticise the works of which we have been speaking in detail. They are pretty equal in the article of decoration; while in literary merit the Offering is considerably superior to the Forget Me Not. In the latter there is a story by Mr. Henry Neele, and some other compositions, perhaps, which possess merit; but it is generally of an inferior order. In the former, the Friendship’s Offering, there are many things which we could mention with praise—many with wonder and amazement: L. E. L. whose productions meet

us everywhere, occur in the "Offering," and are fanciful and animated; Miss Mitford's name is put at the head of a pretty tale called *Hay Carrying*, though it, as every thing she writes, is marred by small instances of affectation and ignorance. Two stories by the author of the *Subaltern*, also in the "Offering," are distinguished by this writer's accuracy of observation and distinctness of description. Of the poetry we will give the best and the worst specimen in the volume, then shut up the *Souvenir* books for 1827, and forward our donations by the mail to the country cousins who dwell within view of *Windermere*. It will be all most estimable poetry to them.

A FATHER'S GRIEF.

By the Rev. Thomas Dale.

To trace the bright rose, fading fast,
From a fair daughter's cheek;
To read upon her pensive brow
The fears she will not speak;
To mark that deep and sudden flush,
So beautiful and brief,
Which tells the progress of decay—
THIS is a Father's grief.

When languor, from her joyless couch,
Has scared sweet sleep away,
And heaviness, that comes with night,
Departs not with the day;
To meet the fond endearing smile,
That seeks, with false relief,
Awhile to calm his bursting heart—
THIS is a Father's grief.

To listen where her gentle voice
Its welcome music shed,
And find within his lonely halls
The silence of the dead;
To look, unconsciously, for her,
The chosen and the chief
Of earthly joys—and look in vain—
THIS is a Father's grief.

To stand beside the sufferer's couch,
While life is ebbing fast;
To mark that once illumin'd eye
With death's dull film o'ercast;—
To watch the struggles of the frame
When earth has no relief,
And hopes of heaven are breath'd in vain—
THIS is a Father's grief.

And not when that dread hour is past,
And life is pain no more—
Not when the dreary tomb hath clos'd
O'er her so lov'd before;
Not then does kind oblivion come
To lend his woes relief,
But with him to the grave he bears
A Father's rooted grief.

For, Oh! to dry a mother's tears,
Another babe may bloom:
But what remains on earth for him
Whose last is in the tomb?
To think his child is blest above—
To hope their parting brief,—
These, these may soothe—but death alone
Can heal a Father's grief.

The most wretched attempt at verse we ever saw, and we have seen many miraculously good-for-nothing ones, is the following. We must observe, that the author is the editor of the *Literary Gazette*, a weekly review of literature, which is understood to be widely patronized. It could only be in the hope of a favourable notice in the poet's impartial journal, that Mr. Hervey was induced to insert the "Proper Word." Mr. Jerdan may be a marvellously shrewd critic; but his pretensions to the laurel of the poet are not, it seems, on a level with the reputation of his literary newspaper.

THE PROPER WORD.

The *idea* taken from a French Writer.

By W. Jerdan, Esq.

Divided from his favourite fair,
A bard, his sorrows to bemoan,
Began a sad elegiac air,
But like to please himself alone.
"Oh, house, that holds my Sylvia dear!"
Ran the exordium absurd:—
"Pardon!" (said one;) "to me 'tis clear,
That *House* is much too poor a word.
What think you of the loftier sound,
Of palace, castle, or château?
From these some term may, sure, be found,
Far fitter than a phrase so low."
The poet sigh'd:—"It cannot be—"
"Why not? the sense the same will prove."
—"Ah! no, they've sent, far far from me,
To an *Hospital* the girl I love."

There is another composition by the same author, and of equal merit, called a *Bagatelle Compliment*. This also has been admitted, as bearing the credentials of the *Literary Gazette*. We hate harshness of all kinds, and we believe Mr. Jerdan to be a very good kind of man, so that we say nothing more than advise him—unless he wishes to ruin his critical journal—to withstand the flattery of the *Souvenir* editors, and keep his poetry, if he must write it, in his strong box. It will be difficult to persuade the world to abide by the decisions of a man who writes and scans thus:—

Divided from his favourite fair,
A bard, his sorrows to bemoan,
Began a sad *elēgiac* air.

For so "runs the *exordium* absurd." This, to use Mr. Jerdan's elegant phraseology, is "like to please himself alone." It is very possible that he may know nothing of Greek, but the aid of Walker's *Pronouncing Dictionary* alone is necessary to ascertain the quantity of the word "*elegiac*."

We ought to add, that the two *Souvenir* books we have referred to, are not the only specimens of the kind; but not having seen the others, we can say nothing of them; excepting that one is edited by Mr. Alaric Watts; and we should suppose, from the nature of this gentleman's literary connexions, and because we have seen some very meritorious poems by him, that his collection would be good, at least in the poetical department.

PERE LA CHAISE.

Is there a traveller on record, who, with an hour of vacancy on his hands in a country village, did not stroll into the church-yard, to cull from within the precincts of mortality the characteristic features of those, who, mouldering in the dust, were portrayed in the language of sepulchral poetry, by gifted relations or friends; or, peradventure, in the posthumous productions of their own pens? It would, therefore, be as unpardonable as impossible to suppose, that one on foreign travel should omit an opportunity of putting his finishing touch to the picture of Parisian costume, by following the light and airy tribes, as they flutter from their living scenes of terrestrial paradise, in the Palais Royale, and gay gardens of the Tuilleries, until they repose in their final resting place, the cemetery of Pere la Chaise. We have all read, and we all know, or at least ought to know, that he who can travel "from Dan unto Beersheba, and say that all is barren," is little to be envied; in fact, that he is little better than a fool, and deserves to live in a perpetual wilderness. Nothing can be more just and true than this remark; and perhaps we were excited by the pressing stimulus of this pithy truism, which urged us to omit nothing that could fall within our sphere of observation, to deduct a morning from the overflowing vitality effervescing in the crowded purlieus of the Fauxbourg Montmartre, and bend our course towards the confines of the fashionable, and, "par consequence," the living world of Paris. This world, diminishing in its progress eastward, gradually becomes more circumscribed, and finally loses itself in or about the Boulevard du Temple, hard upon the remote regions of St. Antoine, like the Congo and Niger, in the central deserts of Africa. Considering the object in view, we were perhaps more forcibly struck with this gradual attenuation of the thread of human life; but to the most careless observer it must have been evident, that as he journeyed onward, he was leaving the living world behind him. The spring tide of existence was obviously left at its full height in the lively quarter far behind, where it poured through the Boulevard des Italiens down the Rue de Richlieu, and the numberless other outlets and common sewers thus opening to receive its superfluity in all directions. As we passed the Port du Temple it had ebbed away perceptibly, and now dwindled into a scanty stream, a mere rivulet of pulsations, as we turned up the northern streets, which in various ramifications conduct towards the last and destined home of those we had left to flutter away their hours, till they journeyed hitherwards, never to return. As we approached the goal, we were further reminded of our destination, by more palpable symptoms than the mere diminution of population. For ascending the street leading more directly to the cemetery, we were at one moment overtaken by funeral processions, and at the next met by individuals in sable garments and mournful looks, both proving to us that we were in the right path leading to the city of the dead, the gates of which were soon visible at the end of a long vista of houses, each in its separate department declaring the power and good will of its owner to administer to the varied wishes, vanities,

or feelings, of such as were drawn thither by affection, duty, necessity, or curiosity. Every art connected directly or indirectly with the grave, forced itself into notice, and solicited the attention of the passenger. The trappings and outward signs of woe, in every taste and fashion, formed an avenue to the very entrance. Artificers of all descriptions had established themselves on the spot, each exhibiting, in the most tempting and attractive mode, their sombre wares; as if conscious that they had to deal with those who required to be reminded, at the very threshold of the vault, that some frail or fond memorial was due to the solemnity of their visit. First appeared by the way side, at certain intervals, seated on their rush-bottom chairs, with baskets and tables before them, perfect specimens of those frightful, tawny, leathern-visaged old women, peculiar we think to France,—humble manufacturers of wreaths, crosses, chaplets of yellow or white everlasting flowers, (*fleurs immortelles*.) On the right and left, filling up every open space, were gardens, of more transient, but more gay and gaudy flowers,—hollyhocks, sunflowers, china-asters, all blooming and blushing amidst plots of weeping willows, cypress trees, junipers, and divers other plants, usually selected for the purpose, expressed on notice boards, announcing the venders' names, thus—"Duriez, jardinier fleuriste, vend arbres, arbustes & fleurs, fait & entretient les plantations des monumens funebres, vend des entourages, en tous genres." (*sic.*) It was on one of the hottest of the never to be forgotten hot days of this memorable hot summer, that we thus toiled to visit the dead upon their upland hill, and the weeping willows, powdered and white with dust and pulverised chalk, were drooping, unwatered and withering, on the arid soil, without an apparent chance of surviving the pain and peril of transplantation beyond a few days or weeks at most; a period, however, judging from not a few of the cases for which they were reared, probably sufficiently long to answer the joint purpose of buyer and seller; but more of this anon. Still nearer, "Monsieur Tappon," in the double capacity of concierge and blacksmith, was busied on his anvil, beating out iron work for "grilles & entourages a des prix moderés, confectionnés solidement & avec elegance." Then, in greater numbers, appeared masons and stone-cutters, and chief amongst sculptors, Mr. Schwind, with all their "marberie," in a tasty display of countless indescribable monuments, from the simple slab to the ponderous pyramid, amidst a host of statues and busts, emblems of grief, in the past, present, and future tense; weeping, preparing to weep, or drying up their floods of marble tears, at the option of the purchaser; the intermediate space filled up with minor mementos, in the shape of urns and tablets, and other carved conceits innumerable.

As nine-tenths of our readers who cross the British Channel have, like ourselves, performed the identical pilgrimage of which we now treat, and, as a matter of course, have said or written all that a superficial glance could enable them to say or to write upon the subject; nothing is farther from our thoughts and intentions than to go through the regular routine of a tourist's correspondence, in all its details and prolixity of nothingness. Concerning every thing, therefore, that intrudes itself, as a matter of necessity rather than of observation, upon the eye, unasked for and unsought, we shall be very

brief. Indeed we would much rather be absolutely silent ; but as it is just possible, though we admit by no means probable, that these pages may fall under the cognizance of some luckless homed detenu, doomed within the limits of the sea-girt isles to pant in vain for continental trips, and foreign travel ; quiet and retired souls, who have never beheld the wonders of the great deep between Dover and Calais, or set their foot upon the shores of Dieppe or Havre, those remote ultima thules of a cockney's hebdominal expedition ; persons too, " *mirabile dictu*," who have never had a letter from uncle, nephew or niece, or any other kind relative, near or distant, giving them a description of this condensed depository of defunct Parisians ; we shall, for the sake of such individual, if one indeed there be, merely state, that the cemetery of Pere la Chaise is a space walled in, containing about seventy acres ; that it did, in the middle of the seventeenth century, belong to a certain confessor of Louis XIV., called Pere la Chaise ; that at his death in 1709, it fell into the hands of the Jesuits, of whose order he was a zealous member ; that on the dissolution of that detestable society in 1764, it was sold to pay their debts ; and that finally, in 1804, it was set apart for the purpose here mentioned ; and furthermore, as we write to give all useful information consistent with brevity, we add, that if then our reader, for whose benefit these details are enumerated, has the slightest desire to be interred therein, he may accomplish his object in a goodly grave, of four feet and a half deep, such being the authorised depth, on prompt payment of the following fees :—

| | |
|------------------------------------|----------------------|
| Commissary of Police..... | 10 francs. |
| Concierge..... | 5 ditto |
| Grave-digger | 12 ditto |
| Stamp duties and registering | 2 ditto 60 centimes. |

Making in all the sum of twenty-nine francs sixty centimes, that is, in plain English money, about 1*l.* 4*s.* 6*d.*, or, as the exchange is now in our favour, for little more than a guinea, exclusive of exportation ; travelling expenses, import duties, &c. This, be it however observed, is for the mere temporary occupation of the above mentioned grave, since, if a perpetuity of uninterrupted possession is required, a further payment of two hundred and fifty francs must be made for about a couple of square yards, the usual consignment of space for such individuals as choose that their bones should remain for ever undisturbed. Should this our reader be afflicted with any symptoms inducing him to suspect that he has no time to lose, if he is desirous of profiting by the information last given, it will, in great measure, be a work of supererogation to remark, in the next place, that the high ground on the summit or rear of the cemetery, commands one of, if not the very finest, views of Paris ; and as he has never crossed the water, we may be pardoned for telling him, that the view of Paris differs most materially and especially from a view of London, taken from any given point whatever, be it Highgate, Hampstead, or even the cross of St. Paul's itself. In London, it is true, we have the dome of this, our superb metropolitan cathedral, infinitely larger, but somewhat similar in shape to that of the Hospital of Invalids and Pantheon at Paris ; and we have Westminster Abbey, with its two towers, as a counterpart for Notre Dame ; and we have, moreover, a much larger

portion of churches and spires; but what of that? the dome of St. Paul's glitters not with gold, like that of the Invalids; and if it did, nay, if every spire, turret and chimney-top in London were glowing with gold, what should we be the better for them, since one and all are hopelessly enveloped in a thick pervading expanse, forming a huge mantle of impenetrable smoke, incessantly distilling coat after coat of dingy soot, unknown to the gay roofs of the metropolis of France, as seen from the spot of which we speak. From this summit every object is distinctly visible, with a clear defined outline; not a single curling wreath of smoke is perceptible; there is none of the *ignotum pro magnifico*. The points of the various buildings and churches rise up sharp and brilliant, backed and canopied by a bright blue sky, unknown to those in England who have passed their lives beneath an atmosphere, now tinged with the hazy fogs of easterly winds, or muddled with the continuous first fruits of Atlantic evaporation, imparted from the channel, and condensing in conglomerating masses of "vapour, and cloud, and storm." Reader, art thou a painter? If thou art, thou wilt understand the difference of effect to be pretty much on a par with that produced by the representation of mist and sky through which the sun is seen dimly struggling in Poussin's Deluge, and any one of the many pictures of Venetian scenery handed down to us by the hand of Canaletti.

Thus much for all, as we have said, that *must* meet the eye of the visitor to Pere la Chaise; but for what more is meant than meets the eye in the shape of fancy, and taste and character connected therewith, in the way of epitaph and entombment, we shall crave a few moments' more attention, and proceed at once within the gates guarding the precincts, wherein are deposited the remains of not less than two hundred thousand of the dead.

On looking around, and duly calling up a respectable proportion of appropriate reflections, we were loth to confess, that the analysis of our feelings did by no means give results in accordance with the solemnity due to the situation in which we were thus suddenly placed. In fact, we found it difficult, if not impossible, to muster up a due degree of gravity or seriousness. It is true we were amongst the dead, but there was no sense of sympathy; we could not fancy to ourselves that we trod upon the dust of either the dull or dolorous. There seemed to be a sort of vivacious bustle amidst the tombs; we could not easily persuade ourselves that we were not forming one of a merry party in "a dance of death," in which the tenantry of the tombs were ready and willing to partake. We could almost fancy that there were occasional exhibitions of skeleton quadrilles, and that the winds often whistled through the bones of some cadaverous cavalier seul, as he tripped away in a "pas de zephyr." Perhaps, indeed, we should have been somewhat more backward in admitting even the possibility of such uncongenial and really reprehensible feelings, had we not been prepared by a glance over the pages of "*l'Itineraire des Curieux*," a sort of guide book, in which we read, that "*une volupté serieuse*," was all that could be rationally expected from the sight of twenty-six thousand monuments of mortality, "*dans une ville superbe des morts placée entre les limites des deux mondes!!*" and that but

for this trifling consideration “ tout conviendrait au plaisir dans ce jardin magnifique!!” But be the feelings and moral impressions what they may, it is beyond the power of any moraliser to convey a definite idea of the infinite variety of fanciful decoration and whimsical wantonness displayed in the monumental erections here huddled together in the most heterogeneous disorder and confusion imaginable. At every step and turn the scene presented an entirely new picture; if words could express our meaning, we should say, that we fancied ourselves peeping, per favour, through Charon’s kaleidoscope into the regions of Pluto. On a superficies of a hundred square yards, we beheld pyramids, columns, bowers, rustic cottages, tomb-stones erect or flat, slabs on pediments, children’s dolls, saints, Virgin Marys, stuffed dogs, crucifixes, urns, veils, ribbons, rags, china vases, flower-pots, bottles of all sizes and shapes, trinkets and trellises, some overgrown with the different variety of *clematis*, while others supported vines, well loaded with pendulous branches of luscious fruit, reminding us of a certain atheistical bon vivant, whose remains (so at least runs the current report of the neighbourhood) were, at his own request, seated in a chair, with a bottle of the best old port within reach, and hermetically bricked up within a solitary tower, near the castle of Penthilly, in Cornwall. Some reposed in snug little recesses, fitted up with all the conveniences and elegancies of a lady’s boudoir; some slept under “ berceaux and bosquets;” while others rested in gardens, rivalling in size those of the kings of Lilliput, each tiny tenement surrounded with the iron tracery of the above mentioned Mr. Tappan. But as our object in the morning’s visit was rather to observe what was said than what was done in honour of the departed, we shall proceed to select a few epitaphs worthy of note, either from merit, peculiarity, or other cause.

But first we would preface the list, by expressing our extreme surprise at the utter deficiency of point and novelty, so generally apparent. We had, from a tolerable knowledge of the people, imagined, *à priori*, that a French cemetery would have teemed with epigrammatic inscriptions, and well turned conceits and compliments, which none are more capable of expressing on all ordinary occasions; but no such thing—and most fully do we coincide in opinion with “ l’Itineraire,” that the epitaphs are “ pour la plupart d’une fatigante monotonie; rarement elles touchent le cœur, parcequ’elles sont produites par des âmes froides, ou des esprits inhabiles à bien exprimer leurs sentimens.” It is but just, however, to add, that the mourners are not quite allowed fair play; for in what relates to death, as well as life, there is an equal absence of freedom in the press—and a Frenchman must measure his sorrows according to the omnipotent will of the police, for “ Les propriétaires ne peuvent point faire placer aucune inscription sans l’avoir été préalablement visée à la prefecture.”

That amongst twenty-six thousand tombstones many really excellent effusions may have escaped us, is most probable; but we question whether the annexed selected specimens may not be admitted as a fair and tolerable criterion of the general tenor and quality of the mass. As they scarcely present sufficient distinctive features for classifi-

cation, we shall insert them nearly in the order in which they were noted down, with remarks and observations suggested by their matter, or subjects nearly connected with them.

Anne Emelie Duparquet, for whose loss “*Sa tendre mere, son beau pere, et tout sa famille sont inconsolables. Et sa grand mere pleure tous les jours.*” It should be observed, that the last line, expressive of the daily renewed sorrows of the grandmother, is a subsequent addition, cut in a different text, and evidently an afterthought. This much lamented young person reposed under a canopy of tarpauling, shrouding a glass case containing a basket of artificial flowers; and notwithstanding the detailed lamentations of the whole family, we were sorry to observe that the inclosure was choked with weeds—that the weeping willows were quite dead—and the mournful junipers with every symptom of rapid and premature decay.

The next is a contributory epitaph, “*au plus aimé des peres,*” in which the reader is assured that—

————— “*L’ame la plus belle,
Qui descendait jamais du celeste sejour,
Animait soixant ans la depouille mortelle,
Que ce marbre jaloux derobe à notre amour.*”

This filial effusion is followed up by another equally gratifying, from the nephews and nieces of the defunct:—

Ho ! le plus chéri des oncles nous ne
Cesserons, jamais de vous regretter, et
Nous viendrons souvent, arroser votre
Tombe des larmes de reconnoissance.

The family friend then adds his mite of approbation, thus—

Par un ami.
Ci git Monsieur Remy,
Le plus parfait modèle des parens et des amis.”

Lastly comes the wife, by whom the reader is further informed, that the whole is erected at her expense—

“*Au meilleur des epoux.*”

Whether Madame Remy still continues in a state of disconsolate widowhood we know not, neither can we give any information respecting the procrastinated grief due to this, the finest spiritual production of the celestial world, on being liberated from a sixty years’ incarceration in its mortal prison; but truth compels us to add, that the parterre of the mausoleum was in a lamentable state of withering desolation, and in woful want of the rivers of tears promised by the nephews and nieces. Its dilapidated state exhibiting a sad contrast to a neighbouring inclosure, decorated with a choice selection of spruce junipers, and well-trimmed privets, at that very moment under the hands and shears of a well-paid clipper, who, in the liveliest strains imaginable, lightened his toil with ceaseless song, each successive verse closing with a chorus of “*allons chanter la mort !*”

Some prudently word their inscriptions so as to serve a double purpose—a record of the dead, with an eye to custom and profit for the living—thus, on a monument erected to two children by a fond father, he adds, that he is “ancien Md. fourreur à Paris.”

Some show their respect by the magnitude of their memorial. A huge pyramidal column, twenty or thirty feet high, arrested our attention. We expected to find a marshal or a general, at least; but we learned nothing more than that it was the joint production of a daughter and a nephew, to a name not recorded.

Epitaph on GABRIELLE.

“Vous qui considerez son tombeau sans
pleurer pour elle—vous ne l’avez pas connue.”

And yet the marble tablet recording this memorial was broken; the original junipers had long since died, like the fair Gabrielle; and those who had known her merits had evidently never troubled themselves with the thought of renewing either the tablet or the trees.

The monuments of Moliere and La Fontaine are within a yard of each other. An Englishman had, after the manner of his countrymen, aimed at immortality, by scrawling his name on the marble pediment of the latter. It would be unpardonable to allow his renowned name to pass unnoticed. For the information of the British and Foreign public be it therefore known, that the inscriber was one John Shiers, of London, bearing date, August 1826. We would recommend the said celebrated John Shiers, in future, to reserve the date and record of his valuable name for that day in the year apparently most suited to his character—viz. the first of April.

A plain pyramid about five feet high marks the resting place of Volney, with the simple inscription, “F. Volney, pair de France.”

We know not how sufficiently to express, in appropriate terms, Madame Bonjour’s “petit sentiment;” we shall therefore describe what we saw. Her husband having died, the disconsolate widow purchased a “Concession à perpétuité,” on which were inscribed these simple three words, “Bonjour—docteur medecin,” which we were inclined to consider as a pun upon the good man’s name, or at all events as commemorative alike of his patronymic, and her overwhelming feelings at his loss. Having performed her first duty, as the nearest approach to a “suttee” of her own person, she suspended her portrait in a smart frame immediately beneath the epitaph; and then, as a further substitute for the Hindoo sacrifice, she decided, it seems, that there and then, “his faithful dog should bear him company.” Accordingly no sooner had M. Bonjour been fairly deposited in his grave, than the poor animal was killed, skinned, stuffed, and placed, with a pair of goggling glass eyes, in a case, where we found

him, staring us full in the face, as if wondering what he had to do in so unheard-of a situation for a family favourite.

We were not aware till our visit to Pere la Chaise, that the French husbands imitated John Bull, in calling their wives their better half: here is our authority.

Ici repose la moitié de ma vie.
(Signed) JEAN JACQUES BAUD.

As an illustration of the Romish tenet of intercession, the following may be adduced:

Ici repose notre vertueuse et malheureux fille,
AMELIA Debournon—Comtesse Carbonnieres.
Heureuse aujourd'hui dans le sein
De ton createur implore pour tes parens desolés
Les bontés sur la terre, et la miséricorde pour l'éternité.

Over a grave of recent date, though quite overgrown with weeds, thistles, and long rank grass, choking up the dead willows, (which, like the widower, had long ceased to weep,) was this curious inscription by a husband to a wife:—

Charles ! Un de tes regards
Satisfait toutes mes pensées.
(Dernieres paroles—de ma tendre amie.)
Oh, ma bonne Eugenie,
Prie Dieu pour moi.

In the following there is a curious mixture of French and English:

Ici repose LOUIS TAMER,
Chevalier de la legion d'honneur.
By his best friend, Camille Pichat.

“ Il n'y a qu'un pas entre le sublime et le ridicule.” So said Napoleon with great truth; and as a point analogous, we scarcely knew whether to weep or smile at the very extraordinary appendages to a monument which crossed us in the course of our perambulations. It was erected over the remains of Esther Silva, a little girl seven years old. Under a neat canvass canopy, inclosed in a large glass case, was the poor child's whole establishment of toys: on one side, on a little table, were arranged her set of wooden tea-things, with a pair of candlesticks to match; in the back part was her doll's wardrobe and a chest of drawers, and on the other side sat the doll herself in full dress. Now all this we felt and confessed was extremely ridiculous, not to say indecorous; but the smile which at first quivered on our lip, in spite of this conviction, gave way to a sensation of tears with difficulty repressed. The whole conceit was, we were quite aware, the quintessence of levity, and entirely French; but there was, and our grave English reasoning could not efface it, a feeling which came home to the heart. It was trumpery, if the reader so pleases to call it, but it brought the image of the departed child before us in all its innocence and happiness. The parent who collected this strange museum, and exhibited it to the gaze of passing idlers, was neither wise nor prudent, but we quitted the

spot sorrowing for his child as though it was not strange to us; and we question whether, if it is our misfortune to mourn over a similar loss, we should not furnish the sanctum of our grief with the same materials, as productive of the strongest and most vivid associations.*

Ornaments of every description are to be met with. In one place, for instance, we saw a remarkable fine lithographic print of *Raphaelle Madonne de St. Sixte*, smartly framed and glazed.

We insert the following on account of the line in Italics, which, though indelibly, according to original intention, indented in the marble, had been effaced with a coating of black paint, we presume on a change of feeling, probably after reading his will.

Ci git—L. F. BRIENS,
Il etoit bon epoux, bon pere,
Il emporte les regrets
De son epouse, de son fils,
De ses pere et mere,
De tous ses parens,
Et de tous ceux qui l'ont connu.

Over the remains of a child, it was recorded that it died aged eight months and ten days, adding, with a sort of commercial accuracy, that its soul was then transferred from time to eternity.

In the midst of our peregrinations amongst these motley sepulchres, we stumbled upon one with which we were weak or patriotic enough, but no matter which, for we were not ashamed of the feeling, to be somewhat touched: it was a plain, honest English tombstone, stuck upright in true village fashion, inscribed simply, "To the Memory of William Cook, who died 27th Sept. in the year of our Lord 1824, aged 62 years." The grave was overgrown with weeds, but some friendly hand planted a jessamine over it, which was now in full bloom, and underneath the inscription was written in pencil,

"May he rest in peace."

On the top of the hill are deposited the remains of the infant son of him to whom the London Magazine owes its existence, and whose own premature death can never be sufficiently lamented. On a stone pillar is the following inscription:—

PAUL SCOTT,
An English child,
Aged eight years and a half,
The son of John and Caroline Scott,
Died at Paris, Nov. 8, 1816.
He was buried here by
his disconsolate parents.

* Under a glass case not far distant, there was a double establishment of dolls, a couple being seated opposite each other in toy chairs, with the child's toy watch suspended between them.

Not without heavy grief of heart did we,
 Sojourning homeless in this foreign land,
 Deposit in the hollow of the tomb
 Our gentle child, most tenderly beloved.
 Around his early grave let flowers rise,
 In memory of that fragrance which was once
 From his mild manners quietly exhaled.

High also upon the hill top, bordering on the confines of the cemetery, we noticed a massy monument, with ponderous gates of bronze, (if we mistake not,) enclosing the remains of "Quintin Craufurd, &c. &c. born at Kilwinny, in the county of Ayr," &c. &c. We had scarcely concluded the last line of a long inscription in honour of the deceased, when our meditations were interrupted by a sudden exclamation—"Well, if here isn't another English chap!" With wondering eyes we turned to gaze, and beheld as genuine a specimen of the John Gilpin family as famous London town could possibly have elicited from the purest haunts of Wapping or Whitechapel. A little squab figure, with a protuberance of stomach utterly unknown to the Parisian world, stood in full front, the hat shoved back, and hanging on the very arctic circle of an occiput nearly bald, but shining and glowing with profuse perspiration, defying the swabbing power of a bandana, kept in full operation by the right hand, while the left arm supported Mrs. Gilpin, as red, as rosy, and as round as her spouse; her head surmounted with the largest Leghorn the Palais Royal could produce, garnished with a whole garden of the gaudiest and most gigantic flowers. A party of Master and Miss Gilmors stood in flank and rear, all drawn up to admire this "other English chap," Quintin Craufurd, Esq. as we have said, of Kilwinny, in the county of Ayr. Having all and each simultaneously and silently perused the inscription, Mrs. Gilpin, on coming to the last word, burst forth into a loud laugh as she repeated the word "Ayr," "Ayr." "Aye, aye, my dear, I see what it means; why there's a song about Ayr, isn't there?" So saying, the party trundled off, leaving us to wonder what the excellent and accomplished Quintin Craufurd's ghost would have done, had it been at that moment hovering over and hearing the comments of the Gilpin family.

It was by mere accident we noticed the burying place of perhaps the most honoured inmate of Pere la Chaise. Chance led us to approach a soldier leaning over a simple palisade, inclosing an unadorned grave, (but of which it might be truly said, though unadorned, adorned the most,) marked by a plain headstone, bearing the following inscription:—

Honneur au GENERAL FOY.

Il se repose de ses travaux,

Et ses œuvres le suivent.

Hier quand de ses jours la source fut tarie,
 La France, en le voyant sur sa couche étendu,
 Implorait un accent de cette voix chérie.
 Hélas ! au cri plaintif jeté par la nature,
 C'est la première fois qu'il ne pas répondu.

At the four corners of the palisades, on small black tablets, were inscribed in white letters, Jemappes, 1792; Passage du Rhin, 1796; Zurich, 1799; Waterloo, 1815. Whatever might have been the individual gallantry displayed in this last action, we should have thought the name of Waterloo would have grated harshly on a Frenchman's ears; but, query, do not nine out of ten of this satisfied people, to this moment, believe that on that memorable day, France was victorious, and the pride of England humbled to the dust. The grave of General Foy, however, exhibited a higher testimony to his character than participation in battles lost or won. It will be remembered, that with the power of acquiring immense wealth, of which less scrupulous chiefs availed themselves, he died in a state of almost absolute poverty; and that, in seasons of strife and recrimination, without in the slightest degree compromising his dignity or principles, he endeared himself to all, and compelled even the Bourbons to respect his integrity and virtue. At his death the population of Paris followed him to the grave, and the remnants of their respect were still visible in piles of thousands and ten thousands of wreaths and chaplets, which were mouldering over his remains; and as a more lasting proof of their attachment, a subscription was opened for his family, to which we believe even the lowest and humblest classes of society eagerly contributed. By other monuments, more splendid and more attractive, we had observed visitors pass heedless, but all paused before this with an air of respectful solemnity. A soldier drew near, and having satisfied his curiosity, bowed, and touching his cap, saluted as he retired. It is generally understood that the body will be shortly removed to an adjacent part of the cemetery appropriated to distinguished military characters. Amongst others already interred there is Marshal Ney, conspicuous from the utter absence of mark or monument to attract attention. A strong fence of iron railing encloses a space of about two yards by nine; but by the positive interference of government no stone has been allowed to cover his remains, and the utmost care is taken to efface the numberless initials and names which the marshal's admirers have perseveringly attempted to indent on the iron bars.

A la plus chere des epouses.

La mort qui te moissonne a la fleur de ton age,
Epuise en vain sur toi sa jalouse fureur,
Ton corps inanimé, voila son seul partage,
Ton ame est dans le ciel, ta memoire en mon cœur,
Et ton fils doit un jour recueillir l'heritage
Des vertus qui douze ans ont fait tout mon bonheur.

On an infant's recent grave were deposited a bunch of ripe cherries, evidently the offering of a little brother or sister.

Near an old withered tomb of 1822, decorated with fresh flowers, two women were kneeling in fervent prayer. A few other similar instances occurred, but in all cases the mourners were invariably females.

To a Child.

Du paisible sommeil de la douce innocence,
 Dans ce triste berceau tu dors, o mon enfant !!
 Ecoute, c'est ta mere, o ma seule esperance !
 Reveille toi. Jamais tu ne dors si long tems !!!

It was with much regret we remarked rank weeds and grass almost concealing the inscription of initials, intelligible only to those who had cause to lament the death of one thus concealed from the rest of the world.

Alphonse R.
 a Henriette G.
 Son Epeuse.

A. M. MAGNANT.
 La mort fut pour lui
 Le soir d'un beau jour ;
 On craignait de l'éveiller,
 Tandis qu'il jouissant du
 Repos éternel. Ainsi finit
 L'homme de bien qui git ici.

The sentiment in the last line of the following, struck us as impressive, and by no means common place :—

STANILAS LECHOPIE.
 Age de 15 ans. et demi
 Attends moi là !

DUC DECRES.
 Vice Amiral
 G. Croix, de Leg. d'Honneur,
 Ancien ministre de la Marine,
 Decede le vii Decembre
 M.DCCC.XXI.
 Combat de Guillaume Tell
 Devant Matte le xxx Mars M.DCCC.

A heavy massy pile, but the sculpture good and imposing.

CLARI LOUISE AMELIE VICTOIRE.
 Née Aug. 16, 1803.
 Decede 21 Avrit 1814,
 Comme une frêle et tendre fleur
 J'ai vu dès le matin, la fin de ma journée,
 Je croissois pour aimer, ce fut tout mon bonheur,
 Le regret de ma perte est l'unique douleur
 Qu'à mes bons parens j'ai donné.

On a plain neat small pyramid, without name or date, was inscribed the following simple record of affection for an aunt:—

Ici repose notre tante,
Elle fut aussi notre mere.

On an urn covered with a clean white muslin veil, was inscribed—
A une enfant chérie, âgé de 2 ans.

Among the few monuments really deserving attention, is a fine gigantic marble figure over the Le Roy family.

Such is the selection we made in our morning's visit ; and our readers, like ourselves, will probably be struck with the general absence of feelings and impressions decidedly religious. We do not recollect a single epitaph, which might not with equal propriety have been inscribed on tombstones covering the remains of the worshippers of Bramah or the God Fo. The utmost extent, in truth, of our deductions, from all we saw and read, was to entertain a suspicion, but by no means a certainty, that the writers really believed in a future state, into which, if it did exist, there was a fair chance of admission without any great expenditure of diligence or exertion on their parts. That the road thither was plain, easy, and inviting, without a single devious path to the right or left, in which a wanderer might run astray ; and that all who travelled merrily and thoughtlessly onward, were sure of peace and plenty at its close.

MR. HOOD'S WHIMS.*

MR. Hood opens his book with a kind of apologetical motto:—

O Cicero ! Cicero ! if to pun be a crime, 'tis a crime I have learned of thee : O Bias ! Bias ! if to pun be a crime, by thy example was I biassed !—SCRIBLERUS.

This anticipative defence is as if Mr. Hood, conscious of his failing, ran away, shielding his weak part with his hand. It is very true, that if to pun be a crime, Mr. Hood is so egregious a sinner, that we fear no authority, however high, neither that of all the orators of Rome, nor all the sages of Greece, can bring him remission. But, in his own private opinion, Mr. Hood is so far from thinking to pun is a crime, that we calculate he considers it one of the highest exertions of intellect ; and we feel assured, that there is more internal cackling of spirit over one of his lucky hits, than there would be had he discovered a neat and elementary solution of the problem of the three bodies. But every man to his calling—Laplace to his *Mécanique Céleste*, and Mr. Hood to his *Tactique Verbale*. The Edinburgh Reviewers, some long time ago, said that there were not above seven people in Great Britain who could read Laplace's work ;—the superiority on Mr. Hood's side is here enormous, for there is scarcely a single person in the realm who

* Whims and Oddities, in Prose and Verse ; with forty original designs. By Thomas Hood, one of the authors of Odes and Addresses to great People ; and the Designer of the Progress of Cant. 12mo, Relfe, 1827.

is not able greatly to relish the "Whims and Oddities." It is time to explain what the "Whims and Oddities" are :—the book is ostensibly a miscellaneous collection of verse and prose, illustrated with wood-cuts drawn by the writer. In fact, however, the book is a trial of skill in pun-making, and a specimen of all the various ways of eliciting a pun. The puns are not merely puns simple—but puns double and treble—puns on puns arise—till the mass of puns becomes a pyramid :—for instance, a few verses are entitled, "Please to ring the belle," (pun 1). The verses describe the visit of a "spruce single man" with a "smart double knock," to his lover; as he is going away, she tells him the next time "to come with a ring," (pun 2). The illustration of this in the wood-cut is a lady of O. Y. E. with a ring through her nose, and also ringed in divers other manners. Thus is the belle ringed, (pun 3,) and the inscription under her is a line from the melodies—

Rich and rare were the gems she wore.

But as we cannot give the cut, we will give the verses entire.—

"PLEASE TO RING THE BELLE."

I'll tell you a story that's not in Tom Moore.—
 Young Love likes to knock at a pretty girl's door.
 So he call'd upon Lucy—'twas just ten o'clock—
 Like a spruce single man, with a smart double knock.
 Now a hand-maid, whatever her fingers be at,
 Will run like a puss when she hears a rat-rat.
 So Lucy ran up—and in two seconds more
 Had question'd the stranger, and answer'd the door.
 The meeting was bliss; but the parting was woe;
 For the moment will come when such comers must go.
 So she kiss'd him, and whisper'd—poor innocent thing—
 "The next time you come, love, pray come with a ring."

This is but a simple instance, which we have chosen for its simplicity.

"To pun is not a crime," but it is not one of the highest virtues. There are two classes of poets—the one writes rhymes for his verses, the other writes verses to his rhymes. This one gets on by his endings, and, as it were, travels on his breech. If it were not for his latter ends, he would never make a beginning. It is something similar with punsters—some people write because they have thoughts, and thoughts beget thoughts. But with the punster, words beget words. The last word begets the next, and thus the series of propagation is expanded. After all, however,—

————— The worth of any thing
 Is just whatever it will bring.

And a pun always brings a laugh, and a laugh is precious. To be sure there are more precious things than a laugh: some people value a conversation which may be important or interesting, but which the presence of a punster quickly breaks up—with a laugh, it is true. But for a man who values conversation or discussion, to talk with a punster at hand, is much as if a walker who wished to arrive at his journey's end, were to join company with a mineralogist, who is for ever picking up a bit of stone or bone, or dust or shell, and calling upon his companion to stop a moment and admire his discovery.

But let it be granted that a pun is a good thing, and let it be re-

membered that a pun upon paper is a and are harmless thing than a pun in propria persona, and we to Mr. Hood.

We have twice before had occasion to speak highly of the felicity of his humour. We considered the *Odes and Addresses* as a chef-d'œuvre in its way; neither was there less merit of a different kind in his etching of the Progress of Cant, which everybody agreed in thinking and saying was the only Hogarthian plate we had had since Hogarth himself. The Whims and Oddities are as compositions inferior to the Odes and Addresses, but from their whimsicalnesses and oddities they are much more laughable. Of the fun in the plates we can give no specimens, but the extracts we shall make will probably induce our readers to buy the book, when they can judge of the cuts themselves.

The first extract we shall make is undoubtedly from the most successful piece of punning in the book—Faithless Nelly Gray, a pathetic ballad.—

FAITHLESS NELLY GRAY.

A Pathetic Ballad.

Ben Battle was a soldier bold,
And used to war's alarms;
But a cannon-ball took off his legs,
So he laid down his arms!
Now as they bore him off the field,
Said he, "Let others shoot,
For here I leave my second leg,
And the Forty-second Foot!"
The army surgeons made him limbs:
Said he,—"They're only pegs:
But there's as wooden members quite,
As represent my legs!"

* * * *

But when he call'd on Nelly Gray,
She made him quite a scoff;
And when she saw his wooden legs,
Began to take them off!

"O, Nelly Gray! O, Nelly Gray!
Is this your love so warm?
The love that loves a scarlet coat,
Should be more uniform!"

Said she, "I loved a soldier once,
For he was blythe and brave;
But I will never have a man
With both legs in the grave!"

Before you had those timber toes,
Your love I did allow,
But then, you know, you stand upon
Another footing now!"

"O, Nelly Gray! O, Nelly Gray!
For all your jeering speeches,
At duty's call, I left my legs
In Badajos's breaches!"

* * * *

"O, false and fickle Nelly Gray!
I know why you refuse:
Though I've no feet—some other man
Is standing in my shoes!"

* * *

Now when he went from Nelly Gray,
His heart so heavy got—
And life was such a burthen grown,
It made him take a knot!

So round his melancholy neck
A rope he did entwine,
And, for his second time in life,
Enlisted in the Line!

One end he tied around a beam,
And then removed his pegs,
And, as his legs were off,—of course,
He soon was off his legs!

And there he hung, till he was dead
As any nail in town,—
For though distress had cut him up,
It could not cut him down!

* * * *

The merit of the "Fairy Tale" is its excessive absurdity. It is impossible to avoid laughter at the extravagance of the fiction.

A FAIRY TALE.

On Hounslow heath—and close beside the road,
As western travellers may oft have seen,—
A little house some years ago there stood,
A minikin abode;
And built like Mr. Birkbeck's, all of wood;
The walls of white, the window shutters green;—
Four wheels it had at North, South, East, and West,
(Tho' now at rest,)

On which it used to wander to and fro,
Because its master ne'er maintain'd a rider,
Like those who trade in Paternoster Row;
But made his business travel for itself,
Till he had made his pelf,
And then retired—if one may call it so,
Of a roadsider.

Perchance, the very race and constant riot
Of stages, long and short, which thereby ran,
Made him more relish the repose and quiet
Of his now sedentary caravan;
Perchance, he loved the ground because 'twas common,
And so he might impale a strip of soil,
That furnish'd, by his toil,

Some dusty greens, for him and his old woman;—
And five tall hollyhocks, in dingy flower.
Howbeit, the thoroughfare did no ways spoil
His peace,—unless, in some unlucky hour,
A stray horse came and gobbled up his bow'r!

But tired of always looking at the coaches,
The same to come,—when they had seen them one day!
And, used to briskest life, both man and wife
Begin to suffer N U E's approaches,
And feel retirement like a long wet Sunday,—
So, having had some quarters of school breeding,
They turn'd themselves, like other folks, to reading;
But setting out where others nigh have done,
And being ripen'd in the seventh stage,

The childhood of old age,
Began as other children have begun,—
Not with the pastorals of Mr. Pope,
Or Bard of Hope,
Or Paley, ethical, or learned Person,—

But spelt, on Sabbaths, in St. Mark, or John,
 And then relax'd themselves with Whittington,
 Or Valentine and Orson—
 But chiefly fairy tales they loved to con,
 And being easily melted, in their dotage,
 Slobber'd,—and kept
 Reading,—and wept
 Over the White Cat, in their wooden cottage.

Thus reading on—the longer
 They read, of course, their childish faith grew stronger
 In Gnomes, and Hags, and Elves, and Giants grim,—
 If talking Trees and Birds reveal'd to him,
 She saw the flight of Fairyland's fly-waggon,
 And magic fishes swim
 In puddle ponds, and took old crows for dragons,—
 Both were quite drunk from the enchanted flaggons ;
 When as it fell upon a summer's day,
 As the old man sat a feeding
 On the old babe-reading,
 Beside his open street-and-parlour door,
 A hideous roar
 Proclaim'd a drove of beasts was coming by the way.

Long-horn'd, and short, of many a different breed,
 Tall, tawny brutes, from famous Lincoln-levels
 Or Durham feed !
 With some of those unquiet black dwarf devils,
 From nether side of Tweed,
 Or Firth of Forth ;
 Looking half wild with joy to leave the North,—
 With dusty hides, all mobbing on together,—
 When,—whether from a fly's malicious comment
 Upon his tender flank, from which he shrank ;
 Or whether
 Only in some enthusiastic moment,—
 However, one brown monster, in a frisk,
 Giving his tail a perpendicular whisk,
 Kick'd out a passage thro' the beastly rabble ;
 And after a pas seul,—or, if you will, a
 Horn-pipe before the Basket-maker's villa,
 Leapt o'er the tiny pale,—
 Back'd his beef-steaks against the wooden gable
 And thrust his brawny bell-rope of a tail
 Right o'er the page,
 Wherein the sage
 Just then was spelling some romantic fable.

The old man, half a scholar, half a dunce,
 Could not peruse, who could ?—two tales at once ;
 And being huff'd
 At what he knew was none of Riquet's Tuft ;
 Bang'd-to the door,
 But most unluckily enclosed a morsel
 Of the intruding tail, and all the tassel :—
 The monster gave a roar,
 And bolting off with speed, encreased by pain,
 The little house became a coach once more,
 And like Macheath, “ took to the road again !”

Just then, by fortune's whimsical decree,
 The ancient woman stooping with her crupper
 Towards sweet home, or where sweet home should be,
 Was getting up some household herbs for supper ;
 Thoughtful of Cinderella, in the tale,

And quaintly wondering if magic shifts
 Could o'er a common pumpkin so prevail,
 To turn it to a coach; what pretty gifts
 Might come of cabbages, and curly kale;
 Meanwhile she never heard her old man's wail,
 Nor turn'd till home had turn'd a corner, quite
 Turn'd out of sight!

At last, conceive her, rising from the ground,
 Weary of sitting on her russet cloathing,
 And looking round
 Where rest was to be found,
 There was no house—no villa there—no nothing!
 No house!

The change was quite amazing;
 It made her senses stagger for a minute,
 'The riddle's explication seem'd to harden;
 But soon her superannuated nous
 Explained the horrid mystery;—and raising
 Her hand to heaven, with the cabbage in it,
 On which she meant to sup,—
 "Well! this a Fairy Work! I'll bet a farden,
 Little Prince Silverwings has ketch'd me up,
 And set me down in some one else's garden!"

The choice of extracts is distracting—the nature of the book rendering every *hit* in it easily transferable. We shall not, however, steal to a very great extent, if we only add the "Sea Spell." It is not one of the wittiest of the pieces of verse, but there is more merit of a substantial kind in it than in many of the others; and the description of the nautical movements is technically correct, and picturesque as well as accurate.

THE SEA-SPELL.

"*Could, could, he lies beneath the deep.*"—*Old Scotch Ballad.*

It was a jolly mariner!
 The tallest man of three,—
 He loosed his sail against the wind,
 And turn'd his boat to sea:
 The ink-black sky told every eye
 A storm was soon to be!

But still that jolly mariner
 Took in no reef at all,
 For, in his pouch, confidently,
 He wore a baby's caul;
 A thing, as gossip-nurses know,
 That always brings a squall!

His hat was new, or newly glazed,
 Shone brightly in the sun;
 His jacket, like a mariner's,
 True blue as e'er was spun;
 His ample trowsers, like Saint Paul,
 Bore forty stripes save one.

And now the fretting foaming tide
 He steer'd away to cross;
 The bounding pinnace play'd a game
 Of dreary pitch and toss;
 A game that, on the good dry land,
 Is apt to bring a loss!

Good Heaven befriended that little boat,
 And guide her on her way!
 A boat, they say, has canvas wings,

But cannot fly away !
Though, like a merry singing bird,
She sits upon the spray !

Still east by east the little boat,
With tawny sail, kept beating :
Now out of sight, between two waves,
Now o'er th' horizon fleeting ;
Like greedy swine that feed on mast,—
The waves her mast seem'd eating !

The sullen sky grew black above,
The wave as black beneath ;
Each roaring billow show'd full soon
A white and foamy wreath ;
Like angry dogs that snarl at first,
And then display their teeth.

The boatman look'd against the wind,
The mast began to creak,
The wave, per saltum, came and dried,
In salt, upon his cheek !
The pointed wave against him rear'd,
As if it own'd a pique !

Nor rushing wind, nor gushing wave,
That boatman could alarm,
But still he stood away to sea,
And trusted in his charm ;
He thought by purchase he was safe,
And arm'd against all harm !

Now thick and fast and far aslant,
The stormy rain came pouring,
He heard upon the sandy bank
The distant breakers roaring,—
A groaning intermitting sound,
Like Gog and Magog snoring !

The seafowl shriek'd around the mast,
Ahead the grampus tumbled,
And far off, from a copper cloud,
The hollow thunder rumbled ;
It would have quail'd another heart,
But his was never humbled.

For why ? he had that infant's caul ;
And wherefore should he dread ?—
Alas ! alas ! he little thought,
Before the ebb-tide sped,—
That, like that infant, he should die,
And with a watery head !

The rushing brine flow'd in apace ;
His boat had ne'er a deck ;
Fate seem'd to call him on, and he
Attended to her beck ;
And so he went, still trusting on,
Though reckless—to his wreck !

For as he left his helm, to heave
The ballast-bags a-weather,
Three monstrous seas came roaring on,
Like lions leagued together.
The two first waves the little boat
Swam over like a feather,—

The two first waves were past and gone,
And sinking in her wake ;
The hugest still came leaping on,
And hissing like a snake.
Now helm a-lee ! for through the midst,
The monster he must take !

Ah, me ! it was a dreary mount !
Its base as black as night,
Its top of pale and lived green,
Its crest of awful white,
Like Neptune with a leprosy,—
And so it rear'd upright !

With quaking sails, the little boat
Climb'd up the foaming heap ;
With quaking sails it paused awhile,
At balance on the steep ;
Then, rushing down the nether slope,
Plunged with a dizzy sweep !

Look, how a horse, made mad with fear,
Disdains his careful guide !
So now the headlong headstrong boat,
Unmanaged, turns aside,
And straight presents her reeling flank
Against the swelling tide !

The gusty wind assaults the sail ;
Her ballast lies a-lee !
The windward sheet is taught and stiff !
Oh ! the Lively—where is she ?
Her capsiz'd keel is in the foam,
Her pennon's in the sea !

The wild gull, sailing overhead,
Three times beheld emerge
The head of that bold mariner,
And then she scream'd his dirge !
For he had sunk within his grave,
Lapp'd in a shroud of surge !

The ensuing wave, with horrid foam,
Rush'd o'er and cover'd all,—
The jolly boatman's drowning scream
Was smother'd by the squall.
Heaven never heard his cry, nor did
The ocean heed his call !

Our readers will observe on looking into the volume that they are familiar with several of the pieces, as having originally appeared in this Magazine. This is a circumstance which, while it prevents us from selecting some of perhaps the best pieces for quotation, necessarily renders us measured in our praise. No notification of this fact will be found in the work itself, which we consider as an omission on the part of the author.

WAR IN AMERICA.*

THE very able and interesting work now before us, is the production of a gentleman already well known to the public, as the author of a series of papers originally printed in Blackwood's Magazine, and now collected in a separate volume, under the title of the *Subaltern*. It might fairly have been supposed, that an officer capable of producing these works, one too who has shown himself as active and enterprising a soldier, as he is evidently a correct and elegant scholar, a man of sound sense and good feeling, combining the spirit of adventure and inquiry with unusual powers and accuracy of description, would, long before this time, have attained a high rank in his profession; but it is not so; in the British army, talent is nearly the last passport to promotion. A writer in the last number of the *Quarterly Review*, taking the *Subaltern* for his theme, affects to wonder that we have so few military authors.

"When we consider" (he says) "of what materials the British army is composed; that its officers are, for the most part, and have long been, gentlemen, and men of at least some education; we cannot help experiencing both regret and surprise at the total absence of literary ambition, which appears generally to affect them."

Allowing the premises to be true, (though during the system of recruiting from the militia and fencibles, they were, as to education and gentility, notoriously false,) the critic might have found the solution of his difficulty in the fate of his author. He is well known to have been a gentleman by birth, by habit, and by education; he has shown himself a superior scholar—(whether he had distinguished himself at college we are not informed, nor is it material)—we are assured by an eye witness that he was a brave officer. What is he now? A Lieutenant-Colonel, perhaps.—No. What, only a Major?—No. Why we have Field-Marschals who cannot pen an intelligible despatch! What is he? A country curate!!! The *Quarterly* gives him a vicarage by implication; but we fear our version is right; let us hear our brother reviewer.

"It has, *perhaps*, been of advantage to the book," (query, why?) "that the writer was only for a short time a soldier. He was seduced, we understand, from his college at Oxford, by the spirit-stirring *Gazettes* of 1812; joined the army in the Peninsula during the summer of 1813; served on till after the battle of Waterloo, and having by that time sufficiently gratified his love of adventure, returned to his university, and resumed the studies of the profession for which he had originally been destined. From the quiet and well-ordered existence of an English vicarage, the *quondam* subaltern, it may be easily imagined, looks back in a calm and contemplative mood to the scenes of violent excitement, in which part of his life was passed; his mind retains them as it might the visions of some strange dream; it seems as if he even wrote minutely, in order to convince himself that he was not writing a fiction. The narrative accordingly reflects with honesty and

* A Narrative of the Campaigns of the British Army, at Washington and New Orleans, under Generals Ross, Pakenham, and Lambert, in the Years 1814 and 1815. London.

openness, the mirth and lightheartedness of the young campaigner in his quarters, and the intense and grim interest which possesses him in the hour of the battle or the breach; but a strain of serious enough reflexion appears to mingle in the writer's thoughts throughout, however much he tries to conceal it. He compels himself to record not only what he did, but what he felt; and the delight which the kindest and noblest dispositions can take in employments productive of so much suffering and desolation, is remembered in a spirit of sufficient sobriety."

The writer of this article (of course an apologist for things as they are) evidently feels the pinch, and strains hard to make us believe, that our subaltern was *pre-ordained* a parson; and because he could be serious upon occasion, viewed desolation with regret, and was not a cold-hearted ruffian, would have us conclude that he was unfit to be a soldier. We need scarcely say, that our reasoning leads us to a directly contrary conclusion; every page of both works convinces us, that the subaltern was at heart a soldier; we feel every assurance that he was calculated to be an ornament to his profession; we know (if there be faith in sympathy) that he must have quitted it with regret, in utter hopelessness of the advancement to which his merits entitled him.

The mode in which our army is officered is a matter of such public importance, especially at this time, when a change of command must, and a change of system may, be expected, that we do not apologise to our readers for a digression on this subject. We have said and repeat, that talent is nearly the last passport to military promotion; we need not say that parliamentary interest is the first—wealth the second—"mediocrity and subserviency" is too often the third: talent, combined with good luck, may sometimes take precedence of seniority; they may be rated fourth and fifth; but talent alone has no place in the regular scale, at least as the junior ranks are affected. A field-officer may make himself known by his merit; because he has frequent opportunities of communication with his influential superiors; but the subaltern has none, the captain scarcely any; hence it occurs that a man's talent is seldom discovered, and still more seldom rewarded, till so late a period of life that his physical powers are reduced before he has the opportunity of exercising (for the benefit of his country) his mental superiority; how many remain in obscurity, how many throw up their commissions in disgust, or the yet greater number, whose faculties are benumbed by twenty years' contemplation of pipe-clay and heel-ball, who seek in sotting, dissipation, or idleness, an opiate for disappointed hope, it is not for us to calculate; every reader connected with the army, can readily enumerate the instances which have fallen within his own observation, and may form some notion of the aggregate of injustice inflicted on individuals, and the amount of loss to the public service, entailed upon us by the existing system of promotion. We shall be told, no doubt, that it works well; that patronage and purchase have given us Marlborough, Wellington, Graham, Hill, and others; very true—but if the system were reformed, if some pains were taken to discover talent, and some impartiality were exercised in rewarding it, we should have twenty good officers where we now find one; the requisites for a mere general are not so rare as is commonly supposed; the difficulty of finding them arises

from our looking for them in the wrong places. In one point of view the illustrious names which we have cited, and the example of many royal and imperial leaders, confirms our theory, that the best commanders are those whose faculties have been least benumbed by a long service as subalterns ; active minds must have better employment than halt, left wheel, halt—dress ; more intellectual study than the roll-call ; more observation than the inspection of arms and accoutrements will afford them : and yet these, with some thirty pages of rules and regulations, constitute the course which, in the British service, is to lead to the command of armies. That some few emerge from this slough of despond, even without the aid of peace or parliament, cannot be denied ; there is an instance in the work before us.

“ Of these latter” (the advisers of General Ross) “ there is one whom it would be improper not to mention by name. I mean *Lieutenant Evans*, deputy-assistant quarter-master-general. *The whole arrangement* of our troops, in order of battle, was committed to him ; and the judicious manner in which they were drawn up, prove that he was not unworthy of the trust.”

Another subaltern, whose MS. notes of the expedition are before us, says,

“ The battle, in fact, was not fought by Brook, but by Evans, who was then a lieutenant of dragoons of about fifteen years standing.”

Here then we have a man of no higher rank than a lieutenancy, virtually commanding an army ; it is true that within the year he was made brevet lieutenant-colonel ; so far tardy justice was done to his ability : but had it not been for the accident, that General Ross was killed almost by the first shot fired ; the accident, that no regular second in command had been sent out ; and the accident, that the chance successor happened to be Colonel Brook, “ an officer of decided personal courage, but perhaps better calculated to lead a battalion, than to guide an army ;” had it not been for these triple contingencies, Lieutenant Evans might to this hour have remained (as very many equally meritorious officers have done) an undistinguished and distinguished subaltern.

There is a passage in the MS. notes (to which we shall have frequent occasion to refer) which curiously illustrates the practice of promotion in the staff.

“ C—— was the cleverest lad I ever met with in the army ; he came from Marlow as their best scholar, and was decidedly superior to any of the junior, and to most of the senior staff on the island. Donkin” (Sir Rufane, then quarter-master-general) “ wanted to have him ; but A——” (now an officer in very high command—we hope he has changed his system) “ opposed it with all his interest ; and as C—— was not a Scotchman, Campbell joined him most heartily. It is very odd that A——m never served or promoted an officer of merit ; if he disliked a man there was some chance ; he would get him out of the regiment, or into a tower or a gun-boat ; but, from his pride in the regiment, as they say, he would keep all the gentlemen at head-quarters ; we all thought that his powerful interest would have made us, and he held out hopes to many ; for once he was impartial, for as soon as he was gone, we were all forgotten.”—*Rough Notes. MSS.*

It is now time that we should return to our more immediate subject, the campaigns of Washington and New Orleans. Nothing could

have been better conceived than the expedition to the Chesapeake. This enormous bay will always afford to an enemy, possessing a naval superiority, the means of annoying the United States ; but the force employed must be adequate to the object in view.

We have long been habituated to despise the Americans, as an enemy unworthy of serious regard. To this alone it is to be attributed that frigates half manned were sent out to cope with ships capable of containing them within their hulls ; and to this, also, the trifling handful of troops dispatched to conduct the war by land. Instead of fifteen hundred, had ten thousand men sailed from the Garonne, under General Ross, how differently might he have acted ! There would have been then no necessity for a re-embarkation, after the capture of Washington, and consequently no time given for the defence of Baltimore ; but marching across the country, he might have done to the one city what he did to the other. And it is thus only that a war with America can be successfully carried on. To penetrate up the country amidst pathless forests and boundless deserts, and to aim at permanent conquest, is out of the question. America must be assaulted only on her coasts. Her harbours destroyed, her shipping burned, and her sea-port towns laid waste, are the only evils which she has reason to dread ; and were a sufficient force embarked with these orders, no American war would be of long continuance.

A melancholy experience has now taught us that such a war must not be entered into, unless it be conducted with spirit ; and there is no conducting it with spirit, except with a sufficient numerical force.

The next point is the selection of officers ; the safety of an army must not be left to the hope, that one leader will prove ~~immortal~~ ; we have seen this evil exemplified in the fall of General Ross, and the failure of the attack on Baltimore. Perhaps his intended second (Sir John Keane) might not have been more successful than his accidental successor, Colonel Brook ; at least the landing at New Orleans gives us no reason to suppose so ; but little as we think of the general talents of the former officer, we collect both from the printed and manuscript works before us, that he was not a man likely to have resorted to that cloak for imbecility, a council of war ; we think that he would have attacked, and we are sure that he would have taken Baltimore.

Our author appears to doubt upon this subject.

With respect to the determination of the council of war, I choose to be silent. Certain it is that the number of our forces would hardly authorize any desperate attempt ; and if government regret the issue of the expedition, I humbly conceive that the fault is, in a great measure, their own, in sending out a force so inconsiderable. On such subjects, however, I do not wish to dwell, though every one must be sensible that 10,000 men might have accomplished what 5,000 could not venture to attempt.

We are rather inclined to follow the opinion of his brother subaltern :

“ I never could believe that the works were as strong as they were
 “ reported ; their first line, which we passed before the action, was
 “ scarcely more than traced upon the ground, and therefore I cannot
 “ think that their second line could be made much better in the space
 “ of one day. Poor Ross would not have given them a quarter of the
 “ time. We must remember, besides, that the Americans depend entirely
 “ on the fire of their small arms ; at least that is all we have to fear ;
 “ and at about two o'clock in the morning of the 14th, such a rain
 “ fell as I never saw before ; not one musket in twenty of the most
 “ careful old soldier could have gone off, the thing would have been
 “ decided by the bayonet, and we should have had it all our own way.
 “ I was so convinced that we should have been ordered to advance
 “ under cover of the storm, (no enemy could have seen or heard us,)
 “ that I left my snug birth under the gun, and got my company under
 “ arms : more than two hours elapsed, however, before the troops

“ were formed, and then, instead of advancing, we were ordered to retreat.”—*Rough Notes, MSS.*

Thus ended the expedition against Baltimore. The circumstances of the previous attack on Washington are more familiar to the public: That the destruction of this infant capital of the United States, was not the original intent of the enterprise, is evident; General Ross, it appears, did not even propose to advance so far, but was led on by circumstances; and to the last intended rather to levy contributions, than to destroy the city.

To destroy the flotilla was the sole object of the disembarkation; and but for the instigations of Admiral Cockburn, who accompanied the army, the capital of America would probably have escaped its visitation. It was he, who, on the request of that flotilla from Nottingham, urged the necessity of a pursuit, which was not agreed to without some wavering; and it was he also who suggested the attack upon Washington, and finally prevailed on General Ross to venture so far from the shipping.

* * * * *

Such being the intention of General Ross, he did not march the troops immediately into the city, but halted them upon a plain in its immediate vicinity, whilst a flag of truce was sent in with terms. But whatever his proposal might have been, it was not so much as heard; for scarcely had the party bearing the flag entered the street, than they were fired upon from the windows of one of the houses,* and the horse of the General himself, who accompanied them, killed. You will easily believe, that conduct so unjustifiable, so direct a breach of the law of nations, roused the indignation of every individual, from the General himself down to the private soldier. All thoughts of accommodation were instantly laid aside; the troops advanced forthwith into the town, and having first put to the sword all who were found in the house from which the shots were fired, and reduced it to ashes, they proceeded, without a moment's delay, to burn and destroy every thing in the most distant degree connected with government. In this general devastation were included the Senate-house, the President's palace, an extensive dock-yard and arsenal, barracks for two or three thousand men, several large store-houses filled with naval and military stores, some hundreds of cannon of different descriptions, and nearly twenty thousand stand of small arms. There were also two or three public rope works which shared the same fate, a fine frigate pierced for sixty guns, and just ready to be launched, several gun-brigs and armed schooners, with a variety of gun-boats and small craft. The powder magazines were of course set on fire, and exploded with a tremendous crash, throwing down many houses in their vicinity, partly by pieces of the walls striking them, and partly by the concussion of the air; whilst quantities of shot, shell, and hand-grenades, which could not otherwise be rendered useless, were thrown into the river. In destroying the cannon, a method was adopted, which I had never before witnessed, and which, as it was both effectual and expeditious, I cannot avoid relating. One gun, of rather a small calibre, was pitched upon as the executioner of the rest; and being loaded with ball, and turned to the muzzles of the others, it was fired, and thus beat out their breechings. Many, however, not being mounted, could not be thus dealt with; these were spiked, and having their trunions knocked off, were afterwards cast into the bed of the river.

* * * * *

I need scarcely observe, that the consternation of the inhabitants was complete, and that to them this was a night of terror. So confident had they been of the success of their troops, that few of them had dreamt of quitting their houses, or abandoning the city; nor was it till the fugitives from the battle began to rush in, filling every place as they came with dismay, that the President himself thought of providing for his safety. That gentleman, as I was credibly informed, had gone forth in the morning with the army, and had continued among his troops till the British forces began to make their appearance. Whether the sight of his enemies cooled his courage or not, I cannot say, but, according to my informer, no sooner was the glittering of our arms discernible, than he began to discover that his presence was more wanted in the senate than with the army; and having ridden through the ranks, and exhorted every man to do his duty, he hurried back to his own house, that he might prepare a feast for the

* “ Two corporals of the 31st were killed.”—*Rough Notes, MSS.*

entertainment of his officers, when they should return victorious. For the truth of these details, I will not be answerable; but this much I know, that the feast was actually prepared, though, instead of being devoured by American officers, it went to satisfy the less delicate appetites of a party of English soldiers. When the detachment, sent out to destroy Mr. Maddison's house, entered his dining parlour, they found a dinner-table spread, and covers laid for forty guests. Several kinds of wine, in handsome cut-glass decanters, were cooling on the side-board; plate-holders stood by the fire-place, filled with dishes and plates; knives, forks and spoons, were arranged for immediate use; in short, every thing was ready for the entertainment of a ceremonious party. Such were the arrangements in the dining-room, whilst in the kitchen were others answerable to them in every respect. Spits, loaded with joints of various sorts, turned before the fire; pots, saucepans, and other culinary utensils, stood upon the grate; and all the other requisites for an elegant and substantial repast, were exactly in a state which indicated that they had been lately and precipitately abandoned.

You will readily imagine, that these preparations were beheld, by a party of hungry soldiers, with no indifferent eye. An elegant dinner, even though considerably overdressed, was a luxury to which few of them, at least for some time back, had been accustomed; and which, after the dangers and fatigues of the day, appeared peculiarly inviting. They sat down to it, therefore, not indeed in the most orderly manner, but with countenances which would not have disgraced a party of aldermen at a civic feast; and having satisfied their appetites with fewer complaints than would have probably escaped their rival *gourmands*, and partaken pretty freely of the wines, they finished by setting fire to the house which had so liberally entertained them.

The reader will of course feel interested in the personal risks and feelings of an author who must have afforded him very considerable amusement and some instruction; we cannot therefore do better, while he is on his voyage from the Chesapeake to Jamaica, than copy the following passages.

No man, of the smallest reflection, can look forward to the chance of a sudden and violent death, without experiencing sensations very different from those which he experiences under any other circumstances. When the battle has fairly begun, I may say with truth that the feelings of those engaged are delightful; because they are, in fact, so many gamblers playing for the highest stake that can be offered. But the stir and noise of equipping, and then the calmness and stillness of expectation, these are the things which force a man to think. On the other hand, the warlike appearance of every thing about you, the careless faces and rude jokes of the private soldiers, and something within yourself, which I can compare to nothing more nearly than the mirth which criminals are said sometimes to experience and to express previous to their execution; all these combine to give you a degree of false hilarity, I had almost said painful, from its very excess. It is an agitation of the nerves, such as we may suppose madmen feel; which you are inclined to wish removed, though you are unwilling to admit that it is disagreeable.

The next describes the disastrous retreat from New Orleans, and the author's very narrow escape from a most dreadful death.

For some time, that is to say, while our route lay along the high road and beside the brink of the river, the march was agreeable enough; but as soon as we began to enter upon the path through the marsh, all comfort was at an end. Being constructed of materials so slight, and resting upon a foundation so infirm, the treading of the first corps unavoidably beat it to pieces; those which followed were therefore compelled to flounder on in the best way they could; and by the time the rear of the column gained the morass, all traces of a way had entirely disappeared. But not only were the reeds torn asunder and sunk by the pressure of those who had gone before, but the bog itself, which at first might have furnished a few spots of firm footing, was trodden into the consistency of mud. The consequence was that every step sunk us to the knees, and frequently higher. Near the ditches, indeed, many spots occurred which we had the utmost difficulty in crossing at all; and as the night was dark, there being no moon, nor any light except what the stars supplied, it was difficult to select our steps, or even to follow those who called to us that they were safe on the opposite side. At one of these places I myself beheld an unfortunate wretch gradually sink till he totally disappeared. I saw him flounder in, heard his cry for help, and ran forward with the intention of saving him; but before I had taken a second step I myself sunk at once as high as the breast. How I contrived to keep myself from smothering is more than

I can tell, for I felt no solid bottom under me, and continued slowly to go deeper and deeper, till the mud reached my arms. Instead of endeavouring to help the poor soldier, of whom nothing could now be seen except the head and hands, I was forced to beg assistance for myself; when a leathern canteen strap being thrown to me, I held hold of it, and was dragged out, just as my fellow sufferer became invisible.

* * * * *

For my own part I did not fare so badly as many others. Having been always fond of shooting, I took a fire-lock and went in pursuit of wild ducks, which abounded throughout the bog. Wandering along in this quest I reached a lake, by the margin of which I concealed myself, and waited for my prey; nor was it long before I had an opportunity of firing. Several large flocks flew over me, and I was fortunate enough to kill three birds. But alas! those birds, upon which I had already feasted in imagination, dropped into the water; my dog, more tired than her master, would not fetch them out, and they lay about twenty yards off, tantalizing me with the sight of a treasure which I could not reach. Moving off to another point, I again took my station where I hoped for better fortune; but the same evil chance once more occurred, and the ducks fell into the lake. This was too much for a hungry man to endure; the day was piercingly cold, and the edge of the pool was covered with ice; but my appetite was urgent, and I resolved at all hazards to indulge it. Pulling off my clothes, therefore, I broke the ice and plunged in; and though shivering like an aspen leaf, I returned safely to the camp with a couple of birds. Next day I adopted a similar course, with like success; but at the expence of what was to me a serious misery. My stockings of warm wool were the only part of my dress which I did not strip off, and to day it unfortunately happened that one was lost. Having secured my ducks, I attempted to land where the bottom was muddy; but my leg stuck fast, and in pulling it out, off came the stocking; to recover it was beyond my power, for the mud closed over it directly, and the consequence was, that till I regained the transport only one of my feet could be warm at a time. To those who can boast of many pairs of fine cotton and woollen hose, this misfortune of mine may appear light, but to me, who had only two stockings on shore, the loss of one was very grievous; and I therefore request that I may not be sneered at, when I record it as one of the disastrous consequences of this ill-fated expedition.

* * * * *

I had just entered my cabin, and was beginning to undress, when a cry from above, of an enemy in chase, drew me instantly to the quarter deck. On looking a-stern, I perceived a vessel making directly after us, and was soon convinced of the justice of the alarm, by a shot which whistled over our heads. All hands were now called to quarters, the small sails were taken in, and having spoke to our companion, and made an agreement as to position, both ships cleared for action. But the stranger seeing his signal obeyed with so much alacrity, likewise slackened sail, and continuing to keep us in view, followed our wake without approaching nearer. In this state things continued till day-break, we still holding our course, and he hanging back; but as soon as it was light, he set more sail, and ran to windward, moving just out of gun-shot, in a parallel direction with us. It was now necessary to fall upon some plan of deceiving him, otherwise there was little probability that he would attack. In the bomb, indeed, the height of the bulwarks served to conceal some of the men; but in the transport no such screen existed. The troops were, therefore, ordered below, and only the sailors, a few blacks, and the officers, kept the deck. The same expedient was likewise adopted, in part, by Captain Price, of the Volcano; and, in order to give to his ship a still greater resemblance than it already had to a merchantman, he displayed an old faded scarlet ensign, and drew up his fore and mainsail in what sailors term a lubberly manner.

As yet the stranger had shown no colours, but from her build and rigging, there was little doubt as to her country. She was a beautiful schooner, presenting seven ports of a side, and apparently crowded with men, circumstances which immediately led us to believe that she was an American privateer. The Volcano, on the other hand, was a clumsy strong built ship, carrying twelve guns; and the Golden Fleece mounted eight; so that in point of artillery, the advantage was rather on our side; but the Americans' sailing was so much superior to that of either of us, that this advantage was more than counterbalanced.

Having dodged us till eight o'clock, and reconnoitered with great exactness, the stranger began to steer gradually nearer and nearer, till at length it was judged that she was within range. A gun was accordingly fired from the Volcano, and another

from the transport, the balls from both of which passed over her, and fell into the sea. Finding herself thus assaulted, she now threw off all disguise, and hung out an American ensign; when, putting her helm up, she poured a broadside, with a volley of musquetry, into the transport; and ran alongside of the bomb which sailed to windward.

As soon as her flag was displayed, and her intention of attacking discerned, all hands were ordered up; and she received two well-directed broadsides from the Volcano, as well as a warm salute from the Golden Fleece. But such was the celerity of her motion, that she was alongside of the bomb in less time than can be imagined; and actually dashing her bow against the other, attempted to carry her by boarding. Captain Price, however, was ready to receive them. The boarders were at their posts in an instant, and Jonathan finding, to use a vulgar phrase, that he had caught a Tartar, left about twenty of his men upon the Volcano's bowsprit, all of whom were thrown into the sea; and filling his sails, sheered off with the same speed with which he had borne down. In attempting to escape, he unavoidably fell somewhat to leeward, and exposed the whole of his deck to the fire of the transport. A tremendous discharge of musquetry saluted him as he passed; and it was almost laughable to witness the haste with which his crew hurried below, leaving none upon deck except such as were absolutely wanted to work his vessel.

The Volcano had, by this time, filled and gave chase, firing with great precision at his yards and rigging, in the hope of disabling him. But as fortune would have it, none of his important ropes or yards were cut; and we had the mortification to see him, in a few minutes, beyond our reach.

“ She turned out to have been the Saucy Jack, a privateer, which
 “ had done more mischief to the Jamaica Trade than any other.
 “ When it was told in Kingston that she had actually boarded the
 “ bomb over the bows, and yet had escaped, remarks were not wanting
 “ on Captain Price's youth and inexperience; and questions were
 “ asked as to his very early promotion, which I did not hear satisfac-
 “ torily answered.”—*Rough Notes*.

It was impossible that a gentleman, possessing the habit of observation, which may be traced in every page of the Subaltern, could visit Jamaica without giving some portion of his attention to the great question of the Slave Trade. His own words will best express his opinions.

We rode together round several estates, saw the process of making sugar, and visited several hospitals, with which each estate is supplied for the reception and cure of sick negroes. I likewise made many minute inquiries as to the state and condition of the slaves, inspecting their huts, and even examining their provisions; and I must confess that the result of these inquiries was such, as to destroy much of the abhorrence which I had before felt to the name of slavery. There is something in the idea of bondage very repugnant to the feelings of men born to freedom as an inheritance; nor are there any evils which such men would not undergo to preserve that inheritance. But after all, the misery of the one state, and the happiness of the other, is but ideal. As far as real comforts go, I should pronounce the negro slave, in Jamaica, a happier man than the peasant in England. Like a soldier, he is well fed, supplied with what clothing he requires, has a comfortable bed to sleep on, is distressed with no cares for the support of his family, and is only obliged, in return for all this, to labour a certain number of hours in the day. It is true that he may be beaten, and cannot resist; but he never is beaten, unless he deserve it; and to a man afflicted, or if you please, ennobled by no fine feelings of honour, a beating produces no pain, except what may arise from the strokes themselves.

With respect to the treatment of slaves, again, the outcry so general in England against the cruelty of overseers is quite absurd. No man, however wanting in humanity, is so foolish as to render useless his own property. If he have no better principle to direct him, the same policy which prevents an English farmer from over-working or abusing his horse, will prevent a West India merchant from over-working or abusing his slave. Nor are the slaves prohibited from earning something for themselves. A certain number of hours in each day are at their own disposal, when, if they choose to work on, they are paid so much for their services; if not, they are permitted to amuse themselves in any manner they please.

Their food, though coarse, is wholesome, and such as they have been all their lives accustomed to ; their houses, though not elegant, are in no respect inferior to the generality of cottages, allowed to the poor by parish officers in England ; and when they are sick, they are removed to airy hospitals, where as much attention is paid to them as if they were people of rank and consequence. But, above all, they are never distressed with anxiety for their families. They know that their children will receive the same treatment that they have received, that they will never want food, clothing, or a home, and therefore, they die without any of those harrowing dreads, which so frequently madden the death-bed of an English labourer.

But, it will be said, they are slaves ; and in the word slavery are comprehended the worst evils that can befall a human being. This is all very well in theory, and no doubt every man born free would risk his life to preserve his liberty ; but the most of these slaves have never known what freedom is ; and it is absurd to talk of a man pining for he knows not what. Latterly, indeed, thanks to certain humane individuals, who, without possessing the slightest personal knowledge of their situation, have pitied them so loudly, that their compassionate expressions have crossed the Atlantic, they have begun to consider themselves as hardly treated, in being refused the common birth-right of man. The consequence is, that many negroes, who were before cheerful and happy, are now discontented and gloomy, and ripe for the most desperate attempts. Yet, as a proof of their folly in desiring freedom, unless, indeed, that gift were accompanied with the possession of the islands where they dwell, by far the greater part of those slaves, whom their masters have at any time enfranchised, after wandering about for awhile, the most miserable creatures upon earth, return, and beg, as a favour, to be received once more into their original state of slavery.

“ I came to Jamaica with a violent prejudice against slavery and
 “ the slave trade ; but I must now confess that I think the Jamaica
 “ slave a happier animal than the English labourer, I say animal,
 “ because he has the good luck to be treated as one ; it is the interest
 “ of his owner to keep him in good health and condition—when he is
 “ sick, he cannot be sent away to a public hospital ; when he is old
 “ he cannot be turned over to the parish workhouse. One evil they
 “ are subjected to, which I wish they were freed from—I mean the
 “ separation of families. I certainly was greatly shocked on the first
 “ or second day of my landing, to see a girl of about sixteen walked
 “ up and down the colonnade at Mary Winter’s, like a horse at
 “ Tattersall’s, while the auctioneer called on the gentlemen to look at
 “ her *points*. The poor creature did not seem sensible of any degra-
 “ dation, perhaps, she did not even suffer at the idea of being taken
 “ from her family ; but I could not help feeling for her, and if I had
 “ sailed next morning, I should have been as violent an enemy to the
 “ planters as any saint in the conventicle.” . . . “ It is a common
 “ custom for a slave to hire himself of his master, in which case, if
 “ he does any work for him, he charges for it as he would to a
 “ stranger. I was present once at the winding up of an account of
 “ this kind. The man was a cooper ; after allowing for his own hire, he
 “ brought his master in debt several dollars, which I saw paid.” . . .
 “ At the Havannah I saw a slave ship arrive, and witnessed the
 “ disembarkation of the negroes ; they were singing, and looked happy,
 “ but it must have been at getting from between decks. While we
 “ allow these rascals to carry on the trade, it is of little use that we
 “ have abolished it.”—*Rough Notes, MSS.*

Some amusing anecdotes are interspersed amid the graver business of the campaign ; the following are good examples :—

It is said that when Admiral Cockburn, who accompanied the army, and attended poor Ross with the fidelity of an aide-de-camp, was in the wood where the latter fell, he observed an American rifle-man taking deliberate aim at him from behind a tree. Instead of turning aside, or discharging a pistol at the fellow, as any other man would

have done, the brave Admiral doubling his fist, shook it at his enemy, and cried aloud, "O you d—d Yankey, I'll give it you!" upon which the man dropped his musket in the greatest alarm, and took to his heels.

It is likewise told of an officer of engineers, that having overtaken an American soldier, and demanded his arms, the fellow gave him his rifle very readily, but being ordered to resign a handsome silver-hilted dagger and silver-mounted cartouch-box, which graced his side, he refused to comply, alleging that they were private property, and that by our own proclamations private property should be respected. This was an instance of low cunning, which reminded me of my own adventure with the squirrel-hunters, and which was attended with equal success.

* * * * *

While things were in this state, while the banks of the rivers continued in our possession, and the interior was left unmolested to the Americans, a rash confidence sprung up in the minds of all, insomuch that parties of pleasure would frequently land without arms, and spend many hours on shore. On one of these occasions, several officers from the 85th regiment agreed to pass a day together at a farm-house, about a quarter of a mile from the stream; and taking with them ten soldiers, unarmed, to row the boat, a few sailors, and a young midshipman, not more than twelve years of age, they proceeded to put their determination into practice. Leaving the men under the command of their youthful pilot, to take care of the boat, the officers went on to the house, but had not been there above an hour, when they were alarmed by a shout which sounded as if it came from the river. Looking out, they beheld their party surrounded by seventy or eighty mounted riflemen; the boat dragged upon the beach, and set on fire. Giving themselves up for lost, they continued for an instant in a sort of stupor; but the master of the house, to whom some kindness had been shown by our people, proved himself grateful, and, letting them out by a back door, directed them to hide themselves in the wood, while he should endeavour to turn their pursuers on a wrong scent. As they had nothing to trust to except the honour of this American, it cannot be supposed that they felt much at ease; but seeing no better course before them, they resigned themselves to his guidance, and plunging into the thicket, concealed themselves as well as they could among the underwood. In the mean time the American soldiers, having secured all that were left behind, except the young midshipman, who fled into the wood in spite of the fire, divided into two bodies, one of which approached the house, while the other endeavoured to overtake the brave boy. It so chanced that the party in pursuit passed close to the officers in concealment, but by the greatest good fortune did not observe them. They succeeded, however, in catching a glimpse of the midshipman, just as he had gained the water's edge, and was pushing off a light canoe which he had loosened from the stump of a tree. The barbarians immediately gave chase, firing at the brave lad,* and calling out to surrender; but the gallant youth paid no attention either to their voices or their bullets. Launching his little bark, he put to sea with a single paddle, and, regardless of the showers of balls which fell about him, returned alone and unhurt to the ship.

While one party was thus employed, the other hastened to the house in full expectation of capturing the officers. But their host kept his word with great fidelity, and having directed his countrymen towards another farm-house at some distance from his own, and in an opposite quarter from where his guests lay, he waited till they were out of sight, and then joined his new friends in their concealment. Bringing with him such provisions as he could muster, he advised them to keep quiet till dark, when, their pursuers having departed, he conducted them to the river, supplied them with a large canoe, and sent them off in perfect safety to the fleet.

The author of the *Rough Notes* appears to have been more circumspect in his incursions than the officers of the 85th; we recommend his practice to future foragers.

"I always made it a practice to take a guide from every house I entered, leaving a solemn assurance with the family that on the first alarm I would blow his brains out. Though I have often been six or seven miles up the country, I never was pursued, and always brought my *purchases* safe to the ship."—*Rough Notes, MSS.*

* Our author is sometimes too sparing of names; this brave youngster, for instance, deserves to have been distinguished.

We have now arrived at the most important part of the narrative, the disastrous expedition against New Orleans. The subaltern considers this to have been a military project of great importance, and does not hesitate to direct the attention of Government to a renewal of the attack, in the event of another war. His brother-campaigner, however, assigns a different motive to the expedition; treats the alleged greediness of the Admiral for slaves, cotton-bags, and sugar-hogsheads, with no measured severity; and contends, that though the town might easily have been taken by surprise, even with four frigates and two thousand men, it would have been impossible to maintain it either against the enemy or the climate; on the latter point, indeed, he lays the greatest stress.

Having been informed that in a certain part of the forest, a company of riflemen had passed the night, I took with me a party of soldiers, and proceeded in the direction pointed out, with the hope of surprising them. On reaching the place, I found that they had retired, but I thought I could perceive something like the glitter of arms a little farther towards the middle of the wood. Sending several files of soldiers in different directions, I contrived to surround the spot, and then moving forward, I beheld two men dressed in black coats, and armed with bright firelocks and bayonets, sitting under a tree; as soon as they observed me, they started up and took to their heels, but being hemmed in on all sides, they quickly perceived that to escape was impossible, and accordingly stood still. I hastened towards them, and having got within a few paces of where they stood, I heard the one say to the other, with a look of the most perfect simplicity, "Stop, John, till the gentlemen pass." There was something so ludicrous in this speech, and in the cast of countenance which accompanied it, that I could not help laughing aloud; nor was my mirth diminished by their attempts to persuade me that they were quiet country people, come out for no other purpose than to shoot squirrels. When I desired to know whether they carried bayonets to charge the squirrels, as well as muskets to shoot them, they were rather at a loss for a reply; but they grumbled exceedingly when they found themselves prisoners, and conducted as such to the column.

"All I have ever read of Batavia appears to be realized in the accounts I received of New Orleans: the calculation is, that two strangers (even Americans,) out of five die in the first spring or autumn after their arrival; the other three cannot be considered as seasoned, even if they survive, for two years or more. Baton Rouge, ninety miles higher up, is the nearest station considered healthy: but even that place and Natchez, the next town, are constantly visited by malignant and contagious fevers. Soldiers, from their exposure to night air in these climates, and from being cooped up in crowded rooms, must always be more unhealthy than other persons. I do not, therefore, believe that two-thirds of our army would have survived the first six months in this pestiferous country. Our only chance would have been active employment; and that to be sure the Americans would have given us. They could drift down in their log-boats by thousands, at the rate of four and five knots an hour, night and day; while our supplies, supposing that we had reduced Fort Plaquemine, might perhaps creep up to us in a week or ten days, from the mouth of the river."—*Rough Notes, MSS.*

The subaltern, on the other hand, views the confluence of the Missouri, Illinois, Arkansas, Ohio, Red River, and their respective tributary streams in the great channel of the Mississippi, as affording incalculable advantages to the possessors of New Orleans.

Of all these rivers, there is none which will not answer the purposes of commerce, at least to a very considerable extent; and as they join the Mississippi above

New Orleans, it is evident that this city may be considered as the general mart of the whole. Whatever nation, therefore, chances to possess this place, possesses in reality the command of a greater extent of country than is included within the boundary line of the whole United States; since, from every direction are goods, the produce of East, West, North, and South America, sent down by the Mississippi to the gulf. But were New Orleans properly supplied with fortifications, it is evident that no vessels could pass without the leave of its governor; and therefore is it that I consider that city as of greater importance to the American government, than any other within the compass of their territories.

It appears that our army left the Chesapeake in the latter end of September, for the purpose of attacking this town. Like most of our secret expeditions, its object was soon known to the enemy. One of our authors, indeed, does not hesitate to assert, (and with his usual frankness inserts names, which we omit,) that a captain of the navy, commanding on the Jamaica station, (the Admiral having recently died,) opened his despatches in the presence of a Jew merchant, to whom he communicated their contents; the son of Israel instantly sent a vessel with the intelligence to the enemy, for which no doubt he was well paid. We do not pause to inquire whether this anecdote is well or ill founded; to us it appears that the Americans had quite sufficient notice during the long delay of the fleet and army at Negril Bay. It is true, that reinforcements were expected there, but we fully agree in the opinion, that no addition of force could compensate the loss of time. These therefore, delay and publicity, were the first causes of failure; the next was yet more important and more inexcusable, the want of boats. Admiral Sir A. Cochrane must have known, or ought to have known, the nature of the coast on which he was about to land; he ought to have known that the ships could not approach within considerably more than *eighty miles* of the point of disembarkation, and should have provided accordingly. We find, however, that even with the assistance of five large cutters, casually captured, (we say casually, for the enemy ought to have abandoned and burnt them,) only about a third of the army could be embarked at once from their miserable rendezvous on Pine Island to the main land. By landing in divisions, and those divisions brought up in a scattered and irregular manner, our forces were exposed to the risk of being attacked in detail; and one party might have been cut to pieces before the others could arrive to its support. This, in fact, was very near taking place. The advance, consisting of 1600 men and two pieces of cannon, were, with great difficulty, landed on the isthmus on the 23d of December. We must refer the reader to our author for the topography of the field of operations.

The place where we landed was as wild as it is possible to imagine. Wherever we looked, nothing was to be seen except one huge marsh, covered with tall reeds; not a house, nor a vestige of human industry could be discovered; and even of trees, there were but a few growing upon the banks of the creek. Yet it was such a spot as, above all others, favoured our operations. No eye could watch us, or report our arrival to the American General. By remaining quietly among the reeds, we might effectually conceal ourselves from notice; because, from the appearance of all around, it was easy to perceive that the place which we occupied was seldom, if ever before marked with a human footstep. Concealment, however, was the thing of all others which we required; for be it remembered, that there were now only sixteen hundred men on the main land. The rest were still at Pine Island, where they must remain till the boats which had transported us should return for their conveyance, consequently many hours must elapse before this small corps could be either reinforced or supported. If, therefore, we had sought for a point where a descent might be made in secrecy and

safety, we could not have found one better calculated for that purpose than the present ; because it afforded every means of concealment to one part of our force, until the others should be able to come up.

Here General Keane should have halted till the other brigades could have joined him ; but deceived, as it is said, by deserters, he incautiously advanced into the open country. By the culpable negligence of an officer a prisoner was suffered to escape, and by the imprudence of the General, the troops were permitted to light fires ; the consequence was a surprise.

In this manner the day passed without any farther alarm ; and darkness having set in, the fires were made to blaze with increased splendour, our evening meal was eat, and we prepared to sleep. But about half-past seven o'clock, the attention of several individuals was drawn to a large vessel, which seemed to be stealing up the river till she came opposite to our camp ; when her anchor was dropped, and her sails leisurely furled. At first we were doubtful whether she might not be one of our own cruisers which had passed the port unobserved, and had arrived to render her assistance in our future operations. To satisfy this doubt, she was repeatedly hailed, but returned no answer ; when an alarm spreading through the bivouac, all thought of sleep was laid aside. Several musket shots were now fired at her with the design of exacting a reply, of which no notice was taken ; till at length having fastened all her sails, and swung her broad-side towards us, we could distinctly hear some one cry out in a commanding voice, "Give them this for the honour of America." The words were instantly followed by the flashes of her guns, and a deadly shower of grape swept down numbers in the camp.

Against this dreadful fire we had nothing whatever to oppose. The artillery which we had landed was too light to bring into competition with an adversary so powerful ; and as she had anchored within a short distance of the opposite bank, no musketry could reach her with any precision or effect. A few rockets were discharged, which made a beautiful appearance in the air ; but the rocket is an uncertain weapon, and these deviated too far from their object to produce even terror among those against whom they were directed. Under these circumstances, as nothing could be done offensively, our sole object was to shelter the men as much as possible from this iron hail. With this view, they were commanded to leave the fires, and to hasten under the dyke. Thither all, accordingly, repaired, without much regard to order and regularity, and laying ourselves along wherever we could find room, we listened in painful silence to the scattering of grape shot among our huts, and to the shrieks and groans of those who lay wounded beside them.

The night was now as dark as pitch, the moon being but young, and totally obscured with clouds. Our fires deserted by us, and beat about by the enemy's shot, began to burn red and dull ; and, except when the flashes of those guns which played upon us cast a momentary glare, not an object could be distinguished at the distance of a yard. In this state we lay for nearly an hour, unable to move from our ground, or offer any opposition to those who kept us there ; when a straggling fire of musketry called our attention towards the piquets, and warned us to prepare for a closer and more desperate strife. As yet, however, it was uncertain from what cause this dropping fire arose. It might proceed from the sentinels, who, alarmed by the cannonade from the river, mistook every tree for an American ; and till this should be more fully ascertained, it would be improper to expose the troops, by moving any of them from the shelter which the bank afforded. But these doubts were not permitted to continue long in existence. The dropping fire having paused for a few moments, was succeeded by a fearful yell ; and the heavens were illuminated on all sides by a semi-circular blaze of musketry. It was now clear that we were surrounded, and that by a very superior force ; and, therefore, no alternative remaining, but, either to surrender at discretion, or to beat back the assailants.

"A body of from twelve to fifteen hundred men had gained the rear, and would have cut off all communication with the boyau, when most fortunately Colonel Paterson arrived with about two hundred of the 21st. As they debouched, the enemy took them for the head of a column, threw down their arms—some surrendered, others fled ; but they soon discovered their mistake, and finding the force to which they had yielded themselves prisoners so small, they en-

“ deavoured to resume their arms. My poor friend Couran collared
“ an officer in the act, and was stabbed by him to the heart with a
“ scalping knife, a weapon which the Kentucky men wear in imitation
“ of their less savage neighbours. The fellow had not an instant to
“ enjoy his triumph; in a moment a dozen bayonets were buried to
“ the hilt in his body; his corpse was the most dreadful sight I ever
“ saw: it appeared to have stiffened in the last convulsion, and was
“ most strangely distorted; but horrid as it was, we viewed it with
“ something like satisfaction, (no officer in the regiment was so uni-
“ versally beloved as poor Couran,) and for two or three days no man
“ was found who would give it burial. - - - Paterson did not get
“ the credit he deserved on this occasion: he was a good soldier, but
“ too retired to make his own way where men of less merit were
“ pushing forward their pretensions.”—*Rough Notes, MSS.*

The whole detail of this action is given in our author's best manner. The loss sustained in it amounted to about 500 men, most of whom might have been saved, if General Keane had not moved from his position in the wood until his force would have enabled him to advance at once against the town: but this was not the end of the evil; punished most severely for his rashness, the general fell into the contrary extreme; nothing was done on the 24th, the greater part of the troops laying inactive, under cover of the dyke or levè, as the Americans call it; for it must be observed, that the land of the isthmus was considerably lower than the surface of the river, a circumstance which greatly increased the peril of the position, as was soon evinced by an attempt of the enemy to cut the bank and inundate the country. It is evident, however, that the dyke, which was high enough to shelter the halt of our troops, might have protected their advance; but Sir John Keane remained spell-bound; the Rattlesnake schooner had fascinated him to the spot, and the enemy were allowed time to erect the works which ultimately foiled every effort to force them. On the 25th, Sir Edward Pakenham and General Gibbs joined the army; it would have been fortunate if they had arrived sooner. On the morning of the 26th our batteries opened on the schooner; but here a capital error was committed, which was the more remarkable, as several naval officers were serving ashore, who should have corrected the error. A large ship had dropped down the river and anchored in front of the position, about a mile above the schooner; had the batteries been, in the first instance, erected against her, her consort would have been obliged, either to pass our batteries in order to get up to the town, which against the stream of the Mississippi would have been no easy task, or she must have dropped down the river, in which case no future annoyance could have been anticipated from her. The schooner was blown up—the ship escaped; and though it does not appear that any actual mischief was done by her, yet her subsequent position, flanking the enemy's lines, added materially to their apparent strength, intimidating our troops, and giving courage to the adversary.

On the 27th the whole army advanced towards the town; but after a slight skirmish again retired.

We remained inactive during the 28th, 29th, and 30th; but not so the enemy. Day and night we could observe numerous parties employed in strengthening his lines; while from the increased number of tents, which almost every hour might be discerned,

it was evident that strong reinforcements were continually pouring into his camp. Nor did he leave us totally unmolested. By giving to his guns a great degree of elevation, he contrived at last to reach our bivouac; and thus were we constantly under a cannonade which, though it did little execution, proved nevertheless extremely annoying. Besides this, he now began to erect batteries on the opposite bank of the river; from which a flanking fire could be thrown across the entire front of his position. In short, he adopted every precaution which prudence could suggest, and for the reception of which, the nature of his post was so admirably adapted.

Under these circumstances, it was evident that the longer an attack was delayed, the less likely was it to succeed; that something must be done immediately every one perceived, but how to proceed was the difficulty. If we attempted to storm the American lines, we should expose ourselves to almost certain destruction from their artillery; to turn them, seemed to be impossible; and to draw their troops by any manœuvring from behind their entrenchments, was a thing altogether out of the question. There seemed, therefore, to be but one practicable mode of assault; which was, to treat these field-works as one would treat a regular fortification; by erecting breaching batteries against them, and silencing, if it were possible, at least some of their guns. To this plan, therefore, did our leader resort; and, in consequence, the whole of these three days were employed in landing heavy cannon, bringing up ammunition, and making such preparations as might have sufficed for a siege.

Batteries of their own *sugar hogsheads*! were therefore erected against the enemy, (the subaltern values this costly material at many thousand pounds;) but they had their revenge: our engineers had yet to learn that sugar and sand possessed very different powers of resistance. The shot passed through our works and killed many of the artillery. On the enemy's side, however, little impression was made, and from a cause as singular; for it is said that the cotton bags, the capture of which had provoked the attack, contributed to the defence of New Orleans. Certain it is, that the idea of regular approaches and breaching batteries was immediately abandoned.

All our plans had as yet proved abortive; even this, upon which so much reliance had been placed, was found to be of no avail; and it must be confessed, that something like murmuring began to be heard through the camp. And, in truth, if ever an army might be permitted to murmur, it was this. In landing, they had borne great hardships, not only without repining, but with cheerfulness; their hopes had been excited by false reports, as to the practicability of the attempt in which they were embarked; and now they found themselves entangled amidst difficulties from which there appeared to be no escape, except by victory. In their attempts upon the enemy's line, however, they had been twice foiled; in artillery they perceived themselves so greatly overmatched, that their own could hardly assist them; their provisions being derived wholly from the fleet, were both scanty and coarse; and their rest was continually broken. For not only did the cannon and mortars from the main of the enemy's position play unremittingly upon them both day and night; but they were likewise exposed to a deadly fire from the opposite bank of the river, where no less than eighteen pieces of artillery were now mounted, and swept the entire line of our encampment. Besides all this, to undertake the duty of a piquet, was as dangerous as to go into action. Parties of American sharp-shooters harassed and disturbed those appointed to that service, from the time they took possession of their post, till they were relieved; while to light fires at night was impossible, because they served but as certain marks for the enemy's gunners. I repeat, therefore, that a little murmuring could not be wondered at. Be it observed, however, that these were not the murmurs of men anxious to escape from a disagreeable situation by any means. On the contrary, they resembled rather the growling of a chained dog, when he sees his adversary, and cannot reach him; for in all their complaints, no man ever hinted at a retreat, while all were eager to bring matters to the issue of a battle, at any sacrifice of lives.

Nor was our gallant leader less anxious to fight than his followers. To fight upon something like equal terms, however, was his wish; and for this purpose, a new scheme was invented, worthy, for its boldness, of the school in which Sir Edward had studied his profession. It was determined to divide the army, to send part across the river, who should seize the enemy's guns, and turn them on themselves; while the remainder should at the same time make a general assault along the whole entrench-

ment. But before this plan could be put into execution, it would be necessary to cut a canal across the entire neck of land from the Bayo de Catiline to the river, of sufficient width and depth to admit of boats being brought up from the lake.

Against the useless labour of making this canal, the author of the *Rough Notes* very vehemently protests, and we think with reason. Boats certainly are of easier transport than ships' guns; and as the latter had been landed, and brought into battery without the aid of artificial water carriage, there appears to have been no reason why the former should not have been dragged to the river on rollers; had that been done, the falling of the canal banks would not have frustrated the enterprise.

The canal, as I have stated, being finished on the 6th, it was resolved to lose no time in making use of it. Boats were accordingly ordered up for the transportation of 1400 men; and Colonel Thornton with the 85th regiment, the marines, and a party of sailors, was appointed to cross the river. But a number of untoward accidents occurred, to spoil a plan of operations as accurately laid down as any in the course of the war. The soil through which the canal was dug, being soft, parts of the bank gave way, and choking up the channel, prevented the heaviest of the boats from getting forward. These again blocked up the passage, so that none of those which were behind, could proceed; and thus, instead of a flotilla for the accommodation of 1400 men, only a number of boats sufficient to contain 350 was enabled to reach their destination. Even these did not arrive at the time appointed. According to the preconceived plan, Colonel Thornton's detachment was to cross the river immediately after dark. They were to push forward, so as to carry all the batteries, and point the guns before day-light; when, on the throwing up of a rocket, they were to commence firing upon the enemy's line, which at the same moment was to be attacked by the main of our army.

In this manner was one part of the force to act, while the rest were thus appointed. Dividing his troops into three columns, Sir Edward directed, that General Keane, at the head of the 95th, the light companies of the 21st, 4th, and 44th, together with the two black corps, should make a demonstration, or sham attack upon the right; that General Gibbs with the 4th, 21st, 44th, and 93d, should force the enemy's left, while General Lambert with the 7th and 43d remained in reserve, ready to act as circumstances might require. But in storming an entrenched position, something more than bare courage is required. Scaling ladders and fascines had, therefore, been prepared, with which to fill up the ditch and mount the wall; and since to carry these was a service of danger, requiring a corps well worthy of dependence, the 44th was for that purpose selected, as a regiment of sufficient numerical strength, and already accustomed to American warfare. Thus were all things arranged on the night of the 7th, for the 8th was fixed upon as the day decisive of the fate of New Orleans.

While the rest of the army, therefore, lay down to sleep till they should be roused up to fight, Colonel Thornton with the 85th, and a corps of marines and seamen, amounting in all to 1400 men, moved down to the brink of the river. As yet, however, no boats had arrived; hour after hour elapsed before they came; and when they did come, the misfortunes which I have stated above were discovered, for out of all that had been ordered up, only a few made their appearance. Still it was absolutely necessary that this part of the plan should be carried into execution. Dismissing, therefore, the rest of his followers, the Colonel put himself at the head of his own regiment, about fifty seamen, and as many marines, and with this small force, consisting of no more than 340 men, pushed off. But, unfortunately, the loss of time nothing could repair. Instead of reaching the opposite bank, at latest by midnight, dawn was beginning to appear before the boats quitted the canal. It was in vain that they rowed on in perfect silence, and with oars muffled, gaining the point of debarkation without being perceived. It was in vain that they made good their landing and formed upon the beach, without opposition or alarm; day had already broke, and the signal rocket was seen in the air, while they were yet four miles from the batteries, which ought hours ago to have been taken.

In the mean time, the main body armed and moved forward some way in front of the piquets. There they stood waiting for day-light, and listening with the greatest anxiety for the firing which ought now to be heard on the opposite bank. But this attention was exerted in vain, and day dawned upon them long before they desired

its appearance. Nor was Sir Edward Pakenham disappointed in this part of his plan alone. Instead of perceiving every thing in readiness for the assault, he saw his troops in battle array, indeed, but not a ladder or fascine upon the field. The 44th, which was appointed to carry them, had either misunderstood or neglected their orders ; and now headed the column of attack, without any means being provided for crossing the enemy's ditch, or scaling his rampart.

The indignation of poor Pakenham on this occasion may be imagined, but cannot be described. Galloping towards Colonel Mullens, who led the 44th, he commanded him instantly to return with his regiment for the ladders ; but the opportunity of planting them was lost, and though they were brought up, it was only to be scattered over the field by the frightened bearers. For our troops were by this time visible to the enemy. A dreadful fire was accordingly opened upon them, and they were mowed down by hundreds, while they stood waiting for orders.

Seeing that all his well-laid plans were frustrated, Pakenham gave the word to advance, and the other regiments, leaving the 44th with the ladders and fascines behind them, rushed on to the assault. On the left a detachment of the 95th, 21st, and 4th, stormed a three gun battery and took it. Here they remained for some time in the expectation of support ; but none arriving, and a strong column of the enemy forming for its recovery, they determined to anticipate the attack, and pushed on. The battery which they had taken was in advance of the body of the works, being cut off from it by a ditch, across which only a single plank was thrown. Along this plank did these brave men attempt to pass ; but being opposed by overpowering numbers, they were repulsed ; and the Americans, in turn, forcing their way into the battery, at length succeeded in recapturing it with immense slaughter. On the right, again, the 21st and 4th being almost cut to pieces, and thrown into some confusion by the enemy's fire, *the 93d pushed on and took the lead*. Hastening forward, our troops soon reached the ditch ; but to scale the parapet without ladders was impossible. Some few, indeed, by mounting one upon another's shoulders, succeeded in entering the works, but these were *instantly* overpowered, most of them killed, and the rest taken ; while as many as stood without were exposed to a sweeping fire, which cut them down by whole companies. It was in vain that the most obstinate courage was displayed. They fell by the hands of men whom they absolutely did not see ; for the Americans, without so much as lifting their faces above the rampart, swung their firelocks by one arm over the wall, and discharged them directly upon their heads.

When the subaltern relates incidents which he himself witnessed, we cannot doubt his authority ; but as he was engaged on the opposite side of the river with Colonel Thornton, we should rather follow the notes of his comrade as to the main attack. After detailing, as our author has done, the misconduct of Colonel Mullens, (whom however he vindicates from the imputation of personal cowardice,) he states that at day-break Gibbs gave the word to advance from the ground, where, within musket shot of the lines, the troops had halted for the fascines and ladders.

“ We advanced at double quick time, but we had scarcely proceeded
“ a hundred yards when the most dreadful fire of grape and musketry
“ was opened upon us—at one moment a regular lane was cut from
“ front to rear of the column. (I afterwards found it was from the
“ discharge of a thirty-two pounder, loaded to the muzzle with bags
“ of musket-balls.) I will not deny that the regiment was thrown
“ into confusion ; but there was no sign of fear, at least I saw none,
“ except, indeed, that the men in front commenced firing. I en-
“ deavoured to stop it ; but before I knew where I was, I found my-
“ self in the enemies' ditch, immediately under the fatal battery—this
“ was in some respects a good position ; and, if the reserve had come
“ up, might have been turned to account ; why this was not done, or
“ how it could have happened, that the rear did not know of our
“ situation, I never was able to understand. We gained the ditch

“ (as I have since learnt) about 200 strong; M’Haffie, the senior
“ officer, Stewart and Leavock were close to me. I heard Brady’s
“ voice at a little distance, and thought that the greater part of the
“ regiment was with us; but I was too soon undeceived—we made
“ several attempts to mount the parapet, but without success; not that
“ the works were high or the ditch deep, but that the earth gave way,
“ and we wanted numbers for mechanical support. It was in one of
“ these trials that I glanced my eye back upon the field, I could not
“ see far, for there was a thick mist with rain, and the smoke hung
“ heavy on the ground; but the sight was horrid—the dead lay
“ thicker than I could have counted them; then looking down into
“ the ditch, I perceived the smallness of our party, now reduced to
“ about seventy; still we believed that we were supported, and by
“ another effort actually crossed the works; an American officer sur-
“ rendered his sword to me within their lines. I joined Leavock for
“ some minutes in trying to make the men lay down their arms, (warned
“ by poor Couran’s fate, and conscious of our want of power, we did
“ this cautiously,) I was astonished however to see M’Haffie in parley
“ with a superior officer of the enemy: each demanded the other’s
“ sword; the altercation was not long—we were prisoners.”—*Rough
Notes, MSS.*

Hence it is evident that the 93d did not take the lead, and that if General Lambert had pushed on the 7th and 43d, a lodgement might have been made within the enemies’ lines—for their confusion is evident, and irregular troops once broken cannot rally.

Our loss in this disastrous affair is computed at from fifteen hundred to two thousand men, including two generals, Pakenham and Gibbs, and many celebrated field officers. The plan of the action appears to have been well arranged, but its execution was faulty; we unhesitatingly adopt the opinion that Sir R. Pakenham ought to have postponed the attack to the following day, when he found that he had not boats enough to convey Colonel Thornton’s corps to the opposite bank; for it is evident that the whole merit of the design consisted in the flank attack; by which, had it been made an hour or two before the other, the attention of the enemy would have been distracted from the main object, and their guns on the other side of the river would not only have been turned upon them, but would have been directed in their unsheltered flank and rear.

We would willingly give more numerous extracts from the subaltern’s most interesting details of these transactions, but we have already exceeded our boundaries; the reader however, may rest assured, that however copious our quotations may appear; we have left him, untouched, an ample fund of amusement and instruction in the work itself.

DR. SOUTHWOOD SMITH'S LECTURES
ON
COMPARATIVE AND HUMAN PHYSIOLOGY.

PARTLY by the interest of the subject, and partly by our estimation of the talents of the Lecturer, we have lately been drawn into a very unusual haunt of literature, and at most unseasonable hours. In Webbe-street, in the Borough, at Grainger's School, a kind of high 'Change for bones and muscles, and tissues, and at half-past six in the evening of every Thursday, have we regularly found Dr. Southwood-Smith, in the centre of a knot of students; animated by, and giving animation to, one of the most delightful and most elevating studies in nature. We are anxious not merely not to lose, but to propagate the benefit of our industry, in having thus sought science in a distant corner, unvisited by any but medical, or rather unmedical boys, their teachers, their *subjects*, and their patients. We propose, therefore, to give, for the information of those of less vigorous habits, and of later dinner hours on Thursday, the benefit of our Note-book. We shall begin with a few facts which we have learned, relative to the history of the teaching of this science in this country.

Natural history and physiology have hitherto been much neglected in England. Particular branches of physiology have indeed been cultivated with great success by several distinguished men, and to British philosophers and physicians we are indebted for some of the most valuable knowledge we possess relative to the science. But still, as a science, it has been little cultivated. It has been taught in a few of the medical schools. The late Dr. Gordon of Edinburgh, gave a very extensive and scientific course. A more limited course was commenced by a physician at Guy's or St. Thomas's Hospital, in London, and has been continued by Dr. Blundell. Dr. Roget has also delivered on two or three different occasions, an interesting and instructive course on comparative physiology to a popular audience. This comprehends, as far as we know, all the attempts which have hitherto been made to extend this science by lectures. Until the late, and still unfinished work of Dr. Bostock, there was no systematic treatise which could be consulted on the subject, excepting some translations of the works of the Continental physiologists. Physiology has been thought to be sufficiently taught to the medical man by the professor of anatomy, who has barely time to communicate what is essential to be known of his own art; while no provision whatever is made for any degree of instruction in this science of any portion of the unprofessional public. Yet physiology is one of the most interesting of the natural sciences. It teaches the mechanism and action of the animal being, its structure and function. It opens a new source of valuable knowledge to the man of literature and science; and if the physiology of the mind be included, the study of it then becomes of the highest importance to every one who would instruct or govern—who would benefit or influence men.

We are glad, therefore, to see that another person of very distinguished attainments, both literary and scientific, has come forward to direct the attention of to this interesting subject.

Though Dr. Southwood Smith's Lectures were written expressly for medical students, yet it was also his avowed object to adapt them to the scientific and literary public. While the most important facts of the science are communicated, we think he has succeeded in expressing them in such language, and exhibiting them in such a manner, as to render them perfectly intelligible to the unprofessional. The peculiar advantage of this course seems to be, that the subject is simplified, and the most general, important, and interesting principles of the science are brought forward prominently—exhibited distinctly—illustrated fully. The plan of the course is itself new: it is truly scientific: it is calculated to convey the knowledge to be communicated by the easiest, the shortest, and the completest process. He begins with the consideration of the simplest examples of animal existence: examines the organs and functions of the simple beings which are thus placed at the bottom of the scale, in order to exhibit a distinct view of the phenomena of life in its simplest condition; then traces through all the gradations of the scale, the gradual complication of organs and functions up to man, who, according to a general law of the animal economy, by possessing the most complicated organization, becomes the most perfect of all animals.

As the knowledge which is conveyed in the prosecution of this plan is very interesting in itself, and perfectly intelligible to the general reader, we purpose to give in the present paper an outline of the course, so far as it has yet been delivered. We trust next month to be able to carry on this sketch, or at any rate, at no distant period, to give a further view of Dr. Smith's valuable contribution to the spread of science.

There is a certain structure, there are certain functions, which are common to all living beings: before entering into any details which must comprise particular modifications of life, Dr. Smith commenced with a statement of what life is, and exhibited a general view of the phenomena which are common and essential to all the beings endowed with it.

All objects in nature, said the Lecturer, are either unorganized or organized. The sciences which treat of unorganized bodies, receive different names according to the kind of properties which it is their province to investigate. The sciences which treat of organized bodies are two only, viz. anatomy, which exhibits their structure; and physiology, which investigates their functions.

Organized bodies are distinguished from all others, by the exhibition of peculiar phenomena, the whole of which taken together, are designated by the term life. The science which treats of these phenomena is called physiology. Physiology then is the doctrine of life; or the science which investigates the functions of living beings.

Life is not, as has been considered by many physiologists, a principle, a power, or any single thing. It is a general term used to express a certain series of phenomena, the combination of which constitutes the true notion of life. In order therefore to form an accurate and complete conception of life, it is necessary to consider what these phenomena are.

1. The first phenomenon of life, is the property which all the beings endowed with it possess, of resisting, within certain limits, the operation

of the ordinary laws of matter. The physical agents which subvert the existing combinations of unorganized bodies—air, moisture, heat, for example, not only do not within a certain range disturb, but are indispensably necessary to *maintain* the organic structure peculiar to a living being. The human body, while living, will resist a temperature higher than that of boiling water, without receiving the slightest injury; while the same body, deprived of life, would be rapidly and entirely destroyed by it. The manner in which it resists the operation of these agents is extraordinary. Physical and chemical changes are effected by the change of place and combination of the elementary particles of which bodies are composed: it might therefore be supposed, that the manner in which life resists the operation of the ordinary laws of matter is, by retaining in one unvarying relative position the identical particles of which the body consists; on the contrary, this counteraction is effected by changing these particles and their place with great rapidity, and without ceasing. Motion thus constant and rapid, is the means by which the decomposition of the living body is prevented.

2. The second phenomenon of life, is the property which the body endowed with it, possesses of assimilating proper matter to its own substance. Unorganized bodies consist of particles which are held together by mutual attraction: they increase by the juxtaposition of new particles, which are merely superimposed upon the pre-existing mass. The living body is endowed with the power of converting materials, of very different natures, into the homogenous substance, and of elaborating from that substance the various solid and fluid parts of which it is composed. The plant absorbs nutritive particles from the soil, and converts them into its proper substance, and into its different juices. The animal receives its aliment into its *interior*; digestion decomposes it, recombines its elements in new proportions and in different modes, and thus forms all the tissues and all the organs of which its complicated structure consists. The process by which these changes are effected, is termed in the vegetable, imbibition—in the animal, digestion: the conversion of the digested matter into the substance of the body, is denominated assimilation, and because the materials are received within the body, and undergo in its interior the changes that are necessary, it is said to be by *intussusception*.

3. The third character by which the living body is distinguished, is that the materials of which it is composed have a peculiar arrangement. This arrangement is termed structure: the process by which it is effected is denominated organization; and the body in which it is formed, is said to be organized.

4. A fourth character is, that it derives its origin from a pre-existing living being. Life is the source of life. Every living being formed, at some period, part of another living body, from which it was subsequently detached: every living body participated in the life of some other living body before it was capable of carrying on living motion by itself; and from the living power of the body to which it originally belonged, it derived this degree of development, which rendered it susceptible of independent life. This there is no *ascertained* exception throughout nature. Microscopical observations, have led to the discovery of

microscopical
high seem at

first view to render the position doubtful, but it is probable that when the economy of these curious beings becomes better known, it will be found that the general analogy of nature remains unrelated. Hence an origin by geniture is one of the most striking characteristics of life. And so

5. Finally is a termination in death. After continuing in life a certain period, changes inevitably take place in the structure and functions of every living body, by which its existence is brought to a close. Unorganized bodies, on the contrary, would preserve their existence for ever, were no *extrinsic* force applied to them. Some mechanical agent must separate their particles—some chemical power must alter their composition, before they can be destroyed. But no mechanical or chemical agent disturbing the arrangement of its particles, the living body, after a certain period, ceases to live, from some internal cause. Hence a termination by death, forms one among the series of events which constitutes the condition of life.

The phenomena which have been enumerated, constitute a series: they may be truly said to form a train: they are invariably associated together. The term life, therefore, designates a *complex* idea, which, when analyzed, embraces several separate and more simple ideas: the combination of the whole constitutes the general notion. To say that a being possesses the power of resisting the operation of the general laws of matter, within certain limits—that it is nourished by assimilating foreign materials into its own substance—that it is organized—that it derives its origin from a pre-existing living being—that its termination is in death—is to say that a body lives; and philosophically to answer the question, what is life, is to enumerate these phenomena.

After exhibiting this general view of the phenomena of life, Dr. Smith proceeded to state the order in which the science of physiology ought to be studied, and entered into the detail of the plan of the present course. By fixing the attention on the class of objects of which it is the province of this science to treat, he endeavoured to show why it is that it possesses so peculiar an interest. He stated, that it is distinguished from every other science, by introducing into it, as an essential part of its object, the discovery not only of physical but of final causes. It is its aim not only to ascertain *by* what any given phenomena of the living body is produced, but *for* what it exists. This, it is obvious, leads the inquirer into a kind of investigation which is peculiar to this science. It is the part of the physiologist to investigate, not merely by what agents the function of respiration, for example, is performed, but also for what use it is appointed in the animal economy. The adaptation of means to ends, the difficulty, yet the necessity of the object to be effected, the beauty of the contrivances chosen to secure it, are in many cases so curious and so exquisite, that there is nothing in the whole circle of human knowledge calculated to awaken in a well-constituted mind, a deeper interest or a more lively pleasure.

In the truest sense, the knowledge acquired in these investigations may be said to be the knowledge of ourselves: of ourselves, in the most comprehensive view that can be taken of our nature. Psychology is a phantom, but in so far as it is founded on physiology. The moral

philosopher, who is not a physiologist, labours under a disadvantage in his investigations, which scarcely any acuteness can compensate; while a knowledge of this science will most essentially aid the highest powers of analysis and classification with which he may be endowed.

A thorough acquaintance with this science was then shown to be indispensable to those who are to engage in the practice of medicine; for if the philosopher cannot understand the laws of the mind without having studied the physiology of the body, how is it possible that those whose office it is to rectify the disordered functions of both, can proceed a single step in the performance of their duty without any precise knowledge of either. What! it was asked, is a physician ignorant of physiology at the bed-side of the sick? He is to discover some corporeal or mental disease; he is to ascertain its seat, its nature, its degree: but the only indication of disease is disorder of function. The affected organ cannot be seen: what is going on within it, is not an object of sense: it can be inferred only from the observation of the derangement which takes place in its healthy action: but how can he comprehend its disordered, if he know not its healthy function. He who without this knowledge *presumes* to take a single step in the treatment of any serious disease, can be saved from shame and remorse only by a moral insensibility, which, though it may be an appropriate punishment for his conduct, unfortunately can be no security against the mischief of which it is the cause.

It was then observed, that a knowledge of human nature, acquired by the study of the physiology of the human body and of the human mind, would be pre-eminently real, exact, comprehensive, and practical, and would therefore be of the highest possible value to those who have to instruct, to govern, or to influence in any way the opinions and conduct of men. It would give to the philanthropist, the legislator, and the statesman, more real power than mines of gold, than a thousand prisons, than millions of armed men. To attempt the improvement of the physical, the mental, the moral, and the social condition of man; to endeavour to call forth his most powerful and noble energies, and to direct them to the public good, without a knowledge of his mental and moral constitution, is not only a vain, but a perilous, and as experience too uniformly teaches, a most precarious undertaking.

Yet the ignorance on this subject of those in whose hands the destinies of mankind are placed, is profound and almost universal. No provision whatever is made for the communication of this kind of knowledge. The consequence is, that some of the most severe and intolerable of the evils that afflict mankind arise from the very efforts of benevolence—from the very measures of legislation, while both labour, sometimes with the utmost sincerity, to promote the prosperity and to counteract the misery of the social state. In the physical and the mental weakness of man without doubt will evermore spring up, even when these efforts are the most enlightened and the best directed, abundant sources of unhappiness; but there can be no question that that unhappiness has been, and continues to be, increased a thousand fold by the wonderful ignorance that prevails of man's real, that is, of his physical and mental constitution. A science which would remove this ignorance, and supply it with knowledge, there is nothing singularly most beneficial in it.

technical—nothing which might not be explained in the common language of mankind, and communicated with the utmost ease as a part of general education in the higher schools, and in the later courses of instruction. The philosopher, who has studied man by making himself acquainted with the structure of his body and mind, and with the laws to which both are obedient, has long seen and lamented the consequences of this ignorance in the misdirected energies, the disappointed expectations, and the counteracted efforts of the philanthropist and patriot: but he who shall succeed in so directing the public attention to it as to lead to its removal, will deserve, and will receive, the gratitude of his country as one of its benefactors.

After explaining certain terms, which are often employed in physiology, and to which a precise and correct notion is not always attached, such as phenomena, their quality, order and succession, analysis, cause, effect, power, law, hypothesis, theory, the Lecturer proceeded to discuss the interesting and important subject of organization.

Life, it was stated, depends on certain conditions: these conditions consist in certain arrangements of material substances: such arrangements of material substances constitute organization: it follows that organization is the essential condition of life. If without attending to the controversies which have been agitated on this subject, we carefully study phenomena, and mark their order, the first thing we observe in a living being is a *peculiar* arrangement of particular textures; that is, a specific organization: the second thing we discover is, that the textures thus arranged exercise peculiar actions; that is, this peculiar organization performs a specific function. A determinate organization constitutes what is called an organ: the action of every organ constitutes what is denominated its function. Without the organ there is no function; for the plain reason, that without the agent that acts there can be no action. In the order of phenomena, therefore, organization, which is the primary condition of life, must necessarily precede the actions of that organization in which the functions of life consist. Organization is the antecedent; function is the sequent.

If it be asked what is the origin of the organization to which function is related as the sequent; it is replied, a pre-existing organization, constituted similarly to itself, and exercising functions in all respects the same as those it communicates. Organization is not self-existent: but it is invariably pre-existent. Matter neither organizes itself, nor is organized, as far as is yet ascertained, by any cause but one—a pre-existing organization. To inquire into the primitive formation of this pre-existing organization, is to inquire into the first origin of animal existence; an inquiry which, as there are no means by which it can possibly be answered, is not a legitimate object of human investigation. To confound with this inquiry that of the order of the phenomena of life, we should have deemed impossible, had not experience taught us how constantly the error is committed; and did we not know, that to this very identification of subjects so widely and so obviously different, are to be traced the vague fears sometimes entertained respecting the tendency of these investigations, and the real credulity discernible

philosopher, who is not a physiologist, labours under a disadvantage in his investigations, which scarcely any acuteness can compensate; while a knowledge of this science will most essentially aid the highest powers of analysis and classification with which he may be endowed.

A thorough acquaintance with this science was then shown to be indispensable to those who are to engage in the practice of medicine; for if the philosopher cannot understand the laws of the mind without having studied the physiology of the body, how is it possible that those whose office it is to rectify the disordered functions of both, can proceed a single step in the performance of their duty without any precise knowledge of either. What! it was asked, is a physician ignorant of physiology at the bed-side of the sick? He is to discover some corporeal or mental disease; he is to ascertain its seat, its nature, its degree; but the only indication of disease is disorder of function. The affected organ cannot be seen: what is going on within it, is not an object of sense: it can be inferred only from the observation of the derangement which takes place in its healthy action: but how can he comprehend its disordered, if he know not its healthy function. He who without this knowledge *presumes* to take a single step in the treatment of any serious disease, can be saved from shame and remorse only by a moral insensibility, which, though it may be an appropriate punishment for his conduct, unfortunately can be no security against the mischief of which it is the cause.

It was then observed, that a knowledge of human nature, acquired by the study of the physiology of the human body and of the human mind, would be pre-eminently real, exact, comprehensive, and practical, and would therefore be of the highest possible value to those who have to instruct, to govern, or to influence in any way the opinions and conduct of men. It would give to the philanthropist, the legislator, and the statesman, more real power than mines of gold, than a thousand prisons, than millions of armed men. To attempt the improvement of the physical, the mental, the moral, and the social condition of man; to endeavour to call forth his most powerful and noble energies, and to direct them to the public good, without a knowledge of his mental and moral constitution, is not only a vain, but a perilous, and as experience too uniformly teaches, a most precarious undertaking.

Yet the ignorance on this subject of those in whose hands the destinies of mankind are placed, is profound and almost universal. No provision whatever is made for the communication of this kind of knowledge. The consequence is, that some of the most severe and intolerable of the evils that afflict mankind arise from the very efforts of benevolence—from the very measures of legislation, while both labour, sometimes with the utmost sincerity, to promote the prosperity and to counteract the misery of the social state. In the physical and the mental weakness of man without doubt will evermore spring up, even when these efforts are the most enlightened and the best directed, abundant sources of unhappiness; but there can be no question that that unhappiness has been, and continues to be, increased a thousand fold by the wonderful ignorance that prevails of man's real, that is, of his physical and mental constitution. In the science which would remove this ignorance, and supply its place with the most beneficial knowledge, there is nothing singularly difficult—nothing peculiarly

technical—nothing which might not be explained in the common language of mankind, and communicated with the utmost ease as a part of general education in the higher schools, and in the later courses of instruction. The philosopher, who has studied man by making himself acquainted with the structure of his body and mind, and with the laws to which both are obedient, has long seen and lamented the consequences of this ignorance in the misdirected energies, the disappointed expectations, and the counteracted efforts of the philanthropist and patriot: but he who shall succeed in so directing the public attention to it as to lead to its removal, will deserve, and will receive, the gratitude of his country as one of its benefactors.

After explaining certain terms, which are often employed in physiology, and to which a precise and correct notion is not always attached, such as phenomena, their quality, order and succession, analysis, cause, effect, power, law, hypothesis, theory, the Lecturer proceeded to discuss the interesting and important subject of organization.

Life, it was stated, depends on certain conditions: these conditions consist in certain arrangements of material substances: such arrangements of material substances constitute organization: it follows that organization is the essential condition of life. If without attending to the controversies which have been agitated on this subject, we carefully study phenomena, and mark their order, the first thing we observe in a living being is a *peculiar* arrangement of particular textures; that is, a specific organization: the second thing we discover is, that the textures thus arranged exercise peculiar actions; that is, this peculiar organization performs a specific function. A determinate organization constitutes what is called an organ: the action of every organ constitutes what is denominated its function. Without the organ there is no function; for the plain reason, that without the agent that acts there can be no action. In the order of phenomena, therefore, organization, which is the primary condition of life, must necessarily precede the actions of that organization in which the functions of life consist. Organization is the antecedent; function is the sequent.

If it be asked what is the origin of the organization to which function is related as the sequent; it is replied, a pre-existing organization, constituted similarly to itself, and exercising functions in all respects the same as those it communicates. Organization is not self-existent: but it is invariably pre-existent. Matter neither organizes itself, nor is organized, as far as is yet ascertained, by any cause but one—a pre-existing organization. To inquire into the primitive formation of this pre-existing organization, is to inquire into the first origin of animal existence; an inquiry which, as there are no means by which it can possibly be answered, is not a legitimate object of human investigation. To confound with this inquiry that of the order of the phenomena of life, we should have deemed impossible, had not experience taught us how constantly the error is committed; and did we not know, that to this very identification of subjects so widely and so obviously different, are to be traced the vague fears sometimes entertained respecting the tendency of these investigations, and the real credulity discernible

through the boasted scepticism which pretends that every thing relating to life can be explained by the ordinary laws and affinities of matter. The first origin of life—the production in every particular species of living beings of a germ on which the perpetuation of its own peculiar mode of life depends, is indeed most wonderful—most mysterious; but no more wonderful or mysterious than the constitution of any other part of nature. It is only one of a general class of facts. For if any thing analogous to that species of knowledge of which philosophers have endeavoured to conceive, and of which they have spoken under the name of the intimate, or the essential constitution of things, we are entirely destitute, and our ignorance must always remain just as profound as it is. Human knowledge must always be limited to an acquaintance with the number, the quality of the order of phenomena, and their mutual influence.

It has been stated that every particular organ is the seat of some special function. A function consists of certain phenomena, which have a peculiar relation to each other, and which concur in the production of a definite object. In general these phenomena compose a series; their *succession* in the series is always fixed and invariable. The phenomena which occur in respiration, for example, such as the motion of the muscles which raise the ribs and depress the œsophagus—the increase of cavity in the cells of the lungs—the ingress of atmospheric air into that cavity—the change produced in the qualities of the blood during its passage through the lungs, and so on, compose a train of events, the whole of which when taken together constitute the process or the function termed respiration. In this series, the phenomena invariably follow each other in a certain order: all concur in the production of a definite object. The same is true of every function of every living being.

The consideration of function leads directly to the observation of the characters by which the two great classes of living beings, vegetable and animal, are distinguished from each other. These characters consist of certain faculties which are exercised by the one, but of which the other is destitute.

The vegetable is the most simple of organized bodies. It possesses only those faculties which are indispensable to life, and which are therefore common to all living beings. Strictly speaking, this consists of one faculty only, namely, that of nutrition. Every living being must possess the power of assimilating foreign materials into its own substance; but because it is conceivable that a living being *might* continue to exist for an indefinite period without exercising any other function, therefore this must be considered as the only one which in strictness is absolutely indispensable to life. Since, however, it is a law of the animal economy, that life springs from life only, a class of beings unendowed with the power of communicating to their descendants a nature similar to their own, must perish with the primitive race. The faculty of reproduction is therefore invariably added to that of nutrition. The plant absorbs nourishment and develops a germ, the evolution of which constitutes a being which possesses a similar organization, and which performs a similar function. In the vegetable world, therefore, are limited all the functions exercised by this extensive class of bodies.

On the other hand, animals, namely, sensation and volun

to add the faculties in

some degree of sensation, and all (with few exceptions) are able to move from place to place according to the impulse of sensation. The functions of animals consist therefore of two great classes. First, of those which they possess in common with vegetables, and which are therefore termed vegetative; on which, because they are absolutely essential to the maintenance of life in the individual, and to the perpetuation of it in the species, are sometimes denominated vital: these are *mutation* and *generation*. The second consists of those which are peculiar to animals, which, because they belong exclusively to this division of living beings, are called *animal* functions: those are *sensation* and *voluntary motion*.

The proof that those characters are real, invariable, and universal, (for such characters alone can mark with philosophical accuracy the distinction between these two divisions of living beings,) is derived chiefly from observing the difference in the kind of motion which is made by the vegetable and the animal. Mere motion is not a distinctive property of animal life: for though the vegetable is in general confined to one spot, and is incapable of any thing that bears the least resemblance to spontaneous motion, yet there are several apparent and very striking exceptions to this rule. The sensitive plant shrinks from the touch, and instantly folds up its leaves. The flowers of innumerable plants alter their direction according to the circumstances in which they are placed. The roots of all plants have the power of discovering and of proceeding towards that situation which is the best adapted to afford them nourishment. A plane-tree which grew on the top of a wall among the ruins of New Abbey, and which became exceedingly straitened for nourishment in that situation, was observed to direct its roots down the side of the wall, till they reached the ground, which was ten feet below. If the root of a tree meets with a ditch in its progress, by which it is in danger of being laid open to the air, it alters its course, plunges into the ground, surrounds the ditch, rises on the opposite side to its wonted distance from the surface, and then proceeds in its original direction.

If a wet sponge be placed near a root exposed to the air, the root will direct its course to the sponge: if the place of the sponge be changed, the root will vary its direction. If the branch of a tree be twisted so as to invert its leaves, and it be fixed in that position, only still left in some degree loose, it will untwist itself gradually, till the leaves are restored to their natural position. Curious and interesting as these and other examples of the movements of plants are, they afford no real indication that such movements are spontaneous; that they proceed from volition excited by sensation: because there is no evidence that any plant is capable of sensation. Motion itself cannot be considered as any proof of the possession of this faculty. Even unorganized matter, (an electrified silk thread, for example,) is capable of a greater variety of motion than any species of sensitive plant. If a bit of silk thread be dropt in an electrified metal plate, it will erect itself, spread out its small fibres like arms, and if not detained, will fly off. If a candle be made to approach it, it will clasp close to the plate, as if afraid of it;—yet when we observe the whole of the phenomena, we perceive that it affords no indication that it possesses sensation. A human being knows from consciousness that he himself possesses sensation: that any other human being, that any other animal possesses it, is to him a matter of

inference only. By what means does he arrive at the conclusion? by observing, that his fellow beings, and that other animals, act in all similar circumstances in a manner similar to himself. From this fact he deduces the inference, that in similar circumstances other animals feel similarly.

Now vegetables afford no indication whatever that they feel like animals, because when placed in similar circumstances they do not act similarly. All animals whose possession of sensation is certain, not only move when danger approaches, but the motion is indicative of a desire and an attempt to escape from the danger. But the electrified thread, though it fly from the candle to cling to the metal, allows itself to be burnt there without offering to stir. The sensitive plant, though it contracts on being touched, permits itself to be cut in pieces without making the slightest motion indicative of an effort to escape. On the contrary, the lowest animal, the oyster or the muscle, not only contracts when touched, but its contraction places the animal in comparative security; and the animal obviously makes the *kind* of motion it does, in order to avail itself of the means with which nature has furnished it to avert impending danger. Though, therefore, motion be common to the thread, to the plant, and to the animal, yet from circumstances connected with the motion, we conclude that in the latter it results from volition, while in the former it is unattended with consciousness.

Though this reasoning would be sufficient to satisfy the naturalist and the philosopher, yet there is one other proof which, though negative, is obvious to every one, and is quite decisive. Man, in common with all other animals, possesses both animal and vegetable life. By the observation of what passes within ourselves, we know that there is no connection whatever between mere vegetation and sensation. We are conscious that we exist: we are not conscious of the operation of the vegetative functions by which we exist. Of all the processes by which the aliment is converted into blood, and the blood into the proper substance of the body, complicated as those processes are in an animal so high in the scale as man, as long as they continue healthy, we are wholly insensible. Why then should we imagine that these functions are attended with consciousness in the vegetable in which the processes themselves are so much more simple. If a wound be made in any part of the body, attended with the loss of substance, and the loss be repaired, new fibres arrange themselves, not only as if they were animated and intelligent, but the degree of wisdom with which they are disposed is absolutely perfect; yet all this is effected, not only without our having the least knowledge of the mode in which it is done, but even without our being sensible that it is done at all. We have therefore in ourselves a demonstration that vegetable life exists and acts without consciousness.

Notwithstanding, therefore, the labour which ingenious men have taken to perplex this subject, the faculties of sensation and voluntary motion do afford characters sufficiently real, invariable, and universal, to constitute a broad line of demarcation between these two great divisions of living beings.

We find that we have arrived at the end of our time and space without establishing ourselves much deeper than in the vestibule of these lectures. In our subsequent notices, having laid the foundation, we shall take a more rapid sketch of Dr. Smith's views. H.

ADVENTURES OF A FOREIGNER IN GREECE.

No. V.

CAPTURE OF THE CORSAIR BASSANO—DISCUSSIONS BETWEEN THE PACHÀS
 —CHARACTER OF THE ALBANIANS—MOVEMENTS OF MAVROCORDATO—
 TREACHERY OF VERNAKIOTIS AND MACRI—FIRMNESS OF MAVROCOR-
 DATO—ESCAPE OF GUBERNATIS—CONDUCT OF THE MISSOLONGHITES—
 DESCRIPTION OF MISSOLONGHI—PREPARATIONS FOR THE SIEGE—
 CONVERSATION BETWEEN MARCO BOZZARIS AND THE PACHÀS—
 JEALOUSIES OF THE THREE PACHÀS—SIEGE OF MISSOLONGHI—DEATH
 OF GENERAL NORMANN—ASSAULT—DEFEAT OF THE TURKS.

AT the time of our defeat at the battle of Peta, Bassano, as I have already said, was lying with two gun-boats in the Ambracian gulf, and had captured some vessels laden with provisions for Prevesa. The Turks were well acquainted with the name of this corsair, who had taken a great many English ships in the time of Napoleon. He had also rendered essential services to Ali Pachà. He was a man of the most dauntless courage, and universally feared, but more particularly by the Turks. At the commencement of the Revolution he went to Greece with a large sum of money, and engaged seamen, both Europeans and Greeks. He collected a body of two hundred men, with whom he hoped to do good service, both on shore and at sea. So long as he had money to maintain his men, all the Greeks were extremely cordial with him, and full of gratitude for the enthusiasm he displayed in their cause. But as soon as he was obliged to apply to the government for pay and rations, they began, with one accord, to treat him as an enemy, and actually to *reproach* him, for forming a company without resources for their support. My readers will, I am sure, hardly believe this to be possible. It is, however, perfectly true. Though Bassano saw that nothing was to be expected from these wretched people, he was so strongly attached to the cause of freedom, that he bought two gun-boats, armed them at his own expense, picked out all the best and bravest seamen from his company, and resolved to act as a corsair against the Turks. He stationed himself in the Ambracian gulf, where he captured all the ships bound for Prevesa. After many captures of some importance, he one day, in very bad weather, took a small vessel under British colours, laden with wine. Bassano and all his crew having drunk pretty freely, and being in high spirits, he proposed to them to go and take the Turkish brig which was stationed near the coast. He thought she had but few men on board, and hoped that a Turkish goletta which lay at anchor within the port of Prevesa would not be able to get out to her assistance in time. He accordingly advanced with his two gun-boats, and made a very gallant attack on the brig; and although her numbers were much larger than he imagined, he thought himself sure of success. While they were hotly engaged, the goletta, who had seen the attack upon the brig, had weighed anchor, and come to her assistance. Notwithstanding this, Bassano would not fly, but continued fighting bravely. The Turks on board the brig, however, seeing succour at hand, took

courage, and defended themselves until the goletta came up, and put Bassano's gun-boat between them. The other, seeing there was no chance, fled, and Bassano was taken prisoner, after losing ten men and having five wounded. The commander of the goletta put him into irons, and brought him into Prevesa, where he hanged all his crew. Bassano was taken before Giocatore Pachà, who received him very courteously, ordered his chains to be taken off, and complimented him on his courage. The pachà had known him in the time of Ali Pachà, and knew that he was a man of talent, and a good soldier. He told him that his life was in no danger, and that he would assign him a good house as a prison, until he could receive orders from Arta. Bassano was conducted to a house where he was guarded by only two soldiers.

At the expiration of a fortnight, orders came from Reschid Pachà to conduct him to Arta. Reschid received him with great respect; he knew that Bassano could furnish him with plans for the attack upon Missolonghi. Bassano's inclinations were constant on the side of freedom, but he thought that, probably, if he took service under the Turks, he might still be able to be of some use to the Greeks, by giving false intelligence. The pachàs immediately consulted him, and in a short time he became their principal confidant, and inspected their artillery, which was to be employed in the siege of Missolonghi.

Reschid Pachà had now minutely interrogated Bassano, and thought he had attached him to himself by saving his life; besides which, he imagined that Bassano must hate the Greeks for their treatment of him. He was aware that Bassano could be extremely useful to them at the siege of Missolonghi, as he was acquainted with the management of artillery. The pachàs unanimously declared him commander-in-chief of the artillery, and placed all the men attached to the guns implicitly under his orders. His prospects were thus rapidly changed from, apparently, certain death, to a high command. His hope was, that whenever the Greeks took any Turkish prisoner of distinction, he might be exchanged. We shall see hereafter, how well he behaved at the siege of Missolonghi, when he had it in his power to batter down that city, and thus revenge the injuries and insults he had received from the Greeks.

I must now return to the subject of the dissensions between Reschid Pachà and Omer-Vrioni, the latter of whom opposed the former in his endeavours to engage the Albanians in his service. It must be acknowledged that he had considerable reason for this. It was evidently the interest of the Albanians to protract the war, as they might be sure that, if the Turks subjugated Romelia, it would not be long before Albania again fell into their power, in which event the Grand Signor would most assuredly have cut off the heads of all the Albanian chiefs, and filled their places with men upon whom he could rely. The Albanians are vindictive, fickle, and faithless in their treaties—enemies of all order and subordination. They, nevertheless, enter the service of any Pachà who will engage them, but always under the conduct of their own chiefs. They are always ready to change their master for any one who offers higher pay;—they are of no attachment to any

religion, and are Turks or Christians, indifferently, as it happens. Under Ali Pachà several entire districts abjured Christianity, and embraced the Musselman faith. After having sustained Ali Pachà in his revolt with great firmness, the Albanians attached themselves to the Turks, because they knew that the treasures of their late chief had fallen into their hands. They were somewhat undecided, whether to enter their service, but were at length prevailed on by their promises, to let themselves to hire to them, without any regard to their future and permanent interests.

While this dispute was going on between the two Turkish chiefs, Mavrocordato having received farther reinforcements, had collected fifteen hundred Greeks. Having sent the regiment and the European officers on to Missolonghi, he had taken up the position of Catouni, to guard the passage leading to the plain of the Achelous. As he saw that his presence was very necessary at Vracouri, where he could more readily obtain information of the enemy's movements, both by land and sea, he entrusted the command to General Vernakiotis. Not a day passed without frequent skirmishes, in which the Greeks generally obtained some slight advantage. General Vernakiotis showed great coldness about attacking the enemy, and constantly procrastinated, alleging reasons which were manifestly mere pretexts. Nevertheless, he enjoyed so high a reputation, that Mavrocordato could not venture to remove him from the command. The affairs of Greece have uniformly been in the hands of traitors; because they were the men who had money, and the government was always too feeble to enforce obedience. Even the soldiers began to complain that the General kept them there doing nothing, when the path to victory was open before them.

At length, on the 17th of August, the Greeks intercepted some Turks, who were carrying letters to General Vernakiotis, from Reschid Pachà, requesting that he would give up certain Turkish prisoners, and offering pardon to the Greeks if they would submit. Mavrocordato, indignant at this conduct, wrote a letter to Vernakiotis, in which he reproached him with his baseness, and told him he should rather have died than have admitted any propositions of surrender. He concluded by urging him to act with more loyalty and patriotism for the future, unless he wished to be regarded as a traitor. Vernakiotis, who was insensible to shame or remorse, seeing that there was no hope of making advantageous terms with the enemy, and that all his plans were likely to end in nothing, determined to go all lengths in treachery, and promised Reschid Pachà to induce all his men to lay down their arms, on condition of receiving a large sum of money. In pursuance of this promise, he sent proclamations into all the provinces, exhorting the people to return to reason, and to their allegiance to the Turks, who would forget the past, and pronounce a general pardon. These proclamations alarmed the people in the neighbourhood of Valtos and of Xero-Meros. Those who did not choose to follow Vernakiotis, abandoned the position of Catouni.

After some insignificant skirmishes at Malacha, the Greeks were forced to abandon the right bank of the Achelous; their only remaining hope then was, that they might be able to defend the passage of that river. Mavrocordato had left this position to Captain Macri, with

six hundred men, exhorting them to exert themselves to the utmost, like good patriots. He himself went, with three hundred men, to occupy the passage of Lepenou, a village situated near the mines of Stratos, in order to keep the Turkish cavalry in check, until the inhabitants of the plain of Vracori could escape with their flocks and herds into the mountains. The water of the river being low, the Greeks could not suppose that the enemy would remain long without trying to force a passage. Two hundred more Greeks, Crevariots, who had come to our assistance, were posted at the pass, between the lake and the mountains of Apokouro. By these means the time necessary to secure the escape of so many poor families, (who had nothing to do with these traitors,) to a place of safety, was gained.

Omer-Vrioni was now reconciled to Reschid Pachà, after passing two months in continual altercations, arising from mere jealousy; nevertheless, Mavrocordato, knowing the inertness of the Turks, hoped that they would delay until the rains would set in, and render the river impassable, and that he should thus been able to keep them in check. He little imagined that he should discover still farther treachery.

Captain Macri deserted his post, and led off his men to the mountains of Zigos. He afterwards alleged in his defence, that he had received intelligence that the enemy had effected a passage, with all his cavalry, above Stamma. But not one word of this was true. Macri had a personal enmity to Mavrocordato and to the Missolonghites. He had betaken himself to a place of safety, not caring the least whether Romelia fell into the hands of the Turks or not; or, indeed, I might say with greater justice, he had deserted his post purposely, to gain favour in their eyes, and get well paid for his treachery. If the enemy had instantly taken advantage of the flight of Macri, they might have seized Mavrocordato and all his men in the twinkling of an eye, and marched on to Missolonghi. But from what I have already said of their indolence and tardiness, my readers will not be surprised to hear that they gave him time to retire to the passage of Gerasono. He endeavoured to defend Mount Aracynthus, but by that time the enemy's cavalry had passed the river, halted one day at Stamma, and was now on its march towards the plain of Nataliko. Notwithstanding all these adverse circumstances, Mavrocordato never lost his courage. Not even the treachery of three of his captains in succession could shake his firmness. The situation in which he was placed was terrible; he was worn out with every kind of suffering and privation, from which he had reaped not the least advantage for himself or his country. Yet what afflicted him most was the perfidy, and baseness, and sordid selfishness, by which he was surrounded.

It was now absolutely necessary for him to decide, without loss of time, to what place he should retire. He might return into the Peloponesus by way of Salona, as the ~~attempts~~ ^{attempts} was not yet occupied by the enemy. He could no longer ~~wherever they pleased.~~ ^{Turks from marching} He knew ~~useful in the Peloponesus; never~~ ^{hence would be very} of the situation in which he would ~~habitants of this province do not~~ ^{future consideration} ~~ourselves for th~~ ^{id,} ^{sub} ^{the}

the enemy's power will reach to Patras. The Peloponesus, which, now, can scarcely resist the army of Curchid Pachà, will be invaded by the army of Romelia, which will assist in subjugating it, and then what will become of the independence of Greece? No, we must die here." These are the very words he uttered, swearing that he would one day be revenged on the betrayers of their country. This resolution was unfortunately formed too late. He ought to have prevented their treachery at a time when it was in his power to rid Greece of such monsters.

The few officers who remained in the two sacred companies went off in different parties, determined no longer to endure the miseries to which they had been exposed. As I had gone to Greece full of enthusiasm for her cause, I would not leave the country without giving one more proof of my zeal and attachment. I determined, therefore, to remain with Mavrocordato, for whom I had always entertained the highest esteem. In this resolution I was joined by three other European officers. Mavrocordato was greatly mortified at the departure of the others, from whom he promised himself the most effective assistance at the siege. But how could he maintain them, when the Missolonghites had all abandoned their houses, carried off their property, and fled into the Peloponesus, where they thought they should be more secure, perfectly indifferent about the defence of their country.

The regiment still consisted of two hundred men, and had received its orders from Captain Gubenatis, who was appointed colonel. He had escaped from the battle of Peta, by remaining two days concealed in a bush of thorns, where he continually heard the enemy talking close to him. The Turks having at length quitted the spot, Gubenatis crept out, covered with blood; he had been unable to move in his concealment without being wounded in some part or other by the thorns. After enduring great fatigue, he rejoined his companions, who concluded he had been taken prisoner. When he heard of the acts of treachery that had been committed, and of Mavrocordato's determination to stay and perish in Missolonghi, he offered to stay with him if the Missolonghites would engage to pay the regiment, and allow them rations. As soon as the Missolonghites heard they should be required to furnish money, they advised the colonel to go to Salona, where he would find rich people who could maintain him; but that, as for themselves, they had not a penny. Mavrocordato told them how important it was for their interests to retain the regiment, as he had not forces to make head against so numerous an enemy. They were deaf to all his arguments, and turned their backs on him, saying, "You may do as you like; we shall abandon our country." Mavrocordato did not lose his patience, but arming himself with philosophy, told the regiment that he had no means of maintaining them, and that they must go to Salona, where he had no doubt they would find means to make themselves useful.

On the 5th of November, we once more entered Missolonghi, with two hundred men. The brave Marco Bozzaris had joined us with twenty-two Suliots. The Missolonghites had deserted their houses, utterly regardless of the future. Mavrocordato had taken the precaution to drive a large quantity of cattle into the town, with the

intention of salting the meat, in case our communication with the Peloponnesus should be cut off.

The siege of Missolonghi deserves to be for ever celebrated in the history of Greece. I think nothing like it ever occurred in the whole world. To keep off fourteen thousand men by land, without arms, without walls, without men—only by talk; while, by sea, we were strictly blockaded by three ships, is, I think, unprecedented; nevertheless we did resist all this force, as will hereafter be seen. Often, when describing this siege, I have been unable to refrain from laughter at the recollection of this signal specimen of Turkish stupidity. I know I shall appear to exaggerate, but it is the naked truth.

Such was the situation of Missolonghi at that time, and the manner in which the walls were constructed, that I am certain that five hundred Europeans would have more than sufficed to carry the town the first day. The city had been slightly fortified at the beginning of the war, by means of a ditch eight feet wide and six deep, and a wall of earth, five feet high. The space within the wall was very large, for the convenience of the country people and their cattle. As soon as Mavrocordato had inspected the wall on all sides, he was perfectly aware that it was not in a state to resist fourteen thousand men, who were at a distance of not more than two hours' march. In many places fragments of the wall had fallen in from the rain. On examination, it was found that it was merely superficially placed on the earth, and had no foundation whatever. We immediately began to consider means of strengthening it with timber in the inside, as the rains had set in; and without some prompt repairs, it would have fallen in of itself. Mavrocordato gave orders to break open the houses of all the Missolonghites who had deserted the town, and to take casks, vats, and any loose timber they could find for the purpose, and even to pull down the houses for the materials. He hoped that if we were able to hold out against the Turks, when the Missolonghites returned and found their houses sacked and ruined, it would operate as a wholesome lesson to them and others, not to abandon their country when she most needed their assistance. There were three pieces of artillery in Missolonghi; they were posted at the point where we thought we had most to fear from the enemy. We constructed false batteries to deceive them with an appearance of a number of guns. We found three hundred bayonets in a magazine, belonging to the muskets which Mavrocordato had brought to Greece. The Greeks had taken away the muskets and left the bayonets, which they thought of no use. Had it not been for these bayonets, I think we should hardly have been able to impose on the enemy. Marco Bozzaris, knowing that the Turks had the greatest dread of the Europeans, particularly since the battle of Peta, (where, but for treachery, they would have been exterminated by them,) conceived the project of having the bayonets highly polished, that they might glitter as much as possible in the sun, and then fastened on poles and fixed at intervals round the walls, so as to present to the Turk the appearance of numerous sentinels on guard, which would conclude that the numbers within the walls were much more than

they really were. There were two old broken drums, but nobody who knew how to beat them. We did our best, however, to make them believe we had troops continually exercising. While we were racking our inventions for stratagems, our men were all constantly employed in pulling down houses for the materials. We found some wine in the canteens, with the aid of which the soldiers worked with great spirit. Indeed, they were delighted at having leave to break into all the houses of the fugitives. Near the walls were two lofty churches, which were fitted up as batteries.

On the 7th of November Omer-Vrioni and Reschid Pachà opened the siege with fourteen thousand men, who were stationed round Missolonghi out of the range of our guns. There were two small churches which we had not had time to demolish;—these were fitted up as quarters for the pachàs.

Meanwhile Jussuf Pachà commanded at Patras, which he was blockading with two brigs and a goletta. We were under no fear of a descent from these vessels, because the shoals before that place are such as to render it impossible for even the smallest boat to come in to shore. To be perfectly secure, however, one piece of cannon was posted on the little island of Vassilato, which commands the entrance of the small stream which communicates with Missolonghi. Upon this island, though not more than a hundred paces in circumference, an immense number of families had taken refuge, and were waiting for an opportunity of passing over to the Peloponnesus, which they were prevented doing by the enemy's ships. By night, however, under favour of the darkness, a few little boats, laden with families, occasionally got out, while the Turks, instead of being on watch, were all asleep.

If the Turks had made an attack on the town the moment they arrived before it, they would have met with no resistance whatever, and would have been masters of Missolonghi without firing a shot. Instead of this, they had hardly come within sight of it, when Omer-Vrioni, who commanded the Albanians, and took up his position on the right wing, thought proper to establish himself there, and for that purpose to fit up the church, which served him for a residence. He ordered barracks to be built for the men, instead of tents, to shelter them from the rain, and constructed raised batteries for the purpose of manœuvring the guns and mortars to more advantage. Bassano, the corsair, who had the command of the artillery, took care to post them in such a manner as to do but little injury to Missolonghi. Reschid Pachà, who commanded six thousand Asiatics, posted himself on the left wing. He also commanded barracks to be built, as if he intended to remain there for years. Bassano contributed greatly to the adoption of this plan, by insisting on the inclemency of the weather.

As soon as we saw the Turks approach, we opened a fire upon them. We had no ammunition, and were obliged to break up anchors, mortars, &c. as the best substitute we could find. The Turks hearing a continued fire, and seeing bayonets, believed we were some thousands strong, which strengthened them in their resolution to establish themselves in quarters, and to remain before the town till they

brought us to terms. What we had chiefly to fear was an immediate attack ; so that when we saw them busy constructing batteries, and pitching their camp, we took courage, and worked away at the repair and fortification of our walls. Occasionally the Turks advanced, under cover of some olive trees, within half musket shot, and fired upon us. We returned a brisk fire, and obliged them to retire, which they did with great speed whenever they heard the sound of our drums. After several days spent in skirmishing, with no important results, the pachàs thought that if they offered us terms, we should be sure to accept them. They accordingly sent a trumpet, to whom Mavro-cordato and Marco Bozzaris replied, that they would hearken to no proposition of the kind ; but that they would consent to an armistice of a few days. The enemy granted eight days, and asked to confer with one of our chiefs. Marco Bozzaris replied, that upon their word of honour, he would quit the town and go into their camp. The pachàs promised that his person should be respected. This brave and excellent chief then, without the slightest hesitation, scaled the walls, and directed his course, entirely alone, towards the Turkish camp. The Turks, to prevent his seeing their batteries, came out to meet him, and, after many mutual compliments, they sat down on carpets, brought by the servants of the pachà. The attendants being dismissed, they remained three hours in conference, after which they rose, and having once more interchanged civilities, Marco Bozzaris returned to Missolonghi, and the pachàs to their camp. We had mounted the churches which we had converted into batteries, whence we could see this scene, and were waiting with the utmost impatience to hear the result. We went to meet the brave Marco. "Courage, my friends," said he, gaily, "the enemy thinks we are in great force, therefore we have nothing to fear." The following is the conversation between the pachàs and our brave chief, as I heard it from his own lips :

Omer-Vrioni.—How are you, Marco ? At length I hope we are about to be friends.

Bozzaris.—I should be extremely happy, provided it be on honourable terms.

Reschid Pachà.—You must submit to any terms we please.

Bozzaris.—If that is your opinion, I have only to return to Missolonghi, and let the fortune of arms decide.

Omer-Vrioni.—No ; I wish to be the father of the good, and the judge of the bad ; the terms I am going to offer you, are advantageous to yourself ; therefore, answer my questions truly. How many Franks have you in Missolonghi ?

Bozzaris.—Eight hundred.

Omer-Vrioni.—How many Greeks ?

Bozzaris.—We have about two thousand Greeks, and twenty-four pieces of artillery.

Omer-Vrioni.—Well, I will give you the command of any city in Romelia you choose ; subject, of course, to my orders. I will give the Europeans fifteen thousand Turkish piastres per man, and will provide vessels to convey them back to Europe. Saliots shall be at liberty to accompany you to whatever they choose.

to have the command of. As to the Missolonghites, and Mavrocordato and his followers, leave them to me; I will teach them to rebel.

Bozzaris.—Nothing can be more generous than your proposals, and I cannot find words to express my gratitude for your conduct towards me. You must be sensible, however, that this is a very delicate business, and that considerable time will be necessary to reconcile the minds of all. If I go back to Missolonghi and show any leaning in your favour, they will instantly put me to death; but with time and prudence, I have no doubt of being able to bring it about.

Omer-Vrioni.—I have full confidence in you; you will one day know Omer-Vrioni, and how he can reward.

Marco added, that after the few words at the beginning of the conversation, Reschid Pachà did not open his lips; but exhibited evident signs of displeasure at what passed.

During the few days of truce, we made a counter-foss within the other, as a precaution against an assault. We were now joined by two hundred men from Vassilato. This little island was perfectly secure from danger, in consequence of its singular situation. It has nothing to fear from the land on account of the shoals which surround it, and which do not permit even the little boats of the country to approach it.

Marco Bozzaris went out several times to confer with Omer-Vrioni. He constantly procrastinated, on the plea that the Greeks could not yet be brought to listen to terms of capitulation. Reschid Pachà was delighted to find that the Greeks refused to surrender, as he was jealous lest Omer-Vrioni should have the credit of reducing Missolonghi.

The continued rains which had now set in, put the enemy into some disorder. They were obliged to repair all their barracks, by which we again gained time. At length, as they saw that we came to no decision, they recommenced hostilities, firing twenty-four pounders at our wretched walls. Their shells fell without doing us the least harm; the match went out, and they did not burst. For this we had to thank Bassano, who contrived the matches in such a manner as not to burst the shells. Two or three did burst by accident, but even these did no harm. One fell down the chimney, into the midst of a number of people, who were warming themselves. The match immediately went out, and the people all stood as if they were petrified.

We soon discovered that the besiegers did not act unanimously, and that the greatest discord prevailed between the pachàs, each wishing to appropriate the whole credit of reducing Missolonghi. They were continually sending letters to Marco Bozzaris; every letter containing a different project and offering more advantageous terms than the last, to induce us to surrender. Though our situation was a most critical one, we could not help diverting ourselves at the stupidity and absurd conduct of the Turks. Mavrocordato had written most pressing letters to Hydra, describing his situation, and representing that, without prompt assistance by sea, he should be compelled to surrender. Jussuf Pachà being informed of the terms offered by Omer-Vrioni, and knowing the bad understanding which

inference only. By what means does he arrive at the conclusion? by observing, that his fellow beings, and that other animals, act in all similar circumstances in a manner similar to himself. From this fact he deduces the inference, that in similar circumstances other animals feel similarly.

Now vegetables afford no indication whatever that they feel like animals, because when placed in similar circumstances they do not act similarly. All animals whose possession of sensation is certain, not only move when danger approaches, but the motion is indicative of a desire and an attempt to escape from the danger. But the electrified thread, though it fly from the candle to cling to the metal, allows itself to be burnt there without offering to stir. The sensitive plant, though it contracts on being touched, permits itself to be cut in pieces without making the slightest motion indicative of an effort to escape. On the contrary, the lowest animal, the oyster or the muscle, not only contracts when touched, but its contraction places the animal in comparative security; and the animal obviously makes the *kind* of motion it does, in order to avail itself of the means with which nature has furnished it to avert impending danger. Though, therefore, motion be common to the thread, to the plant, and to the animal, yet from circumstances connected with the motion, we conclude that in the latter it results from volition, while in the former it is unattended with consciousness.

Though this reasoning would be sufficient to satisfy the naturalist and the philosopher, yet there is one other proof which, though negative, is obvious to every one, and is quite decisive. Man, in common with all other animals, possesses both animal and vegetable life. By the observation of what passes within ourselves, we know that there is no connection whatever between mere vegetation and sensation. We are conscious that we exist: we are not conscious of the operation of the vegetative functions by which we exist. Of all the processes by which the aliment is converted into blood, and the blood into the proper substance of the body, complicated as those processes are in an animal so high in the scale as man, as long as they continue healthy, we are wholly insensible. Why then should we imagine that these functions are attended with consciousness in the vegetable in which the processes themselves are so much more simple. If a wound be made in any part of the body, attended with the loss of substance, and the loss be repaired, new fibres arrange themselves, not only as if they were animated and intelligent, but the degree of wisdom with which they are disposed is absolutely perfect; yet all this is effected, not only without our having the least knowledge of the mode in which it is done, but even without our being sensible that it is done at all. We have therefore in ourselves a demonstration that vegetable life exists and acts without consciousness.

Notwithstanding, therefore, the labour which ingenious men have taken to perplex this subject, the faculties of sensation and voluntary motion do afford characters sufficiently real, invariable, and universal, to constitute a broad line of demarcation between these two great divisions of living beings.

We find that we have arrived at the end of our time and space without establishing ourselves much deeper than in the vestibule of these lectures. In our subsequent notices, having laid the foundation, we shall take a more rapid sketch of Dr. Smith's views. H.

ADVENTURES OF A FOREIGNER IN GREECE.

No. V.

CAPTURE OF THE CORSAIR BASSANO—DISCUSSIONS BETWEEN THE PACHÀS
 —CHARACTER OF THE ALBANIANS—MOVEMENTS OF MAVROCORDATO—
 TREACHERY OF VERNAKIOTIS AND MACRI—FIRMNESS OF MAVROCOR-
 DATO—ESCAPE OF GUBERNATIS—CONDUCT OF THE MISSOLONGHITES—
 DESCRIPTION OF MISSOLONGHI—PREPARATIONS FOR THE SIEGE—
 CONVERSATION BETWEEN MARCO BOZZARIS AND THE PACHÀS—
 JEALOUSIES OF THE THREE PACHÀS—SIEGE OF MISSOLONGHI—DEATH
 OF GENERAL NORMANN—ASSAULT—DEFEAT OF THE TURKS.

AT the time of our defeat at the battle of Peta, Bassano, as I have already said, was lying with two gun-boats in the Ambracian gulf, and had captured some vessels laden with provisions for Prevesa. The Turks were well acquainted with the name of this corsair, who had taken a great many English ships in the time of Napoleon. He had also rendered essential services to Ali Pachà. He was a man of the most dauntless courage, and universally feared, but more particularly by the Turks. At the commencement of the Revolution he went to Greece with a large sum of money, and engaged seamen, both Europeans and Greeks. He collected a body of two hundred men, with whom he hoped to do good service, both on shore and at sea. So long as he had money to maintain his men, all the Greeks were extremely cordial with him, and full of gratitude for the enthusiasm he displayed in their cause. But as soon as he was obliged to apply to the government for pay and rations, they began, with one accord, to treat him as an enemy, and actually to *reproach* him, for forming a company without resources for their support. My readers will, I am sure, hardly believe this to be possible. It is, however, perfectly true. Though Bassano saw that nothing was to be expected from these wretched people, he was so strongly attached to the cause of freedom, that he bought two gun-boats, armed them at his own expense, picked out all the best and bravest seamen from his company, and resolved to act as a corsair against the Turks. He stationed himself in the Ambracian gulf, where he captured all the ships bound for Prevesa. After many captures of some importance, he one day, in very bad weather, took a small vessel under British colours, laden with wine. Bassano and all his crew having drunk pretty freely, and being in high spirits, he proposed to them to go and take the Turkish brig which was stationed near the coast. He thought she had but few men on board, and hoped that a Turkish goletta which lay at anchor within the port of Prevesa would not be able to get out to her assistance in time. He accordingly advanced with his two gun-boats, and made a very gallant attack on the brig; and although her numbers were much larger than he imagined, he thought himself sure of success. While they were hotly engaged, the goletta, who had seen the attack upon the brig, had weighed anchor, and come to her assistance. Notwithstanding this, Bassano would not fly, but continued fighting bravely. The Turks on board the brig, however, seeing succour at hand, took

courage, and defended themselves until the goletta came up, and put Bassano's gun-boat between them. The other, seeing there was no chance, fled, and Bassano was taken prisoner, after losing ten men and having five wounded. The commander of the goletta put him into irons, and brought him into Prevesa, where he hanged all his crew. Bassano was taken before Giocatore Pachà, who received him very courteously, ordered his chains to be taken off, and complimented him on his courage. The pachà had known him in the time of Ali Pachà, and knew that he was a man of talent, and a good soldier. He told him that his life was in no danger, and that he would assign him a good house as a prison, until he could receive orders from Arta. Bassano was conducted to a house where he was guarded by only two soldiers.

At the expiration of a fortnight, orders came from Reschid Pachà to conduct him to Arta. Reschid received him with great respect; he knew that Bassano could furnish him with plans for the attack upon Missolonghi. Bassano's inclinations were constant on the side of freedom, but he thought that, probably, if he took service under the Turks, he might still be able to be of some use to the Greeks, by giving false intelligence. The pachàs immediately consulted him, and in a short time he became their principal confidant, and inspected their artillery, which was to be employed in the siege of Missolonghi.

Reschid Pachà had now minutely interrogated Bassano, and thought he had attached him to himself by saving his life; besides which, he imagined that Bassano must hate the Greeks for their treatment of him. He was aware that Bassano could be extremely useful to them at the siege of Missolonghi, as he was acquainted with the management of artillery. The pachàs unanimously declared him commander-in-chief of the artillery, and placed all the men attached to the guns implicitly under his orders. His prospects were thus rapidly changed from, apparently, certain death, to a high command. His hope was, that whenever the Greeks took any Turkish prisoner of distinction, he might be exchanged. We shall see hereafter, how well he behaved at the siege of Missolonghi, when he had it in his power to batter down that city, and thus revenge the injuries and insults he had received from the Greeks.

I must now return to the subject of the dissensions between Reschid Pachà and Omer-Vrioni, the latter of whom opposed the former in his endeavours to engage the Albanians in his service. It must be acknowledged that he had considerable reason for this. It was evidently the interest of the Albanians to protract the war, as they might be sure that, if the Turks subjugated Romelia, it would not be long before Albania again fell into their power, in which event the Grand Signor would most assuredly have cut off the heads of all the Albanian chiefs, and filled their places with men upon whom he could rely. The Albanians are vindictive, fickle, and faithless in their treaties—enemies of all order and subordination. They, nevertheless, enter the service of any Pachà who will engage them, but always under the conduct of their own chiefs. They are always ready to change their master for any one who offers higher pay;—they are of no party—have no attachment to any

religion, and are Turks or Christians, indifferently, as it happens. Under Ali Pachà several entire districts abjured Christianity, and embraced the Musselman faith. After having sustained Ali Pachà in his revolt with great firmness, the Albanians attached themselves to the Turks, because they knew that the treasures of their late chief had fallen into their hands. They were somewhat undecided, whether to enter their service, but were at length prevailed on by their promises, to let themselves to hire to them, without any regard to their future and permanent interests.

While this dispute was going on between the two Turkish chiefs, Mavrocordato having received farther reinforcements, had collected fifteen hundred Greeks. Having sent the regiment and the European officers on to Missoloughi, he had taken up the position of Catouni, to guard the passage leading to the plain of the Achelous. As he saw that his presence was very necessary at Vracouri, where he could more readily obtain information of the enemy's movements, both by land and sea, he entrusted the command to General Vernakiotis. Not a day passed without frequent skirmishes, in which the Greeks generally obtained some slight advantage. General Vernakiotis showed great coldness about attacking the enemy, and constantly procrastinated, alleging reasons which were manifestly mere pretexts. Nevertheless, he enjoyed so high a reputation, that Mavrocordato could not venture to remove him from the command. The affairs of Greece have uniformly been in the hands of traitors; because they were the men who had money, and the government was always too feeble to enforce obedience. Even the soldiers began to complain that the General kept them there doing nothing, when the path to victory was open before them.

At length, on the 17th of August, the Greeks intercepted some Turks, who were carrying letters to General Vernakiotis, from Reschid Pachà, requesting that he would give up certain Turkish prisoners, and offering pardon to the Greeks if they would submit. Mavrocordato, indignant at this conduct, wrote a letter to Vernakiotis, in which he reproached him with his baseness, and told him he should rather have died than have admitted any propositions of surrender. He concluded by urging him to act with more loyalty and patriotism for the future, unless he wished to be regarded as a traitor. Vernakiotis, who was insensible to shame or remorse, seeing that there was no hope of making advantageous terms with the enemy, and that all his plans were likely to end in nothing, determined to go all lengths in treachery, and promised Reschid Pachà to induce all his men to lay down their arms, on condition of receiving a large sum of money. In pursuance of this promise, he sent proclamations into all the provinces, exhorting the people to return to reason, and to their allegiance to the Turks, who would forget the past, and pronounce a general pardon. These proclamations alarmed the people in the neighbourhood of Valtos and of Xero-Meros. Those who did not choose to follow Vernakiotis, abandoned the position of Catouni.

After some insignificant skirmishes at Malacha, the Greeks were forced to abandon the right bank of the Achelous; their only remaining hope then was, that they might be able to defend the passage of that river. Mavrocordato had left this position to Captain Macri, with

six hundred men, exhorting them to exert themselves to the utmost, like good patriots. He himself went, with three hundred men, to occupy the passage of Lepenou, a village situated near the mines of Stratos, in order to keep the Turkish cavalry in check, until the inhabitants of the plain of Vracori could escape with their flocks and herds into the mountains. The water of the river being low, the Greeks could not suppose that the enemy would remain long without trying to force a passage. Two hundred more Greeks, Crevariots, who had come to our assistance, were posted at the pass, between the lake and the mountains of Apokouro. By these means the time necessary to secure the escape of so many poor families, (who had nothing to do with these traitors,) to a place of safety, was gained. :

Omer-Vrioni was now reconciled to Reschid Pachà, after passing two months in continual altercations, arising from mere jealousy; nevertheless, Mavrocordato, knowing the inertness of the Turks, hoped that they would delay until the rains would set in, and render the river impassable, and that he should thus been able to keep them in check. He little imagined that he should discover still farther treachery. -

Captain Macri deserted his post, and led off his men to the mountains of Zigos. He afterwards alleged in his defence, that he had received intelligence that the enemy had effected a passage, with all his cavalry, above Stamma. But not one word of this was true. Macri had a personal enmity to Mavrocordato and to the Missolonghites. He had betaken himself to a place of safety, not caring the least whether Romelia fell into the hands of the Turks or not; or, indeed, I might say with greater justice, he had deserted his post purposely, to gain favour in their eyes, and get well paid for his treachery. If the enemy had instantly taken advantage of the flight of Macri, they might have seized Mavrocordato and all his men in the twinkling of an eye, and marched on to Missolonghi. But from what I have already said of their indolence and tardiness, my readers will not be surprised to hear that they gave him time to retire to the passage of Gerasono. He endeavoured to defend Mount Aracynthus, but by that time the enemy's cavalry had passed the river, halted one day at Stamma, and was now on its march towards the plain of Nataliko. Notwithstanding all these adverse circumstances, Mavrocordato never lost his courage. Not even the treachery of three of his captains in succession could shake his firmness. The situation in which he was placed was terrible; he was worn out with every kind of suffering and privation, from which he had reaped not the least advantage for himself or his country. Yet what afflicted him most was the perfidy, and baseness, and sordid selfishness, by which he was surrounded.

It was now absolutely necessary for him to decide, without loss of time, to what place he should retire. He might return into the Peloponesus by way of Salona, as the isthmus was not yet occupied by the enemy. He could no longer prevent the Turks from marching wherever they pleased. He knew that his presence would be very useful in the Peloponesus; nevertheless, after mature consideration of the situation in which he would leave Romelia, he said, "The inhabitants of this province do not deserve that we should sacrifice ourselves for them, but if I leave them they will instantly submit, and

the enemy's power will reach to Patras. The Peloponesus, which, now, can scarcely resist the army of Curchid Pacha, will be invaded by the army of Romelia, which will assist in subjugating it, and then what will become of the independence of Greece? No, we must die here." These are the very words he uttered, swearing that he would one day be revenged on the betrayers of their country. This resolution was unfortunately formed too late. He ought to have prevented their treachery at a time when it was in his power to rid Greece of such monsters.

The few officers who remained in the two sacred companies went off in different parties, determined no longer to endure the miseries to which they had been exposed. As I had gone to Greece full of enthusiasm for her cause, I would not leave the country without giving one more proof of my zeal and attachment. I determined, therefore, to remain with Mavrocordato, for whom I had always entertained the highest esteem. In this resolution I was joined by three other European officers. Mavrocordato was greatly mortified at the departure of the others, from whom he promised himself the most effective assistance at the siege. But how could he maintain them, when the Missolonghites had all abandoned their houses, carried off their property, and fled into the Peloponesus, where they thought they should be more secure, perfectly indifferent about the defence of their country.

The regiment still consisted of two hundred men, and had received its orders from Captain Gubenatis, who was appointed colonel. He had escaped from the battle of Peta, by remaining two days concealed in a bush of thorns, where he continually heard the enemy talking close to him. The Turks having at length quitted the spot, Gubenatis crept out, covered with blood; he had been unable to move in his concealment without being wounded in some part or other by the thorns. After enduring great fatigue, he rejoined his companions, who concluded he had been taken prisoner. When he heard of the acts of treachery that had been committed, and of Mavrocordato's determination to stay and perish in Missolonghi, he offered to stay with him if the Missolonghites would engage to pay the regiment, and allow them rations. As soon as the Missolonghites heard they should be required to furnish money, they advised the colonel to go to Salona, where he would find rich people who could maintain him; but that, as for themselves, they had not a penny. Mavrocordato told them how important it was for their interests to retain the regiment, as he had not forces to make head against so numerous an enemy. They were deaf to all his arguments, and turned their backs on him, saying, "You may do as you like; we shall abandon our country." Mavrocordato did not lose his patience, but arming himself with philosophy, told the regiment that he had no means of maintaining them, and that they must go to Salona, where he had no doubt they would find means to make themselves useful.

On the 5th of November, we once more entered Missolonghi, with two hundred men. The brave Marco Bozzaris had joined us with twenty-two Suliots. The Missolonghites had deserted their houses, utterly regardless of the future. Mavrocordato had taken the precaution to drive a large quantity of cattle into the town, with the

intention of salting the meat, in case our communication with the Peloponesus should be cut off.

The siege of Missolonghi deserves to be for ever celebrated in the history of Greece. I think nothing like it ever occurred in the whole world. To keep off fourteen thousand men by land, without arms, without walls, without men—only by talk; while, by sea, we were strictly blockaded by three ships, is, I think, unprecedented; nevertheless we did resist all this force, as will hereafter be seen. Often, when describing this siege, I have been unable to refrain from laughter at the recollection of this signal specimen of Turkish stupidity. I know I shall appear to exaggerate, but it is the naked truth.

Such was the situation of Missolonghi at that time, and the manner in which the walls were constructed, that I am certain that five hundred Europeans would have more than sufficed to carry the town the first day. The city had been slightly fortified at the beginning of the war, by means of a ditch eight feet wide and six deep, and a wall of earth, five feet high. The space within the wall was very large, for the convenience of the country people and their cattle. As soon as Mavrocordato had inspected the wall on all sides, he was perfectly aware that it was not in a state to resist fourteen thousand men, who were at a distance of not more than two hours' march. In many places fragments of the wall had fallen in from the rain. On examination, it was found that it was merely superficially placed on the earth, and had no foundation whatever. We immediately began to consider means of strengthening it with timber in the inside, as the rains had set in; and without some prompt repairs, it would have fallen in of itself. Mavrocordato gave orders to break open the houses of all the Missolonghites who had deserted the town, and to take casks, vats, and any loose timber they could find for the purpose, and even to pull down the houses for the materials. He hoped that if we were able to hold out against the Turks, when the Missolonghites returned and found their houses sacked and ruined, it would operate as a wholesome lesson to them and others, not to abandon their country when she most needed their assistance. There were three pieces of artillery in Missolonghi; they were posted at the point where we thought we had most to fear from the enemy. We constructed false batteries to deceive them with an appearance of a number of guns. We found three hundred bayonets in a magazine, belonging to the muskets which Mavrocordato had brought to Greece. The Greeks had taken away the muskets and left the bayonets, which they thought of no use. Had it not been for these bayonets, I think we should hardly have been able to impose on the enemy. Marco Bozzaris, knowing that the Turks had the greatest dread of the Europeans, particularly since the battle of Peta, (where, but for treachery, they would have been exterminated by them,) conceived the project of having the bayonets highly polished, that they might glitter as much as possible in the sun, and then fastened on poles and fixed at intervals round the walls, so as to present to the Turks the appearance of numerous sentinels on guard, which would lead them to conclude that the numbers within the walls were much more considerable than

they really were. There were two old broken drums, but nobody who knew how to beat them. We did our best, however, to make them believe we had troops continually exercising. While we were racking our inventions for stratagems, our men were all constantly employed in pulling down houses for the materials. We found some wine in the canteens, with the aid of which the soldiers worked with great spirit. Indeed, they were delighted at having leave to break into all the houses of the fugitives. Near the walls were two lofty churches, which were fitted up as batteries.

On the 7th of November Omer-Vrioni and Reschid Pachà opened the siege with fourteen thousand men, who were stationed round Missolonghi out of the range of our guns. There were two small churches which we had not had time to demolish;—these were fitted up as quarters for the pachàs.

Meanwhile Jussuf Pachà commanded at Patras, which he was blockading with two brigs and a goletta. We were under no fear of a descent from these vessels, because the shoals before that place are such as to render it impossible for even the smallest boat to come in to shore. To be perfectly secure, however, one piece of cannon was posted on the little island of Vassilato, which commands the entrance of the small stream which communicates with Missolonghi. Upon this island, though not more than a hundred paces in circumference, an immense number of families had taken refuge, and were waiting for an opportunity of passing over to the Peloponesus, which they were prevented doing by the enemy's ships. By night, however, under favour of the darkness, a few little boats, laden with families, occasionally got out, while the Turks, instead of being on watch, were all asleep.

If the Turks had made an attack on the town the moment they arrived before it, they would have met with no resistance whatever, and would have been masters of Missolonghi without firing a shot. Instead of this, they had hardly come within sight of it, when Omer-Vrioni, who commanded the Albanians, and took up his position on the right wing, thought proper to establish himself there, and for that purpose to fit up the church, which served him for a residence. He ordered barracks to be built for the men, instead of tents, to shelter them from the rain, and constructed raised batteries for the purpose of manœuvring the guns and mortars to more advantage. Bassano, the corsair, who had the command of the artillery, took care to post them in such a manner as to do but little injury to Missolonghi. Reschid Pachà, who commanded six thousand Asiatics, posted himself on the left wing. He also commanded barracks to be built, as if he intended to remain there for years. Bassano contributed greatly to the adoption of this plan, by insisting on the inclemency of the weather.

As soon as we saw the Turks approach, we opened a fire upon them. We had no ammunition, and were obliged to break up anchors, mortars, &c. as the best substitute we could find. The Turks hearing a continued fire, and seeing bayonets, believed we were some thousands strong, which strengthened them in their resolution to establish themselves in quarters, and to remain before the town till they

brought us to terms. What we had chiefly to fear was an immediate attack ; so that when we saw them busy constructing batteries, and pitching their camp, we took courage, and worked away at the repair and fortification of our walls. Occasionally the Turks advanced, under cover of some olive trees, within half musket shot, and fired upon us. We returned a brisk fire, and obliged them to retire, which they did with great speed whenever they heard the sound of our drums. After several days spent in skirmishing, with no important results, the pachàs thought that if they offered us terms, we should be sure to accept them. They accordingly sent a trumpet, to whom *Mavro-cordato* and *Marco Bozzaris* replied, that they would hearken to no proposition of the kind ; but that they would consent to an armistice of a few days. The enemy granted eight days, and asked to confer with one of our chiefs. *Marco Bozzaris* replied, that upon their word of honour, he would quit the town and go into their camp. The pachàs promised that his person should be respected. This brave and excellent chief then, without the slightest hesitation, scaled the walls, and directed his course, entirely alone, towards the Turkish camp. The Turks, to prevent his seeing their batteries, came out to meet him, and, after many mutual compliments, they sat down on carpets, brought by the servants of the pachà. The attendants being dismissed, they remained three hours in conference, after which they rose, and having once more interchanged civilities, *Marco Bozzaris* returned to *Missolonghi*, and the pachàs to their camp. We had mounted the churches which we had converted into batteries, whence we could see this scene, and were waiting with the utmost impatience to hear the result. We went to meet the brave *Marco*. “Courage, my friends,” said he, gaily, “the enemy thinks we are in great force, therefore we have nothing to fear.” The following is the conversation between the pachàs and our brave chief, as I heard it from his own lips :

Omer-Vrioni.—How are you, *Marco* ? At length I hope we are about to be friends.

Bozzaris.—I should be extremely happy, provided it be on honourable terms.

Reschid Pachà.—You must submit to any terms we please.

Bozzaris.—If that is your opinion, I have only to return to *Missolonghi*, and let the fortune of arms decide.

Omer-Vrioni.—No ; I wish to be the father of the good, and the judge of the bad ; the terms I am going to offer you, are advantageous to yourself ; therefore, answer my questions truly. How many Franks have you in *Missolonghi* ?

Bozzaris.—Eight hundred.

Omer-Vrioni.—How many Greeks ?

Bozzaris.—We have about two thousand Greeks, and twenty-four pieces of artillery.

Omer-Vrioni.—Well, I will give you the command of any city in *Romelia* you choose ; subject, of course, to my orders. I will give the Europeans fifteen thousand Turkish piastres per man, and will provide vessels to convey them back to Europe. All your *Suliots* shall be at liberty to accompany you to whatever city you may choose.

to have the command of. As to the Missolonghites, and Mavrocordato and his followers, leave them to me; I will teach them to rebel.

Bozzaris.—Nothing can be more generous than your proposals, and I cannot find words to express my gratitude for your conduct towards me. You must be sensible, however, that this is a very delicate business, and that considerable time will be necessary to reconcile the minds of all. If I go back to Missolonghi and show any leaning in your favour, they will instantly put me to death; but with time and prudence, I have no doubt of being able to bring it about.

Omer-Vrioni.—I have full confidence in you; you will one day know Omer-Vrioni, and how he can reward.

Marco added, that after the few words at the beginning of the conversation, Reschid Pachà did not open his lips; but exhibited evident signs of displeasure at what passed.

During the few days of truce, we made a counter-foss within the other, as a precaution against an assault. We were now joined by two hundred men from Vassilato. This little island was perfectly secure from danger, in consequence of its singular situation. It has nothing to fear from the land on account of the shoals which surround it, and which do not permit even the little boats of the country to approach it.

Marco Bozzaris went out several times to confer with Omer-Vrioni. He constantly procrastinated, on the plea that the Greeks could not yet be brought to listen to terms of capitulation. Reschid Pachà was delighted to find that the Greeks refused to surrender, as he was jealous lest Omer-Vrioni should have the credit of reducing Missolonghi.

The continued rains which had now set in, put the enemy into some disorder. They were obliged to repair all their barracks, by which we again gained time. At length, as they saw that we came to no decision, they recommenced hostilities, firing twenty-four pounders at our wretched walls. Their shells fell without doing us the least harm; the match went out, and they did not burst. For this we had to thank Bassano, who contrived the matches in such a manner as not to burst the shells. Two or three did burst by accident, but even these did no harm. One fell down the chimney, into the midst of a number of people, who were warming themselves. The match immediately went out, and the people all stood as if they were petrified.

We soon discovered that the besiegers did not act unanimously, and that the greatest discord prevailed between the pachàs, each wishing to appropriate the whole credit of reducing Missolonghi. They were continually sending letters to Marco Bozzaris; every letter containing a different project and offering more advantageous terms than the last, to induce us to surrender. Though our situation was a most critical one, we could not help diverting ourselves at the stupidity and absurd conduct of the Turks. Mavrocordato had written most pressing letters to Hydra, describing his situation, and representing that, without prompt assistance by sea, he should be compelled to surrender. Jussuf Pachà being informed of the terms offered by Omer-Vrioni, and knowing the bad understanding which

reigned between the two pachàs, thought a fine opportunity presented itself for him to send the most indulgent proposals to induce the Greeks to submit to him. He promised a general pardon, and permission for all the Missolonghites to return, with entire security to life and property. He only required them to deliver up to him twenty individuals, whose names he mentioned. Mavrocordato was at the head of the list; but, he added, that probably he and all the others would be pardoned, if they would repose full confidence in him, and that the Missolonghites would find, in him, a tender father. Mavrocordato thought he might derive some advantage from this letter, by showing it to the besieging chiefs. This would be sure to create new dissensions, and would probably prolong the time till the arrival of the Greek ships, which had promised to come to his assistance. Marco Bozzaris, in his usual daring and gallant manner, went to the pachàs, and showed them what were the designs of the Pachà of Patras. As might be expected, they showed the greatest indignation at this discovery. "What!" exclaimed they, "the Pachà of Patras, with only three little ships which cannot move, wants to have all the honour of reducing Missolonghi while we are at its gates with fourteen thousand men, and can take it whenever we like? Our only reason for delaying is to spare, if possible, the effusion of blood." Marco Bozzaris seized this moment to say, "Well; offer us better terms than the Pachà of Patras, and most likely we shall accept them." Upon this the Turks promised to suspend hostilities again, and to resume their negotiations. Omer-Vrioni said to Bozzaris, "You must decide immediately. You must not pass months without coming to any resolution; otherwise my kindness will be changed into the most violent displeasure." Marco Bozzaris returned, however, fully determined to keep them in the same state of suspense, by means of letters.

He would not go without the walls any more, lest, as the pachàs were at variance, he should expose himself to some ill treatment. Letters were daily received from the enemy, directed to Marco Bozzaris, whose constant policy was to return such answers as kept up their hopes. It seems incredible that fourteen thousand men could be kept off by mere stratagem, and deterred from risking a general attack: but this is easily accounted for, if we consider that jealousy often induces men to forget the duties they owe to their sovereign. It was almost impossible to amuse them any longer with promises, as they themselves began to suspect Marco Bozzaris. On the 20th we saw eight Greek vessels sailing towards Missolonghi. The three Turkish vessels had received intelligence of this two hours before, by means of a small ship from the Ionian Islands; had it not been for their spies, the enemy's vessels would have been taken, but they were now enabled to make their escape into the Gulf of Patras. It is impossible to describe the effect produced by the appearance of the vessels; our only hope rested upon receiving succours from the Peloponesus. The pachàs wrote again to Marco Bozzaris; but he would not even answer them; so that hostilities were renewed, though without any injury to us. The vessels carried eight guns; one of them was a thirty-six-pounder, which we placed upon one of the churches, and posted the others where we thought them most useful. Generals

Beliani, Mavromichale, and Andrea Zaione, from the Peloponesus, joined us with a thousand men. A great number of Missolonghites, who were in the Peloponesus, returned to Missolonghi, in consequence of the arrival of the Greek vessels. But what was their surprise when they saw their houses levelled to the ground; whilst those who were fortunate enough to have saved their houses, found them open, and their property stolen. They applied to Mavrocordato, representing the situation in which they were placed, destitute both of home and property. He replied—"Had you remained in your houses, to defend your country, or left sufficient funds to maintain an efficient army, you would have preserved your property: you abandoned them: I therefore thought it expedient to fortify them, and thus convert them into means of defence to prevent your country falling into the hands of the enemy. If my soldiers have taken your provisions, and seized your effects, this is but a scanty reward for the toils they have endured; and if they have gained any thing by your desertion, you ought to be glad that it fell into the hands of your countrymen rather than of your enemies. You had much better have staid in the Peloponesus, than have returned to your country as base and cowardly as when you left her."

The Albanians several times approached the walls by day, without arms, to talk to us. They told us that the sorties made by the Asiatics, under the command of Reschid Pachà, were only for the purpose of trying what chance they had of success. Not a night had passed since the renewal of hostilities in which they did not attack us on some point; they were, however, always repulsed with loss. The enemy had more than two thousand horses, but without any other provender than what they found in the fields into which they were turned loose. They often came under the walls, where the grass was long, and we amused ourselves in shooting them; but as some hundreds of them died, the contagion with which they infected the air was eventually very injurious to us. We had, however, on the whole, reason to be satisfied, as the enemy were unable to recover the time they had lost. We lived, indeed, a life of toil, being obliged to remain every night upon the walls, exposed to an incessant rain; but we cheerfully submitted to a fatigue which has been productive of good consequences. Poor General Normann, the companion of our misfortunes, died at Missolonghi in extreme distress, and almost in a state of nakedness. He had been deeply affected by the loss of so many brave men at the battle of Peta. Many of the Greeks said it was his own fault, since he had foreseen what the result would be, as his letter to Mavrocordato proved. He had been utterly destitute; no one would give him any money; he was no longer respected by the Greeks; and had fallen even in the estimation of Mavrocordato, in consequence of the mistake he was said to have committed. These miseries and mortifications brought him to the grave. In his last moments, he was continually calling upon his beloved wife. When he died, all the Greeks who were present began to weep, and some women of Missolonghi brought him a shirt, a coat, and other articles of dress. The only persons to whom the Greeks ever offered their assistance, were those who could no longer profit by it. I often mentioned to Mavrocordato the general's situation. He replied, that he was sorry for him,

but could not relieve him. Such is the reward he received, and yet he was an officer of rank. Officers or other men disposed to go to Greece, may infer from this instance the treatment they have to expect, and the recompence which awaits them. I shall never forget the day on which the general was carried to church to be buried. He was attended by us Europeans, and by a great number of Greeks of both sexes, who did nothing but weep. They now made great lamentation over the deceased. All spoke in praise of his good qualities, of the services he had rendered to their country, and of the assistance he had brought to Greece. I could not help observing to some of the Missolonghites—"Why do you weep for him now that he is dead, and in a much better condition than yourselves, being released from his sufferings? You should have sympathised with him during his illness, and have procured him what he wanted, instead of deserting him." To this some of them replied, "How do you know that he is released from his sufferings? If we had not lighted up candles, and offered up our prayers for him, and if the bishop had not pronounced a benediction over him, he would now be in hell." To this I made no reply, but turned away from persons whom I thought unworthy of farther notice. I have reason to reproach Mavrocordato with the death of General Normann. Being ill after the battle of Peta, the general solicited a sum of money to enable him to go to the Ionian Islands for the recovery of his health. This was refused by Mavrocordato, who replied that he had none, which was probably true, but all his suite, consisting of Greeks, had abundance of money; the proportion of their expenditure, as compared with what they charged their country with, was about as two to ten. As for us three Europeans, we had very humble fare, and only nominal pay. How often have I heard the general say—"I am ill, and have not the means to go away; I must die among these ungrateful men!"

The continual rains were greatly in our favour. A destructive sickness broke out in the enemy's army; the horses died for want of food; the mud was knee deep, and the barracks and tents gave way, from the quantity of water. Reschid, seeing that the bad weather precluded all hope of success at present, and that his men were daily perishing, took up his quarters in the villages of Galata and Brocori, in the expectation of a change of weather, and for the purpose of restoring the health of his troops. It has been already said, that we had placed a thirty-six pounder upon a church. It was directed against the small church in which Omer-Vrioni resided. One of our balls went directly through the wall on one side, and fell near the pachà, who was smoking. He quitted his pipe with unusual alacrity, and retired to the distance of a mile, as he had no inclination to try the effect of a second shot.

There was a fisherman of Missolonghi, who spoke the Turkish language very well. He carried fish every day to the pachàs. On his return to Missolonghi, he faithfully related all that he had heard. He one day told us that the enemy were tired of the wretched life they led; that the Albanians threatened to revolt, and accused the pachà of having suffered the favourable moment to escape; that the pachà had received letters from the Porte, urging him to act with decision,

and make an attack. Omer-Vrioni had a conference with Reschid Pachà, in which they laid aside all their jealousies, and agreed on an immediate attack. Omer-Vrioni offered a reward of five hundred Turkish piastres to be immediately distributed among the men who would volunteer to lead the assault. Eight hundred soon presented themselves for this enterprise. The night fixed upon for the attack was the 5th or 6th January (O. S.) because, as it was the time of the Christmas festival, the pachàs thought that all the Greeks would be at church, according to their established custom. We knew all this plan eight days before. Mavrocordato sent letters to the Annatolite captains, who had taken refuge in the mountains, urging them to return to their duty, and not to follow the example of Gogo and Vernakiotis. He exhorted them to prove their attachment to their country by instantly marching with one accord against the enemy, whom they might surprise in his rear, whilst we attacked him in front. The Crevariots were to second this plan. Mavrocordato ordered on shore one hundred and fifty seamen from the Greek vessels, to augment our number, and added twelve pieces of cannon, that we might be well protected on all sides. The appointed night was anxiously expected, as that in which we were to reap the reward of all our toils. The duty assigned to us Europeans was to take care that the sentinels were awake. Our nights were spent in going the rounds with Mavrocordato, to rouse the Greeks who were asleep. A thousand times have I seen Mavrocordato cudgelling the Greeks, whom he had no sooner awaked, than they turned themselves round, and fell asleep again. Our only fear indeed was, that we should be surprised in some point where the sentinels were not on guard. In fact, on the expected night, Mavrocordato ordered all to be at their posts. It was four hours after midnight; nothing was heard, not even the firing of the enemy's cannon, as was usual on other nights: we knew not what to think, when, suddenly, we heard horrible cries, and all the enemy's batteries opened a brisk fire. We ran to the part whence the cries proceeded. Eight hundred Albanians had, unperceived, approached the fosse, which a brave standard-bearer had leaped. He had twice climbed the walls, upon which he had placed his standard, and having effected an entrance, killed two sentinels who were asleep. If the Albanians had remained silent, and the enemy's batteries had not fired so soon, the Turks would have taken Missolonghi. Behind were a thousand men, to support the eight hundred who were scaling the walls, and these were followed by the main army. The Greeks thought that the attack would not take place that night, as the morning was fast approaching. Our whole force advanced to the point of attack. The standard-bearer was mortally wounded. The Albanians, who were to mount the walls, were slightly armed with sabres and pistols. Each man carried a fascine to throw into the fosse, to fill it up, as, from the heavy rains, it was very full of water.

The combatants fought man to man; but as the assailants laboured under many disadvantages, and the continuance of the rain prevented their obtaining a firm footing, they were compelled, at the expiration of half an hour's unavailing efforts, to relinquish the attempt. As we drove them back into the fosse, we commenced a destructive fire, which killed a great number of them, while they were endeavouring to pass

to the other side. The troops by whom they were supported were prevented firing upon us, lest they should kill their companions in the fence: on the contrary, our fire had its full effect upon both, whilst we lost not a single man from the incessant fire of their batteries. The enemy left in this attack six hundred men on the field of battle, and two hundred wounded. We had only two men killed, whose death may be attributed to their own neglect of duty. The standard-bearer not being dead, Mavrocordato ordered his wounds to be dressed. This brave young fellow would have probably recovered, had he not been assassinated by night in his bed, by two Missolonghites; from what motive I know not. The enemy returned to their camp without firing a single shot. The Greeks descended from the walls to strip the dead, among whom there was not one without money.

Fifteen days passed, and no movement was discernible on the part of the enemy. The morning of the 20th, Marco Bozarris, reconnoitring with his glass as usual, could discover nothing, not even the smoke arising from their fires. Surprised, and scarcely knowing how to believe that they could have thus retreated without any further hostilities, he despatched eight Suliotes to ascertain the fact. After an hour's absence, they returned with the joyful news that the enemy had decamped, leaving all their provisions.

No sooner had the Greeks received this intelligence, than they opened the gates, threw themselves over the walls, and rushed into the enemy's camp, where they found a great many barrels of powder wet with sea water, cases of cartridges, biscuits, and a great number of hales of rice, which, in case they should be poisoned, they threw into the sea. The Greeks, knowing that it is the custom of the Turks to bury what they wish to conceal, searched the earth with their ramrods. Feeling resistance, they began to dig, and found ten pieces of cannon, with their carriages, which, it was subsequently ascertained, had been left there by the enemy, in the hope of soon returning with a reinforcement. The Turks were impressed with a notion that we should attack their centre, and, influenced by this groundless fear, fled as if they had been really pursued. The whole plain of Missolonghi was covered with bodies of men and horses which had been left to the birds of prey. This was intended to show their contempt for the Turks; though the only persons, in fact, injured, were themselves, by the production of a most terrible epidemic. Mavrocordato wisely gave orders for the immediate pursuit of the intimidated enemy, under the persuasion that he should take the pachàs, and put the rest of the army to the sword. The enemy knowing they were pursued, with much difficulty reached Bracori, with almost all their troops in a state of sickness, and horses that could scarcely stand on their feet; some of which having been, for this reason, abandoned by the enemy, were found by us on the way. Omer-Vrioni, knowing that the river Achelous was impassable, from the heavy rains, gave himself up for lost, his troops being incapable of fighting. The error of Mavrocordato, at so critical a moment, was unpardonable. We arrived with fifteen hundred men at the village of Carafola, two miles distant from Bracori, where it was known the enemy had been compelled to stop, with worn out troops, a scarcity of provisions, and horses that, from weakness, were unfit for service; and it was well known that the

Turks are no sooner unsuccessful than they are good for nothing. I think that these reasons combined, should have induced Mavrocordato to compel the Turks either to pass the river or to surrender. Neither the Greeks nor the Turks improved the first victory, to secure a second. Mavrocordato remained almost a month in this position, looking at the enemy without firing a shot. Omer-Vrioni, who was in continual apprehension of an attack, at length passed the river with the loss of fifty men; and a great number of horses were shot and carried away by the current. The physician of Omer-Vrioni, a Greek, who was tired of staying with the Turks, and afraid of being drowned, pretended at the moment of passing the river, that he had forgotten some medicines intended for the use of the pachà, and that he had left them in the house in which he had lodged at Bracori. He then took one of the pachà's best horses, but instead of going to Bracori, came to our camp. He told us that the pachàs had had no doubt but that they would be attacked, and that their destruction would have been total. Mavrocordato was sensible of his error; he, however, urged as a reason, which was in some respects satisfactory, that the officers had opposed him, thinking the enemy stronger than he really was. Thus it has ever been, and will continue to be. No government can maintain its authority, that has not power to enforce obedience.

Captain Macri, although he had abandoned his post, was nevertheless appointed commandant of Missolonghi, after the departure of Mavrocordato in pursuit of the enemy. It is necessary to inform the reader, that Captain Macri, under the Turkish government, was a *butcher* at Patras, which will account for the talents by which he was distinguished. A Turkish vessel was coming from Patras, with one hundred and forty Albanians, who, after some years' service, had amassed a sufficient fortune, and obtained permission to return home. The pilot, not sufficiently acquainted with the depth of the water, ran the vessel a-ground, and a breeze springing up, drove her farther ashore, so that it was found impossible to get her off. Some fishermen went immediately to Missolonghi, and gave information of the state of the vessel loaded with Albanians. The Missolonghites, in great numbers, repaired to the ship in boats, in which they had mounted cannon, and were going to fire, when the Albanians, seeing that there was no other alternative, proposed, by signal, to surrender on terms. Captain Macri ordered two of the Albanian chiefs to come on shore, on parole, to make terms. He promised to spare all their lives, and to send them home, on condition that they gave up all their effects. To this the Albanians, seeing no other means of escape, consented. They were then landed, disarmed, and conducted to Missolonghi. There were twelve superior officers, and two beys. The latter were lodged in a house, and the others in a church. Information was sent to Mavrocordato, for the purpose of receiving the requisite orders. Captain Macri knowing that they were very rich, and that they would produce him a fine booty, would not wait for the instructions of Mavrocordato, who, he was certain, would apply their riches to the benefit of the country. He, therefore, thought it more advisable to seize them himself, and to put to death all the Albanians, that no one might know the extent of their property. The next day, he ordered the

hundred and twenty-eight Albanians to be bound, conducted out of the city, and in the very church of St. Basilic, in which Omer-Vrioni had lodged, caused them to be stripped to their shirts, taking from them all they possessed; not one had less than 8000 Turkish piastres; some had even 20,000. Captain Macri presided over this infamous transaction. At length they were led out by a different door, bound two and two, and compelled to sit down on the ground, that they might all be put to death at once. It is impossible to describe the courage of these Albanians, when they were thus stripped and bound for the slaughter; many of the Missolonghites taunted them, and told them that they would be all massacred in an hour. The Albanians replied: "What a noble act will this be! We take your word of honour, and you rob and murder us; but we must bear it with patience; we ought to have fought to our last breath; and instead of trusting to you, have taught you to know the Albanians." Fifty were already stripped; when an order arrived from Mavrocordate, forbidding any prisoner to be put to death, or his property to be touched; and reserving to himself the power of applying it to public purposes, if he should think proper. Macri then suspended his orders for that day, and sent those who had not been stripped, to the church of Missolonghi; but allowed the people to kill, at their pleasure, the remaining fifty. It is impossible to express the fury with which the people threw themselves upon these unfortunate men, and the terrible sufferings they inflicted in putting them to death. Early the next morning, Captain Macri ordered his men to convey three or four of them at a time into the fields, and dispatch them in the same manner as the fifty. This was accomplished with so much precaution, to prevent opposition, that the Missolonghites were not even aware of it. The twelve superior officers still remained; and as Macri knew that they possessed great wealth, he sent his men to transport all their property to his own house.

This was not seen by the Missolonghites without indignation. They expected their share of the plunder, according to the agreement before the surrender of the vessel: they, therefore, determined to go to Macri's house, from which intention they were not dissuaded without great difficulty, nor till he had promised that he would show them all he had taken, and divide it among them; with this, however, they were at length satisfied, proposing to Captain Macri to spare the lives of the twelve superior officers, and to demand a sum of money for their ransom, or to exchange them for Greek prisoners, and particularly for Bassano, who had conducted himself so well towards the Missolonghites. Captain Macri, to appease the tumult, promised this at the moment; but thinking afterwards, that by saving the lives of these officers, he should be unable to conceal the knowledge of what they possessed, he determined to get rid of them; he therefore ordered his men to take them away, but to leave the two beys, for fear of alarming the Missolonghites. The reason he alleged was, that they had treated the Greeks so ill at Patras, that their death was merited; and, in fact, they were led out of the city, and underwent the same fate as the others. They met death with a haughty intrepidity worthy of men, showing by their looks their scorn of Greek perfidy and cow-

ardice. The Missolonghites would have opposed the death of the two beys, and conveyed them to another house, but Macri, who had resolved on their destruction, ordered a hundred of his men to seize them, and to fire upon any one who should offer to resist his orders. The two beys were, therefore, led out of the gates, when one of the subordinate officers of Macri said to them: "You recollect how ill you treated the Christians at Patras, and the great numbers of them you put to death." The younger of the beys replied: "I then did my duty as commandant of Patras; it is now for you to do yours: strike." With these words he bowed his head to receive the stroke. The other bey said: "Tell Captain Macri, that if all his conquests are like this, I would advise him to return to his former profession."

The treasure of these two beys amounted to an immense sum, as they had boxes full of jewels. Captain Macri, conscious of the atrocity of the act he had committed, and unwilling to be present at the arrival of Mavrocordato, summoned several Missolonghites, to whom he gave two hundred thousand Turkish piastres, to be distributed among the inhabitants, saying that this sum was all he had taken from the prisoners, and that he was now obliged to leave them. The Missolonghites, although they knew that this was not the twentieth part of what he had taken, were compelled to submit. Macri repaired to the mountains to bury the treasures he had acquired, unconcerned for the distress suffered by his country, and particularly Missolonghi, which had sustained the blockade, and was under an engagement to pay the ships, which were daily threatening to quit the service, unless they received the stipulated pay. Such has been the conduct of the heroes of Greece.

One of the fifty Albanians who had received a pistol wound in his arm, and another wound in the shoulder, pretended to be dead, and for three days remained naked and exposed to the rain, among the dead bodies of his comrades. He was driven by hunger to venture among the vineyards in quest of food. Here he remained five days longer with his wounds open. Some Greeks at last took him in, and conducted him to Missolonghi, where he was ordered to be clothed and taken care of, for it was thought almost a miracle that he had survived eight days, during the winter, in so deplorable a state. It will probably be scarcely believed that Macri, being informed that the Missolonghites had saved this Albanian, and cured him of his wounds, sent by night and caused him to be murdered, lest he should reveal what was the extent of his comrades' property. Mavrocordato returned to Missolonghi: he was extremely indignant at Macri's conduct; but he was by this time sufficiently acquainted with the character of the Greek chiefs, to know that they would even sacrifice their own parents for money.

DIARY

FOR THE MONTH OF NOVEMBER.

3/4. THOUGH we heartily despise the sycophancy and abhor the frequent malignity of the John Bull, we have never concurred with those who consider it as an instrument of unmixed mischief, and we believe that our occasional commendations of it, or qualified censures, have alarmed some of our friends and caused them to look upon us as little better than the ungodly. We would however proceed on the principle of doing as we would be done by, or, to express it more profanely, of giving the Devil his due, and therefore, while we have not been slow to remark on the vices of the Bull, we have been ready to allow it all fair credit on the other hand for its merits. It is our business to be critical; and in order to be that, we must be discriminative: it is our pride to be just, and we have as much pleasure in discovering faults for praise in an adversary, as Mrs. Candour has in finding a flaw in a friend. Lest in saying this it should be supposed that we mean to arrogate any extraordinary merit, we will frankly confess, that the virtue to which we lay claim is mainly attributable to a certain coldness of complexion—*indifference* is at the root of it. Better men are better lovers and “better haters,” and in the warmth of their indignation against the general abuse of an antagonist’s powers, they reproach us for acknowledging them, and further for declaring that they are occasionally properly directed. We think that they are in error here: allowing that the instrument with which they have to cope has generally a mischievous aim, still they gain nothing by denying the glitter of its metal and the fineness of its edge, and it cuts not the less keenly because they pronounce it blunt. The sounder policy is fairly to state its properties, to confess the truth, that it is a sharp tool for slight subjects, but ridiculously inoperative on great ones. We admit its efficiency when we see Mr. — cutting hairs, corns, and pimples with his razor, but we scoff when on the strength of these achievements we see him hewing away with it at the trunk of an oak. His is an instrument for persons, not things. He may trim a quack with it most worthily, or cut a throat with it most basely, but its uses and abuses stop here; they are strictly personal and extend not to things. The attempts at reasoning in John Bull are despicable; his strength lies in persiflage, and he has considerable dexterity in obscenity. Our idea of the writer is that of a man whose grand school has been a dinner table. There is the easy, not ungraceful chit-chat colloquy; the loose argument—mere babble when the disputant is cool; a brawl when he is, or thinks it behoves him to be, earnest—and lastly, the proneness to smut, and adroitness in turning all things to indecency. These are the mahogany features of the John Bull; and some of them are bad in themselves, and some he applies to bad or good account indifferently. His persiflage often makes fools laugh at the expense of worthy and respectable men, but sometimes it falls on a legitimate subject, a quack, to the great joy of our souls. Humbugs in authority are sacred in the eyes of the John

Bull, for he is abject in sycophancy; but it is delightful to see him worrying a genuine, an undoubted humbug, who has not this sanction; and on this talent, and an antipathy to one peculiarly odious description of cant, we have more than once complimented him; and by so doing, have, we are aware, given some offence to the most estimable and esteemed of our friends. But we have always argued that the Bull had its good points as well as its vices, and we rejoice that on this fifth day of November, in the year of our Lord 1826, he has furnished a most honourable evidence of the truth of our opinion, by showing himself free, in one instance at least, from the mean spirit of party animosity, and doing justice to the character of an adversary, placed on his defence under circumstances which rendered him peculiarly obnoxious to prejudice. We must avow that we read with extreme gratification, the article in the John Bull, declaring that the character of Mr. Hume was left *sans tache et sans reproche* by his explanation of the transaction in the Greek Loan which had subjected him to suspicion. Next to the sincere pleasure we felt at seeing Mr. Hume deliver himself from the charges which appeared to bear on him, was that of hearing the verdict of innocence pronounced by his old and most pertinacious assailant.

The above we wrote on the 5th, as Bartley says, actuated by "a sudden impulse." On the 12th, a long article in the John Bull, headed "Mr. Hume," commenced with this paragraph:—

"We are very much surprised that some of our readers have misunderstood our sentiments upon Mr. Hume's transactions in the Greek Loan. We should be mortified indeed, if we thought that Mr. Hume himself, dull as he is, did not justly appreciate the bitter irony of our expressions."

We are silenced. The John Bull has given our friends and its enemies, the laugh against us this time; but we have learned a lesson which will prevent us from ever again being betrayed into a similar error by any kind of faith in the *infidus scurra*.

12th. Some well-meaning individual, who has probably derived his ideas of the world from the pages of the circulating library, has written a letter, rather in the Cambyzes vein, to the editor of the Examiner, on the subject of Seduction, which crime he lays mainly to the account of the higher orders, and for the correction of which he calls for a sturdy moralist "to declaim in accents of severe reprobation," &c.

"Is it enough to tell the world that such things are, unless some bold and sturdy moralist has courage to denounce the state of society as it at present exists; and especially to declaim in accents of severe reprobation on the conduct of those *fashionable sensualists*, who daily boast of conquests which ought to hurl them to perdition, when they reflect that they are followed by such consequences as have lately been brought to light! It is in vain I have examined the modern periodicals for some pen more caustic, more scuteatious than my own, who would animadvert on the villainy of man as it deserves,—who would expose in glaring colours the perfidy of those promises which

lead the weaker sex astray. * * * * * all medium be cast upon the poor deluded victim of love, wane betrayer, unscouted and unexposed, is at liberty to go to the assembly to-morrow, and with unblushing front to talk, to laugh, to dance, as if his fame was white as driven snow? No; let us drag the monster into light, strip him of his peacock mask, and write his crime in characters that never die; or, if we cannot trace his real name, let us at least give such publicity to his guilt, that no man feeling he deserves the stigma shall dare to show his face in public."

The worthy writer proceeds throughout on a false assumption. He lays the main blame on fashionable sensualists, and men "who go to assemblies," and these undoubtedly are the seducers in the tales of the circulating libraries; but those who know the world, know that there is infinitely more seduction practised by clowns than by gentlemen. Your Hodge, your pastoral character, your *simple* peasant, your Damon or Colin of poetry, is the great destroyer of chastity; nor has he ordinarily to encounter any very vigorous resistance, for the parish policy has caused in the provinces an extreme relaxation of female virtue. Girls yield on speculation, calculating that their seducers, having the fear of a sentence of affiliation before their eyes, will be compelled to marry them, and that thus, by surrendering their honour, they will secure a husband—their virtue is the sprat which they readily throw out to catch a herring. For the truth of this representation I appeal to any one who knows the country. It is lamentable in every point of view; but it is true, and the fault is with the administration of the bastardy-laws, which has introduced infinite immorality, and caused a boundless propagation of the very mischief intended to be repressed. It offers a premium to frailty, and though the reward is not obtained perhaps in seven cases out of ten, the frailty is hazarded, and the mischievous consequences of it fall on the party and the public. The idea may shock sentiment, but it nevertheless is true, that if marriages between the seducer and the seduced were discouraged, there would be fewer cases of frailty in humble life. In Flanders, the female peasantry think nothing of having had *one* child, which they phrase a *malheur*—the scandal is in a plurality. I remember being much surprised on first visiting that country, when some very young unmarried girls applying to a lady of my acquaintance for the place of nursery-maid, recommended themselves, by saying, that they had had a *malheur*, and were consequently the better qualified for the situation. This will soon be the case in our provinces; the first child being a mere trading speculation, a venture in the matrimonial lottery, will be considered no dishonour. To have more will probably be accounted infamous, as the consequence, not of the commercial greatness of the organ of acquisitiveness so largely tolerated in this trading country; but of the paw-paw proportions of the bump of amativeness, for which there would not be the same pardon,—as we excuse sins of profit, but not sins of taste.

Next to the clowns, perhaps, the soldiers are most chargeable with seduction. But who are the Lotharios of a regiment? Not the officers, but the privates. For one poor girl seduced by the officers,

there are twenty seduced by the men. Nay, the success of the officer is often only the consequence of the success of his right or left hand file. He but follows those whom he leads. Men of fashion, again, can seldom muster activity enough to be seducers. They are generally content to take their pleasures without much trouble, ready made, as they can get them. There are exceptions. There are accomplished scoundrels, or Lotharios, as they are termed, undoubtedly, to be found among them; and the writer in *The Examiner* conceives, that if the crimes of one of this stamp were properly exposed, "no woman of character would sanction his visits." Alas! he is most egregiously mistaken. These are exactly the men who are most flatteringly received by women. A bad case of crim. con. or seduction, gives the man an interest in their eyes, as they are curious to see what the fellow has about him to make him so dangerous. The melancholy fact is, that women have little sympathy with the fallen of their sex, and consequently they feel little hostility towards their undoers. They will be exasperated to bitterness against a bad husband, a Sir John Brute, but more than tolerant of a Lovelace. A lady who, tripping to her coach, recoils from the passing touch of a starving street-walker, will suffer herself to be handed into her carriage by the very gallant colonel who had reduced the girl to prostitution. These are melancholy moral solecisms; but the declamation of the censor will not cure them. The misery occasioned by the fashionable or genteel libertine is, however, small compared with that chargeable against the peasant; and this latter evil may be in a great degree remedied by an improvement of the law of bastardy, which, as at present administered, directly encourages frailty, and serves as a powerful auxiliary to Hodge in the prosecution of his affairs of gallantry.

8th. All things have their use; even the self-sufficient coxcombrity of the Secretary of the Admiralty has been serviceable. When Sir Humphry Davy discovered a mode of securing copper sheathing from decomposition by sea water, all the small fry of philosophy were in ecstacy, running about and wondering, whether Parliament would vote five, ten, fifteen, or twenty thousand pounds to the scientific baronet for keeping our bottoms clean; fortunately Mr. Croker chose, *pro hac vice*, to be a chemist, and with no better apparatus than his vinegar cruet, (which, as he had just finished an article for the *Quarterly*, was out of use,) saw cause to doubt the great result, much to the discomfort of the little President of the Royal Society, who fizzed and vapoured like his own potassium at the unexpected contact. There was some amusing squibbing on the occasion. The experiment was tried, and has utterly failed. The protectors are to be removed from all sea-going ships; as it is now evident, that the accumulation of shell-fish and weed on the protected sheathing, renders the copper utterly useless. Now if it had not been for the doubts suggested by Mr. Croker's vinegar cruet, Sir Humphry would, in all probability, have pouched his parliamentary reward: there is no precedent for refunding in such cases.

— Nought is for a sinecure, as for love, too high, and nought too low. "*Place* levels ranks, lords down to cellars bears." Here are some examples of these profound truths: The *Reverend* R. H. Whitelock is post-

master at Manchester—the Reverend G. J. [redacted] clerk of St. Clement Danes, and executes the office by [redacted] ty, [redacted] erty pounds a year himself, and allowing the remaining fees, about twenty-five pounds, to the sexton, who does the duty. I am told, and, considering the propensities of the family, believe it to be true, that a Colonel Beresford is clerk, or sexton, or pew-opener, of St. Andrew's, Holborn. Perhaps the gallant officer does not appear in person—the Beresfords are dead hands at a sinecure.

9th. It would be unreasonable to require consistency of Quarterly Reviewers, throughout the series of their publication, or during a year, or even in one number; but we think we have some right to expect it to be observed in one article. The Laureat, in a review of Sandoval, the Freemason, in the last Quarterly, uplifts his voice, and testifies in these terms:—"As to ourselves, though firmly persuaded that the Spanish religious system, supported even in the constitution of 1812, by the exclusion of all others, has a direct tendency to produce atheism; we feel bound solemnly to declare, that *we never met in that country*—and we are now approaching to the experience of half a lifetime—with an infidel who assumed the cloak of sanctity." This was in vindication of a royalist bishop. Anon, in the same article, the loyal doctor has occasion to speak of a constitutional priest, when mark the change of doctrine:—

"A native of the province of Biscay, whose real name we have not the means to give, resided as a friar of the order of St. Francis, at Cadiz, about the year 1809. Having, as it not unfrequently happens among the Spanish priesthood, become an *infidel*, and being of too bold a temper to continue in that kind of *passive dissimulation which is the common resource in such cases*, he left Cadiz for Mexico, where he expected to enjoy more liberty."—*Quarterly Review*, p. 491—503.

This is a fair specimen of critical impartiality, and ultra-loyal consistency.

By the way, this same number of the Quarterly is beautifully written; and on the subject of hypocrisy it is most especially happy, not only in argument, as we have seen, but also in style. In page 446, I find this elegant passage:—"The man who does not feel that virtue must be respected, has *no call to be* a hypocrite." Surely the man who could perpetrate this grating vulgarism, had "no call to be" a critic.

10th. Some nice legal questions have arisen lately, out of the misdoings of bulls and cows. A bull, the other day, walked into the private passage of a shop, and demanded admission like a knight of old, by winding his horn—winding it, we mean, into the bell, and pulling at the same, whereupon the warder, in the shape of a slut of all work, came to the portal, and seeing so rude an intruder, and feeling herself, as she confessed, no match for a bull, she banged the door in his face, screamed with energy, ran the changes on the four pleas of the crown, and raised the neighbourhood. The bull remained unmoved; and the multitude, seeing the posture of the case, and observing that nature, foreseeing the event, had provided a convenient piece of tackle

for the guidance of the bull's stern, seized him, according to the manifest intention of the goddess, by the tail, and tugged at it till they fairly dislodged him, but in so doing they broke the shop windows. Who was answerable for the damage? Not the mob, for they pulled the bull's tail for the public good: and it was clearly not just that the shopkeeper should suffer the loss. Equity pointed to the owner of the bull as responsible for the perversity of his beast, but he declared that his bull was faultless, and therefore that no liability could fall on him. His bull, he contended, was not intrusive, but near sighted! Here was a difficulty—how would the law decide? It would clearly hold, that the bull should have worn spectacles, and that the owner's *laches* in not remedying the natural defect of the bull's eyes by the resources of art, rendered him liable for all the mischief which occurred from the indistinctness of the bull's vision.

Here is another case of an enraged cow, which, like Billy Lack-a-day, "forgetting all genteel behaviour," losing sight of the decorum of her sex, and the grave demeanour that becomes her species, pursued a gentleman into a pastrycook's shop, and sent him flying over the counter, to the destruction of tarts, jellies, puffs, custards, &c.

"Last evening a cow, apparently enraged, ran up Fleet-street, and pursued a gentleman into the shop of Mr. Leftwich, a pastry-cook. Several ladies who were in the shop at the time were exceedingly terrified, and the gentleman leaped [Ladies don't leap] over the counter to avoid being gored. Tarts, jellies, puffs, &c. were strewed about in great profusion; and the animal, after keeping possession for some time, quietly left the shop. The gentleman was about to follow, when he was stopped by Mr. L., and asked for payment of the loss he had sustained, in consequence of the visit of himself and his pursuer, the cow; the gentleman insisted that he was not liable, and was making off, when Mr. L. took hold of his coat-skirt; but he escaped from his grasp, and Mr. L. was obliged to put up with the loss."

In this case we cannot hold the gentleman liable for the damage. What is a man to do with an enraged cow on one side, and a cold custard on the other? Which shall he shun, the demolition of the custard, or the horns of the cow? Who will regard a calf's foot jelly, when threatened with a cow's heel? The gentleman observed the law of nature in sacrificing the sweets to his safety, and he had an equitable right to resist the demand of the pastry-cook, for he was the last link in a pre-ordained chain of pastry-destroying causes, wherein the cow appears in the light of the main mover. Neither, on the other hand, ought Mr. Leftwich to suffer for the deeds of the cow. The owner of a cow, subject to "sudden impulses," or fits of passion, whether occasioned by love or jealousy, ought to be responsible for her vagaries.

From the cow, I pass once more to the Bull—not the blind bull, but the John Bull, who has got into a posture which requires that he should be pulled lustily by the tail. From the mere love of virtue I pay sevenpence of our Cæsar's money regularly every Sunday morning, for this moral publication; but this I will no longer do, if it persists in

its present courses. In a notice to correspondents to-day, November 19th, I read these words :

"The pamphlet on Mr. Macculloch has been received, and shall be properly noticed next week."

The pamphlet here alluded to is, doubtless, that which convicts the Economist of having, as Loader would genteely phrase it, *tipped the editor* of the Edinburgh Review some old traders,—in other words, sold old lamps for new ones,—in other words, turned *duffer*, and dressed the Blue and Buff up in some thread-bare articles, made *out* look new by the ingenious process of picking out the inverted commas. This device very little mattered, because, as it was never supposed that the articles would be penetrated by the public eye, it did not signify what they were made of—nevertheless, however, it was a Hebrew trick ; and the John Bull, of course, is going to rail loudly at it. In the very paper, however, that contains the threatening notice I have quoted, I observe a theatrical article, purporting to be original, but, in fact, made up almost entirely of odds and ends from the daily papers. Here is a passage, for example, which I saw during the week bandied about by the different prints, in their entertaining battledore and shuttlecock manner, till I was weary of encountering it:—

"The Opera opens next week. Mr. D'Egville has returned from Paris, and is preparing a new ballet, called Alcibiades. The new artists engaged for the dancing department are, Messrs. Blazi, (of the theatre at Bourdeaux,) Morante, (brother of the celebrated dancer at Paris,) and Mesdames Fleurot and Buron. The Opera will decidedly open with the masterpiece of Spontini. It will be a piquante novelty to see Madame Caradori in the difficult part of La Vestale, and Astley's horses, which are said to be engaged for a certain number of nights. Besides Donzetti and Zuchelli, the management have made proposals to Galli. No answer has been received: but the dangers of the sea are alleged as the reason. Query—Rossini has promised to come: will he keep his promise?"

Now, if it is wrong for a writer to serve up his own old things as new, still more inexcusable is it for one to serve up other peoples' old things for new. It is, as I have before said, a Hebrew trick in either case, and the delinquents will doubtless, in their defence, adopt the protestations of the Jew clothesmen, and insist upon it that their old articles are "*baater as new—baater as new.*"*

15th.—I have before observed, that Charles Wright is the only swan of the age who now lays, and boundless indeed is the fertility of his genius,—inexhaustible the fountain whence he draws his inspiration. Every morning as we sit over our breakfast table, we find him at his matins, singing the praises of his champagne, and he makes the evening papers resound too with his notes.

Shameful it is to consider that the Laureat, who has a King full of

* i. e. *Better than new, better than new*—the gabble of the children of Israel in the old clothes markets, the greatest nuisances in London, and almost as impenetrable as Macculloch's articles.

virtues to praise, cannot squeeze out a birth-day ode once in seven years; while the immortal Wright, with a bottle for his theme, can produce two or three stanzas in honour of it every day in the year. Surely the offices of these bards should be reversed—Southey ought to praise gooseberry; and Wright, George. But destiny has cast their lots differently; and we can only lament that the flights of the first poetic genius of the age are confined to the cellar. The world must, however, do justice to his merits, and with that view we propose a publication of the Anthology of the Colonnade, which will be found to abound in every description of excellence. For an example of a rare kind, take the following gem, after the antique manner.

MINSTRELSY of the OPERA COLONNADE.

No. 1001.

The Bard, be sure, was Sillery wise, who fram'd
The Grand new Ballad of Charles Wright's Champagne.
Coleridge's "Sillerine Leaves."

The Kynge hee syttes inn Wyndesore Towerre,
Drinkyng the foame Wyne;
"Oh! where dydde yee gette the goode licoure
Thatte filles thisse glasse off myne?"
App and spake Schyr William Knyghtounne,
Satte attie the Kynge's ryghte knee,
"Charles Wryght's Champayne is the beste licoure
Thatte ebere crossitt the sea."

— The Laureat has addressed a letter in these terms to the Speaker of the House of Commons:—

"Sir—Having without my knowledge been elected to serve in the present Parliament for the Borough of Downton, it becomes my duty to take the earliest opportunity to request you to inform the Honourable House, that I am not qualified to take my seat, inasmuch as I am not possessed of the estate required in the Act passed in the ninth year of Queen Anne.—I have the honour to be,

"R. SOUTHEY."

This is a shrewd hint to the Laureat's friends that they should have given him the qualifying estate, together with the seat.

25th.—If it be pleasure to see a sinner turning from the error of his ways, and breathing hymns of praise from lips that but now blasphemed; extreme must be the joy of that god-like gentleman, Mr. Martin, on reading this paragraph in the Morning Chronicle, a paper formerly so hostile to his efforts in the humanity line of business, that the gallant Colonel felt himself obliged to swear that it put him in fear of his life, and held the proprietor to bail for a libel, inciting the drovers to murder him—poor lamb!—

"MR. MARTIN AND THE DROVERS.—This honourable gentleman, like all great reformers, has no doubt consoled himself for the jeers

and gibes of his opponents, by reflecting on the success of his efforts in humanizing the Smithfield drovers. His interference seems to afford reason to believe that he has in some measure succeeded, and that that spirit of sympathy, which he has in vain been endeavouring to infuse into the higher orders, has actually been communicated to the very lowest classes. A few days since two drovers were driving a flock of sheep through the streets, when one of the animals attempted to quit the rest, and to run up an adjoining avenue. It was stopped by one of the drovers, who struck it two heavy blows over the head. The other instantly remonstrated with his companion, demanding, with an oath, why he could not have turned 'the poor thing, without hitting it them 'ere knocks over the head!'

There are some worthy members of society who have so exceeding a respect for the law, that they will not stir a step in the payment of their debts without its judgment. There would seem to be some others whose reason is under the control of the law to a remarkable degree: you may argue with them till doom's-day without making the slightest impression, but bring them on the threshold of the Court of King's Bench or Common Pleas, and they are of any way of thinking which your honour pleases—their conviction of error is to be achieved by the apprehension of a conviction before our lord the king at Westminster. Some few months ago the Chronicle attacked Mr. Martin for his proceedings under his Act. The Utilitarian friends of the paper, who thought it wrong in this instance, were grieved at its heresy, and Mr. Bentham wrote a letter of remonstrance, imploring it to forbear, and labouring most strenuously and earnestly to refute its arguments against the principle of the Act. The Chronicle assumed a high tone, and persevered. Mr. Martin brought an action for libel, and on the very threshold of the court of justice, the Chronicle discovered that it had been in error, and cried peccavi. This conviction having been achieved, the blasphemer of old, now, as we see, takes the first part in songs to the honour and glory of Martin! Surely there is something beside a spaniel and a walnut tree, which is the better for beating. It grieves me that this filthy stain of pusillanimity should attach to such a paper as the Chronicle, and that while we admire its ability we should have to despise its meanness. The piece of sycophancy I have noted to-day, is one which must make an honest man spit—that is the natural and appropriate expression of disgust. The nastiness was particularly ill-timed too, at this period, when a marked improvement is observable in the paper, which has for some days past been showing a vigour and activity, that remind one of its best days. The little nonsenses in the miscellaneous department, with which I have sometimes amused myself, have been less frequent in number, and of a less intense silliness than formerly, while the leading articles of the editor have been particularly happy both in subject and execution; [Mr. Vaughan's sermon for example—an excellent and exquisite hit;] and the general matter various and judiciously selected. Against this is to be set off the disgusting appearances of the bully thrashed into sycophancy. That the Editor has no part in these abject acts, I feel firmly assured, as will every one else that knows the manliness of his character.

— From the apparent unanimity with which Mr. Manners Sutton was elected Speaker of the Commons, no one would have suspected that a certain party had it in contemplation to oust him from that office. His alleged private offence, which in the judgment of the righteous worked his disqualification for public duties, was extreme paw-pawness. How far will this doctrine be pushed? I was in company the other day, with one of the members of the Royal Academy, just after the election of Landseer and Gandy. Having discussed the merits of the successful candidates, I asked why they had not elected *****? “*****” said my friend, “had not a single vote—he is an immoral man, he does not live with his wife.” “The Royal Academy, then,” said I, “would never have admitted Raphael to a participation in their honours, for he did worse than *****; he lived with another man’s wife.”

Folks will not see Kean’s acting because Kean intrigued with Mrs. Cox: had Raphael had the bad luck of living at this plusquam perfect era of morality, and in this plusquam perfect country, people would have refused to look at his pictures. Lord Nelson was only just in time: he had the start of our virtue by a very few years, or we should not have permitted a paw-paw admiral to beat the French at Nile and Trafalgar.

The last refinement is, that Mr. Hume is disqualified for the exposure of extravagance in the public expenditure, because his passion for economy has betrayed him into, at worst, a *questionable* transaction in the Greek Loan! If Mr. Hume should now attempt to show that two and five in the public accounts ought not to make twenty, super-moral people, acting on the recommendation of *The Times*, will refuse to believe him, and condemn his interference.

EPISODES OF THE DON QUIXOTE.

No. I.

MOST of those who have read the *Don Quixote* (and who, indeed, has not read it?) will tell you that it is the most laughably humorous of all humorous and laughable books; but ask them what they think of the tragic and pathetic portions of it, and they will be surprised to hear that there is any thing in the work appertaining to tragedy or pathos. The blame of this, I conceive, is in great measure to be charged upon the translators, who, in this instance at least, have verified the Italian proverb respecting them, “traduttore, traditore.” The humour, the wit, and the wisdom of Cervantes, have perhaps suffered least in the English translations; but his pathos and eloquence have been very ill rendered, and his uniform terseness and elegance of diction not at all. When Cervantes’s characters are impassioned, they speak the ever-eloquent and idiomatic *language* of passion—language which cannot be rendered by a cold and literal translation. The verses, too, in all

the editions, excepting perhaps one which I have occasion to mention, are not only mean, but ab-
cunstance must have contributed not a little to the estimation in
which these portions of the Quixote deserve to be held.

An ardent admirer of the writings of this extraordinary genius, as he really wrote them, I have brought this charge at the bar of the public against the English interpreters of his greatest work, from a wish to do justice to his memory and fame; and having brought it, I am bound to substantiate it by evidence. The only two of his translators whom I think it necessary formally to arraign, as being now the only popular ones, are Jarvis and Smollett; to whose versions I shall take occasion to refer in the course of my review of the passages in the Quixote to which I have alluded.

The first in order of these episodes is, the funeral of Chrysostom. One of the excellencies of Cervantes, and one which I think is peculiar to him, is the pleasing manner in which these portions of his work are generally introduced. Here, the first that we hear of Chrysostom and Marcella, is from the goatherd, who is repeating to his acquaintance the news of the rejected lover's death, and the directions left in his will, that he should be interred at the foot of the rock by the cork-tree fountain, the spot where he had first beheld his disdainful mistress. While we are following the vagaries of the knight, this simple piece of intelligence comes upon us all at once, like a strain of melancholy music, and, as it were irresistibly, draws us, with the rest of the spectators, towards the spot so briefly, yet completely described, and around which such an interest is thrown. When on the way to it with the knight-errant and the travellers, a picturesque view is given us of the approaching funeral train, descending between two mountains; and when arrived at the burial-place, we hear from the lips of Ambrosio the following words—far more pleasing than any laboured funeral oration, for they are an effusion of sincere and sorrowing friendship:

"This body, sirs, which with compassionate eyes you are now beholding, was the mansion of a soul which heaven had endowed with its choicest gifts. This is the body of Chrysostom—a man of parts unrivalled—of matchless courtesy and finished politeness—a phoenix in friendship—generous without bounds—grave without assumption, gay without buffoonery;—in short, supreme in all that is good—and unparalleled in all that was unfortunate. He loved, and he was abhorred;—he worshipped, and he was scorned;—he implored a wild beast—he solicited marble—he pursued the wind—he cried aloud to the desert—he served ingratitude;—and the reward he obtained was, to become the spoil of death when midway in the career of life; which was cut short by a shepherdess whom he strove to immortalize in the remembrance of mankind. . . ." (a).

Chrysostom's complaint is too long for me to introduce the whole of it here. I will, however, give the first stanza, and the two last, which are a sort of counterpart to the first; and the three may serve the purpose of comparison with the former translations and with the Spanish. I have endeavoured to imitate as closely as possible the construction of the Spanish stanza, which appears to me to be of the first consequence in attempting to give our idea of the original.

Since thou desirest, oh disdainful maid,
 Thy cruelty be told from tongue to tongue,
 Thy scorn from clime to clime proclaimed around,
 From hell itself the notes must be conveyed—
 In such alone can such despair be sung,—
 My voice assuming an unwonted sound;
 For what *accustomed* accents can be found
 Thy deeds befitting, and my maddening smart?
 A sound of horror, then, my voice shall form,
 Fit to accompany the raging storm
 That fiercely agitates my bursting heart!
 Oh lend thine ear—to no harmonious tones,
 But to deep sighs and agonizing groans,
 Heaven from the bottom of my frenzied breast—
 Such as despair like mine exulting owns,
 And I have pleasure in, though thou detest!

* * * * *

Oh thou, whose many cruelties have driven
 My life, untimely to this fatal bourne,
 Wringing my bosom in its every nerve,—
 Since my heart's deep and cureless wound hath given
 Thee proof enough how willingly I've worn
 Thy chains, rejoicing tyranny to serve,—
 If, haply, thou discover I deserve
 That the clear heaven of thy beauteous eyes
 Should for my death be clouded,—shed no tear;
 I would not have one piteous drop appear
 In payment for my whole heart's sacrifice.
 No—rather let thy smile my fate attend,
 And show that thou rejoicest in my end.
 But ah! how vainly do I spend my breath,
 Since well I know thy wish will be attained,
 When my complaining shall be hushed in death.

Arise ye, now, from the infernal shade,—
 Thou, ever-thirsting Tantalus, arise,
 And ever-labouring Sisyphus, appear:
 Let Tityus's vulture-torments aid,—
 Ixion's, who in restless anguish lies,—
 And let the busy Fates attend them here:
 Let all their pangs at once my bosom tear,—
 Their deadly power to swift destruction urge,—
 Then, if a victim of despair may crave
 Aught that is given to a holier grave,
 Let their united moanings be my dirge.
 To swell the dismal requiem's discord higher,
 A thousand monsters and chimeras dire
 With hell's three-headed centinel shall join;—
 What better should the love-destroyed require?
 What fitter pomp attend a fate like mine?

Then, song of my despair, thy
 When death shall chain my t
 Nay, since the fair disdainful cause that gave
 Thine birth, my wretched fate will not deplore,
 Be thou not mournful, even in the grave. (b)

Lest the images from the classical hell introduced in these verses, and the allusions which Ambrosio, in his address to Marcella, afterwards makes to Nero, Tarquin, &c. should appear to the general reader to savour of pedantry, I would remind him that the two friends were recently come from the University of Salamanca, where they had been fellow students; and that, consequently, when they were speaking metaphorically, such were the images which would naturally suggest themselves.

The apparition of Marcella, at the moment when our pity for her lover, and our idea of her cruelty, have reached their height, is one of our author's felicitous and characteristic strokes of invention. How lively the picture here placed before us!—how striking the contrast of blooming, disdainful, and triumphant beauty, looking down upon the pallid wreck of unrequited passion! In spite of our admiration at the beautiful vision, we are almost involuntarily led to exclaim with Ambrosio, "Comest thou to trample on thy victim?"

(c) But she speaks—and how complete is her vindication! It is a perfect code of the passions; and I could recommend it to the most serious perusal of all who are not already so desperately enamoured as to be proof against all argument. In this instance, and in all others where I shall refer to a passage without quoting it, I recommend the English reader to consult Jarvis's translation, as being most faithful both to the sense and the sentiment of the original. (d)

I shall dismiss this episode, with directing the reader's attention to a trait in the conclusion of it, slight indeed, but which of itself evinces the master-hand. Our author says, that when Marcella turned away, some of those who had beheld and listened to her, and whose hearts her eyes had conquered, would fain have followed her, notwithstanding her clear and express declaration. Such is the magnetic force of beauty!—so powerless is the dissuading voice of reason, when our senses cry "pursue!" Yet a writer having a less intimate knowledge of the human heart, however accomplished he might otherwise have been, would most likely have omitted this delicate stroke, and have made the shepherdess's auditors remain as quiet when she departed, as they must have been satisfied by her justification. But Cervantes was master of all the springs of human action and passion; and his genius was ever on the alert to touch them with the finest effect.

NOTES.

(a) *Ese cuerpo, señores, que con piadosos ojos estais mirando, fué depositario de una alma en quien el Cielo puso infinita parte de sus riquezas. Ese es el cuerpo de Grisostome, que fué único en el ingenio, solo en la cortesía, extremo en la gentileza, fénix en la amistad, maguifico sin tasa, grave sin presuncion, alegre sin baxeza, y finalmente primero en todo lo que es ser bueno, y*

sin segundo en todo lo que fué ser desdichado. Quiso bien, fué aborrecido, adoró, fué desdeñado, rogó á una fiera, importuno á un marmol, corrió tras el viento, dió voces á la soledad, servio a la ingratitud, de quien alcanzó por premis ser despojo de la muerte en la mitad de la carrera de su vida, á la qual dió fin una pastora, á quien el prunaba eterniza para que viviera en la memoria de las gentes - - -.

“This body, sirs, which you are beholding with compassionate eyes, was the receptacle of a soul, in which heaven had placed a great part of its treasure: this is the body of Chrysostom, who was singular for wit, matchless in courtesy, perfect in politeness, a phoenix in friendship, magnificent without ostentation, grave without arrogance, cheerful without meanness; in short, the first in every thing that was good, and second to none in every thing that was unfortunate. He loved, he was abhorred; he adored, he was scorned; he courted a savage; he solicited marble; he pursued the wind; he called aloud to solitude; he served ingratitude; and the recompence he obtained, was, to become a prey to death, in the midst of the career of his life, to which an end was put by a certain shepherdess, whom he endeavoured to render immortal in the memories of men - - -.”—*Jarvis*.

“This corpse, gentlemen, which you behold with compassionate eyes, was the habitation of a soul, which possessed an infinite share of the riches of heaven: this is the body of Chrysostom, who was a man of unparalleled genius, the pink of courtesy and kindness; in friendship a very phoenix, liberal without bounds, grave without arrogance, gay without meanness; and, in short, second to none in every thing that was good, and without second in all that was unfortunate. He loved and was abhorred; he adored and was disdained; he implored a savage; he importuned a statue; he hunted the wind; cried aloud to the desert; he was a slave to the most ungrateful of women; and the fruit of his servitude was death, which overtook him in the middle of his career: in short, he perished by the cruelty of a shepherdess, whom he has eternized in the memory of all the people in this country - - -.”—*Smollett*.

Here, Jarvis's phrase “the *receptacle* of a soul in which Heaven had placed a great part of its treasure,” is a much too literal version, and a most unspiritual mode of talking about a soul and its endowments. Smollett's is rather better, but is also too *material*—“the habitation of a soul which possessed an infinite share of the riches of heaven.” *Unico en el ingenio* is made by Jarvis “singular for wit,” wherein he has mistaken the sense of the Spanish; and by Smollett, “of unparalleled genius,” which expression quite “oversteps the modesty of nature.” *Solo en la cortesía, extremo en la gentileza*, Smollett has mangled and vulgarized into “the pink of courtesy and kindness.” *Magnifico sin tasa*—this Jarvis has most unaccountably turned into “magnificent without ostentation.” Truly, this is inexplicable. *Alegre sin baxeza* is converted by Jarvis into “cheerful without meanness,” and by Smollett into “gay without meanness;” but what in the name of common sense does either of these phrases mean? In the conclusion of the same sentence, Smollett has curiously contrived to render *primero* by “second to none,” and Jarvis *sin segundo*, also by “second to none;” which

last is to be sure the greater blunder of the two. In the fine exclamation beginning, *Quiso bien, fué aborrecido*, Jarvis has interpreted *rogó á una fiera*, "he courted a savage," which is ludicrous as well as nonsensical. Smollett approaches rather nearer, but still he retains the savage: he has it, "he implored a savage." For *importunó á un marmol*, Smollett has, "he importuned a statue." For *corrió tras el viento*, Smollett has, "he hunted the wind." Jarvis's "pursued" is the proper word. It is quite clear, from their mode of rendering this passage, that neither of the translators felt or understood all its beauty and energy. In the beginning of the exclamation—"He loved, and he was abhorred—he worshipped, and he was scorned—" the speaker has the object of this love and adoration in his mind's eye; but as her cruelty and its consequences work upon his imagination, he loses sight of the *person*, his imagination is busy with the *attribute*, and he uses the strongest metaphors to express it—"he implored a wild beast—he solicited marble—he pursued the wind—he cried aloud to the desert." Here, too, there is an exquisitely constructed climax: but for want of perceiving the transition which I have just now mentioned, the translators have destroyed much of the effect of this fine passage. Thus the Spanish word *fiera*, which means simply *a wild beast*, whether male or female, they have taken for an epithet applied to Marcella; and hence the unlucky expressions, "he courted a savage," and "he implored a savage." In like manner, Smollett's fancy, associating the idea of the shepherdess (instead of that of her deafness to amorous importunity) with that of marble, has produced the very natural result, a *statue*. In this sentence he has, however, stumbled upon one good and powerful expression, which, as being the only thoroughly good one in the paragraph I have quoted from him, I must do him the justice to particularize; the words "cried aloud to the desert" are in his translation, though they have by some means or other lost the accompanying pronoun which is necessary to make this member of the sentence complete. But his very next words are a blunder; for *sirvió á la ingratitud*, he gives us, (still possessed by the same mistaken fancy,) "he was a slave to the most ungrateful of women," which, when considered in its relation to the rest of the passage, is almost as absurd as "he courted a savage." His conclusion of the sentence, too, is remarkably lame and incorrect.

I have selected this passage for the purpose of a minute examination and comparison of the two received translations, as being generally considered by English readers to be one of the most effective in those translations, and as therefore best calculated to show, by being thus scrutinized, how much the English versions have, on the whole, fallen short of the original, in style as well as in meaning. In future I shall limit my strictures to those instances in which the translators have most widely departed from the *sense*, or injured the *effect* of their author's expression.

(b) The reader will bear in mind that these verses were the contents of one of the papers which Chrysostom had directed his friend to "give to the flames, when he should give his body to the earth," which will explain what might else appear obscure in the concluding lines. The Spanish is as follows:

Ya que quieres, cruel, que se publique
De lengua en lengua, y de una en otra gente,
Del áspero rigor tuyo la fuerza,

Haré que el mismo infierno comunique
Al triste pecho mio un son doliente,
Con que el uso comun de mi voz tuerza,
Y al par de mi desco que se esfuerza
A decir mi dolor y tus hazañas
De la espantable voz irá el acento,
Y en el mezclados por mayor tormento
Pedazos de las miseras entrañas.

Escucha pues, y presta atento oído
No al concertado son, sino al ruido
Que de lo hondo de mi amargo pecho,
Llevado de un forzoso desvarío,
Por gusto mio sale y tu despecho.

* * * * *

Tú que con tantas sinrazones muestras
La razón que me fuerza á que la haga
A la cansada vida que aborrezco :

Pues ya ves que te da notorias muestras
Esta del corazón profunda llaga,
De como alegre á tu rigor me ofresco :

Si por dicha conoces que merezco
Que el cielo claro de tus bellos ojos
En mi muerte se turbe, no lo hagas,
Que no quiero que en nada satisfagas
Al darte de mi alma los despojos.

Antes con risa en la ocasión funesta
Descubre que el fin mio fué tu fiesta.
Mas gran simpleza es avisarte desto,
Pues sé que está tu gloria conocida
En que mi vida llegue al fin tan presto.

Venga, que es tiempo ya, del hondo abismo
Tántalo con su sed, Sisifo venga
Con el peso terrible de su canto,

Ticio trayga su buytre, y ausimismo
Con su rueda Egion no se detenga,
Ni las hermanas que trabajan tanto.

Y todos juntos su mortal quebranto
Trasladen en mi pecho, y en voz baja
(Si ya á un desesperado son debidas)
Canten obsequias tristes, doloridas
Al cuerpo, á quien se niegue aun la mortaja.

Y el portero infernal de los tres rostros,
Con otras mil quimeras y mil monstruos
Lleven el doloroso contrapunto,
Que otra pompa mejor no me parece
Que la merece un amador difunto.

Cancion desesperada, no te quejes
Quando mi triste compañía dexes ;

Antes pues que la causa do nache
 Con mi desdicha aumenta su ventura,
 Aun en la sepultura no estés triste.

This complaint both Jarvis and Smollett have termed a *song*: I suppose because it is *cancion* in Spanish. And Smollett, having once called it a song, seems to have determined to make it one, by cutting down the flowing elegiac measure of the original into such barbarous verses as these:—

Since then, thy pleasure, cruel maid!
 Is, that thy rigour and disdain
 Should be from clime to clime conveyed;
 All hell shall aid me to complain!
 The torments of my heart to tell,
 And thy achievements to record,
 My voice shall raise a dreadful yell,
 My bowels burst at every word:
 Then listen to the baleful sound,
 That issues from my throbbing breast;
 Thy pride, perhaps, it may confound,
 And yield my madd'ning soul some rest.

* * * * *

O thou! whose cruelty and hate
 The tortures of my breast proclaim,
 Behold how willingly to fate
 I offer this devoted frame.
 If thou, when I am past all pain,
 Should think my fall deserves a tear,
 Let not one single drop distain
 Those eyes so killing and so clear.

No! rather let thy mirth display
 The joys that in thy bosom flow;
 Ah! need I bid that heart be gay,
 Which always triumph'd in my woe.
 Come then, for ever barr'd of bliss,
 Ye who with ceaseless torment dwell,
 And agonizing, howl and hiss,
 In the profoundest shades of hell;
 Come, Tantalus, with raging thirst,
 Bring, Sisyphus, thy rolling stone,
 Come Titius, with thy vulture curst,
 Nor leave Ixion rack'd alone.

The toiling sisters, too, shall join,
 And my sad solemn dirge repeat,
 When to the grave my friends consign
 These limbs, denied a winding sheet,
 Fierce Cerberus shall clank his chain,
 In chorus with chimæras dire:
 What other pomp, what other strain,
 Should he who dies of love require?

Be hush'd my song, complain no more
Of her whose pleasure gave thee birth;
But let the sorrows I deplore
Sleep with me in the silent earth.

This *ditty*, as Smollett afterwards calls it, does, I think, need no comment. I cannot, however, help remarking on the singularly ludicrous turn here given to the tragical apostrophe to Tantalus and the rest, by the words, "Nor leave Ixion racked alone." Poor Ixion! According to Smollett, he was to come, not because he was wanted, but lest he should be racked *alone*. And as for the metre, it is like setting a dirge to a hunting tune.

In the edition of Jarvis, published by Miller in 1810, there is a version of this complaint by some later hand, which, as verse, is superior to Smollett's. Its measure, except at the conclusion, is that of the Spanish, (which in these cases is of the greatest importance,) but otherwise, neither the construction of the stanza nor the language is faithful to the original. It runs thus:—

Yes, haughty Fair, this anguish-breathing rhyme
Shall all thy tyrant cruelty proclaim,
From shore to shore, from clime to distant clime,
Where'er is heard the sounding trump of fame.
While shrieks, like those of tortured demons, mixt,
With deep-drawn sighs, and gestures marked with grief,
Shall give, if aught can give, my heart relief;
And from the bottom of a heart transfix'd
By Misery's rankling shaft, at once shall flow
The tide of life-blood and the plaint of woe:
List then—nor list with inattentive ear—
No tuneful lay, no mirth-inspiring story;
But a despairing lover's pangs severe,
But an unpitying maid's triumphant glory.

* * * * *

And thou, whose matchless beauty is the cause
That makes my soul this wretched life abhor—
Thou for whose sake I spurn at Nature's laws,
A victim to my heart's internal war;
If, pond'ring o'er my fate, a tender sigh
Should, unperceived, from thy soft bosom steal;
Or, at my woes a dewy tear should veil
Awhile the heav'nly azure of thine eye;
Oh check that sigh, that tear; for know, I claim
No debt of pity for my ruin'd fame—
But vain the thought! for thou, proud Nymph, wilt smile,
Wilt hear, unmoved, thy hapless lover's story;
Thy torch of vict'ry is his fun'ral pile;
His sorrow-breathing dirge, thy song of glory.
Come, then, ye Demons from the dark profound;
Come Tantalus, with still-increasing thirst;
And Sisyphus, whose rock with fierce rebound
Backward recoils! Come, oh thou wretch accurst,

Whose entrails never-sated vultures tear ;
 And thou, Ixion ! Come, ye sisters dread—
 Who spin with pitiless hand life's mortal thread !
 Come, and at once your mournful voices rear !
 Howl forth your dismal obsequies aloud,
 O'er the bare corse that lies without a shroud—
 Let three-mouthed Cerberus swell the fun'ral song,
 With ev'ry ghost around his portal shrieking—
 For only horrid rites like these belong
 To self-slain lovers in their life-blood reeking—
 And oh ! my love-inspired strain,
 Lament not thou thy master's woe,
 Though torn from all his bliss below ;
 For she, the cause of all his pain,
 Rejoices in the fatal blow—
 Then do not thou, my verse, complain !

Of this version I have only further to observe in general (leaving it to the reader, on comparison with the Spanish, to make the particular application), that it is loaded with epithets and images, many of which are unnecessary, and some of them quite foreign, to the sense of the original.

(c) In the friend's exclamation on Marcella's appearance upon the rock, at the foot of which they are standing, Smollett makes him say, "Art thou come to behold from the top of that mountain, like another Nero, the flames, &c." This may seem a trivial error ; but when it is considered, that Marcella is within hearing of, and immediately answers, this address, it is sufficiently apparent how ludicrous a disproportion is here introduced into the midst of this interesting picture.

THE UNCONSCIOUS RIVALS.

A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

PERSONS.

ALBERT, *about to be married to Emily.*
 EDWARD, *his brother.*
 EMILY.

SCENE I. *a Shrubbery.*—EDWARD *alone.*

Aye—this is the day—this is the day which will set me at rest—not exactly in the pleasantest way in the world. The sun is bright ; all looks gay and happy ; out of spite, I believe. Good God ! that I could get quit of this restless misery—this fever of the heart. Let them be married. Would to Heaven they were : the shock at least would still me—stun me : I am now—no matter how. Oh ! that charming face—that air—that walk—those hands—and those bright eyes—and that laughing mind—how they haunt me. Now that I

could only fancy her ugly, dull, disagreeable ! Impossible. I am in a fever—my whole frame is so agitated, that I can neither walk, eat, drink, think, or sleep ; yet what am I to do ? The blow is struck, and the task yet remains to put on a show of merriment at the bridal, and hide, under a joyous mask, the bleeding of the heart within. How sickening is the splendour of every thing ! the sun, the flowers, the trees, all blaze and dazzle me. I am a fool. I shall fancy in a moment that they mocked me. Oh, those hateful bells too : they might at least have had the delicacy to spare me this. What am I raving about ? Little do they think, kind souls ! how this heart is swelling, till it almost seems too large for its prison. That is at least a consolation : yes, and a proud one too ; and it shall be my glory to cling to it,—never shall their happiness be marred with the knowledge of the pangs it has inflicted on me. A few hours more ; a few short hours, and the worst will be over. She who has been the idol of my heart, the constant companion of my thoughts by day, and the sylph that hovered nightly over my pillow, and seemed to bless me with a happiness too high to be realized, will be then—my sister. Sister ! what a word. Ah ! she comes. I cannot see her now. Her presence always throws me off my guard, and I may utter that which I should afterwards repent. I feel a tumult in my veins already ; but she has observed me, I see. To avoid her would look strange, and she might even suspect—Well, I must to the torture.

Enter EMILY.

Edward. Good morning, Emily ; you are come to see your little plantation here, I suppose.

Emily. I—I expected to have found your brother here.

Edward. Cold enough. Well, it is better it should be so. [*Aside.*] I have been admiring your flower-beds ; you have quite a fairy creation here. They are laid out, too, in such a manner, that the eye is quite charmed by the pleasing succession of the colours. Your taste, Emily, shows itself, even in the arrangement of flowers.

Emily. One of my carnations wants tying up, I perceive.

Edward. Let me do it.

Emily. No.

Edward. You seem unwilling that I should be of service to you in any thing, Miss Fordyce.

Emily. Now don't speak in so unkind a tone, and I will pull you the flower for a peace-offering : or stay—not that—here is a violet for you ; my favourite flower, you know.

Edward. And it well may be so ; for sweetness and gentleness are the characteristics of both. I will keep this gift as a sacred treasure, and—

Emily. You seem to think too highly of an insignificant flower, Mr. Stuart. I only meant—

Edward. Only meant what, Emily ?

Emily. To—to prevent your growing cross with me ; and I thought it was such a trifling thing.

Edward. And did you think a gift of yours could be trifling to me ? Besides, every time I look upon it, I shall think of the soft blue eyes of—my sister.

[*A pause. ALBERT entering slowly, and observing them.*]

Emily. [*with a sort of forced gaiety.*] You remind me this is my wedding-day. What favour have you got for me? and here comes Albert just in time to see it.

Edward. A favour! Oh, yes; will you wear this rose as my offering?

Emily. No, indeed; for it is beginning to fade. I am sure I won't have that.

Edward. Wither'd! then I will have it myself. It is wet with dew, too, and looks as if the poor flower had wept over the decay that is feeding upon its beauty. It is mine, and you shall have this white lily. May your life be as fair, and its lustre as unsullied. Do you not smile, Albert, at our folly?

Albert. I certainly admire your taste in selecting a half-withered rose.

Edward. [*confused.*] Ah, it is an emblem of the fleetingness of mortality, and I am half a philosopher, you know. I could extract a very grave lesson out of it; but Emily said she came down on purpose to meet you; so now you are come, I will make my best bow, and retire. I may want the same favour from you one of these days.

Albert. And we shall, no doubt, readily pay it; but at present I want to talk to Emily in the house, if she has no objection.

Emily. None whatever. Shall we walk up?

Albert. I have a word to say to Edward: I'll follow you, my love. [*Exit Emily.*] I wanted, Edward, to hear your grave lecture on the withered rose.

Edward. You are but a dull bridegroom, to think of any thing grave on your wedding-day.

Albert. Nevertheless, if the fancy suits me, methinks you might gratify it.

Edward. With all my heart; but I never lecture at sight. I will prepare you a very choice philosophical morceau, if you wish it; but I must have time to consider my subject, arrange my arguments, look for a few Greek or Hebrew quotations, and—

Albert. Edward, this trifling sits too ill upon you to come from the heart. Listen to me. We have lived together in infancy, in youth, and in manhood. Have I, during all this time, acted in any thing unworthy of a brother?

Edward. You never have. But why so serious?

Albert. Then, as my recompence, let me conjure you to answer the question I am about to ask, pointedly and truly. Did you at all figure your own heart, under the image of the half-withered rose?

Edward. What could have led you to suppose—

Albert. Do not prevaricate with me, for I cannot bear it. Look me in the face, Edward, and tell me truly and manfully—do you not love Emily?

Edward. Thus urged, I will not deny that I do; but I have struggled with my passion, and—

Albert. [*eagerly.*] With any success?

Edward. No; for it mocks all my endeavours. But do not go; hear me declare, that I have never given Emily the least reason to suppose—

Albert. No more ; it is as I suspected. Idiot that I was ! I deserve my punishment. Detain me not—I cannot speak to you. Another time—an hour hence. Oh ! Emily, Emily !

[*Rushes out, Edward following him.*]

SCENE II. EMILY at her Harp.

Sings.

Brightly the sunbeam enamelled the blue,
And lovely the passion-flower rose to the view :
The westering beam faintly gleamed on the glade,
And the passion-flower faded, and died in the shade.

Ellen's young heart was as gay and as light
As the tints of the flower when the day-beam was bright :
Ellen's young heart is as faded and wan
As the tints of the flower now the day-beam is gone.

The tears are lasting by sorrow shed,
As the dews that are nightly scattered ;
But the halo of joy is as brief as the fair
But fleeting gem that the sun paints there.

ALBERT, *who has entered during the song, advances.*

Albert. That is but a dull song for a bridal one, Emily. In tears, too, my love ! Surely I may ask the cause.

Emily. There is something in that air which always affects me : it is so simple, and yet so plaintive ; the words, too, are sad, and you know I am fond of mournful things.

Albert. The heart, it is said, takes its partialities from their similarity to its own feelings. Is Emily's heart then sad ?

Emily. What, on my wedding day ! Fie, Albert.

Albert. Wedding days are not always joyful days. When there is a worm gnawing at the heart, it is not a sprightly jest or two, or a few merry notes of a dancing tune, that can heal its pangs.

Emily. Why, what is the matter with the man ? He talks as gravely as the gentleman I expect to hear shortly read a part of the prayer-book, I declare, and looks as solemn too—and so pale. Surely, Albert, you are not ill ?

Albert. I am well in body, my Emily ; but I am afraid you will think my mind strangely disordered when I ask you if you love me ?

Emily. It is certainly rather late for such a question. What does all this mean ?

Albert. I will explain myself. You know the anxiety our fathers have always manifested for our union, and that from our childhood we have been destined for each other. For my own part, no fiat could have been more welcome. I have loved you, Emily, with all the devotion of a heart glowing with warm and fervid feelings. I have watched your excellencies from their earliest germ, and proudly hailed them as they budded and blossomed. Confident of my own love, I was perhaps too presumptuous when I thought I had succeeded in acquiring yours. I am about to deal very ingenuously with you, Emily. I remember when I offered you my heart and hand, you told me your

father's pleasure was always yours: I considered a maidenly assent, and was satisfied; nor was it till within a night that I have begun to be fearful I over-rate my merit, and mistook, for a predilection in my favour, what was but the compliance of a meek and gentle nature with the will of a stern and despotic father. Do not look uneasy, Emily: I would not unnecessarily wound your feelings, but I must proceed; and in doing so, believe me, I am not sparing my own. I loved you before I knew what the passion was—my heart has been so full of you, that it has scarce had room to admit a thought beside—and now the doubt whether I have not loved without return, and built upon a fairy fabric of happiness, upon a visionary foundation, is more horrible than the dearest certainty. During the last fortnight I have been endeavouring to read your very soul: I have only tormented myself with doubts, and I can bear the suspense no longer. Even the hated certainty that you loved Edward would not be so great a torture.

Emily. Loved Edward! I am sure I never gave you any cause to think so, Albert. I have consented to become your wife; to commit myself and my little all of happiness entirely to your care, and it is but an ungentle return for my confidence to begin to suspect me already: and of love, too, for one who never gave me reason to suppose that he thinks of me otherwise than as the wife of his brother. Really, Albert, this is not kind.

Albert. Forgive me, Emily. If I could at this moment lay my heart open before you, and you could see how it swells with agony almost to bursting, I know you would forgive me. But justice forbids me at this moment to think of feelings. Can you, Emily, can you raise your eyes to mine, and unfalteringly tell me you have never thought of Edward but as a brother—that your heart has never once whispered the wish, that it was to him you were going to plight your faith for ever. You cannot—the native ingenuousness of your mind disdains a subterfuge. Let me at least thank you for not trifling with an honest heart. In that look I read my fate. I am, indeed, the unhappy wretch I feared I was. [Exit,

Emily. Stay, Albert, in pity—hear me but one word. He is gone; and what am I? A vile and guilty thing, who has ruined the peace of a heart that looked to her for its happiness. The fatal secret is revealed—the secret which I dared not confess, even to myself: I have given my heart unsolicited, and to one, it may be, that thinks not of me. I have done this, and repaid with ingratitude the honest affection of a man who merited my fondest love. Where shall I conceal my shame—or how again bear to look on either brother? Oh, my father, had you not so solemnly urged my marriage with Albert—had I not known your stern and unbending nature, I should have ventured to open my heart to you, and this might have been spared me. But now the scene is all dark and cheerless; and on whichever side I turn my eyes, I behold nothing but misery and shame. [Exit,

SCENE III. The Shrubbery. EDWARD.

The conflict is over: the struggle was severe, but virtue has triumphed. Yes, I will show them that principle and honour are not mere shadows, and that however deeply they feel, it can yet

bend itself to the dictates of justice. I even seem to feel less acutely since I have shaken off the reproaches of my conscience. Albert! He comes most opportunely.

Enter ALBERT.

I can now look you in the face again, brother—wish me a good journey—I have decided on accompanying Arnheim to Germany, and must be off to-day.

Albert. You must not leave us, Edward.

Edward. And is it you that say so? Albert, I may be weak, but I am not a villain. I have staid here too long already.

Albert. Emily will persuade you to stay still.

Edward. Emily! Would to Heaven I had never seen her! I should have been saved many a bitter pang; but I am still master of myself. I shall set out directly, and without another look at the angel face which——Albert, you must present my adieus to her.

Albert. I must decline the office. Besides, it will be unnecessary. I have sent to desire Emily's presence; she will be here this instant, and, as I said, will persuade you not to go.

Edward. How coldly he speaks! But have I not deserved it? [*aside.*] Albert, even Emily could not persuade me to be a thing I should despise. But I have not vanquished my feelings without a struggle, and the sight of her now would unman me again. You must tell her I am gone, and invent some plausible reason for my departure. Let not her happiness with you be embittered by the knowledge that there exists one who would have died to purchase her love, but could not remain and see it given to another.

Albert. She is here.

Enter EMILY.

Emily, my love, I thank you for your ready acquiescence with my wishes. [*Takes her hand.*] Edward, come forward. You love each other. Be happy together. [*Joins their hands.*]

Emily. Albert!

Edward. What does this mean?

Albert. Briefly this. We have been rival pursuers of a rich prize, Edward, and you are the victor. Emily loves you. Do not blush, Emily, for my brother idolizes you, and is worthy your affection. The preparations for a marriage are arranged—it shall take place still; but you and I, Edward, will exchange situations—you shall be the bridegroom, and receive from my hand that which you were to have given to me.

Edward. This, Albert, is like yourself. But now hear me, though my confusion at so unlooked-for an occurrence will scarce suffer me to collect my thoughts. Though the thought of being loved by Emily makes this the sweetest moment of my life, I too can be magnanimous, and should detest myself if I could accept a happiness that I know will cost you so dear. At such a price I will not even accept a gift like this.

Emily. Nor would I. It may not seem proper that I should speak; my secret is discovered, and why should I blush at confessing it? But I have already too much abused your generosity, Albert; I will at least do so no farther.

Albert. I expected this, and have taken measures to render it useless. You know I was the other day offered by a friend, who was ignorant of my intended marriage, a commission in his regiment. A letter with my acceptance of it is now on the road to him. I have thus put it out of my power to recede—my honour is engaged—the regiment is on the point of embarking for India, and I must away at once.

Edward. This is unkind. To be so precipitate——

Albert. I knew I must force you to your happiness. Perhaps I did not dare trust myself to reflect. Enough! it is done! I must leave you in the morning, Edward, and it is perhaps the last request your brother will ever make, that he may leave you the husband of Emily. You still hesitate. Will you part with me in anger when we may never meet again?

Edward. If it must be so. But so cruel a generosity! and to lose such a brother, too, at the moment when I most learned to estimate his worth! Albert, you strive in vain to make me happy by such a sacrifice. Every moment I should think of the misery and——

Albert. No more of that. Your refusal would not make me happy; for Emily loves not me—but as brother. In the bustle of a camp I shall forget—no, not forget you, Emily—that can only be when—no matter when—but I shall know you are happy, that it is I who made you so; and I shall feel a pride in the reflection, that will surpass any gratification I could have felt in the possession of your hand, while your heart was given to another. We may never meet again; but wherever any destiny may carry me, my first and latest prayer shall be for you. In return, you will, perhaps you will, sometimes think kindly of him, who, though he might not have been so worthy of your affection as the husband of your choice, yet loved you as deeply, as devotedly, as he could.

F. K.

MAGAZINIANA.

UNDER this title, which is so miscellaneous both in its root and in its termination, we intend to comprise a great quantity of most various matter. Our old head of Table Talk we found too narrow a frame for its object. We could legitimately insert under it the more remarkable passages of the books of the month, and we were able to render it supplementary to many articles, by bringing in those extracts which were worthy of notice, but not to be conveniently introduced into the body of the number. With *Magaziniana* (it is to be wished that the word were shorter) at the top of the page we can write under it what we please. We have resolutely burnt, or privately answered, our correspondence for two years. It is impossible, however, any longer to withstand the clamour of the P. G.'s and X. Y.'s that assail us; and instead of opening a regular bureau, and engaging three clerks to carry on our correspondence, we prefer to open our account here—and by public notice once more try to content them. It frequently happens, moreover, that the letters of some of our friends contain points worth

attention, which we shall be able to produce in this place. In the case of articles which are not of a character to be inserted entire, but which, nevertheless, happen to possess some portion which ought not to be lost, we shall be able to reserve parts of such papers under this head from their natural consumers. We have frequently had observations of our own to communicate, or of accidental contributors, which by their shortness or by their insignificance perhaps, were not of a standard to fall in with the rank and file of our regular troops; we may place them here, and along with them editorial notices, apologies, or explanations, which constantly occur in the conduct of a monthly work of some extent, which is unlimited in the nature and variety of the subjects that come under its notice. All this may be done, and much more, after our new plan, without excluding our original scraps of the month; but on the contrary, by thus enlarging and varying the miscellany, more aptly hit the idea conveyed by the word **TABLE-TALK**. It is certain, by connecting it more immediately with the affairs of the Magazine, we render it less general—not so much any body's Table-Talk—but perhaps it may not be the less liked for being more completely our Table-Talk. We ought to add, before we proceed to arrange, or rather compile the multifarious heap of sweepings, scraps, slips, letters, bundles with red, green, blue tape or ribbon, which always jostle one another on the table of the printer of a Magazine, that the present month's collection of Miscellanea is scarcely to be regarded as a fair specimen; for the notion was born very late in the month, even at the twelfth hour, and then seriously impeded by fortuitous circumstances.

DR. PARR'S PIECE OF PLATE.—We feel obliged to Y. A. for the correction of an error in a late Number, but more especially for the additional information on the subject which accompanies it. We insert part of his letter.

In the anecdote relative to Dr. Parr, in the “Diary of a Constant Reader;” in your last Number, it was erroneously stated that Lord Chedworth had left considerable property to “Mr. Penrise, of Penzance.” The gentleman, whose name is thus incorrectly given, was the late Thomas Penrice, Esq. of Yarmouth, in Norfolk, of which place he was, I believe, a native, and where he certainly resided nearly the whole of his life. On coming to the property bequeathed to him by Lord Chedworth, he built a very elegant, I may say splendid, mansion at Yarmouth, and enriched it with a small, but exceedingly choice and valuable collection of paintings, among which is the celebrated Judgment of Paris, by Rubens, from the Orleans gallery.

With respect to the Doctor, as the writer in your journal merely mentions “the mottoes” for the piece of plate he spelt for, he was not perhaps aware that the following classical inscription, from the learned Doctor's own pen, was designed to be the inscription:

SAMUELI PARR, LL. D.
VIRO AB INGENIUM PERACRE ET PERELEGANS,
ERUDITIONEM MULTIPLICEM ET RECONDITAM,
SINGULAREM LIBERTATIS AMOREM,
ET MENTE SIMULATIONUM OMNINO NESCIEM
HOCCE SUMME SUE OBSERVANTIE
ET CONSTANTISSIMÆ ERGA EUM BENEVOLENTIÆ
MONIMENTUM,
JOHANNES BARO DE CHEDWORTH,
ANNO SACRO 1803.

DR. PARR and DR. PRIESTLEY.—Our late notices of Dr. Parr have drawn forth another letter respecting him from “A Follower of No

Sect." It contains Dr. Parr's character of Dr. Priestley. The inscription above, which shows such nice discrimination in analyzing his own faculties, must give an increased value to his numerous notices of those of other men.

Having observed in a recent number of the London Magazine, several extracts from a Collection of Aphorisms, &c. of the late Dr. Parr, published by Andrews in Bond-street, amongst which you have given a character of Dr. Warburton, I take the liberty of calling your attention to a tribute from the same hand, to the merits of a divine of another denomination—the persecuted Dr. Priestley. The passage which I give you, is from a letter addressed to the inhabitants of Birmingham, (or Elentheropolis, as the doctor calls it—or *Brass-town*, as it was wittily designated by Porson,) shortly after the riots there in 1790. I am the more desirous of submitting it to your notice, for this reason: that although Mr. Andrews's publication contains several passages from this very same letter, yet the one in question (from oversight no doubt) has been entirely omitted. It is as follows:—

“ Let Dr. Priestley be confuted where he is mistaken: let him be exposed where he is superficial: let him be repressed where he is dogmatical: let him be rebuked where he is censorious. But let not his attainments be depreciated, because they are numerous almost without a parallel: let not his talents be ridiculed, because they are superlatively great: let not his morals be vilified, because they are correct without austerity, and exemplary without ostentation; because they present, even to common observers, the innocence of a hermit, and the simplicity of a patriarch; and because a philosophic eye will at once discover in them the deep-fixed root of virtuous principle, and the solid trunk of virtuous habit.”

It is my humble opinion that justice should be done to a man's scientific attainments, and to his moral qualities, even though he have the deplorable misfortune of not “believing by Act of Parliament.”

This passage was inserted in our article on Dr. Parr, in April 1824, No. IV. New Series, published immediately after his death, and entitled “Memorabilia of Dr. Parr.” This paper, written by one well acquainted with the doctor, contains the only valuable appreciation of his qualities, moral and literary, that has yet appeared, although it is true that the press has been since inundated with Parriana.

The editor of the “Aphorisms” spoken of above, is a young man residing in a Cathedral town, who probably thought it heterodox to quote any praise of Dr. Priestley.

POKING THE FIRE.—A lady writes in great wrath, and at enormous length, against the tenets of the author of Matrimonial Tactics, in our last number. This writer complained grievously of ladies who encourage the inflammation of the heart by all possible means, and afterwards disdain to afford the necessary antiphlogistic remedies. Our correspondent retorts a similar charge, along with ten thousand other charges, direct and indirect. We shall just permit her to open her mouth for a sentence or two. [Thank God!—for what, we will not say: this must be considered a private ejaculation.]

Cœlebs charges us with poking the fire; but says not one word of the way in which your sex go scattering sparks in all directions, on things flammable or inflammable, no matter which. As soon as they see it has caused the least glow of warmth, they begin to blow it, not with a clumsy wooden thing, with an iron nose, but with the softest words, fearful of using it roughly, lest it go out before they have done with it. If, with all this blowing, and a variety of poking, they manage to raise fire enough to scorch them, they immediately take to their heels, and leave the poor girl, either to be burnt to death, or to consume and dry away to an old maid, on whom they may bestow all sorts of titles. Sometimes they strew all kind of combustibles in our path, and themselves being on fire, they expect us to run into their arms, which are filled with things as inimical to our peace as gunpowder: yet we are immediately to fly to them,

apply the *match* to the *brain*, and be blown up for our readiness to comply. Would they do so for us? No, unless it was quite agreeable to them.

Cælebs says, every woman has an offer in her life, so 'tis her own fault if she remain single. Thank you, sir, we know that; but would you accept any woman who would have you? &c. &c.

GENERAL COMPUTE.—A writer sends us a copy of verses, indited in a legal hand, (probably some future Blackstone at the desk, in Chancery-lane,) and entitled "London." One of the stanzas (there are ten) runs thus:—

Oh! the City's uproar, and the din
As it dies with the eve away,
Is more to the heart like its own deep sin
Giving up its mortal sway.

We must go on—

And the nakedness of the walls, their gloom
And their heavy and dusty brows,
Speak well for those who welcome their doom,
Where and however it flows.

For these verses the author desires to be paid at our "general compute," and then adds in a postscript, that if our publishers "Have a mind of publishing any poetry, you will let me know by post or otherwise, and I will forward some to judge by." Modest youth that he is, he does not think his "London," a decisive criterion. Now that we are on the subject of "general compute," we may record our utter astonishment at the scarcity of common sense and ordinary judgment. The stanzas, sonnets, odes, elegies, of which the above are a fair specimen, that are sent to periodicals for insertion, with a high value set upon them, (by the writers,) are innumerable. The easy impudence with which a demand is made for money in return for this trash, generally affords a lively contrast to the dulness and laboured insipidity of the *poetry* (save the mark!) These gentlemen's prose so much excels their verse, that we recommend them to confine themselves to the pedestrian measure. And oh! the uproar and confusion if these precious affairs are not duly returned by twopenny post to 3, Peter's-buildings, Paul's-court, Christopher-street, or some such *locale*. We are not only to be punished by scenting these contributions from afar, but we must break their seals, or pioneer through their wafers—read, mark, and inwardly—we like not to use the appropriate word. Then these precious compositions are to be docketed, bound up, (in lavender,) and placed in separate *loculis*, that they may be ready when called for; and if not ready, the riot among the population of X.Y.Z.'s is inconceivable. Dun follows dun—and expressions of the utmost surprise, impatience, indignation, are resorted to—and should, after all, the affair not be forthcoming—should we, in some moment of dyspepsia, have tossed it into the fire—should a favourite kitten have been treated with it in the shape of a ball—should some frosty-fingered housemaid have rammed it between the teeth of some inexorable stove—should an illiterate cook, unmindful of repeated injunctions never to defile her fowl with the effluvium of ink, have used the morsel of inspiration in the process of singeing, or in that of basting—then the parting maledictions bestowed on us in the last twopenny, surpass even the copiousness of curse which Shakspeare has put into the mouth of old Lear. Or, what is

worse, a bill—yes, actually a bill of goods, sold and delivered—is sent us; the article, of course, charged at the author's own notion of *trade price*. We have not the slightest doubt that, before this, counsel's opinion has actually been taken as to the feasibility of recovery in the case. "To swear to the truth of a song," is nothing, compared with bringing an action for the value of a sonnet.

We must not let these observations go without honestly saying, that we are treated by some sonneteers in a mild and amiable way. Many of them avowedly consider their productions as trifling—some talk of the "fire"—and several allow that the chance of acceptance is very small. But all have one weakness—they want their sonnets back again.

THE AGE OF ALLITERATION.—Before we puzzled our brains for a title to supersede our old Table Talk, it would have been well for us to have read the following short and lively article, which we have just picked out of a considerable bundle, that had hitherto escaped our notice. There is one thing to be said of correspondents, that, while they attack you, they generously furnish you with the means of defence. The hogsheads of sugar at New Orleans, of which Mr. Gleig speaks, were a poor defence—the human bodies packed in sacks and sand, of which Lord Cochrane made breastworks on the French coast, did not render him and his men more secure than an editor, snugly ensconced behind bales of contributions. But to our small article:

THE AGE OF ALLITERATION.

"What is there in a name?" Everything. A rose (according to the hacknied quotation) by any other name, would smell as sweet; but a book, by any other than a taking title, would not sell as well. Now a taking title is generally an alliterative title, and an alliterative title is generally a successful title.

Certainly never was the press so prolific, or the public so pestered with publications as at the present period. The literary advertisements lately have taken up the pages of the papers, and swelled the size of magazines to an alarming extent. The demand is great, and no matter about the quality of the supply, so long as the quantity is forthcoming. Therefore, to afford fuel for this ravening flame, to pander to the palled palate of the public, schoolboys have raked together the ramblings of their meagre muse; old men have drawn their "Journals," "Tours," "Thoughts," "Reminiscences," and "Recollections" from the drawers in which they long ago saw them quietly immured; threadbare subjects have been dressed in new suits, while fresh ones are dived for in the vasty deep, or sought for even at the poles. Hungry resurrection men of literature drag subjects from their peaceful graves, and expose them, naked and unrightly, to the gaze of the multitude, thus sacrificing the secrets of the tomb to the unhallowed appetite of vulgar curiosity. While players, play-writers, and Margraves, in the general struggle for gain, shame, or fame, whichever it be, are, according to the old joke, determined to sell their lives as dearly as possible.

But, authors, whatever you do, take care of your titles; I tell you look to your *good name*. It is all nonsense Juliet's saying a name did not signify; and somebody else has said (Pope, perhaps), that the "sound should be an echo to the sense." We have nothing to do with sense, sound is everything. Now there are two ways of making a good sounding or taking title, either by antithesis or alliteration. By the first I mean such as *Sayings and Doings*, *Highways and Byeways*, *Smiles and Tears*, &c. But this, though successful in its way, must yield the palm to the more popular and prevalent adoption of alliteration. Authors usually try to tickle the ear in the title-page, for the public now, like Sir Piercie Shafton of old, is all for euphony, for euphony even in the outset.

The excellence and extensive sale of those admirable novels, "*Pride and Prejudice*," and "*Sense and Sensibility*" have led others to invent similar sounding titles, and then graft stories upon them, with the hope of equal success, if not in excellence, at least in circulation. Hence the *Miser Married*, *Facts and Fancies*, *Traits and Trials*, *Fallen Fortunes*, *The Brownie of Bodsbeck*, *Redmond the Rebel*, *The Mysterious Monk*, *Husband*

Hunting, *Allice Allan*, *A Peep at the Pilgrims*, *Tales of a Traveller*, *disto of Fault and Feeling*. These two last, to be sure, are the only ones I have ever read, but then, I take it, with such attractive alliterative titles, all the others are equally good, very likely better. Then there are *Constant and Constantia*, confessedly taken from the *Memorabilia* of the *New Monthly*; and *Pandem and Principle* is the best of Hook's stories. The author of *Wens and Walnuts* has outdone his own alliterative self, and brought out *Rare Doings at the Restoration*. There is a dear Mrs. Wilmet Wells, whose card I saw at the libraries of some of the watering-places near London, and whose advertisement I have seen in some of the papers, which runs thus—*Tales, Mirthful, Mournful, and Merciful*, by Mrs. Wilmet Wells. But what shall we say in admiration of another advertisement, now to be seen, among others, sewed up in the magazine—*Rhyming Reminiscences, in Couplet Couplets*, supposed to have been uttered by Watty Wags, interspersed with poems, quotations, and quotations, by Geoffry Gvin." Oh, nothing like alliteration, from *Memoirs of Miss Maudslayi*, in the days of *Lavater*, down to *Memoirs of Monday*, in our own days, nothing so fascinating, nothing so feasible, nothing so sensible, nothing so sensible, as alliteration. If Smollett had not written *Robinson Crusoe* and *Perceval's Perils*, the world probably would have lost Mr. Pierce Egan's *Perceval's Perils*, or the *Life of an Actor*. That puts me in mind of plays, and I will only just observe there is the *Mysterious Masher*, by Horace Walpole, the *Midnight Marriage*, by somebody else. The *Fop's Fortune* and *Fortune's Fop* have both been fortunate; *Love Laughs at Lash-tricks* is a favourite farce, and *Timour the Terrible* a magnificent melodrama.

To go from *Novels* to *Travels*, and from "Plays" to "Tours," there is little doubt we owe several of our best tours and travels to the thoughts which an alliterative title has suggested. What should we know of Denmark, had it not been for the euphony of the double D in *Denmark Delighted*? What but alliteration suggested the *Wanderings of Waterton*? *Marion Maudslayi* owe their origin to the same love of harmonious diction, and the rolling R's have happily brought to light the "*Rolls of Rome*."

The Coke-upon-Littleton constructors of our grave law books, too, have adopted the same plan; for *Tamlyn on Taxes*, and *Wentworth on Wills*, are books which are considered of consequence in all canonical collections; and within these few months, the reduplication of the R's has given rise to *Ramsay for the Repeat of Rates*.

Those who are interested in the incipient buildings of the infant mind, and wish to implant in their children a love of literature and a thirst for improvement, would do well to instil instruction through the ear, and inculcate a love of knowledge by the sound. They should, therefore, select for their children such works as *Minor Morals*, by Charlotte Smith, *Allice and her Aunt*, by Mrs. Hoffman; *Fairy Fancies*, the *Little Larkson*, and the *Life of Little Louisa*, by some other friends of alliteration.

But I have said enough in favour of my favourite predilection. As for all the old-fashioned tribe of "Horns," "Lions," "Hugs," "Nectars," they are quite shunned; nobody buys them, nobody asks who wrote them. They are "Horns" which put you out of patience, "Trifles" which tire, and "Nights" of nothingness. All the "Aunts," too, are disregarded, and every thing, in short, gives way before the present passion of the public for alliterative appellatives. But let us take a higher view of alliteration, and, looking beyond the mere names and titles of books, learn to value its advantages, when applied to the improvement of our country and morals; and for this purpose we have only to regard the Irish bar in *Finn's Emerald Isle*, and the popular preachers in the pious chapels of our own metropolis. In the one case damages have been doubled on the base seducer; in the other sinners have been saved by the same fascinating euphony. When the powerful pencil of a Philipe has painted, in glowing colours, the happy home of smiling innocence, and told how man, the lawless Ruffian, has married the building because of that fairy form, what jury has not joined to render right and justice to an injured and insulted parent. When the pious metropolitan preacher describes, in polished periods, the harmony of heaven, and through a golden clasp, gives us glimpses of that elysium; when he tells us of a perfect paradise, "pure as the prayer which childhood waits above," who can restrain the tear of ecstasy; who does not, after chapel, step into the carriage, and drive (at the proper hour) to the Park, a wiser and a better being.

If such be the happy effect of sound upon the sense, "comic diseases," as boys say by way of perversion to their Latin themes, or in their English ones, "We ought all, therefore, with one accord, preachers and poets, teachers and tourists, novelists and newspapers, to promote the welfare of our fellow-countrymen by always and everywhere using the utmost of our abilities to aid the universal adoption of the admirable art of ALLITERATION.

TOR HILL.—We sent for this book, in the sincere hope of finding it clever, that we might make the *amende* for a critique of Brambletye House, which some thought harsh, though we never heard any one say it was unjust. We had not got far in Tor Hill, when we gave up all thoughts of reviewing—we should have made the matter worse; and moreover, it is precisely one of those books about which you resolve never to speak a word. It is so absolutely mediocre in every point, so respectably dull, so critically situated between the “too bad for a blessing, and too good for a curse,” that we should have been at a loss what to say. The author has not invention or fertility enough to write a good novel; and his taste is too cultivated by society and education to write a very absurd one. The *prestige* of a name is truly wonderful. We are credibly informed, that this is a work devoured all over the country; and that at the circulating libraries, names are frequently put down, for the advantages of rotation, some thirty or forty deep.

MR. M'CULLOCH, THE POLITICAL ECONOMIST—is at present lying under a grievous charge of having sold his wares several times over—sometimes even to the same person, and sometimes to others. A pamphlet has been published in Edinburgh, tracing the goods, and proving their identity with the bloodhound sagacity of Bow-street. It is written in the spirit of the “Hue and Cry.” It was said some time ago, in Blackwood's Magazine, the *officina* of the present pamphlet, that Mr. M'Culloch had but one subject, but he was king of it. It now appears, that by dressing up his one subject in a variety of costume—sometimes enduing him with a reviewer's wig; and sometimes casting off that solemn covering for a slight cap of newspaper—sometimes giving him an aldermanic strut, and calling him Jacob; at others a lighter step, and a higher heel, and giving him the name of Whitmore, or Scotsman, he has contrived to make a single subject pass for a large population. This is altogether a very curious affair. Is the fault in the organ of causality, or that of acquisitiveness? Is Mr. M'Culloch's brain of that material, that when once a road of thought has been hewn through it, the road remains for ever. Our theory is, that the courses of thought in the minds of Political Economists, are, at once to save expense and future trouble, laid down as rail roads. It will necessarily follow, that when any particular question is to be discussed, or any point arrived at, the vocabulary vehicle is impelled, by the power of volition, along the iron trams, and rattles away until it appears at the object of destination. If this be correct, we must not be astonished at the identity of Mr. M'Culloch's articles in the Supplement to the Encyclopædia; his Principles of Political Economy, his Essay on Wages, in the Scotsman, and the different numbers of the Edinburgh Review. Mr. Mordecai Mullion, the writer of the pamphlet, does not seem to perceive that this, which he calls repetition, is strictly consistent with the best founded principles of economy. “It is desirable that an article should be written in the Edinburgh Review on the Corn Laws. It is further desirable that I should write it. I have already written one on the same subject in a former number of the Edinburgh. Are my views changed? No. Have I acquired any additional information? No. Can I write in a better style than I did? No. It is clear that the former article ha

not been read, or another at this time would not be required. Why, therefore, should I not repeat it? To write another—to attempt to vary the style—to change the illustrations, would be a waste of labour—the course of reasoning I cannot alter for the better. Resolved—Give me the scissors, and a file of the Scotsman, with the Edinburgh Review for October 1824.”

DUELS.—In a late number of the Observer, is a long and elaborate account of the most celebrated duels that have taken place between Englishmen. We are surprised that the writer should have omitted the one between Lord Bruce and Sir Edward Sackville, which was so remarkable for the chivalrousness of the preliminary steps, and the ferocity and brutality of the struggle. The letters of citation are given in the Guardian, as also a very curious letter from Sir Edward Sackville, the survivor, containing a minute account of the affair. This is an extract from Sackville's account:—

Accordingly we embarked for Antwerp. And by reason, my lord, as I conceive, because he could not handsomely, without danger or discovery, had not paired the sword I sent him to Paris; bringing one of the same length, but twice as broad; my second excepted against it, and advised me to match my own, and send him the choice, which I obeyed; it being, you know, the challenger's privilege to elect his weapon. At the delivery of the sword, which was performed by Sir John Heidon, it pleased the Lord Bruce to choose my own, and then, past expectation, he told him, that he found himself so far behind him, as a little of my blood would not serve his turn; and therefore he was now resolved to have me alone, because he knew (for I will use his own words) “that so worthy a gentleman, and my friend, could not endure to stand by, and see him do that which he must, to satisfy himself, and his honour.” Hereupon Sir John Heidon replied, that such intentions were bloody and butcherly, far unfitting so noble a personage, who should desire to bleed for reputation, not for life; withal adding, he thought himself injured, being come thus far, now to be prohibited from executing those honourable offices he came for. The lord, for answer, only reiterated his former resolutions; whereupon, Sir John leaving him the sword he had elected, delivered me the other, with his determinations. The which not for matter, but manner, so moved me, as though to my remembrance, I had not of a long while eaten more liberally than at dinner, and therefore unfit for such an action (seeing the surgeons hold a wound upon a full stomach much more dangerous than otherwise) I requested my second to certify him, I would presently decide the difference, and therefore he should presently meet me on horseback, only waited on by our surgeons, they being unarmed. Together we rode, but one before the other some twelve score, about two English miles: and then, passion having so weak an enemy to assail, as my direction, easily became victor, and using his power, made me obedient to his commands. I being verily mad with anger, the Lord Bruce should thirst after my life with a kind of assuredness, seeing I had come so far, and needlessly, to give him leave to regain his lost reputation; I bade him alight, which with all willingness he quickly granted, and there is a meadow ankle deep in water at the least, bidding farewell to our doublets, in our shirts began to charge each other; having afore commanded our surgeons to withdraw themselves a pretty distance from us, conjuring them besides, as they respected our favours, or their own safeties, not to stir, but to suffer us to execute our pleasures: we being fully resolved (God forgive us!) to dispatch each other by what means we could, I made a thrust at my enemy, but was short, and in drawing back my arm I received a great wound thereon, which I interpreted as a reward for my own short shooting; but in revenge I prest in to him, though I then missed him also, and then receiving a wound in my right pap, which past level through my body, and almost to my back. And there we wrestled for the two greatest and dearest prizes we could ever expect trial for, honour and life. In which struggling my hand, having but an ordinary glove on it, lost one of her servants, though the meanest; which hung by a skin, and to sight, yet remaineth as before, and I am put in hope one day to recover the use of it again. But at last, breathless, yet keeping our holds, there past on both sides propositions of quitting each others sword. But when amity was dead, confidence could not live; and who should quit first was the question; which, on neither part, either would

perform, and restraining again afresh, with a kick and a wrench together, I long captivated weapon. Which incontinently levying at his throat, being still of his, I demanded if he would ask his life, or yield his sword; both which in that eminent danger, he bravely denied to do. Myself being wounded, and loss of blood, having three conduits running on me, began to make me faint, courageously persisted not to accord to either of my propositions, remembering former bloody desire, and feeling of my present estate, I struck at his heart, but avoiding mist my aim, yet past through the body, and drawing through my sword it through again through another place; when he cried "Oh! I am slain!" and his speech with all the force he had, to cast me. But being too weak, and defended his assault, I easily became master of him, laying him on his back being upon him, I redemanded if he would request his life, but it seemed he not at so dear a rate to be beholding for it; bravely replying "he scorned it." answer of his was so noble and worthy, as I protest I could not find in my offer him any more violence, only keeping him down, till at length his surgeon cried out, "he would immediately die if his wounds were not stopped." When I asked if he desired his surgeon should come, which he accepted of; and drawn away, I never offered to take his sword, accounting it inhumane to rob a man, for so I held him to be. This thus ended, I retired to my surgeon, and arms after I had remained a while for want of blood, I lost my sight, and with then thought, my life also. But strong water and his diligence quickly recovered when I escaped a great danger. For my lord's surgeon, when no body dreamt of full length at me with his lord's sword; and had not mine, with my sword, in himself, I had been slain by those base hands: although my Lord Bruce, with his blood, and past all expectation of life, conformable to all his former which was undoubtedly noble, cried out, "Rascal! hold thy hand." I prosper as I have dealt sincerely with you in this relation.

This affair took place near Bergen-op-Zoom, in 1613.

PHRENOLOGY.—A long and laboured article appeared in the number of the Edinburgh Review against the Phrenologists. the note of preparation with which this paper was issued in the world, and from its weight of metal, and the size of its *bore*, clearly expected that it would prove a great organ of destruction and blow the unwary cerebellum people out of the water. publicly attributed to Mr. Jeffrey, but we had too high an opinion of his talents to believe that he could be the author of so much consistency and feebleness. The Review had however scarce come out a week, when, as we expected, the apostle of the new light appeared with a pamphlet called a "Letter to Francis Jeffrey, Answer to his Criticisms on Phrenology, contained in No. LXX of the Edinburgh Review, from George Combe." This letter was, on authority which seems convincing, that Mr. Jeffrey is the author of the paper. We were therefore mistaken in the fact, and in our appreciation of the critic's powers. Mr. Combe shows that the pains-taking strokes of the Reviewer are aimed at non-existent shadows and visions flitting about his own brain—mere fumes of vapour, exhaling from a mass of ignorance of the true state of science, if science it may be called. The pretensions of the Edinburgh Review to be a fair discussion of the claims of Phrenology may be tried by the single fact, that almost all its arguments are upon the ridiculous improbability of the tenets of his antagonists. If this ridicule were pointed and light, we might laugh while it was approved; but it is dull—dull—dull. The phrenologists demand experiment and observation—the appeal is the only philosophical one—but there is something more to be said. Are your

ments made with fairness? Are your observations carried on with impartiality? Are you not so anxious to find facts correspond with your theory, that you give them a twist in the desired direction? Do you not take the testimony of men who are destitute of all the qualities necessary to make their testimony worth the attention of a moment? Why do you put the organ of pride at the top of the head? Give an answer to this question, and let all the grounds be stated on which you rely. Tell us who are the proud men you have handled, and the reasons you had for thinking that they possessed an inordinate share of pride. We heard Dr. Spurzheim's lectures—he told us every thing but what we wanted to hear—the observations and experiments on which the present mapification of the cranium has been adopted.

O'KEEFFE'S RECOLLECTIONS.—The mania for disinterring old adventures from dusty and forgotten drawers has been mentioned above. Old Mr. Cradock, good simple soul, the other day published his memoirs, and encouraged by having given away a whole impression, delighted with the public for having taken them off his hands, he has eruted an old journal of a Trip to Paris from his bundles of papers. This is printed, and it is needless to say that it a mere piece of inanity. The Recollections of O'Keeffe is the most singular of these resurrections. It is the gabble of an old man, set upon talking of himself without either order of time or matter, and desired to talk every thing he knew about himself or others, whether worth telling or not: that was not *his* concern. Old Mr. O'Keeffe has long been blind; and we can conceive him with a bottle of wine before him, and an emissary of Mr. Colburn's at his side, with a portion of paper, and ink, and pens. Now, sir, talk—where were you born? Aye, that will do; now go on. Do you recollect any thing else about that? Who was there? What do you know of him? and so on. I did that—he goes on: I knew her, or him, or them—apropos to nothing. Two thick volumes are thus filled with matter, that, five-and-twenty years ago, a man would scarcely have ventured to tittle-tattle with a party of old friends about him. But there is use in it; and so that we are not called upon to buy them, we are glad that people can be found thus to write, and thus to print, and thus to publish. O'Keeffe's old stories of himself and his friends are not without their portion of instruction.—We will give a specimen of O'Keeffe's manner—a favourable one—for we will not fill our space with the mere gabble.

James Solas Dodd wrote and recited a "Lecture on Hearts;" but, the public remembering G. A. Stevens's "Lecture on Heads," it gave little entertainment. He was a most wonderful character; had been all over the world; at Constantinople had the pleasure of being imprisoned for a spy. His learning and general knowledge were great; and though he had but small wit himself, delighted to find it in another. He turned actor, but was indifferent at that trade. He was a lively smart little man, with a cheerful laughing face. It was Solas Dodd who established the Buck Lodge, the first ever in Ireland. The title certainly conveyed ideas of levity; but our Buck Lodge was an institution really honourable and moral; so much so, that a good character was the only means of admission. Macklin took great delight in it; he was one of our members; we held it at Philip Glenville's in Anglesey-street. William Lewis was one, and having an intimate acquaintance, R—— S——, he wished to initiate him but to pass over the formalities of being proposed, balloted for, and introduced; we took his friend up into the lodge-room—nobody was there—he opened the grea

minute-book, wrote upon a leaf of it, "A Lodge of Emergency," and entered R S—— a member: then swore him on the sword, according to the regular oath the bugle-horn about his neck, got up a bottle of wine, made him take three glasses according to the Buck toast; and away they both went. The next lodge-room when it was opened with all ceremonials, the minutes of the transaction were read upon the book, and astonished every body. Lewis brought his friend up to the door: the questions were put, which he regularly answered; but a member standing in the room, made a formal complaint to the "NOBLE GRAND," and a motion that Brother Lewis should be expelled for his audacity. The question was put and carried. Lewis attempted exculpation and apology without effect; he was rusted from our Buck Lodge for that season, and R—— S—— was never admitted a member of this our Royal Hibernian Lodge.

Another of Lewis's whim-whams: he had a chaise and horse at a livery-stable in Temple-lane: the keeper sending in his bill, Lewis thought his charge too high refused to pay it, and the man refused to deliver up his chaise and horse. We were left to be alone together, over our bottle: Lewis took a sheet of paper, and wrote upon it, "The Lord Chancellor commands Pat Looney to deliver up to Mr. W. Thomas Lewis his horse and chaise: Pat Looney, fail not to do this at your peril." He sent over this paper by his servant Bob to the stable-keeper, who returned an answer—that he, Pat Looney, would lay that very paper before the Lord Chancellor immediately, and try what he would say. On hearing this message Lewis was rather foolish, but laughed, and yet seemed frightened, so I told him to send money to the wrangling fellow; he did so; the chaise came, and we took a ride in the Circular-road. In our way we stopped at Dr. Pocock's great house, went in and saw his antiquities and foreign curiosities; this house was afterwards the Magazine established by the pious and humane Lady Arabella Denny.

I was acquainted with two brothers in Dublin College, James and Edward Denny; they both took holy orders; their sister Mary was a most beautiful creature, fair, blue eyes, and flaxen ringlets, a celebrated belle: I saw her dance at the one 4th of June (the late King's Birth-day); her dress white, her lovely hair adorned with white rose-buds, &c. &c. &c.

REVOLT OF THE BEES.—A book has been sent to us under this title, of which, to use a vulgar expression, we have not been able to make head or tail. This is symptomatic of "co-operation:" before next month is over we shall try to comprehend it. For we are very highly of the intentions, but lowly of the talents of the co-operators.

JAMES'S NAVAL HISTORY.—It gives us great pleasure to find that this able and fearless work has arrived at a second edition. We propose in our next Number to give a detailed examination of its merits.

THE POTATOE.—Dr. Paris ought to be a great favourite with the Irish—he has given such an amiable account of the potatoe in his most instructive work, the Pharmacologia.

The history of the potatoe is perhaps not less extraordinary, and is strikingly illustrative of the omnipotent influence of authority; the introduction of this valuable vegetable, received, for more than two centuries, an unexampled opposition from vulgar prejudice, which all the philosophy of the age was unable to dissipate, until Louis the Sixteenth wore a bunch of the flowers of the potatoe in the midst of his court, on a day of levity; the people then for the first time obsequiously acknowledged its utility, began to express their astonishment at the apathy which had so long prevailed in regard to its general cultivation; that which authority thus established, time and experience have fully ratified, and scientific research has extended the numerous uses to which this plant is so wonderfully calculated to furnish; thus, its stalk, considered as a textile plant, produces in Austria a cottony flax—in Sweden, sugar is extracted from its root—by combustion its different parts yield a very considerable quantity of oil—its apples, when ripe, ferment and yield vinegar by exposure, or spirit by distillation—its tubercles made into a pulp, are a substitute for soap in bleaching,—by steam, the potatoe is the most wholesome and nutritious, and at the same time the most economical of all vegetable aliments,—by different manipulations it furnishes

kinds of flour, a gruel, and a parenchyma, which in times of scarcity may be made into bread, or applied to increase the bulk of bread made from grain,—to the invalid it furnishes both aliment and medicine: its starch is not in the least inferior to the Indian arrow root; and Dr. Latham has lately shown, that an extract may be prepared from its leaves and flowers, which possesses valuable properties as an anodyne remedy.

TALMA.—We have been so well pleased with the discrimination and the intelligence, and the original information we have found in an article, on this distinguished actor, in a publication called the *Opera Glass*, that we have resolved, in spite of its length, to give it additional circulation by placing it here.

TALMA.

It is a fact, that those accustomed to the drama of this country were seldom much struck at first by Talma. Some, whom we ourselves have known, have openly declare that they thought him overrated; and others, who have been a little afraid of committing their reputation for good taste, have passed him by in silence; but we have never known an instance in which opportunities of studying him did not change the indifference into enthusiasm. There is no great difficulty in explaining this. The English performers, especially the tragedians, generally think only of making what they call “points;” they throw all their power into some few explosions, and fancy that any further effort would be thrown away. But the acting of Talma was ever He had his moments of surpassing brilliance, too; but they were so thoroughly interwoven with the character, that they were only remembered with it, and would have been marred in being detached. The beauty of the fragment was nothing in comparison with the beauty of its proportion to the form; and so admirably did each particular harmonize, that there was nothing sufficiently beyond the rest in any one to detain observation, because the whole was perfect. You could always perceive in Talma when he came upon the stage, that he was in the middle of his character. He did not then begin it. Every look and tone “denoted a foregone conclusion.” It was not the mannerist settling his part into his own peculiar style, and that style never varying, whatever might be the part. The tone, the look, the air, were different: he appeared as different heroes. He endeavoured scrupulously to possess himself of their personal appearance and habits. But in adopting these, he in some degree qualified them. We heard him argue once upon the hump and unequal legs of Richard. He then expressed at large his decided conviction, that there was absolute bad taste in carrying the imitation of ignoble peculiarities into anything like caricature. He would temper the picture to the beau ideal. He might give a hint of Richard’s deformity, if he acted him on the French stage, but no more. In Sylla however, where there was nothing repulsive in a close copy, he was scrupulously exact. He thinned his hair; and heightened his brow by a band of flesh coloured leather. As Napoleon has been aimed at in the character, and Talma himself introduced into the play as Rostin he was encouraged in this accuracy by its bringing him nearer to the look of the Emperor. We have heard him say, that the deep, abrupt, and decided tones in which he spoke through Sylla, were adopted from the manner of its prototype.

We will select one instance from a multitude of recollections, in order, to give notion, if possible, of his mode of study to our readers. As most of them will be understand us by comparing him with some one they know, we cite a parallel passage of Orestes, by Macready and Talma.

Orestes, as a pretext for seeing Hermione, gets himself sent by the other courts of Greece to that of Pyrrhus, to induce him to give up Astyanax, whom he protects for the sake of the boy’s mother. Orestes appears as an ambassador, and speaks, though firmly, the language of persuasion. In discussing the question he becomes warmer into something bordering on a threat, and says to Pyrrhus,

“The father draws their vengeance on the son—
The father, who so soft in Grecian blood
Has drenched his sword—the father, whom the Greeks
May seek e’en here:”

and then, suddenly recollecting himself, he adds, “Prevent them, Sir, in time;” or as it is better expressed in the original, “Sire, prevenez les!”

Macready raised his voice in the first three lines and a half to the highest, then abruptly pausing and changing to his lowest note, with a fierce look and fiercer nod, finished the sentence. Talma, on the contrary, in the spirit of one to prevail by remonstrance, and reluctant to appeal to arms, changed his manner; he checked his impetuosity, and with a look seemed to supplicate the prince, in consideration of the ruin he would draw upon himself, to yield—a look of respect interest more than defiance, he pursued, “Sire, prevenez les!” Had Orestes tempted to provoke the haughty and irascible Pyrrhus, it would at once have been his secret desire for the mission to be unsuccessful. It would, besides, have been untrue to the purpose he was sent upon; and his sense of duty would not permit, ere he was wrought up to madness, to bury his embassy in his love. Besides, a dogged threat to a king in his own court would have been coarse; and Orestes neither that nor a braggadocio. This trifling instance will show how keenly Talma looked into all the subtler and more delicate shades and bearings of the character personated, while the other was satisfied with mere stage effect, too superficial in conception to bear the slightest scrutiny. There was another point in Talma’s performance of this character so exquisite, that we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of naming it. When Hermione, through jealousy, wishing to make Orestes the instrument of her revenge on the slight of Pyrrhus, encourages him to expect her love, if he destroy the prince, whom, she says, she now hates; Orestes promises to accompany her will that very night; on which Hermione, in her impatience, betrays her motive, by exclaiming,

———“But now,
This very hour, he weds Adromache!”

In the French play (there is nothing said in the English) Talma exclaimed, on her this, “Eh, bien, Madame!” with an accent which so thoroughly expressed sudden revulsion of his excited hopes—the surprise, the agony, the despair, which had been flung back upon him by that one remark—that it told the story of the character and made the whole house shiver. Never did we hear applause so tremendous as on one occasion when those words were spoken by Talma. No other actor ever had them noticed.

Talma’s face was by no means remarkable when not in action. But when on it was amazing. He once told us “he had been twenty years educating his face.” On a particular occasion we saw him give ample evidence of its power. There was an attempt at the Français, upon the subject of King John. Hubert was given to Talma. The play was in the course of turbulent damnation, when Talma rushed from the murder of Arthur. He sunk into a chair, his elbows on a table, and his hands covering his face. The uproar was what our friend Dominic Sampson would call “predigious,” till Talma withdrew his hands, and displayed a countenance such ghastly horror that the tumult changed instantly into shouts of “Bravo, Talma,” which continued till he left the stage, when the damnation recommenced. He could “wet his face with tears” whenever he liked, but they sprang from feeling more than art. In passages of his last, Charles VI., he did this with great effect. His voice was deep and full, but a little inclined to what the French call “la voix vollée,” which can only be rendered in English, and that not distinctly, by the phrase “a man’s voice.” It was sweet, strong, and flexible. He had nothing of the “respirative” as if to catch breath,” with which the old “Dramatic Censor” taxes Garrick; which most of our English performers have; Macready for example, to a most distressing degree. Talma used to say it was as much an actor’s duty to learn to manage his breath as his words; and certainly he did it in perfection. His person was under the standard of the hero. It had, from our first knowledge of him, a little the aldermanic tendency. It must have been not unlike that of Garrick, which is presented as “in many respects, particularly about the hips, formed like a plump woman.” Some of his action was very like what Macklin describes of Garrick. In him, Talma “hung forward, and stood almost on one foot, with no part of the foot on the ground than the toe of it.” He had the same way, Macklin says, Garrick had, as he coarsely terms it, “pawing” the characters he acted with; but this he had in common with the French school. He was much given to patting the breast of the person to whom he spoke; and he had the convulsive shake of the hand peculiar to the actors of his country. We once mentioned this last to him. “Yes,” observed he, “it is wrong: it ought to be corrected.”

Talma used to regret that the prejudices of the French obstructed the improvement he wished to make in their style of declamation. To this day he is censured

having broken the monotony of their verse by running the lines into one another, and thus evading the rhyme. His delivery was more elaborate than ours—perhaps the difference in the nature of their drama requires it should be so—for they have more to do with words than we have. Hence Talma *acted* words. We heard him recite Hamlet's "Soliloquy on Death," in English. He coloured every syllable with his voice; and gave—

"The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,"

with a different but finely characteristic expression to every phrase. We once heard him, in the phrase when Othello describes Desdemona.—

"Whereof by parcels she had somewhat heard;
But—not *intently*."

express the "not intently" in a manner perfectly inimitable; but conveying a fulness of meaning of which we never, had we not heard it, could have dreamed it were susceptible.

We have heard Talma observe, that he never acted a part without obtaining, in the course of the performance, some new notion about it, which he never forgot, but could always add to the next. But though we have been much with him, we never saw him study. On mentioning this to him, he replied, with a smile, "My dear, I am studying now." He had the faculty of instantly flinging himself into his part. He would stand talking at the side scenes of the theatre in English, and upon matters which interested him, and suddenly break off on hearing his cue, and spring into Nero or Hamlet.

The letter written by him in English, of which we last week gave a fac simile, explains in some degree his theory in acting. Lest it should be mislaid, we repeat it here—"I could not point out the principles which ought to guide you in the study of declamation better than did Shakspeare himself. In a few lines he has laid down the bias and true standard of our art; therefore I refer you to what Hamlet says (act 3, scene 2,) respecting the means of personating the various characters which are exhibited by human life. It will unfold to your view my own principles, and evince, at the same time, my veneration for the great man."

We have another English letter of his before us. It contains passages still more remarkable, which we have underscored. It was written to a young gentleman who had been counselled to take lessons from D'Egville, we believe, in stage department, because D'Egville had given lessons to John Kemble.

"You know how I live, perpetually engaged some way or other—always busy, without doing any thing, and continually pestered with idle visitors: so that hardly any time is left to me for my private affairs. * * * * As you are absent from London, I don't forward you the letters to ———. I suppose you will apprise me of your return there; then I will send them to you, written in the manner you desire. If you take any lessons from the latter, it ought to be upon the stage, and not in a room, that you may give a full scope to your steps and to your motions; but, my dear friend, the first rule is to be deeply impressed, *Impregnated with the character and the situation of your personage, let your imagination be exalted; your nerves be agitated—the rest will follow*—your arms and legs will properly do their business. The graces of a dancer are not requisite in tragedy. *Cheer rather to have a noble elegance in your gait, and something historical in your demeanour.—Diri.*"

It is scarcely fair to judge of Talma's power in composition from these specimens. He himself says, in a postscript to one letter, "make allowances for my Frenchification." But they are by no means ordinary letters for a foreigner. They infinitely surpass Garrick's French letters to Le Kain, and Voltaire's English ones when in London. In French he wrote delightfully, and particularly letters. Madame de Stael told him, to our certain knowledge, that he was "the best letter writer, for a man, she had ever known; that she had always supposed epistolary talent the exclusive distinction of her own sex, till he had proved to her the contrary." That she was convinced he had even higher powers in the same way, we have her written testimony. In a letter to him, which we have read dated Lyons, July 5, 1810, she says, "You must write and become the sovereign of thought, as you are of sentiment; you require only the will, and possess the power." His only published work is, an Introduction to the Memoirs of Le Kain, in which he makes some excellent observations on the art of

acting. He mentioned to us a few months since, that he had material in his *memoranda*, for extending this sketch into a work of 500 octavo pages. I to be regretted that he died without fulfilling his design. All that he did he and we intend, when we can, to lay it before our readers in a translation.

In private life, the habits of Talma were altogether domestic. He was happy as when he had the day to himself, disencumbered of visitors, by whom he was sometimes sadly persecuted. We have heard him say, with a momentary irritation when one after another gossiping idler has been announced, "*Il y a maudits*"—"There are days with a curse set upon them." But he instantly mastered his impatience, and gave himself up freely whereon he could be of easiness of disposition made some consider him as weak. But he was too strong of the strength of his own character to waste it upon ordinary occasions, and he put it forth but when he could do so to some purpose. He saw too far to operate upon him as they do on ordinary minds; and would even sometimes permit persons to imagine they were controlling him, merely not to deny their vanification which he well knew could do him no harm. His pervading character was a spirit of benevolence, and he did not care for his own indulgence; resigning it, he could give pleasure to others.

A disposition of this sort, however, is very apt to become its own victim. with Talma: and we fear through some of the ties he formed, he got to be more his own master than a more stirring and positive person would have been. When he first knew him, he had but recently formed the liason which was in existence when he died. It was but once interrupted, but by a strong appeal to his feelings renewed. In its early stages he still saw his wife, and was on very friendly terms with her. She lived in the same house, in a *flat* (as the Edinburgh folks call it) under him, and he almost always took her opinion on matters of moment. After a lapse of years they ceased to meet, and other interests excluded her from him when he was dying. Madame Talma had celebrity on the stage when Talma was scarcely known. She was highly celebrated in a French play written by a subject, afterwards made a play of at Covent-garden, and called *Richelieu*; in which she formed a character similar to the Madame Dorival of that play; and the production was quite equal to some of the fine personations of Miss O'Neil. Her celebrity happened at a time when conjugal ties were laughed at in France, and perhaps did not care much for an irregularity very national, and of which she was likely enough to have given the example. Madame Talma left the stage having been received at the Theatre Français in 1786—a career of thirty years. In 1814. Talma always called his vice-wife by her own name; he called her "my wife" and "Madame Talma," which shows the progress they have made with him in the interim. It was said she was about to be divorced by him, when the connexion began. She had afterwards two children, boys, who were acknowledged by Talma. He was very fond of them. There was some bustle in the beginning of this year at a school where they were, on the Archbishop of Paris refusing to bestow a prize they had earned at a competition, because they were Talma's children. The third child to whom he alluded, is a fine and lady-like girl, and was with her mother beneath Talma. The boys are exceedingly clever and genteel children. Talma has a daughter married, also the fruit of some unwedded love: she must not be forty.

A knowledge of his disposition, of course, must have made him a subject of considerable family intrigue among those who were afraid of new intimacies between him and them. He allowed the battles to go on quietly, heard what every body had to say, and pursued his own course, without quarrelling with them, for not thinking it the right one.

Of late years, his mind was entirely absorbed in a passion for building. He had a beautiful country seat near at Brunoi, about sixteen miles from Paris; and at that time this was his hobby. Every season he made some alteration in it; one to be removed, and while a new one was erecting, the one which remained was left down. We were once praising some part of his country house. "When will you do it?" "It is two years since." "Oh, then, nothing remains of what you say. It is never two years the same." Here he had extensive grounds, and suitable accommodations for numerous visitors. He used to pass all the time he could spare from his business here, and for many years only kept an apartment in Paris, whither he went sometimes oftener, a week, to perform.

Within the last five years he took a piece of ground at the back of the Rue St. Lazare, in La Rue de la Tour des Dames. Mademoiselle Mars, Mademoiselle Duchesnois, Horace Vernet, and some others, clubbed with him to make a very little town of their own there, which they called La Nouvelle Athènes. Nearly all the houses of the street are occupied by distinguished artists. They are generally built upon the models of their occupant. That of Talma was his passion. He had furnished and arranged it beautifully. His classical taste was to be seen in every part of it. He had fitted up a room splendidly, after antique models, and called it his Roman room. The bed in the chamber where we last saw him was draped à l'antique. He was stretched out in great pain, but pleasant and full of chat. He said his disease was inflammation of the stomach and bowels. The bulk of the conversation fell upon the idea of an English theatre in Paris. He was of opinion it never could succeed to an extent sufficient to pay that first-rate talent, without which it would not only fail, but encourage disrespectful notions of English dramatic genius. This unceremonious mode of reception he used with all his friends. Indeed, to dress or use any sort of etiquette perplexed him. He never was so happy as when undisturbed by strangers and in his dressing-gown. He would sit so, when he could, all day; but business often hurried him out about twelve, and he usually rose early. He never dined when he acted; but took something light at an early hour. After he had been playing, his dressing-room was the resort of the beaux esprits. We have seen ladies as well as gentlemen there, while he was disrobing, which he would do and talk the while, and was then always in his pleasantest moods. When told he had acted well, he would often say, and with perfect naïvete and no touch of vanity, "You think so?—Yes. You are right." We once introduced a party to his room after a remarkably fine performance of Sylla. A lady who had been unusually intent upon the acting, gazing at him and drawing in her breath, unconsciously exclaimed, "Eh bien, Monsieur! Vous voilà donc abdiqué!" "So, Sir, you then have abdicated!" He said it was the highest compliment he could receive.

His income, though, we think we heard him say, about 5,000*l.* (country engagements included), was inadequate to support the numerous claims upon it. His building mania was a very impoverishing one; and we fear he did not die rich. When seized with his last illness, he was perplexed with pecuniary engagements, which he found it difficult to fulfil at the moment; and the consciousness could not have diminished a disease of that nature. When his wife attempted to see him on his death-bed, her anxiety may not have been reduced by a wish to set him easy on that score: her companion had bequeathed her his whole fortune. Madame Talma, however, not disconcerted in her plans by the denial of an interview (not, we are persuaded, on the part of Talma himself), immediately gave public notice of her resolution to provide for his children.

TALES OF TRAVELLERS.—Men not merely illiterate and unscientific, but apparently devoid of the use of reason, and the faculty of observation, have accidentally beheld in their rapid journeys some few of those animals called apes. They have mingled in their accounts the credulity of the natives of these countries where they are indigenous with their own fantasies and falsehoods. Thus we have descriptions of men with long tails, covered with yellowish hair, navigating the ocean in boats, and bartering parrots in exchange for iron. Others have discovered long-armed men, covered also with hair, traversing the country by night, robbing without discrimination, and speaking a hissing language peculiar to themselves and unintelligible to us. Bontius, a grave physician, gives us a laboured description of a female ape, and adorns the object of his admiration with all the modesty and virtue of the sex. If these animals do not speak, it is only through discretion, and from a well-grounded fear of being forced to labour, should they be foolish enough to display the full extent of their capacity. Gassendi assures us that the ape called Barris is a miracle of judgment—that when he is once drest, he walks upright ever after, and that he learns to play on the flute and guitar with the utmost facility. Maupertuis would prefer a few hours conversation with the men with tails to the intercourse of the most brilliant wits of Europe. Even Linnæus presents us with a homotroglodytes who shares with us in all the boasted privileges of humanity, and will one day wrest from our monopolizing hands the empire of the world.—*Griffith's Translation of Cuvier's Animal Kingdom.*

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The Chronicles of London Bridge, which have been so long in preparation, are now announced to be published in the course of next month. This work will comprise a complete History of that ancient edifice, from its earliest mention in the English Annals, down to the commencement of the new Structure in 1825; of the laying the first stone of which, the only circumstantial and accurate account will be subjoined; and its illustrations will consist of Fifty-five highly finished Engravings on Wood, by the first artists.

A new Novel, by a Lady of high Rank in the fashionable World, is in the press, entitled, "Almacks," in which the secrets of that mysterious Aristocracy, whose powerful influence has been so universally felt, will be fully laid open in Sketches, which will be immediately recognised as taken from the Life.

The author of "The English in Italy," who still resides abroad, has transmitted to the press a new work, entitled "Historiettes, or Tales of Continental Life;" in which his powerful delineations take a wider range than in his former work, commencing with some singularly romantic adventures, with which he chose to connect himself in Switzerland. It may be expected in about a fortnight.

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A Sequel to the Novel of "Truth" is in the Press.

Mr. John Carne, Author of "Letters from the East," has a new book of Travels in the Press.

The Author of Waverley's Life of Napoleon will not, it is said, be published before February.

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